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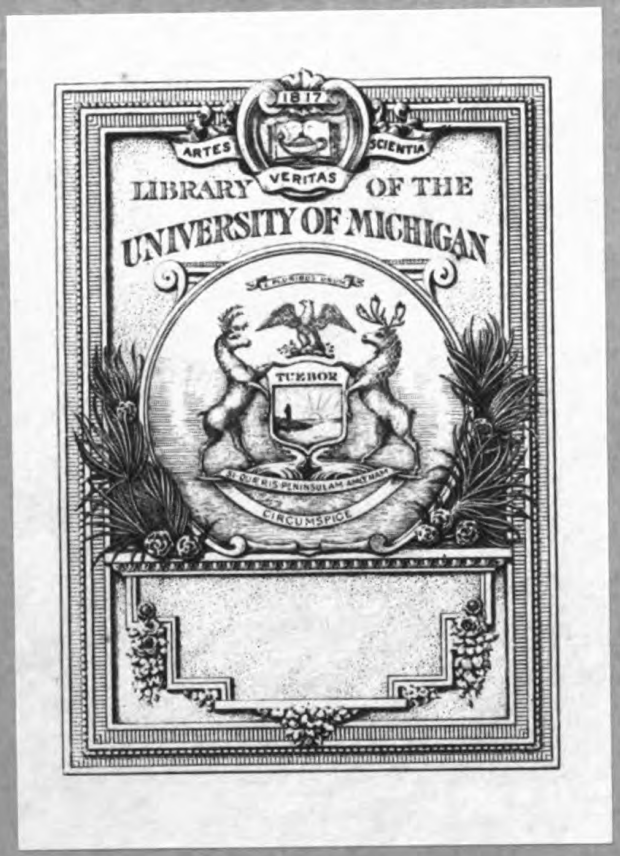
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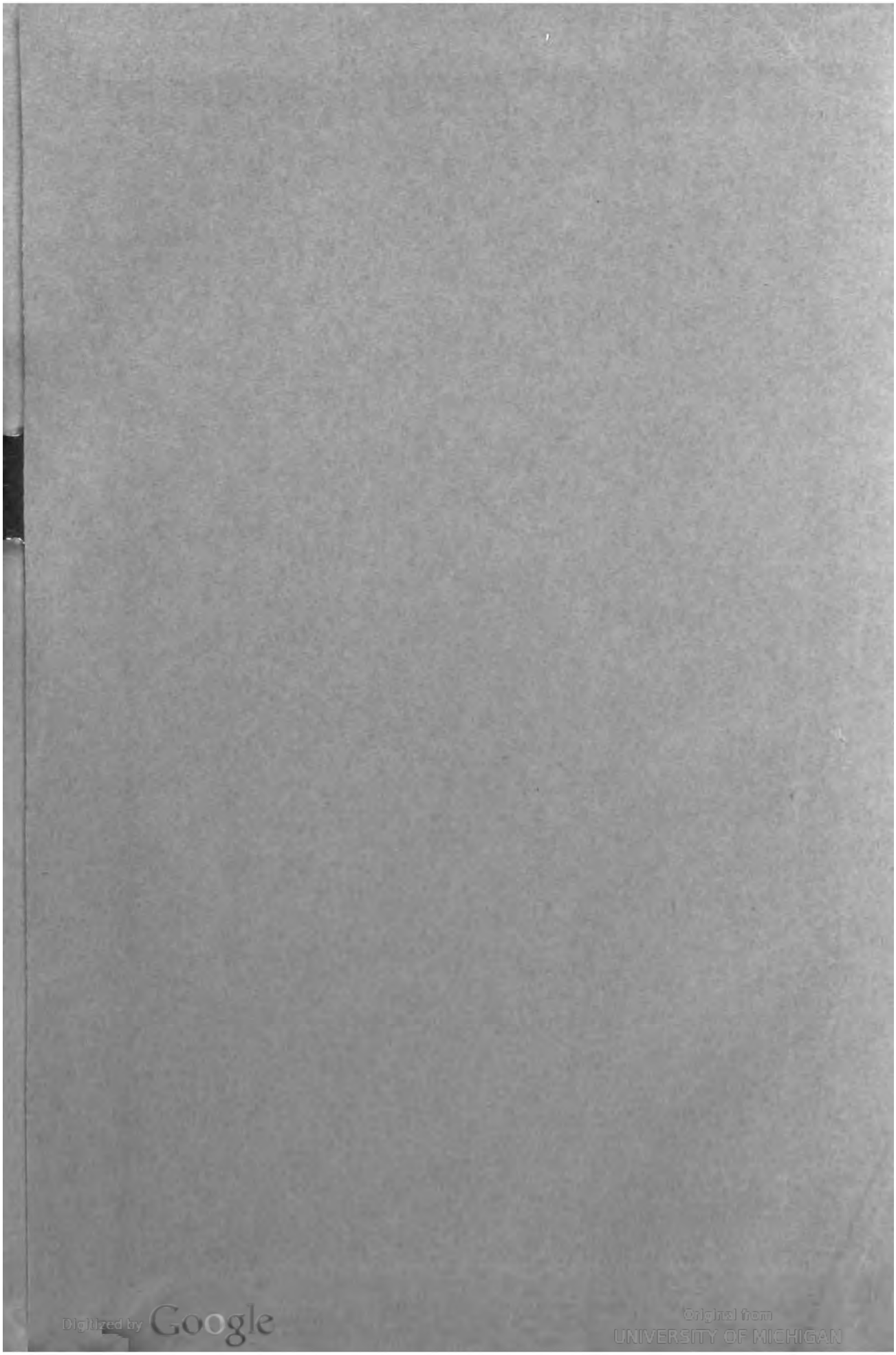
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JUNE TO NOVEMBER, 1881.

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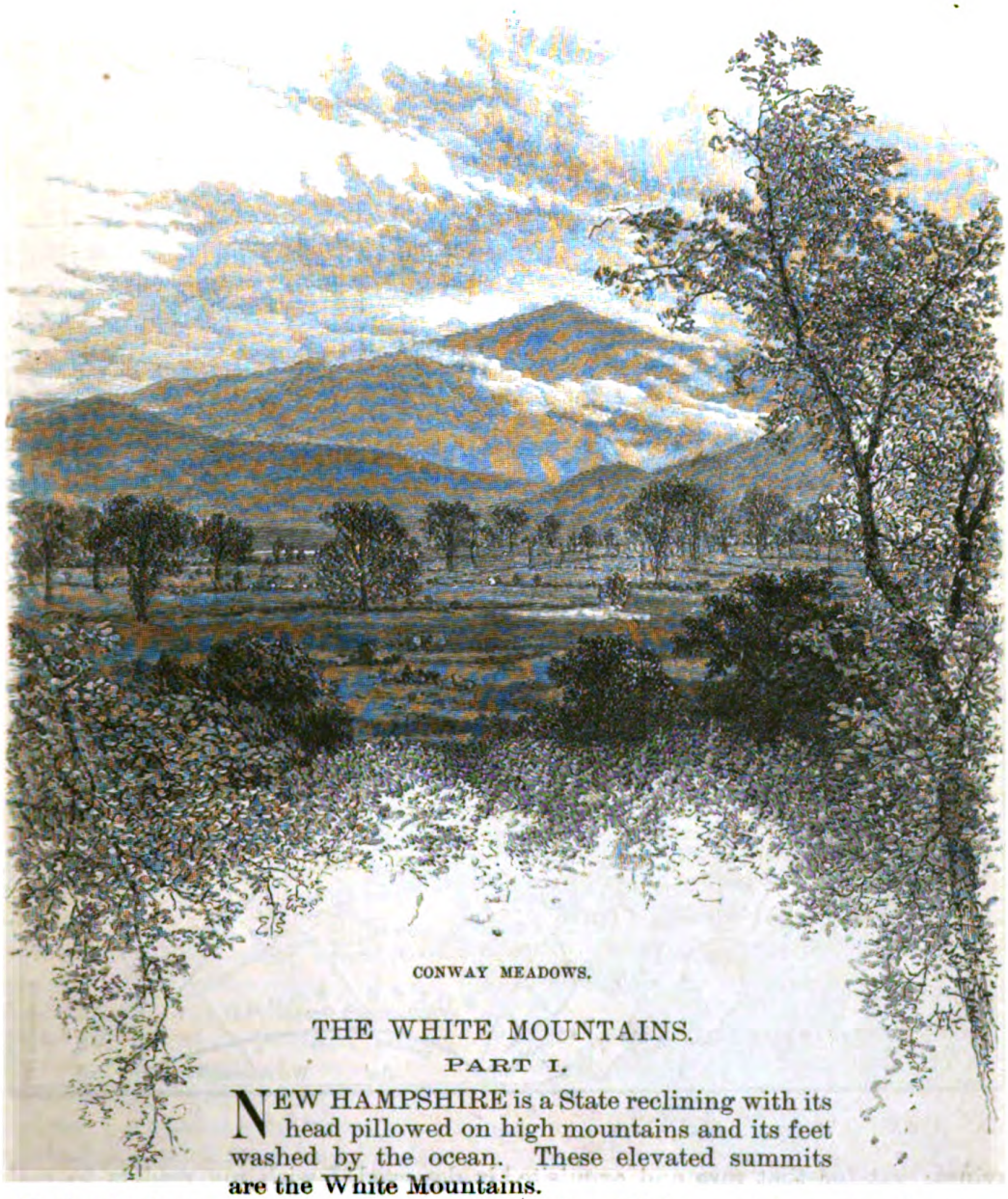
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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCLXXIII.—JUNE, 1881.—Vol. LXIII.



CONWAY MEADOWS.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

PART I.

NEW HAMPSHIRE is a State reclining with its head pillowed on high mountains and its feet washed by the ocean. These elevated summits are the White Mountains.

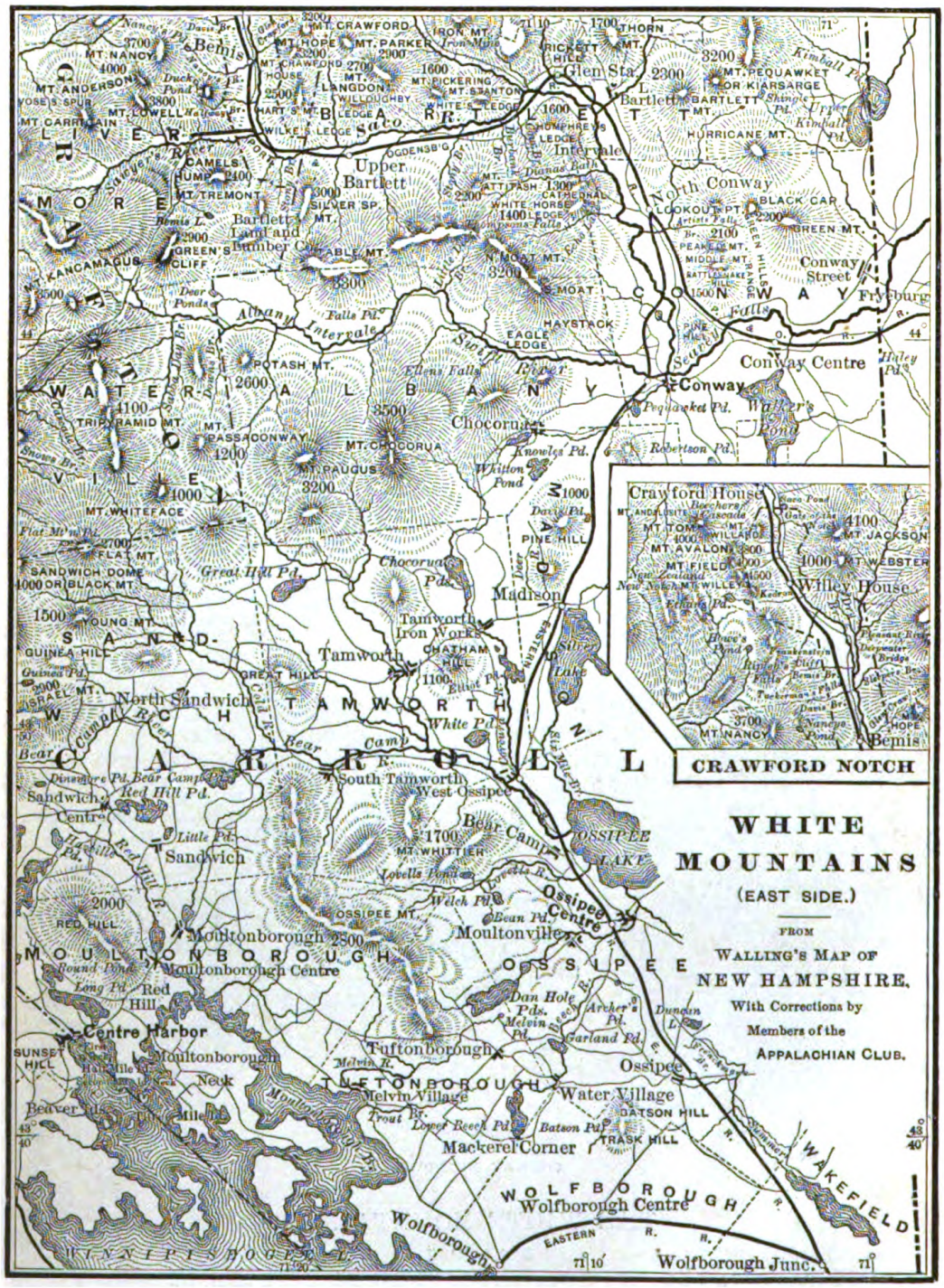
Enthusiastic tourists long ago gave to this beautiful mountain region the name, a trifle grandiose, of the "Switzerland of America." For beauty and general attractiveness it is believed nothing in our own land can pretend to rival it. There are, it is true, higher mountains, deeper valleys, broader lakes, more stupendous

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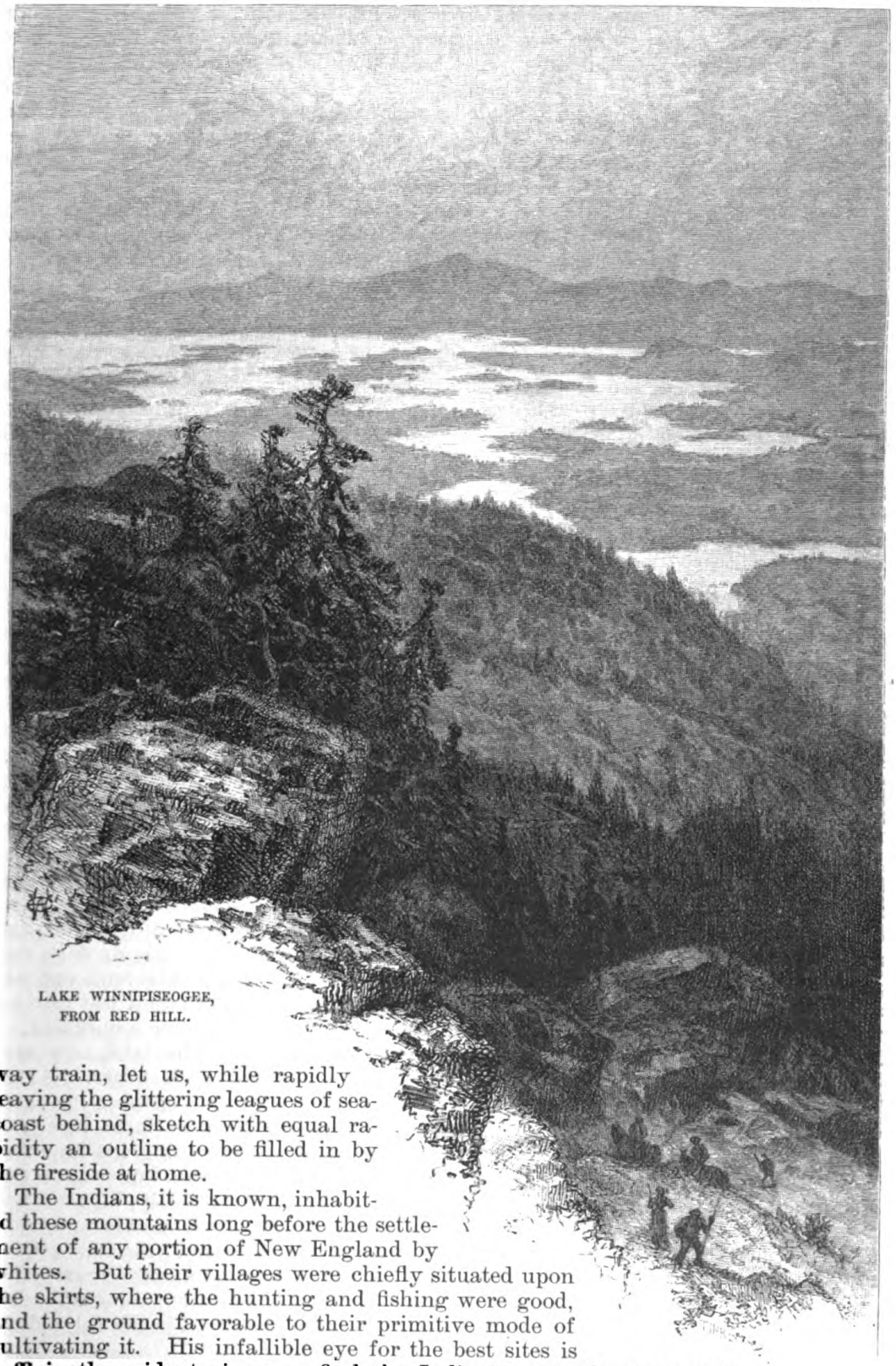


ravines; yet for that rare and exquisite combination of all the most salient and picturesque types of mountain scenery, the travelled and the untravelled alike award to the White Mountains an incontestable superiority.

This is saying a great deal. In order to put it to the test how far this eulogium is deserved, I wish my readers to make with me a veritable tour of the mountains, laying everything under contribution, as their lofty peaks do passing clouds.

With this object we will first journey leisurely along its eastern skirts, into the heart of the mountain region. Supposing ourselves now on board an Eastern Rail-

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LAKE WINNIPISEOGEE,
FROM RED HILL.

way train, let us, while rapidly leaving the glittering leagues of sea-coast behind, sketch with equal rapidity an outline to be filled in by the fireside at home.

The Indians, it is known, inhabited these mountains long before the settlement of any portion of New England by whites. But their villages were chiefly situated upon the skirts, where the hunting and fishing were good, and the ground favorable to their primitive mode of cultivating it. His infallible eye for the best sites is sufficiently evident, since we find the Indian's uncouth wigwam invariably succeeded by the most important settlements of the English.

Otherwise, the mountains were for the American Indian, as for the natural man in all ages, a sealed book. He regarded them not only as an image, but as the actual

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dwelling-place, of Omnipotence. His dreaded Manitou, whose voice was the thunder, whose anger the lightning, and on whose face no mortal could look and live, was the counterpart of the terrible Thor, the Icelandic god, throned in a palace of ice, among frozen and inaccessible peaks. So far, then, as he was concerned, the mountain remained inviolate, inviolable, as a kind of hell filled with the despairing shrieks of those who in an evil hour transgressed the limits sacred to immortals.

The first mention I have met with of the Indian name for these mountains is in the narrative of Captain John Gyles, printed in Boston in 1736, saying that "the White Hills called the Teddon [Katahdin], at the head of Penobscot River, are by the Indians said to be much higher than those called Agiockochook, above Saco." The probable signification of this Indian word is, according to the best living authority, "the mountains on that side," or "over yonder," to distinguish them from the mountains of the Penobscot.

It is not precisely known when or how these granite peaks first took the name of White Mountains. We find them so designated in 1672 by Josselyn, who himself performed the feat of ascending the highest summit, of which a brief record is found in his *New England's Rarities*. One can not help saying of this book that either the author was a liar of the first magnitude, or else we have to regret the degeneracy of nature, exhausted by her long travail; for this writer gravely tells us of frogs that were as big as a child a year old, and of poisonous serpents which the Indians caught with their bare hands, and ate alive with great gusto. These are rarities indeed!

The name is traced, not, as in the case of Mont Blanc, to the fact that their peaks are covered with perpetual snows, for this is true of only half the year, but from the circumstance that the bare granite of which the highest are composed transmits a white light when observed from a distance. Mariners approaching from the open sea descried what seemed a cloud-bank rising from the landward horizon when twenty leagues from the nearest coast, and before any other land was visible.

But we are at length, not at the end of our history, but at Wolfborough Junction, and here we are transferred by a short branch railroad to Wolfborough, a very charming village on the shore of Lake Winnipiseogee, where we take steamer for a voyage to Centre Harbor, at the head of the lake. The change comes gratefully to relieve the lassitude we were beginning to feel, the air is so pure, the breezes so refreshing. As the boat glides out of the land-locked inlet, at the bottom of which Wolfborough is situated, one of those pictures forever ineffaceable is presented. All the conditions of a beautiful picture are realized.

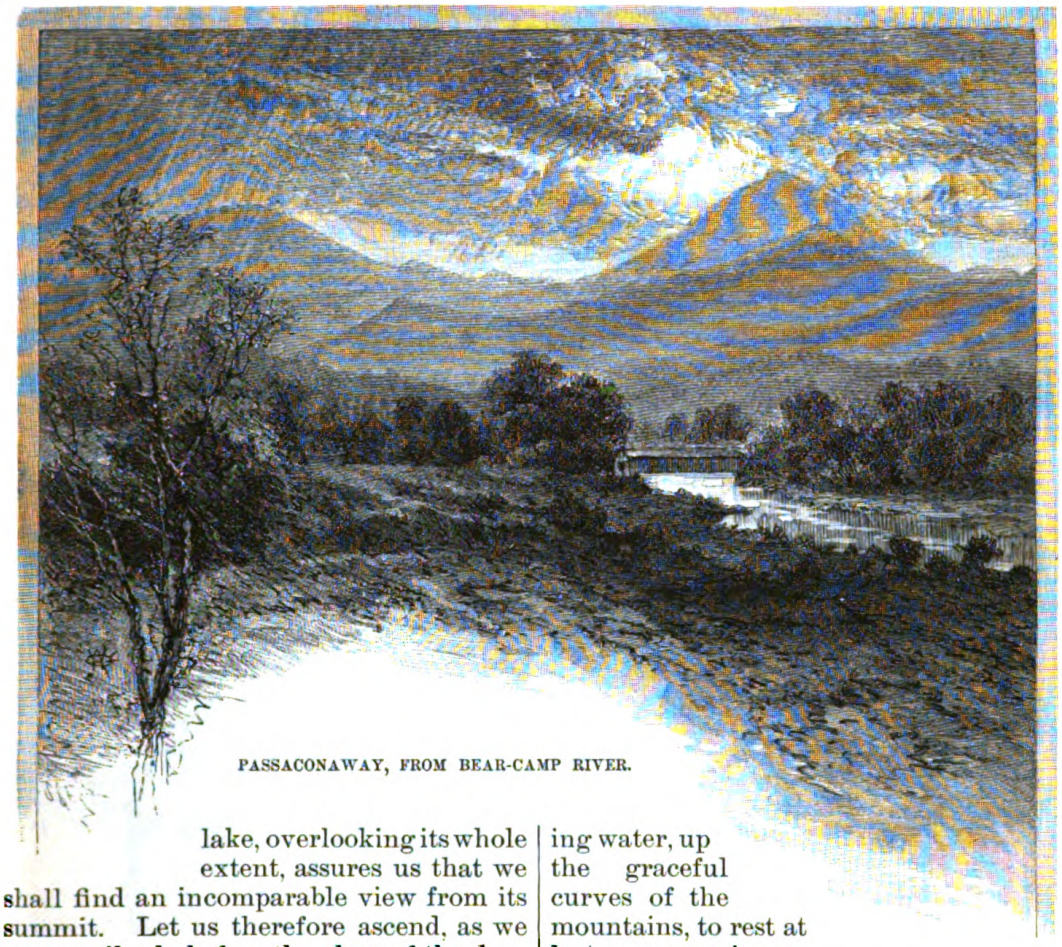
Here is the shining expanse of the lake, stretching away in the distance, and finally lost among tufted islets and interlocking promontories. To the right, dark, vigorously outlined, and wooded to their summits, are the Ossipee Mountains; to the left, more distant, are the double-domed Belknap peaks; in front, and closing the view, the imposing Sandwich summits dominate the scene. All these mountains seem advancing into the lake.

Having taken in the grander features, the eye is occupied with the details. We see the lake quivering in sunshine. From bold summit to beautiful water, the shores are clothed in most vivid green. The islands are almost tropical in the luxuriance and richness of their vegetation, and in the deep shadows they fling down into the lake the image of each is reflected, like that of Narcissus lost in the contemplation of his own beauty. Here and there the glimmer of water through the trees denotes secluded little havens. Boats float idly on the calm surface of the lake, water-fowl rise and beat the glassy dark water with startled wings, white tents appear, and handkerchiefs flutter on the jutting points. Over all tower the mountains.

As we advance up the lake, new and rare vistas succeed each other. After passing Long Island an opening appears, through which, blue as lapis lazuli, a chaplet of clouds crowning his imperial front, Mount Washington bursts upon the view. Slowly, majestically, he marches by, and now Chocorua scowls upon us. A murmur of admiration runs from group to group as these monumental figures, the two grandest types these mountains inclose, are thus displayed in the full splendor of noonday.

The low, athletic mountain now gliding into the gap through which we looked at the panorama of moving mountains is Red Hill. Its position at the head of the

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PASSACONAWAY, FROM BEAR-CAMP RIVER.

lake, overlooking its whole extent, assures us that we shall find an incomparable view from its summit. Let us therefore ascend, as we may easily do before the close of the day, and from its heights behold the gorgeous spectacle of sunset on the lake.

From this point the Sandwich Mountains obtain far greater interest and character. No two summits are precisely alike in form or outline. Higher and more distant peaks peer curiously over their brawny shoulders from their lairs in the Pemigewasset Valley; but more remarkable, more weird, than all, is the gigantic monolith topping the rock-ribbed pile of Chocorua. As the sun glides down the west, a ruddy glow tinges its pinnacle; while the shadows lurking in the ravines, stealing darkly up the mountain-side, crouch for a final spring upon the summit. Little by little twilight flows over the valley, and a thin haze rises from its surface.

Glowing in sunset splendor, streaked with all the hues of the rainbow, the lake is indeed magnificent. In vain the eye roves hither and thither, seeking some foil for this peerless beauty. Everywhere the same unrivalled picture leads its captive over the long leagues of gleaming water, up the graceful curves of the mountains, to rest at last among crimson clouds floating in rosy vapor over their notched summits.

To attempt to describe this ravishing spectacle is like a profanation. Paradise seems to have opened wide its gates to our enraptured gaze; or have we, indeed, surprised the secrets of the unknown world? We stand spell-bound, with a strange, exquisite feeling at the heart; we feel a thrill of pain when a voice breaks the solemn stillness alone befitting this almost supernatural vision. Vanquished by the incomparable scene, the mind, turning away from earth, runs over the most sublime or touching incidents of Scripture—the Temptation, the Sermon on the Mount, the Transfiguration—and memory brings to our aid these words, so simple, so tender, yet so expressive, "And He went up into the mountain apart to pray."

Let us now vary the journey by taking the stage for Tamworth. Let us now go and pay a visit to this strangely fascinating, this Mephistopheles of mountains, gaunt Chocorua. Let us now, sitting at his feet, imbibe the fullness of that grand-

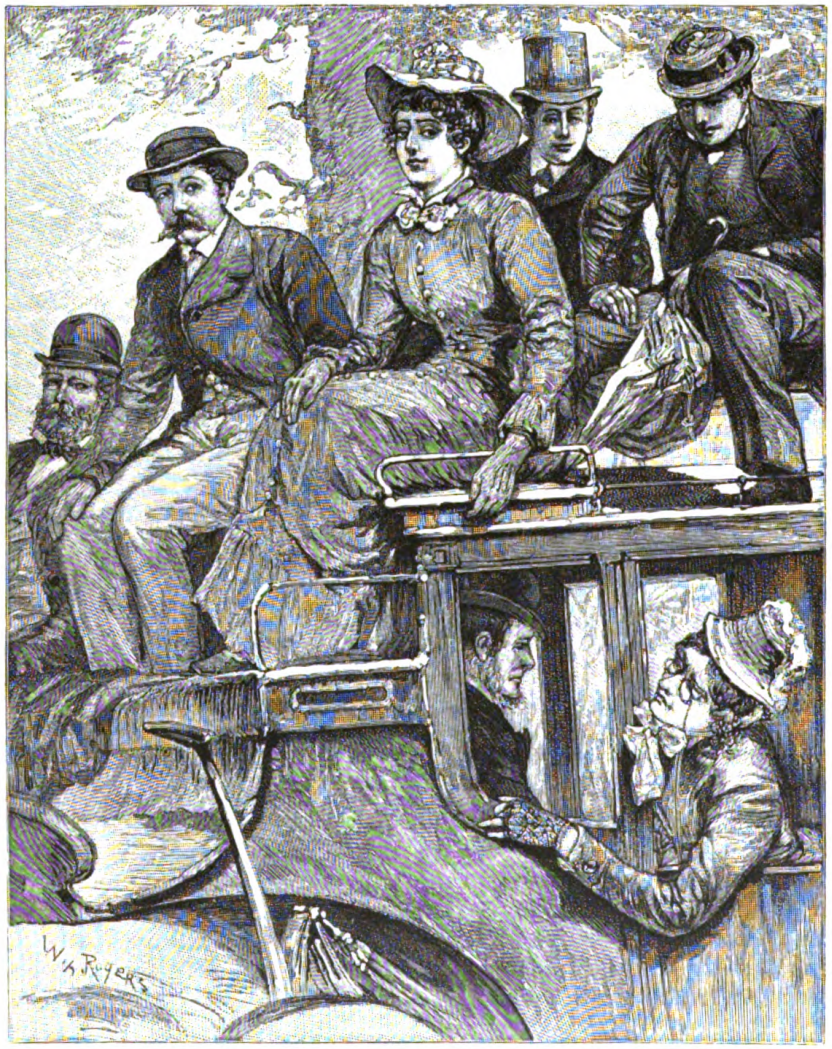
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eur which the mountain in its moments of benevolence vouchsafes.

For very obvious reasons, an outside seat, being preferable, is always a bone of contention, affording quite too often a display of that impudent selfishness which is seen when a dozen or more travellers are all struggling for precedence. Even before the steamboat is securely made fast, travellers rush pell-mell up the wharf, surround the stage, and begin, women as well as men, a promiscuous scramble for the two or three unoccupied seats at the top.

On one occasion, when I was an amused spectator, two men and one woman succeeded in obtaining the prizes. The woman interested me by the intense triumph that sparkled in her black eyes and glowed on her cheeks at having distanced several competitors of her own sex, to say nothing of the men. She beamed. As I made room for her, she said, with a toss of the head, "I guess I haven't been through Lake George for nothing."

Our route lay through the villages of Moultonborough Corner and Sandwich, that is to say, through the depression seen from the summit of Red Hill, which is the natural outlet between the upper lake region and the highlands of Maine. Sometimes we were in a thick forest, sometimes on a broad, sunny glade; now threading our way through groves of pitch-pine, now winding along the course of the swift and foaming Bear-camp River. But the landscape is not all that may be seen to advantage from the top of a stage-coach.



"ALONE WITH ALL THOSE MEN."

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CHOCORUA.

From time to time, as something provoked an exclamation of surprise or pleasure, certain of the inside travellers manifested a good deal of impatience. They were losing something, when they had expected to see everything. While the horses were being changed, one of the insides—I need not say it was a woman—thrust her head out of the window, and addressed the young person, perched like a bird upon the highest seat. Her voice was soft and persuasive.

"Miss."

"Madam."

"I'm so afraid you find it too cold up there! Sha'n't I change seats with you?"

The little one gave her voice a droll inflection as she briskly replied, "Oh dear no, thank you; I'm very comfortable indeed."

"But," urged the other, "you don't look strong. Indeed, dear, you don't. Aren't you very, *very* tired sitting so long without any support for your back?"

"Thanks, no; my spine is the strongest part of me."

"But," still persisted the inside, changing her voice to a loud whisper, "to be sitting alone, with all those men!"

"They mind their business, and I mind mine," said the little one, reddening. "Besides," she quickly added, "you proposed changing places, I believe."

"Oh!" returned the other, with an accent impossible to convey in words, "if you like it—"

"I tell you what, ma'am," snapped the one in possession, "I've been all over Europe alone, and was never once insulted except by persons of my own sex." This home thrust ended the colloquy.

The view of the ranges which on either side elevate two immense walls of green is kept for nearly the whole distance. We pass in review all those eminences forming the Sandwich chain, which throw a Titanic arm around the head of the lakes Winnipiseogee and Squam. As the afternoon wears away, these mountains grow more and more interesting. Cloud-shadows chase each other up and down the steeps, or flit slowly across the valley. On one side all is light; on the other, all gloom. In the cool of the evening we roll over the sandy plains, and up

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the last stony hill into Tamworth, with Chocorua heaved high above us in the northern sky.

I can not call Chocorua a beautiful mountain, yet of all the White Mountain peaks it is the most individual. Nothing can be more striking than the way it presents itself here. Fast locked in the embrace of encircling hills, a lovely little lake voluptuously reposes at the foot of the mountain. Patriarchal pines, lofty and dignified, advance into it from the yellow shores. Its charming seclusion, its rare combination of laughing water and impassive old mountains, above all, the striking contrast between its chaste beauty and the weird, huge-ribbed thing rising above, awaken a variety of sensations. The mountain attracts and at the same time repels you. It is passing strange. Two sentiments struggle here for mastery—admiration and repulsion. For the first time in his life the spectator feels an antipathy for a creation of inanimate nature. Chocorua suggests some fabled prodigy of the old mythology—a headless Centaur sprung from the foul womb of earth. The lake seems another Andromeda exposed to a monster.

The mountain, as seen from Tamworth, shows a long undulating ridge of white rising over a green one, both extending toward the east, and opening between them a deep ravine by which a path ascends to the summit. But this path affords no views until the summit is close at hand. Above the humpbacked ridge of Chocorua, the tip of the southern peak of Moat Mountain peers over like a mountain standing on tiptoe.

When reconnoitring the pinnacle of Chocorua through your glass, at a distance of five miles, you will say to scale it would be difficult; when you have climbed close underneath, you will say it is impossible. After surveying it from the bare ledges of Bald Mountain, first of the four swells forming the green ridge, I asked my guide where we could ascend. He pointed out a long crack, or crevice, toward the left, in which a few bushes were growing. It is narrow, almost perpendicular, and seemingly impracticable. It is, however, there or nowhere you must ascend.

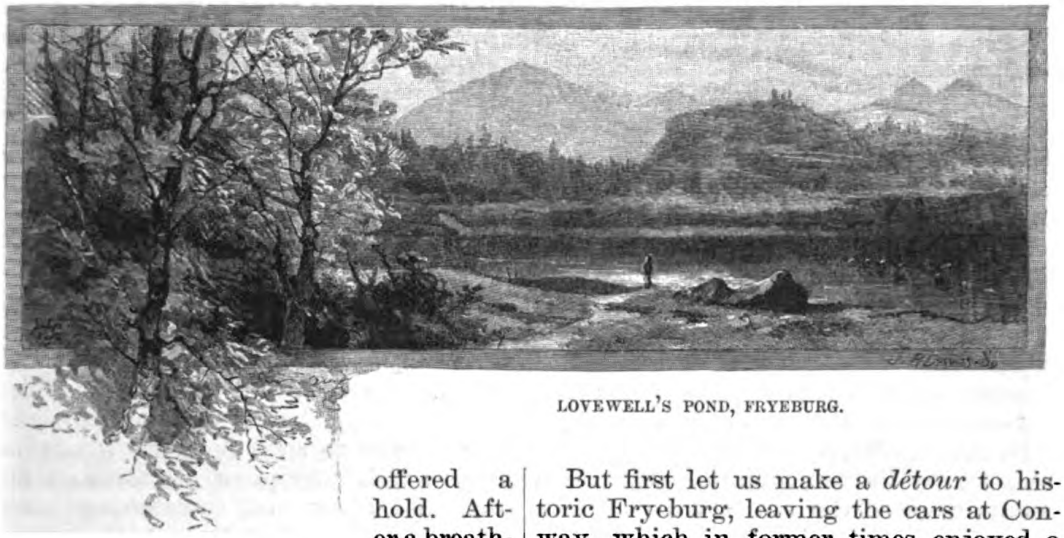
The whole upper zone of the mountain seems smitten by palsy. Except in the hollows between the inferior summits nothing grew, nothing relieved the widespread desolation. Beyond us, scarred and riven by lightning, rose the enormous conical crag which gives to Chocorua its highly distinctive character. Many years ago this region was devastated by fire. In the night old Chocorua lighted his fiery torch, and stood in the midst of his own funeral pyre. The red glare, overspreading the sky, put out the stars. A brilliant circle of light, twenty miles in extent, surrounded the mountain like a halo; while, underneath, an immense tongue of forked flame licked the red summit with devouring haste. In the morning, a few charred trunks, still erect, were all that remained of the original forest.

Crossing a bare ledge, as steep as a roof, smoothly polished by ice, we proceeded to drag ourselves up the gully by the aid of bushes, or such protruding rocks as



MOUNT WASHINGTON, FROM SACO RIVER, NORTH CONWAY—WINTER SCENE.

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LOVEWELL'S POND, FRYEBURG.

offered a hold. After a breathless scramble, we came to a sort of shelf, on which was a ruined hut, and from which the view is varied and extensive. We then hastened to complete the ascent, in order to enjoy in all its perfection the prospect that awaited us.

Like Goethe's Wilhelm Meister, it is among mountains that my knowledge of them has been obtained. I have little hesitation, then, in pronouncing the view from Chocorua one of the noblest that can reward the adventurous climber; for notwithstanding it is not a high peak, and can not therefore unfold the whole mountain system at a single glance, it yet affords an unsurpassed view-point from which one sees the surrounding mountains, rising on all sides in all their majesty, and clothed in all their terrors. The arc of the circle of vision extends from the Penobscot to the Piscataqua, looking toward the sea-coast. The day being one of a thousand, I distinctly saw the ocean with the naked eye, not merely as a white blur on the horizon's edge, but actual blue water, over which smoke was curling. This magnificent *coup d'œil* embraces the scattered villages of Conway, Fryeburg, Madison, Eaton, Ossipee, with their numerous lakes and streams. I counted seventeen of the former flashing in the sun. Turning now to the mountains, one is lost in the contemplation of the great peaks crowded in irredeemable confusion before him.

But we can merely taste the pleasure, and must hasten onward to that *ultima thule* of pleasure-seekers, North Conway, which deserves, like Lorenzo de' Medici, to be called "the Magnificent."

But first let us make a *détour* to historic Fryeburg, leaving the cars at Conway, which in former times enjoyed a happy pre-eminence as the centre upon which the old stage routes converged, and where passengers going or returning always passed the night. But those old travellers have mostly gone where the name of Chatigee, as both drivers and travellers liked to call Conway, is going: only for the name there is fortunately no resurrection. No one knows its origin, none will mourn its decease.

It is here at Conway, or Conway Corner if you like, that first enrapturing view of the White Mountains rising over the Saco meadows bursts upon the traveller like a splendid vision. But we shall see it again on our return from Fryeburg.

Fryeburg stands on a dry and sandy plain elevated above the Saco River. It is behind the mountain range, which, terminating in Conway, compels this river to make a right angle. With one grand sweep to the east it takes leave of the mountains, flows awhile through the lowlands of Maine, and in two or three infuriated plunges reaches the sea. Chocorua and Kearsarge are the two prominent objects in the landscape.

The village street is most beautifully shaded by elms of great size, which form an arcade of foliage through which we look up and down. At one end justice is dispensed in the Oxford House, an inn with a pedigree; at the other, learning is diffused in the academy, where Webster once taught and disciplined the rising generation. On our way to the remarkable rock, emerging from the plain like a walrus from the sea, we linger in the village grave-yard to read the inscription on the monument of General Joseph

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Frye, a veteran of the old wars, and founder of the town which bears his name. Ascending now the rock to which we just referred, called the Jockey Cap, we are lifted high above the plain, and have the dark sheet of Lovewell's Pond stretched at our feet.

Here, on the shores of this pond, was fought one of the bloodiest and most obstinately contested battles that can be found in the annals of war: so terrible, indeed, that the story was repeated from fireside to fireside, and from generation to generation, as worthy a niche beside that of Leonidas and his band of heroes.

In April, 1725, a picked corps of rangers, led by Captain John Lovewell, encountered here the entire tribe of Pigwackets, and fought them from early in the morning until night-fall put an end to the sanguinary conflict. While this long combat was proceeding, one of the rangers, going to the lake to cleanse his gun, descried an Indian washing his own. This Indian was Paugus, the greatest warrior of his nation. Both began to charge their guns at the same instant. The affair was to be decided by seconds.

"Me kill you," said Paugus, forcing his ball down the barrel with a nervous arm.

"The chief lies," retorted the ranger, striking the breech of his piece to the ground with such force that it primed itself. An instant after, Paugus fell, shot through the heart.

"I said I should kill you," muttered the ranger, striding over the dead body of his enemy, and plunging into the thickest of the fight.

The rangers lost their commander, and were cut to pieces. A remnant retreated under cover of the night. The Indians sustained such losses that they abandoned in terror the graves of their fathers, and fled farther into the wilderness.

The entrance to North Conway is, without doubt, the most beautiful and imposing introduction to the White Mountains. Nature has formed here a vast antechamber, into which you are ushered through a gateway of mountains upon the numerous inner courts, galleries, and cloisters of her most secluded retreats. An involuntary exclamation of delighted surprise escapes even the most apathetic traveller. And why should it not? This is the moment when every one feels the inadequacy of his own conceptions.

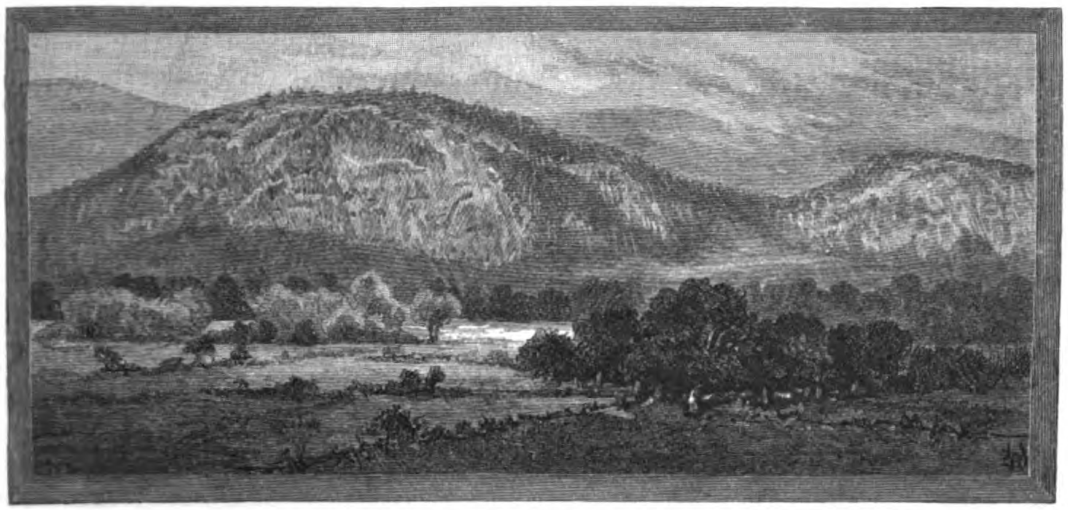
Here the mountains fall back before the impetuous flood of the Saco, which comes pouring down from the summit of the great notch, white and panting with the haste of its flight. Here the river gives rendezvous to several of its larger affluents—the East Branch, the Ellis, the Swift—and like an army taking the field, their united streams sweeping grandly around the last mountain range, emerge into the open country. Here the valley, contracted at its extremity between the gentle slopes of Kearsarge and the abrupt declivities of Moat, incloses a verdant and fertile ellipse of land, ravishing to behold, skirted on one side by thick woods, behind which precipices a thousand feet high rise black and threatening; overlooked on the other by a high terrace, along which the village stretches itself indolently in the sun. The superb silver-gray crest of Kearsarge is seen rising in a regular pyramid behind the right shoulder of its inferior summit. Ordinarily the house perched on the granite pinnacle is as distinctly seen as those in the village. It is the last in the village.

Looking up through this verdant mountain park, at a distance of twenty miles, the imposing masses of the great summits seem scaling the skies. Then, heavily massed on the right, comes the Carter range, divided by the cup-shaped dip of the Carter Notch; then the truncated cone of Double Head. The mountain in front, looking up the village street, is Thorn Mountain, on the other side of which is Jackson, and the way up the Ellis Valley to the Glen House, Gorham, and the Androscoggin.

The traveller, who is ushered upon this splendid scene with the rapidity of steam, perceives that he is at last among real mountains, and quickly yields to the indefinable charm which from this moment surrounds and leads him a willing captive.

Looking across the meadow, the eye is stopped by an isolated ridge, with bare overhanging precipices. It is thrust out into the valley from Moat Mountain, of which it forms part, presenting two singular and regularly arching cliffs toward the village. The green forest below contrasts vividly with the lustrous black of these precipitous walls, which glisten brightly in the sun where they are wet by tiny streams flowing down. On the nearest is a very curious resemblance to a white horse in the act of rearing, occasioned by

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THE LEDGES, NORTH CONWAY.

the intrusion of white rock in the face of the cliff. This accident gives it the name of White-horse Ledge. All marriageable ladies, maiden or widow, run out to look at it, in consequence of the superstition, current in New England, that if after seeing a white horse you count a hundred, the first gentleman you meet will be your future husband. Underneath this cliff a charming little lake lies hid. The next is called the Cathedral Ledge, from the curious rock cavity it contains.

But now from these masses of hard rock let us turn once more to the valley where the rich intervales spread an exhaustless feast for the eye. If autumn be the season, the vase-like elms, the stacks of yellow corn, the golden pumpkins, the cloth of green and gold, damasked with purple gorse and coppice, give the idea of an immense table groaning beneath its luxurious weight of fruit and flowers.

Our first visit will naturally be to the ledges. I will not ask the reader to wade the river, as I once did, but taking one of the light mountain wagons in vogue here, we pass it by a bridge, hearing the Saco resounding below in its bed of pebbles, and catching, up and down its tumultuous course, the loveliest vistas imaginable through the frame-work of elm-trees.

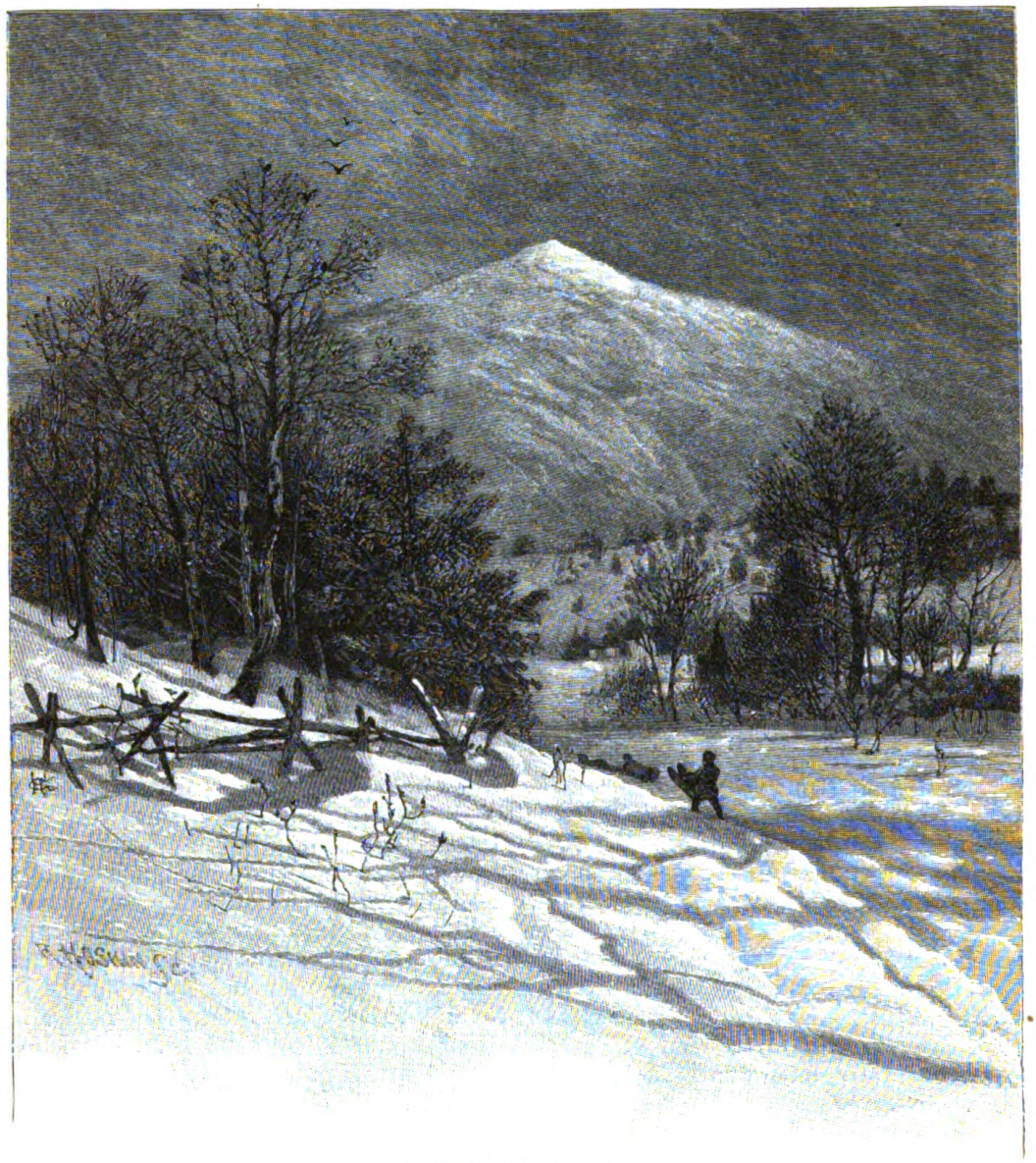
As we approach nearer, the ledges are full of grim recesses, rude rock niches, and traversed by perpendicular cracks from brow to base. Take care! there is a huge piece of the cliff just ready to fall. In some places the rock is sheer and smooth; in others it is broken regularly down for half its whole height to where it is joined by rude buttresses of massive granite. The maples climb up the steepest ravines, but can not pass the waste of sheer rock stretching between them and the firs, which look down from the brink of the precipice. The prevailing color is a rusted purple, marked with scattered blotches of white like the drip oozing from limestone.

Hovering under the precipices which lie heavily shadowed on its glossy surface are gathered the waters flowing from the little rills, the rivulets, the cascades leaping from the airy heights above. The tremendous shadow which the cliff flings down seems lying deep in the bosom of the lake, as if perpetually imprinted there. Slender birches, green and gold leafage, are daintily etched upon the surface, like arabesques on polished steel. The water is perfectly transparent and without a ripple. Indeed, the breezes playing around the summit, or humming in the tree-tops, seem forbidden to enter this haunt of Dryads. The lake laps the yellow strand with a light, fluttering movement. The place is dedicated to silence itself.

A small cannon is loaded and fired to destroy our illusion. The echo comes sharp and angry. The after-effect is like knocking at half a dozen doors at once. And the silence which follows seems all the deeper.

Following a woodland path, skirting the base of the cliffs, we stand at the entrance to the Devil's Den, formed by a huge piece of the cliff falling upon other detached fragments in such a way as to leave

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KEARSARGE IN WINTER.

an aperture large enough to admit fifty persons at once. A ponderous mass divides the cavern into two chambers, one of which is light, airy, and spacious, the other dark, gloomy, and contracted—a mere hole. This might well have been the lair of the bears or panthers which formerly roamed the woods unmolested.

The Cathedral is a recess higher up in the same cliff, hollowed out by the cleaving off of the lower rock, leaving the upper portion of the precipice overhanging. The top of the roof is as high as a tall tree. Some maples that have grown here since the outer portion of the rock fell, assist with their straight-limbed, columnar trunks the resemblance to a chancel. A little way off, this cavity has really the appearance of a gigantic shell, like those fossils seen imbedded in subterranean rocks. We must not miss here the delicious glimpses of Kearsarge, and of the mountains across the valley. The shadows fall here early in the afternoon, filling the groves with coolness, while through the fringe of foliage sunlight still brightens all that side, as if the light had been turned off here to give greater effect there.

Still farther on, we come upon a fine cascade falling down a long irregular staircase of broken rock. One of these steps extends, a solid mass of granite, for

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more than a hundred feet across the bed of the stream, and is twenty feet high. Unless the brook is full, it is not a single sheet we see, but twenty, fifty crystal streams gushing or spirting from the grooves they have channelled in the hard granite, and falling into basins they have hollowed out beneath. It is these curious stone cavities, out of which the freshest and cleanest water constantly flows, that give to the cascade the name of Diana's Baths. The water never dashes itself noisily down, but slips like oil from the rocks, with a pleasant, purling sound we know not how to describe.

This is quite enough for one day. We therefore reserve for another our visit to Artists' Falls, and our ramble in the Cathedral Woods among the fragrant pines. The falls are on Artists' Brook, which comes from the Green Hills, on the east side of the village. I found the walks along this brook, following its picturesque windings, more remunerative than the falls themselves. The brook, flowing first over a smooth granite ledge, collects in a little pool below, out of which the pure water filters through bowlders and among glittering pebbles, to a gorge between two rocks, down which it plunges. The beauty of this fall consists in its waywardness. Now it is a thin sheet flowing demurely along, now it breaks out in a succession of cascades, and at length, as if tired of this sport, darts like an arrow down the rocky fissure, and is a mountain brook again.

The ascent of Kearsarge or of Moat fittingly crowns the series of excursions which are the most attractive feature of out-of-door life at North Conway. The northern peak of Moat is the one most frequently climbed, but the southern affords equally admirable views of the Saco, the Ellis, and the Swift river valleys, with the mountain chains inclosing them. The high ridge is an arid and desolate heap of summits, stripped bare of vegetation by fire. When this fire occurred, twenty odd years ago, it drove the bears and rattlesnakes from their forest homes, so that they fell an easy prey to their destroyers. We can not stop to describe the view, but content ourselves with saying that all the great summits are finely visible, in a clear day, from the massive and firmly crested Moats. For a wide region they divide with Chocorua the honors of the landscape.

In the winter of 1876, finding myself at North Conway, I determined to make the ascent of Kearsarge. Ordinarily this is only fatiguing. The mountain has an elevation of only 3250 feet above the sea, but its position is a most commanding one, with reference to all the summits lying east of the great chain. This, with the extraordinary purity of the air at this season, was my sole inducement. The mercury stood at three degrees below zero when I set out on foot from the village.

After a laborious upward march through snow, I emerged from the woods to find the bare ledges sheeted in ice, over which you might go as you pleased, but certainly not in an erect posture. I therefore approached the summit like a pious Moslem the tomb of the Prophet—on my knees, and shedding tears. But at last I did reach it; and standing in the midst of a most exquisite garden of frost-work, surrounded by a death-like silence, confronted by a vast expanse, below, all dead white, above, all steely-hard blue, felt stirred as never before on a mountain-top, and triumphed in the thought of having thus stolen a march upon the mountain. But this triumph was short-lived. It was necessary to descend, as I had quite forgotten, so fully absorbed was I in the surpassing extent of this glorious winter landscape. I therefore prepared to descend, for the cold was intense, the wind cut to the bone.

I say prepared to descend, for the thing at once so easily said, yet so difficult of performance, presented a really perplexing problem to be solved. But it must be solved. Go down I must. But how? Inspired by the crisis, I suddenly recollected that Bourrienne relates in his memoirs how Bonaparte was forced to slide down the Great St. Bernard *seated*, while making his famous passage of the Alps. Yes, the great Bonaparte advanced to the conquest of Italy in this undignified posture. But never did great example find more unworthy imitator. Seating myself as the Little Corporal had done, using my stick for a rudder, and steering for protruding rocks, in order to check the force of the descent, I slid down the peak with a celerity the very recollection of which makes my head swim, arriving safely at the snow patch, but breathless, much astonished, and white as a miller.

But we must leave the village, with all its enticements, behind us—enticements

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which nobody has ever succeeded in analyzing; for North Conway, when parched by drought, is dry, dusty, and hot. Why will people put the knife into their pleasures to see of what they are composed? If I am happy, shall I make myself miserable trying to find out the why and the wherefore? Not if I know it.

The road up the valley first skirts a wood. This wood has always been a favorite retreat during the heat of the day or the cool of the evening. Tall, athletic pines, that bend in the breeze like whalebone, lift their immense clusters of impenetrable foliage on high. The sighs of lovers are softly echoed in their green tops. Voices and laughter issue from it. We, too, will swing our hammock here, and breathe the healing fragrance.

In a little inclosure of rough stone, on the Bigelow place, lie the remains of the ill-fated Willey family, who were destroyed by the memorable slide of 1826. The inscription closes thus metaphorically:

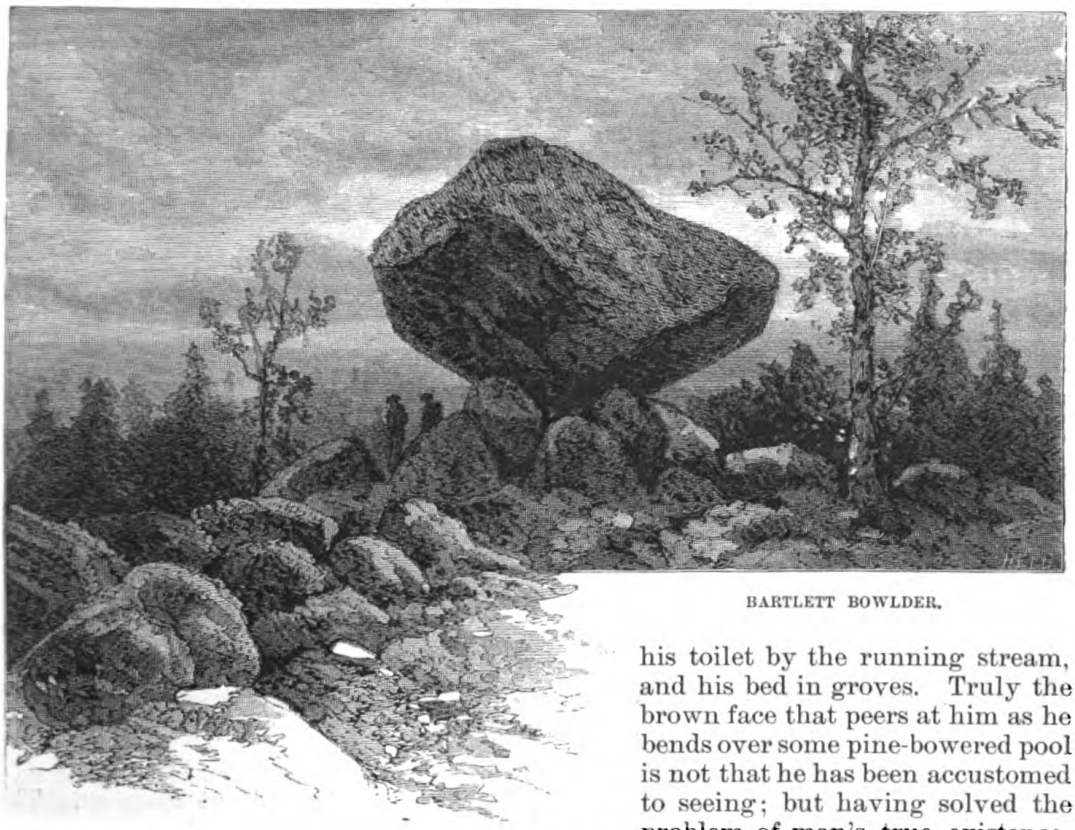
"We gaze around, we read their monument.
We sigh, and when we sigh we sink."

Proceeding onward to where the high terrace, making one grand sweep to the right, again unveils the same superb view of the great summits seen from the village, but wholly unobstructed by houses or groves, we are before a picture unrivalled in these mountains, not surpassed, perhaps, upon earth. Its leading features have already been mentioned, but here, in their very midst, nature seems to have snatched a garden spot from the mount-



À LA BONAPARTE.

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BARTLETT BOWLDER.

ains, arrested in their advance by the command, "Thus far, and no farther." The vale regards the stormy summits around in perfect security. It rests you to look at it.

Again we scan the great peaks which on clear days come boldly down and stand at your very doors, but on hazy ones remove to a vast distance, and keep vaguely aloof day in and day out. They are by turns graciously condescending, or tantalizingly incomprehensible. Nevertheless, we enjoy this constant espionage from a distance, this exchange of preliminary civilities, before invading the heart of the mountains.

But we can no longer delay our departure for the Notch. The locomotive takes us as far as Bartlett, which indicates the limit of progress in this direction. Near Glen Station is the remarkable Bartlett Bowlder. While on its travels through the mountains it was left, poised upon four smaller stones, in the position seen in the illustration. All who can should pass over the remaining thirteen or fourteen miles on foot. Thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the mountains, the traveller now regards distances with indifference, fatigue with disdain. He learns to make his toilet by the running stream, and his bed in groves. Truly the brown face that peers at him as he bends over some pine-bowered pool is not that he has been accustomed to seeing; but having solved the problem of man's true existence, having returned like the Prodigal Son to creative nature, he only laughs at his tawny countenance while shouldering his pack and tightening his belt.

At Bartlett we enter an ellipse of fertile land inclosed by mountain walls, through which a river murmurs unseen. Kearsarge looks up and Carrigain looks down the valley. One gives his adieu, the other his welcome. One is the perfection of symmetry, of grace; the other simply demands our homage. These two mountains are the presiding genii of this charming nook.

Step out into the village street, and take the road with me on a crisp October morning, sharp air and cutting wind acting like whip and spur. Only, for the moment, I must be the narrator.

I retain a vivid recollection of this morning. Soft as three-piled velvet, the green turf left no trace of our quick tread. The sky was of a dazzling blue, and frescoed with light clouds, transparent as gauze, pure as the snow glistening on the high summits. On both sides of us audacious mountains braced their feet in the valley, while others mounted over their brawny shoulders as if to scale the heavens.

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NANCY IN THE SNOW.

But what shall I say of the grand harlequinade of nature which the valley now presented to our view? I can not employ Victor Hugo's odd simile of a peacock's tail; that is more of a witticism than a description. The death of the year seemed to prefigure the surpassing changes of color in a dying dolphin, putting on unparalleled beauty at the moment of dissolution, and so going out in a blaze of glory.

From the meagre summits enfiladed by the north wind, and where a solitary pine or cedar intensified the desolation, to the upper forests, the mountains bristled with a scanty growth of dead or dying trees. Those scattered birches, high up the mountain-side, looked like quills on a porcupine's back; that group, glistening in the morning sun, like the pipes of an immense organ. From this line of death, which vegetation crossed at its peril, the eye now dropped down over a limitless forest of dark evergreens spotted with yellow. The effect of sunlight upon this foliage was magical. Myriad flambeaux, illuminating the deep gloom, doubled the intensity of the sun.

This splendid light, which the heavy masses of orange seemed to absorb, gave a velvety softness to all the lower ridges and spurs, covering their hard angular lines with a magnificent drapery. The lower forests, the valley itself, were one vast sea of color. Here the bewildering *mélange* of green and gold, orange and crimson, purple and russet, produced the effect of an immense Turkish rug. This quality, the blending of a thousand tints, the dreamy grace, the sumptuous profusion, the inexpressible tenderness, intoxicated the senses. Earth seemed no longer earth. We had entered a garden of the gods.

Four miles above Bartlett we crossed Sawyer's River, which comes from the defiles of Mount Carrigain, and leads the way to it. Then to a second intervale, in which was a deserted farm-house, a little grave-yard, and an orchard. Here we left the highway for the railway embankment, which from this point affords superior views. The road now turned abruptly to the north, skirting the base of the Nancy range. We were at the door of the second chamber in this remarkable gallery of nature. Before crossing its threshold, it is expedient to allude to the incident which gives a name, not only to the mountain, but to the torrent we see tearing its way down from the upper forests. The story of Nancy's Brook is as follows:

In the latter part of the last century, a maiden, whose Christian name of Nancy

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is all that has come down to us, was living in the little hamlet of Jefferson. She loved and was betrothed to a young man of the farm. The wedding day was fixed, and the young couple were on the eve of setting out for Portsmouth, where their happiness was to be consummated at the altar. In her simple trustfulness, the young girl confided the small sum which constituted all her marriage portion to her lover. This man repaid her with the basest treachery. Seizing his opportunity, he left the hamlet, without a word of explanation or adieu.

The deserted girl was one of those natures which can not sit quietly down under calamity. She resolved to pursue her faithless lover. She was young, vigorous, intrepid. In vain her friends tried to turn her from her purpose. At night-fall she set out.

A hundred years ago the route taken by this brave girl was not, as to-day, a thoroughfare which one may follow with his eyes shut. It was only an obscure path, little travelled by day, deserted by night. For thirty miles there was not a human habitation. It was midwinter. The forests were filled with wild beasts. But nothing could daunt the heroic spirit which animated poor Nancy.

The girl's hope was to overtake her lover at the usual camping-place in the Notch. She found the camp deserted, and the embers extinguished. Spurred on by hope or despair, she pushed on down the tremendous defile, fording the turbulent and frozen Saco, toiling through snow-drifts, and over rocks and fallen trees, until she sank exhausted on the margin of the brook, which seems perpetually bemoaning her sad fate.

Here, cold and rigid as marble, under a canopy of evergreen, which the snow tenderly drooped over, they found her. She was wrapped in her cloak, and in the same attitude of repose as when she fell asleep on her nuptial couch of snow.

It was not quite noon when we entered the beautiful and romantic glen under the shadow of Mount Crawford. Upon our left, a little in advance, a solidly built English country house, gabled and chimneyed, stood on a terrace well above the valley. At our right, and below, was the old Mount Crawford tavern, one of the most ancient of mountain hostels. Upon the opposite side of the vale arose the enormous mass of Mount Crawford; and near where we stood, a humble mound, overgrown with bushes, incloses the remains of Abel Crawford, the hardy pioneer whose monument is the mountain.



ABEL CRAWFORD.

Abel was six feet four, Erastus, the oldest son, was six feet six, and Ethan was still taller, being nearly seven feet. In fact, not one of the sons was less than six feet, so that it may be imagined what sort of family group it was when "his boys," as Abel loved to call them, were all at home. It is a pity, but with these athletes the race of guides has disappeared. The very sight of one of those giants in-

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spired the timid with confidence. Ethan was a man of iron frame and will. Fear and he were strangers. He would take up an exhausted traveller in his sinewy arms and carry him as you would a baby, until his strength or his courage returned.

We now had a fine view of the Giant's Stairs, which, from the valley, really look like two enormous steps cut in the granite heights of the opposite ridge. No name could be more appropriate, though each of the degrees of this colossal staircase demands a giant not of our days, for they are respectively three hundred and fifty and four hundred and fifty feet in height.

A mile or more from the Crawford Glen we emerged from behind a projecting spur of the mountain, which hid the upper valley, when, by a common impulse, we stopped, fairly stupefied with admiration and surprise.

Thrust out before us, athwart the pass, a black and castellated pile of precipices shot upward to a dizzy height, and broke off abruptly against the sky. Its bulging sides and regular outlines strongly resembled the clustered towers and frowning battlements of some antique fortress built to command the pass. Gashed, splintered, defaced, it seemed to have withstood for ages the artillery of heaven and the assaults of time. With what solitary grandeur it lifted its iron front above the forest, and regarded even the mountains with disdain!

This was Frankenstein. We at once accord it a place as the most suggestive of cliffs. It has a black gorge for a moat, so deep that the head swims when crossing it; and to-day, as we creep over the cat's-cradle of a bridge thrown across for the railway, and listen to the growling of the torrent far down beneath, the whole frail structure seems trembling under our weight. We feel a sense of relief when our feet are again planted on the solid earth.

But what a contrast! Heaped at the foot of this grisly precipice, clothing it with almost superhuman beauty, was a plantation of maples and birches, all resplendent in crimson and gold. Such masses of color! such a background! Below, all was light and splendor; above, all darkness and gloom. Here, the eye fairly recoiled in terror; there, it revelled in beauty. The cliff was a naked and swarthy Ethiopian up to his knees in roses.

Another turn of the road ushered us upon a scene deserving to be remembered as one of the marvels of this glorious picture-gallery. This is the surpassingly fine view of the great summits seen looking up through the valley of Mount Washington River, which is driven deep into the heart of the great range. Through this valley, cutting the sapphire sky with their silver silhouette, the great mountains, surmounted by the splendid white dome of Washington himself, once more greeted us.

The perfection and magnificence of this truly regal picture, the gigantic scale on which it is presented, without the least blemish to disturb its exquisite harmony, or to mar the impression of one grand whole, is a revelation to the least susceptible nature in the world. We feel that we are before one of nature's masterpieces. We can no longer combat the subtle influence that surrounds us, but surrender at discretion. Overwhelmed, humiliated, as we are, we are also uplifted, and inwardly singing the praises of nature, until every nerve and every fibre of our being is in accord with her sublime harmony, her sublime discord even, as when pointing out some haggard and dying peak we see imprinted on its perishing yet indomitable front, in heroic characters, the lofty resolution to die as becomes an emperor, erect to the last.

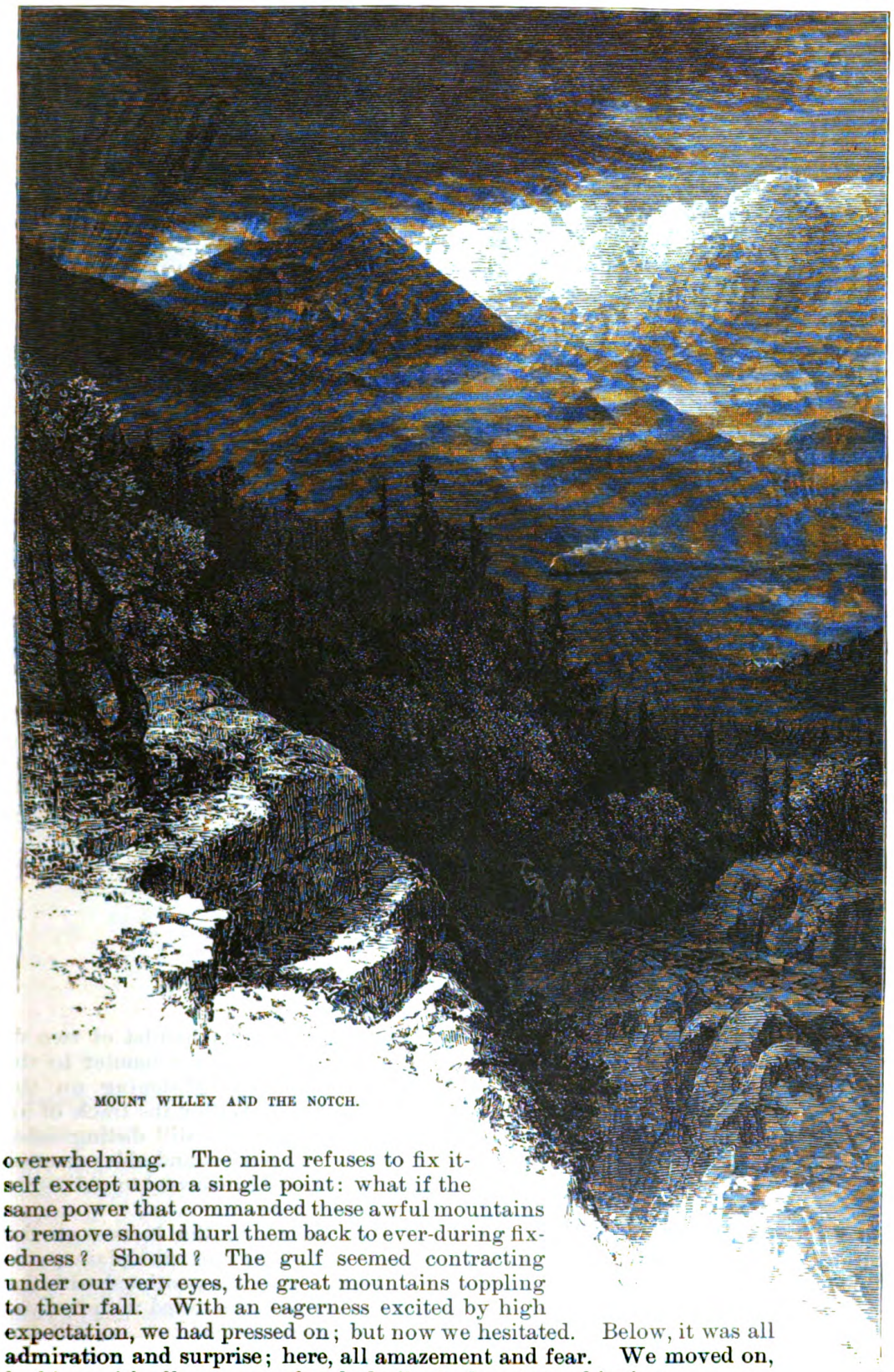
Turning now our faces toward the north, we beheld the immense bulk and superb crest of Mount Willey. On the other side of the valley was the long battlement of Mount Webster. We were at the entrance to the great Notch.

The valley, which had continually contracted since leaving Bartlett, now appeared fast shut between these two mountains, but on turning the tremendous support which Mount Willey flings down, we were in presence of the amazing defile cloven through the midst, and giving entrance to the heart of the White Hills.

These gigantic mountains divided to the right and left, like the Red Sea before the Israelites. Through the immense trough over which their crests hang suspended in mid-air, the highway creeps, and the river steals away. The road is only seen at intervals through the forest. A low murmur, like the hum of bees, announces the river.

I have no conception of the man who can approach this stupendous chasm without a sensation of fear. The idea of imminent annihilation is everywhere, is

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MOUNT WILLEY AND THE NOTCH.

overwhelming. The mind refuses to fix itself except upon a single point: what if the same power that commanded these awful mountains to remove should hurl them back to ever-during fixedness? Should? The gulf seemed contracting under our very eyes, the great mountains toppling to their fall. With an eagerness excited by high expectation, we had pressed on; but now we hesitated. Below, it was all admiration and surprise; here, all amazement and fear. We moved on, looking with all our eyes, absorbed, silent, almost worshipping.

The wide split of the Notch, which we had now entered, has on one side Mount Willey, drawn up to his full height, and on the other Mount Webster, striped with

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ELEPHANT'S HEAD, WHITE MOUNTAIN NOTCH—WINTER.

dull red on dingy yellow, like an old tiger's skin. Willey is the highest, Webster the most remarkable. Willey has a conical spire, Webster a long, irregular battlement. Willey is a mountain, Webster a huge block of granite.

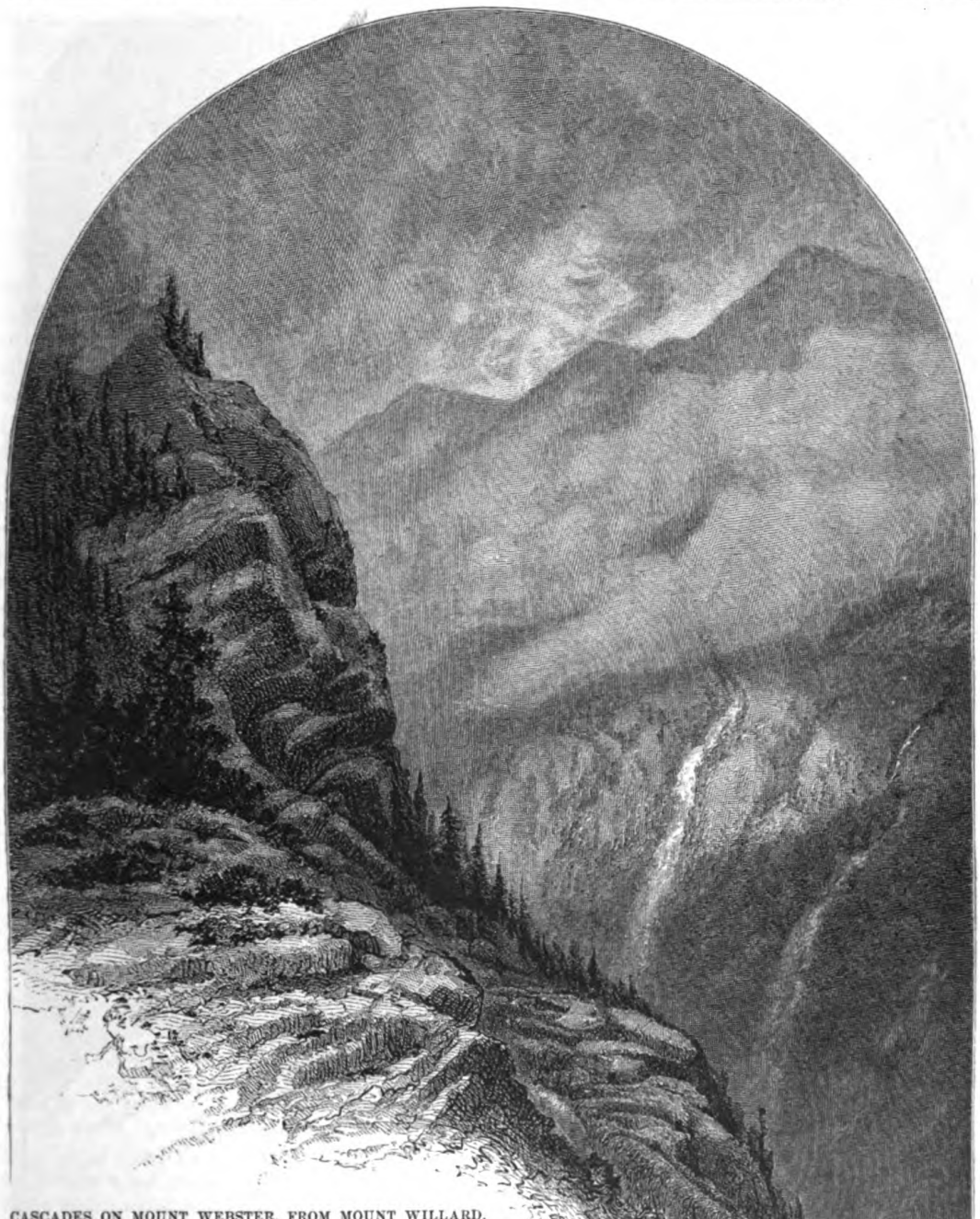
For two miles the gorge winds between these mountains, to where it is apparently sealed up by a mass of purple precipices lodged full in its throat. This is Mount Willard. The vast chasm glowed with the gorgeous hues of the foliage even when passing clouds obscured the sun. These general observations made, we cast our eyes down into the vale reposing at our feet.

Five hundred feet below us was a little clearing, containing a hamlet of two or three houses. From this hamlet to the storm-crushed crags glistening on the summit of Mount Willey the track of an ancient avalanche was still distinguishable, though the birches and alders rooted among the débris threatened to obliterate it at no distant day.

We descended to the houses at the mountain's foot by this still plain path. One and the other are associated with the most tragic event connected with the history of the great Notch.

Since quite early in the century, the smaller house, the walls of which were scribbled over by curious pilgrims, was kept as an inn, and for a long time it was the

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CASCADES ON MOUNT WEBSTER, FROM MOUNT WILLARD.

only stopping-place between Abel Crawford's below and Captain Rosebrook's above, a distance of thirteen miles. Its situation at the entrance to the Notch was advantageous to the public, but attended with a danger which seems not to have been sufficiently regarded, if, indeed, it caused successive inmates particular concern. This fatal security had a lamentable sequel.

In 1826 this house was occupied by Samuel Willey, his wife, five children, and two hired men. During the summer a drought of unusual severity dried the streams and parched the thin soil of the mountains. On the 28th of August, at dusk, a storm burst upon the mountains, and

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MOUNT WILLARD, FROM LEDGE OF WILLEY BROOK.

raged with indescribable fury throughout the night. The rain fell in sheets. Innumerable torrents suddenly broke forth on all sides, deluging the narrow valley, and bearing with them forests that had covered the mountains for ages. The turbid and swollen Saco rose over its banks, flooding the intervales, and spreading destruction in its course.

Two days afterward a traveller succeeded in forcing his way through the Notch. He found the Willey house standing uninjured in the midst of woful desolation. A land-slide

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descending from Mount Willey had buried the little vale beneath its ruins. The traveller reported at the nearest house what he had seen. Assistance was dispatched to the scene of disaster. The rescuers came too late to render aid to the living, but they found, and buried on the spot, the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Willey and the two hired men. The children were never found.

We passed by the beautiful brook Kedron, flung down from the utmost heights of Willey, between banks mottled with color. Then, high up on our right, two airy water-falls hung, suspended from the summit of Mount Webster. These dancing sprites, called respectively the Silver Cascade and the Flume, withdrew our attention from every other object, until a sharp turn to the right brought the overhanging precipices of Mount Willard full upon us. Here the railway seems fairly stopped, but with a graceful sweep it eludes the mountain, and glides around its massive shoulder, giving, as it does so, a hand to the high-road, which comes straggling up the sharp ascent.

Now and here we entered a close dark defile hewn down between cliffs ascending on the right in regular terraces, on the left in ruptured masses. For a few rods this narrow cleft continues, then, on a sudden, the rocks, which lift themselves on either side, shut together. An enormous mass has tumbled from its ancient location on the left side, and taking a position within twenty feet of the opposite precipice, forms the natural gate of the Notch, through which a way was made for the common road with great labor, through which the river frays a passage, but where no one would imagine there was room for either. Passing now the crag which so curiously resembles an elephant's head and trunk, all three emerge from the gloom of the pass into the cheerful sunshine of a little prairie, at the extremity of which are seen the white walls of a hotel.

The whole route we have traversed is full of contrasts, full of surprises, but this sudden transition is the most picturesque, the most startling of all. We seemed to have reached the end of the world.

THE DEAD CHILD AND THE MOCKING-BIRD.

[The following poem is in no sense a mere fancy. On the contrary, the strange, pathetic incident it commemorates actually occurred, not long ago, in the neighborhood of Jacksonville, Florida.]

Once, in a land of balm and flowers,
Of rich fruit-laden trees,
Where the wild wreaths from jasmine bowers
Trail o'er Floridian seas,

We marked our Jeannie's footsteps run
Athwart the twinkling glade:
She seemed a Hebe in the sun,
A Dryad in the shade.

And all day long her winsome song,
Her trebles and soft trills,
Would wave-like flow, or silvery low
Die down the whispering rills.

One morn midmost the foliage dim
A dark gray pinion stirs;
And hark! along the vine-clad limb
What strange voice blends with hers?

It blends with hers, which soon is stilled—
Braver the mock-bird's note
Than all the strains that ever filled
The queenliest human throat!

As Jeannie heard, she loved the bird,
And sought thenceforth to share
With her new favorite, dawn by dawn,
Her daintiest morning cheer.

But ah! a blight beyond our ken,
From some far feverous wild,
Brought that dark Shadow feared of men
Across the fated child.

It chilled her drooping curls of brown,
It dimmed her violet eyes,
And like an awful cloud crept down
From vague, mysterious skies.

At last one day our Jeannie lay
All pulseless, pale, forlorn;
The sole sweet breath on lips of death
The fluttering breath of morn;

When just beyond the o'er-curtained room
(How tender, yet how strong!)
Rose through the misty morning gloom
The mock-bird's sudden song.

Dear Christ! those notes of golden peal
Seem caught from heavenly spheres,
Yet through their marvellous cadence steal
Tones soft as chastened tears.

Is it an angel's voice that throbs
Within the brown bird's breast,
Whose rhythmic magic soars or sobs
Above our darling's rest?

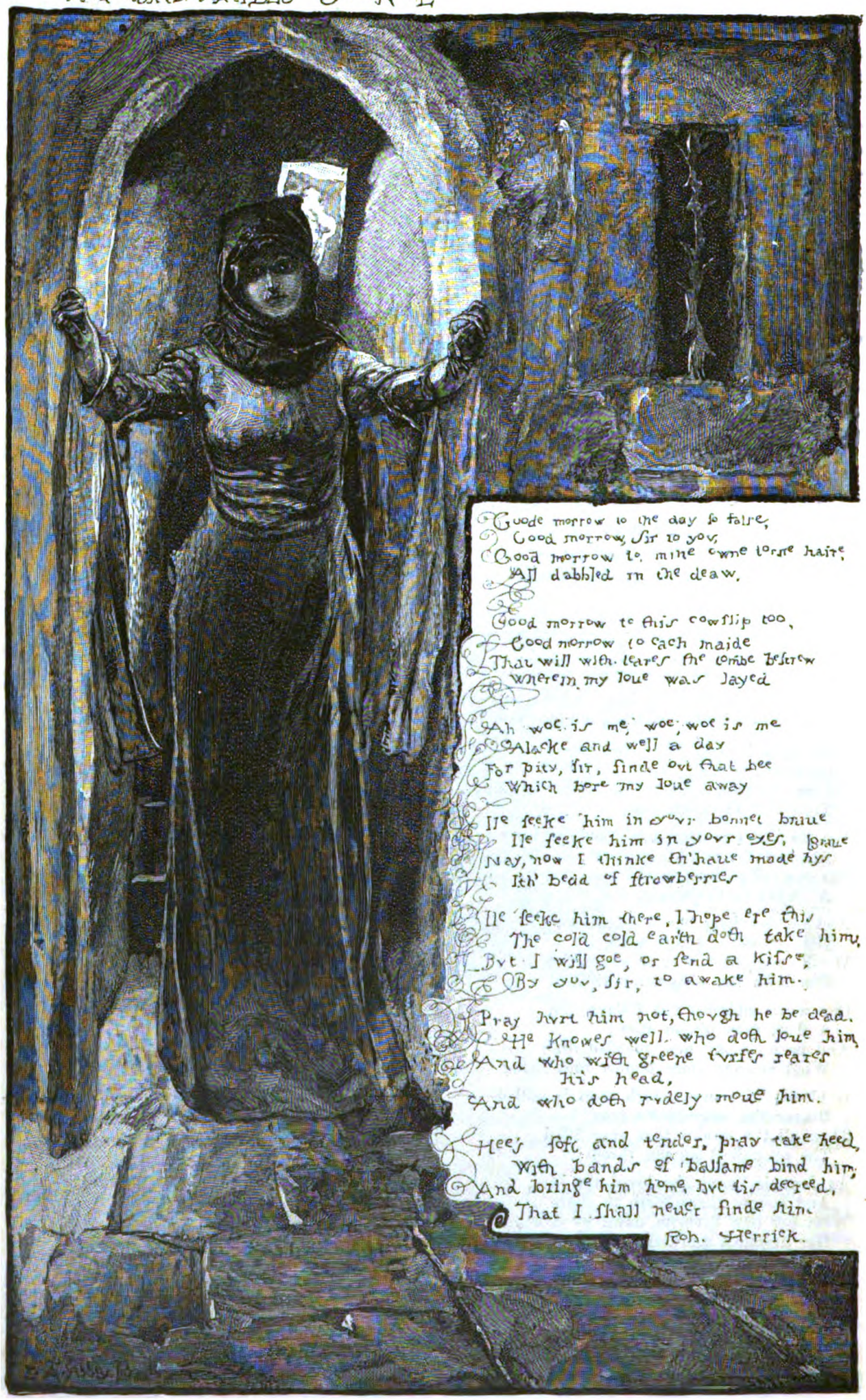
The fancy passed—but came once more
When, stolen from Jeannie's bed,
That eve, along the porchway floor
I found our minstrel—dead!

The fire of that transcendent strain
His life-chords burned apart,
And, merged in sorrow's earthlier pain,
It broke the o'erladen heart.

Maiden and bird!—the self-same grave
Their wedded dust shall keep,
While the long low Floridian wave
Moans round their place of sleep.

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THE MAD MAYDES SONGE



Goode morrow to the day so faire,
Good morrow, Sir to you;
Good morrow to mine owne torne haire,
All dabbled in the dew.

Good morrow to this cowslip too,
Good morrow to each maide
That will with teares the cowslip strew
Wherein my loue was layed

Ah woe is me, woe, woe is me
Alacke and well a day
For pity, Sir, finde out that bee
Which bore my loue away

Ile seeke him in your bonnet browne
Ile seeke him in your eyes, browne
Nay, now I thinke th'haue made his
Ith' bedd of strawberries

Ile seeke him there, I hope ere this
The cold cold earth doth take him,
But I will goe, or send a kisse,
By you, Sir, to awake him.

Pray hurt him not, though he be dead.
He knowes well who doth loue him,
And who with greene turfes reares
His head,
And who doth rudely moue him.

Hee's soft and tender, pray take heed,
With bands of bullame bind him,
And bringe him home, but tis decreed,
That I shall neuer finde him.

Rob. Herrick.

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OUR RUBY-THROAT.

MANY times a day, as I sit at work by my window, in the genial months of summer, there breaks in on my ear from the garden outside a series of quick, faint, sweet chirps, not louder than the notes of a cricket, yet far more musical, and turning swiftly—for I know the sounds well—I descry a humming-bird floating like a live emerald amid my flowers. As it plunges its bill into their dainty beakers it murmurs its happy content in soft, satisfied tones like the cooing of a babe at its mother's breast. I snatch the opera-glass always standing ready for such occasions, and make a study of my fairy visitor as long as it remains in sight. Hovering in the air on wings vibrating so rapidly that we hear rather than see their marvellous motion, the bird pauses in front of each inviting blossom a moment or more in a keenly searching attitude, as if to prove the full promise enticing it forward ere yielding itself up to the warm allurement.

Probing this cup of nectar and passing by that, its choice among the flowers appears to be dictated by a purely capricious fancy. Yet it is really intent on an errand somewhat different from what is generally suspected, the tiny insects which rifle the flowers of their honeyed treasures forming the chief charm which attracts it toward them. It is fond of the perfumed syrup distilled in their painted laboratories, but takes it in the way of a relish, or a dressing for the fleshy morsels hidden in their deep recesses, which it seizes with the delicate forceps tipping its tubular tongue. Thus that which seems to be mere wayward coquetry with a bevy of beautiful blossoms is in truth the exercise of a wise selection, the nature of the humming-bird demanding a more substantial diet than the banquet of sweets served up in the heart of a fragrant corolla.

As a rule, the nimble sylph depends entirely upon its pinions for support while gleaning its food from floral repositories, yet I often observe it resting on its slender feet when the chance is offered. For instance, if a leaf happens to project directly under a seductive blossom, it accepts of the vantage-ground, though with the air of an unaccustomed proceeding. It drops its slim legs, usually tucked out of sight in billows of down, and stands perfectly still on the green pedestal, with



SUN GEM (HELIACTIN CORNUTI).

wings quiet and even folded, until the quick repast is over. I have especially noticed this interesting performance with plants of the balsam family (*Balsaminæ*), where the flowers spring from the axils, and one or two in every group, resting just over a leaf, prove awkward to reach unless the bird interrupts its flight and takes their enticing tidbits standing.

These feathered sun-flakes which make a hunting ground of my garden are in the habit of taking a rest from their elfin courses on the dry twigs stretching out here and there beyond the green boughs of an oak in view of my window. Here they perch for varying intervals, sometimes for many minutes, perhaps a half-hour altogether. On first alighting, they busy themselves with affairs of the toilet, combing their glossy plumes with their diminutive claws, and drawing the wing feathers one by one through the narrowly opened beak, which is afterward cleaned and polished by rubbing it back and forth vigorously against the perch. This careful process finally accomplished, the glistening atomies sit for a while in a beatific state of contemplation, now motionless and dreamy, and again peering about from side to side, with their long

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RUBY-THROAT AND NEST.

sharp bill thrust outward like an emphasized note of interrogation.

Quite frequently they quit the perch on a sudden as though struck with a vagrant impulse, and on swift-beating wings move slowly and exploringly through the green net-work of branches. Ever and anon this protracted meander is broken by a quick pounce upon an insect, in imitation of a fly-catcher. My heart throbs with wild longing and excitement as I watch these novel passages of investigation in the early summer, for what if this radiant birdling were seeking a suitable nook for its nesting-place, and should find it in the shelter of my oak-tree? It has been known to make its home in the vine growing on the porch over a much-used cottage door, or on a slender branch bending over a travelled pathway; but eager as my desire is, I dare not hope for the rare good fortune of having the plumed sprite set up its establishment in any of my vines or shade trees. Wilson cites instances where it has swung its tiny hammock from a stalk or a

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weed in the garden, yet such happy accidents are so infrequent in the history of our ruby-throat as to be accounted phenomenal.

It is the most difficult thing in the world to find the domicile of these wee architects, it is of such minute dimensions and so craftily constructed. Whether seated on the top of a branch, or among forking twigs, or attached to the side of a moss-grown trunk or sapling, it simulates so perfectly with its outer walls of lichen some natural growth of vegetation that the sharpest eyes would take it for an old weather-beaten knot or a bunch of fungus. In most cases of its discovery the fact has been revealed by the birds themselves, and that by the luckiest chance. When the secret of their habitation has once been wrested from them, the little proprietors conduct themselves in the presence of the enemy with the most extraordinary courage, the female holding possession of her premises to the last moment undaunted, and the male charging upon the intruder with measureless intrepidity.

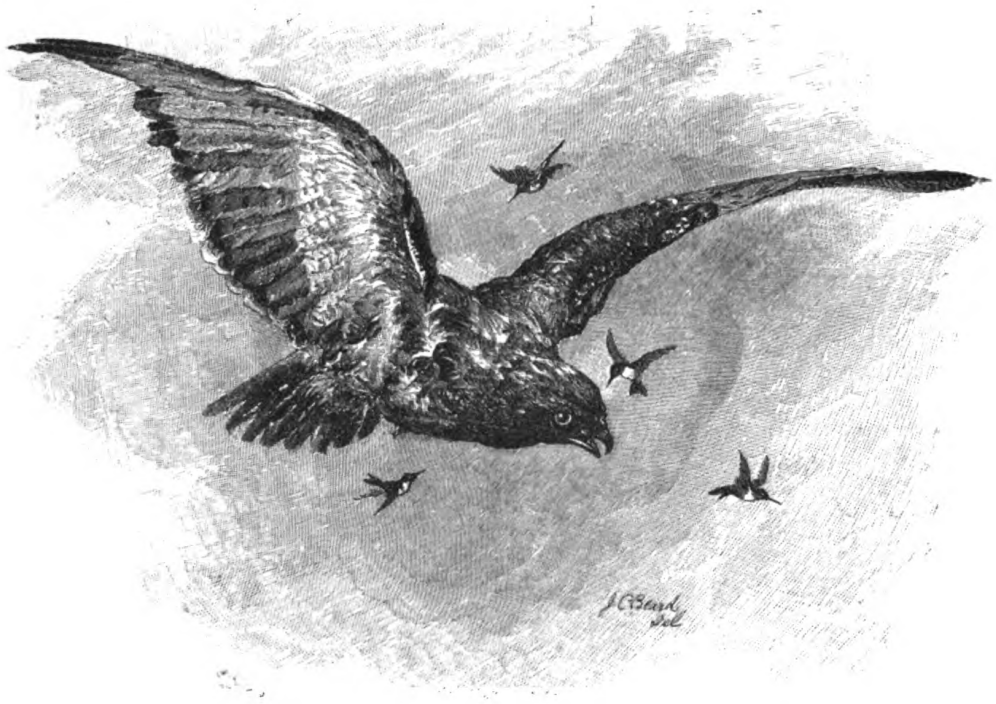


BROAD-TAILED HUMMING-BIRD.

More than once the ruby-throat has given me a shock by dropping down from his perch with the dead fall of a plummet, and then, just before reaching the ground, bounding high up in the air, cutting a short angle, and shooting out of sight in a twinkling. Doctor Coues describes a similar antic practiced by the broad-tailed humming-bird (*Selasphorus platycercus*) of the Rocky Mountains. "It has the habit," he states, "during early summer, of mounting forty or fifty yards straight up in the air, poising itself a moment or two, and then darting down again, repeating the same manœuvre several times in succession. Sometimes a score or more may be seen darting up and down together in this way for half an hour or more." There is no end of the odd, abrupt evolutions of these aerial tumblers, which they perform with the purposeless manner of an insect, and which keep curiosity continually on the strain.

Both male and female hummers come with their strange, eccentric manners under my daily notice. All wear the same silky, glistening, golden-green mantles, but the male clasps his at the throat with a blazing ruby. The female, with a quieter taste, has a stomacher of pearl-white satin, and a band of the same neat trimming at the end of her train. As an example of the eternal fitness of things, her younglings are clad with corresponding simplicity, until the males put on their fire-lit jewels as the insignia of adulthood.

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HAWK AND HUMMING-BIRDS.

Whenever it happens that two of the species meet among my flowers, they signal the encounter with a shrill war-cry, and dash at each other in fierce antagonism. The spirit of Bellona inflames their souls. For an instant they close together, then give each other chase, and with the speed of meteors are lost to my view. Shortly after, the return of one alone announces that the victory has been quick and decisive. Diminutive as are these puny sprites, they are heavily charged with combativeness. The entire race are pugnacious and quarrelsome to an extraordinary degree, impudently assaulting each other, and birds of much greater size which venture into their neighborhood or occasion them a fancied annoyance. Even the hawk is not safe from their attacks, and has been seen worried and whipped by them. Mr. Bates remarks in delineating their truculent disposition, and the perpetual battles occurring in every flowery nook in the tropics where they congregate, "One will knock another off its perch, and the two will go fighting and screaming away at a pace hardly to be followed by the eye."

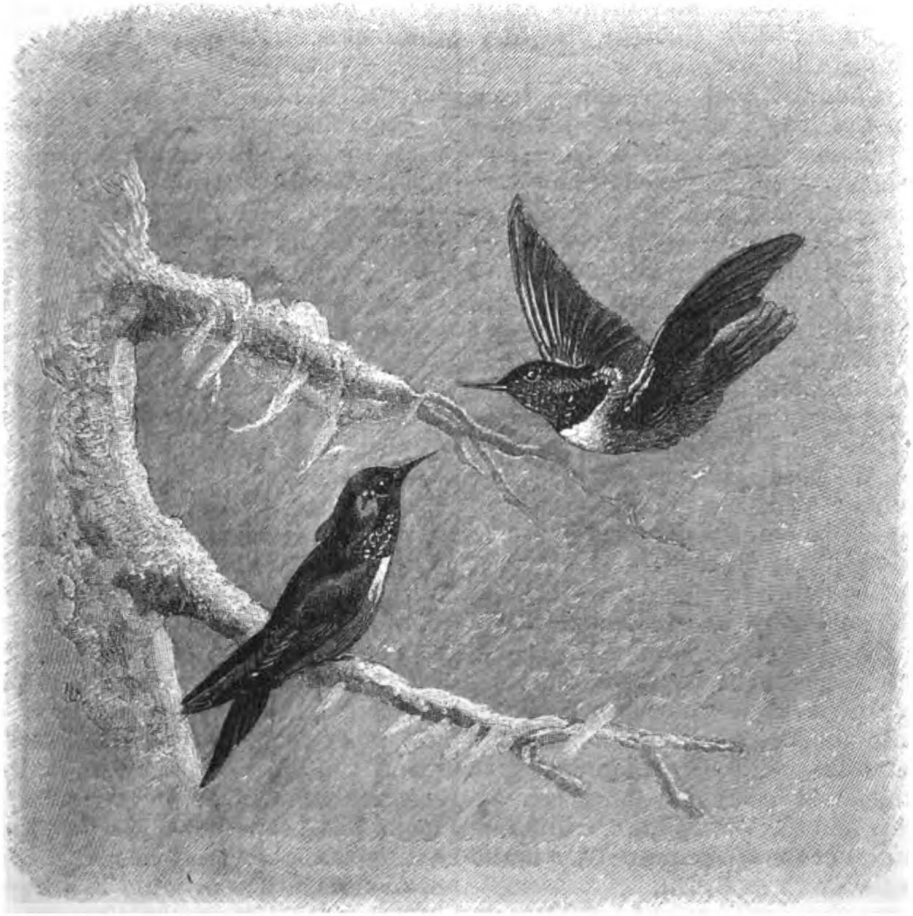
It often happens, when I am out among my flowers, the peculiar whir of humming wings suddenly salutes me, and stealthily glancing about, I behold close beside me one of the shining fays standing in the air as still as though set on solid foundations. By the heightened buzz of its wings, and its alert, wary poise, ready to break into flight at a breath, at a movement, it betrays the excitement of curiosity and surprise transfixing it at my unexpected apparition. If I rigidly avoid motion, it soon recovers its self-possession, and after a few sharp turns of prudential reconnoitring, proceeds on its customary tour around the garden. Its mettle is more daring and resolute than that of almost any other species, on account of the strength and speed of its pinions, which render its capture almost impossible. I have, however, occasionally made it a prisoner, when it has been decoyed inside my room by the fuchsias and geraniums in the open window. Bewildered by the confinement closing about it then, it succumbs to the situation with singular docility, and may be caught with a little quiet, careful effort. After holding the bird gently several minutes, I have had it serenely perch on my finger,

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apparently at home and unafraid. But give it the opportunity, and away it darts like an arrow into the blue empyrean.

A reverend and scholarly friend has told me of a beautiful tradition concerning the humming-bird which was prevalent among the rustic population where he spent his boyhood. Nothing was known of the true history of the mystic stranger, and its exquisite proportions, its burnished plumage, its gleaming color, its wayward flights and mysterious movements, led to the belief that it was a celestial visitor which came to the earth on some divine ministry baffling human apprehension. Its brief, fitful flashes athwart the landscape were watched with a feeling of awe and veneration, and no profane hand was ever lifted to stop or impede its flittings. Indeed, it was supposed that a mortal had never yet been able to seize the elusive spirit, and this part of the legend had clung so tenaciously to the mind of my friend he was amazed to learn from me that I had captured it, and that the occurrence was not at all uncommon.

Another friend has informed me of an instance in her experience where the humming-bird has shown more cunning than its little brain would seem capable of manufacturing. The incident occurred in Vineland, New Jersey. In an unused apartment of the house where the lady was staying, one of the huge spiders common in that region had built its strong web unmolested. Passing into the room one summer day, she spied a ruby-throat, which had flown in through the open vine-clad window, struggling frantically in the net of Dame Arachnid. The more the bird fluttered, the worse were its filmy wings tangled and fettered in the spider's meshes; and unless help had been given, there is little doubt how the catastrophe would have ended. The lady hurried to the relief of the piteous prisoner, and handling it with the utmost care, freed it



HUMMING-BIRDS OF NOOTKA SOUND.

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from the coils fastened to its feathers and binding its feeble members. As the bird lay in her palm at the end of the operation, it gave two or three gasping breaths and was still. Every muscle relaxed as in dissolution. The kind-hearted liberator suffered a pang of distress from the conviction that she had killed the delicate creature by too rude a touch. After some moments of fruitless mourning, she laid the limp body down and turned sadly away. Quicker than thought the little trickster unfurled its wings and shot out of the window. Had it swooned from fright in the lady's hand, and recovered with the change of position? or had it actually feigned death, in order to facilitate escape, as some larger birds are known to do?

When it is remembered that more than four hundred distinct species of humming-birds inhabit the American continent and the islands adjacent, it seems a grievous privation that only one of the vast number should range over the great area east of the Mississippi and north of Florida. Dazzling, mocking phantoms, they are true children of the tropics, offspring of torrid sunbeams, and mate harmoniously with the gorgeous flowers and lush vegetation of equatorial landscapes. Loving warmth and effulgence, comparatively few of the species are hardy enough to endure a temperate climate; yet our sturdy ruby-throat extends its summer migrations into the British Possessions as far north at least as the fifty-seventh degree of latitude. In early autumn it retreats to Florida and the West Indies, while representatives of the species have been found even as far south as Brazil.

During the explorations of Captain Cook in the waters of the Pacific, a hundred years ago, great numbers of beautiful humming-birds were brought by the natives to his ships as they were anchored in Nootka Sound. As the great navigator surmised, they proved to be a new species, which is now known as the rufous-backed humming-bird (*Selasphorus rufus*). The colors of this snatch of the rainbow are a cinnamon red, with shimmering green on the shoulders and helmet, and the flicker of fires on the metallic breastplate. The rufous hummer is even a hardier migrant than the ruby-throat, as it ventures to the sixty-first parallel, in Alaska; southward its range penetrates to the table-lands of Mexico.

On the southern continent one blithe little rover (*Trochilus forficatus*) follows the march of the flowers into the bleak territory of Tierra del Fuego, where, as Darwin states, it is often seen cheerily flitting about in the midst of snow-storms. It endures great extremes of climate, roaming over a stretch of land along the western coast twenty-five hundred miles in length, including the dry torrid plains about Lima, the humid islands off the shores of Patagonia, and the inhospitable forests bordering upon Cape Horn, in latitude fifty-five degrees south.

One of the most interesting phenomena presented by this remarkable division of the feathered tribes is the peculiarity of its geographical distribution. The ten thousand or more different species of birds with which naturalists are acquainted have been combined, according to their affinities, into one hundred and thirty families of widely varying extent. More than half a dozen of these groups are composed of a single species each, while nine of them comprise upward of three hundred respectively. The largest of all is the family of warblers (*Sylvicolinæ*), which includes about six hundred and forty species. Next to this is the group of finches (*Fringillidæ*), numbering more than five hundred separate varieties; and then follow the humming-birds (*Trochilidæ*), embracing above four hundred perfectly defined species. It is one of the marvels of creation that this tiniest of all the birds of the air should exhibit so immense a series of variations. How room has been found on its pigmy anatomy for four hundred and more forms of distinct differentiation is a never-ending wonder. More than this, the entire tribe is confined to the New World, radiating from a focus in the equatorial Andes somewhere about Ecuador and New Granada, in South America, and thence spreading out over both continents from ocean to ocean, and from the neighborhood of the arctic to a similar vicinity of the antarctic circle.

At the centre of distribution the species abound in astonishing numbers. The Elysian valley of Quito, which lies in the lap of the mountains ten thousand feet above the sea, swarms, as Professor Orton remarks, "with these winged jewels of varied hues," twenty-seven different species dwelling in and around its precincts. Thirty-seven species occur on the Pacific

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slope of the Cordilleras of Ecuador, and twenty more on the eastern acclivities, making a total of eighty-four species, or one-fifth of the whole group, inhabiting a territory probably a fourth less in size than the State of Texas. It is here, where the stupendous Andean chain stretches out under the equator in a double series of gigantic peaks and imposing volcanoes, that Wallace supposes the humming-bird originated. At that remote period in the age of the world when the loftiest summits of these mountains lifted their brows above a waste of waters sweeping over a submerged continent, the ancestor of the *Trochilidæ* made its home in their fertile valleys and mantling forests, along with many a tribe of huge, strange animals long ago extinct. By some rare capacity of adapting itself to changing conditions, it survived the enormous and continuous mutations to which the growing continent was subjected, and developing manifold and wondrous modifications, fitting it for a successful struggle for existence on dizzying heights and in tranquil valleys, in the tropical heats of the plains and in the temperate airs of the upper altitudes, in shaded forests and on sunny savannas, it has flitted down successive ages, a relic, a memento of an antiquity so far withdrawn among past æons as to be beyond computation or conception.



LONG-TAILED HUMMING-BIRD OF BRAZIL.

From their birth-place in the equatorial Andes the species extended over the Western hemisphere, multiplying wherever the features of a country or locality favored their free development. In the rich, diversified provinces of Brazil they have thriven only less luxuriantly than in their primeval home. Along the Amazons, where insect life abounds, but where illimitable tracts of sombre forest almost exclude the light and glow of floral life, there is a strange scarcity of species, only fifteen different forms, as Professor Orton declares, being found between Ega and the mouth of the river, a distance of over twelve hundred miles. Yet these few species are plentifully represented, and whenever a tree or bush in blossom spreads an inviting repast they may be seen in the cool morning and evening hours, feeding and sporting about it like a cloud of murmuring bees. Many of the islands removed from the American coast are peopled by peculiar forms of these ethereal creatures. Juan Fernandez, lying four hundred miles west of Santiago, has two species, one of which is common to Chili, and the other is never met with elsewhere. So prolific is their growth in this luxuriant spot that they literally throng about its masses of perennial verdure and bloom. The little isle of Mas-á-fuera, one hundred and ten miles west of Juan Fernandez, a mere rock rising out of the sea, but embowered in vegetation, is the home of a species peculiar to itself.

The gardens and fields of the West Indies are illuminated by fifteen beautiful

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PRINCESS HELLNA'S COQUETTE.

species, four of which light up with their glittering hues the valleys and forests of the small island of Dominica, in the Lesser Antilles. Here, as in the other islands of this group, Mr. Ober was able to call a number of the witching spirits about him at any time by imitating their sharp, nervous cries of alarm. When travelling in the mountain forests of the Antilles he was often startled by the whir of wings in his ear, and the dash at his face or the giddy whirl about his head of one of the testy elves inhabiting the deep woods, which resented the unfamiliar presence of man in its secluded haunts. The Bahama Islands, near the coast of Florida, boast of two separate species; and the little group called Las Tres Marias, about sixty miles off the western shores of Mexico, has its peculiar member of the lovely family.

One hundred species are found in the tropical portions of the northern continent, upward of thirty occurring in Mexico, and more than twice that number in the regions of Central America. From his extended observations, Mr. Belt, the delightful "Naturalist in Nicaragua," concludes that the humming-birds equalled if they did not exceed in number all other birds in the central districts of that republic. During the four years in which he dwelt in the heart of a Nicaraguan forest, many of his leisure hours were amused with the study of these spangled beauties. As night drew on it was his pastime to visit a small clear pool, and watch them at their evening ablutions. Some were to be seen bathing there at all hours of the day, yet the vesper time was their favorite period, when they assembled in flocks. A half-dozen different species were often present at once, and sometimes two or three individuals were plunging into the waters simultaneously. The operation was always performed on the wing, the bird generally taking "three or four dips, hovering between times about three inches above the surface," and then perching on an overhanging bough to preen its feathers. Four or five of the smaller species of humming-birds common about him Mr. Belt humorously nicknamed "squeakers," from their habit of perching on some tree branch the greater part of the day, and relieving the monotony by every now and then emitting one or two sharp chirps.

The same observer has described the extraordinary mode by which rivals of the superb species *Florisuga mellivora* contest for the favor of a captivating lady bird. The exciting competition was conducted after the following manner: "I have seen the female sitting quietly on a branch, and two males displaying their charms in front of her. One would shoot

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up like a rocket, then suddenly expanding the snow-white tail like an inverted parachute, slowly descend in front of her, turning around gradually to show off both back and front. The effect was heightened by the wings being invisible from a distance of a few yards, both from their great velocity of movement and from not having the metallic lustre of the rest of the body. The expanded white tail covered more space than all the rest of the bird, and was evidently the grand feature of the performance. Whilst one was descending, the other would shoot up, and come slowly down expanded. The entertainment would end in a fight between the two performers; but whether the most beautiful or the most pugnacious was the accepted suitor, I know not."

When Wilson was studying the ornithology of the United States in the first decade of this century, only one species of humming-bird had been found within our boundaries, and not above seventy species had been discovered elsewhere. While Audubon was constructing his wonderful monograph on the North American birds, but three or four species of the *Trochilidæ* were known to inhabit our continent. Up to the present time, the different species observed north of Mexico number a dozen or more, three or four of which enter our southeastern frontiers, and the remainder confine their migrations to the territory west of the Mississippi.

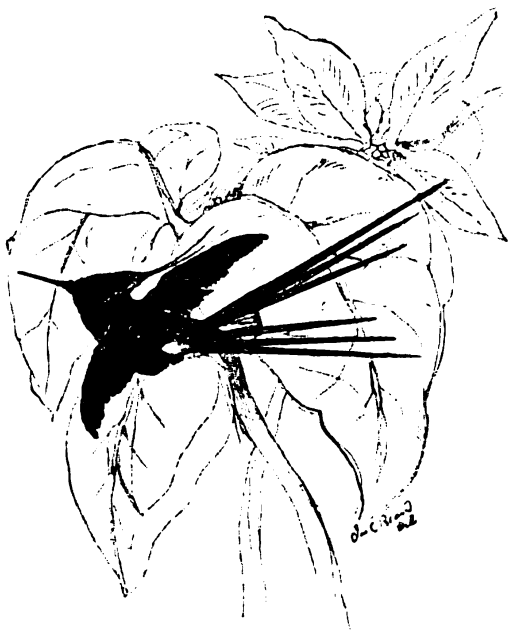
Many of the Andean species are remarkable for their restriction to a limited locality. One of the smallest of the race abides in the crater of the extinct volcano of Chiriqui, in New Granada, an area of not more than three-fourths of a mile in diameter, beyond which the "little flame-bearer" is never seen. A drop of color on the breast of this bird glows like a burning coal, suggesting to Mr. Gould the poetical conceit that the last spark of the expiring volcano had fallen there.

A single species dwells exclusively on the towering cliffs of Pichincha, a volcano looming above the valley of Quito on the west, and forming one of the grandest features of that Cyclopean landscape. The high-soaring hummer of Pichincha lives beyond the clouds, at an elevation of some fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. Still another torch-bearer of the great volcanoes con-



LITTLE FLAME-BEARER AND HAWK-MOTH.

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CRESTED HUMMING-BIRD.

fines its range to a zone belting Chimborazo from a plane of fourteen thousand feet to a height of sixteen thousand, or to the limits of perpetual snow. No other insect-eating bird on the globe seeks its food at such lofty altitudes as the *Oreotrochilus* of Chimborazo, which gathers meat and honey from the cups of a yellow-flowered alpine shrub belonging to the great family of the Compositæ. The species is likewise distinguished by the singular habit of alighting on the ground, and by the interesting fact of its plucking the flowers of the myrtle, and bearing them to its nest for the young to feed upon.

The motions of these flashing will-o'-the-wisps are strikingly like those of an insect. They have the same uncertain, wavering mode of flight, marked by swift, abrupt, unexpected turnings, and fitful dartings sidewise, aloft, and in endless devious directions. Their course is always angular, rather than in the graceful consecutive curves traced by other birds on the wing. I am often deceived when a large, sheeny spindle comes skimming through the sunshine into my garden, fancying for the instant it is one of the ruby-throats, while the common hawk-moth buzzing on the threshold of a flower oftentimes misleads me. There is a large hawk-moth in the valley of the Amazon which resembles the humming-bird so closely in size, form, and movements that even a keen naturalist is at first bewildered by the similarity. Mr. Bates confesses to having wasted his shot on the insect several times before he learned to distinguish between them.

The *Trochilidæ* are divided into two sub-families, the *Trochilinæ*, which embraces nine-tenths of the species, or those which inhabit the open country and rejoice in the free sunlight, and the *Phæthornithinæ*, in which are classed about fifty species, differing from the others in their sombre plumage, wholly destitute of metallic lustre, and in their custom of frequenting the recesses of tropical forests. It was noted by Mr. Bates that the forest species, which are quaintly named "hermits" from their plain dress and secluded habits, are seldom seen wooing the flowers, these being of rare occurrence in the dense shade of their retreats.

On the contrary, they satisfy their needs with the insects infesting the foliage of plants, which they secure by "threading the bushes and passing above and beneath each leaf with wonderful rapidity," all the while keeping on the wing. Most of the Amazonian humming-birds belong to the order of hermits, and weave their long, purse-shaped nests of fine vegetable fibres, lining them with soft down from young buds and stems of fern. These fairy cradles are generally lashed by spider-webs to the tips of swaying leaves, or to the end of boughs drooping over the water. Only two pearly pink-tinged eggs are brooded together, and at the end of ten or twelve days the little mother welcomes her twin babies.

Humming-birds are comparatively exempt from molestation, and therefore multiply rapidly. The chief enemy they have to fear is man, who has of late years inaugurated so great a slaughter among them, to gratify his commercial instincts, that the race is threatened with destruction, the species of most limited range being in especial danger. It is a serious calamity that fashion has taken a fancy to decorate woman's head-gear with the precious "jewels of ornithology." Nature's treasury is likely to be exhausted of them before the caprice changes, and the prospect gives bitter pain to every naturalist and bird-lover.

The largest of the humming-birds (*Trochilus gigas*) is about the size of a swallow, and the body of the smallest

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(*Mellisuga minima*) could "rattle around" in a lady's thimble. The *T. gigas* is a native of Chili, and is not only remarkable for its dimensions, but for its curious mode of flying. "Whilst hovering over a flower," writes Darwin, in his narrative of a voyage in the ship *Beagle*, "it flaps its wings with a very slow and powerful motion, totally different from that vibratory one common to most of the species, which produces the humming noise." He also adds that when poised in the air, "the tail of the bird is constantly expanded and shut like a fan, the body being kept in a nearly vertical position. This action appears to steady and support it between the slow movements of its wings."

The emerald is the gem which the humming-bird most affects, some gleams of its tint being visible in the plumage of most species, yet the sapphire, the amethyst, the topaz, the ruby, and carbuncle are lavishly used to enhance their splendor. They likewise dispose of their gorgeous plumes in such endless, artful ways as to exhaust the possibilities of these instruments of ornamentation. A hint of the immense diversity of decoration exhibited by the arrangement of their feathers is given by Mr. Wallace, who says: "The head is often crested in a variety of ways, either a simple flat crest, or with irradiating feathers, or diverging into two horns, as in the *L. hellnœ*; or spreading laterally like wings, as in *H. cornuti*, or erect and bushy, or recurved and pointed like that of a plover. The throat and breast are usually adorned with broad, scale-like feathers, or these diverge into a tippet, or send out pointed collars, or elegant frills of long, narrow plumes tipped with metallic spots of various colors. But the tail is even a more varied and beautiful ornament, either short and rounded, but pure white, or some other strongly contrasted color; or with short pointed feathers forming a star; or with the three outer feathers on each side long and tapering to a point, as in *Gouldia popelarii*, or larger, and either square, or round, or deeply forked, or acutely pointed; or with the two middle feathers excessively long and narrow; or with the tail very long and deeply forked, with broad and richly colored feathers; or with the two outer feathers wire-like, and having broad spoon-shaped tips. All these ornaments, whether of the head, neck, breast, or tail, are invariably colored in some effective or brilliant manner, and often contrast strikingly with the rest of the plumage."

The bill of the humming-bird shares in this amazing power of variation. In some species, as the *Docimastes*, the bill is prolonged to a length of six inches; in others, as in *Ramphormium*, it is shortened to a third of an inch; in others,



SWORD-BILLED HUMMING-BIRD.

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again (*Eutoxeres*), it is curved downward in the form of a sickle; and in still others (*Avocettula*) it turns upward at the end like the bill of the avocet, enabling the bird to hunt its minute prey among the scales of the palm and in the long curving nectaries of cannular corollas.

Although the Eastern hemisphere is destitute of representatives of this most remarkable family, it is provided with an equivalent in one or two groups of small and gayly colored birds which abound in the southern portions of Asia, in Africa, and in the Australian regions. The sunbirds (*Nectarinidæ*), as they are called, do not equal our humming in elegance of form or variety and splendor of costume, yet they are clad in glittering plumage, and have the same long slender bills and tubular tongues, and feed from the flowers in a similar manner. From these superficial resemblances naturalists were at first inclined to regard the two families as nearly related, but more recent investigations prove that they have little structural affinity, and accordingly they are widely separated in classification. The *Trochilidæ* are now placed next to the swifts (*Cypselinæ*), a small group of birds of dull hues distributed over the whole face of the earth, except the island of New Zealand. One species is familiar to us by the popular name of chimney-swallow (*Chætura pelasgia*).

Attempts have frequently been made to transport living humming-birds across the Atlantic for the adornment of European aviaries, but with indifferent success. In the few cases where the tender creatures survived the voyage they perished soon after from lack of proper care and diet. Instances are on record showing that they may thrive in confinement for months, possibly longer, but animal food must be provided for them, a meal of insects at regular intervals being essential to their existence. Materialized sunbeams, like grosser beings, require an allowance of nitrogen to keep the vital spark aglow.

A NEGLECTED CORNER OF EUROPE.

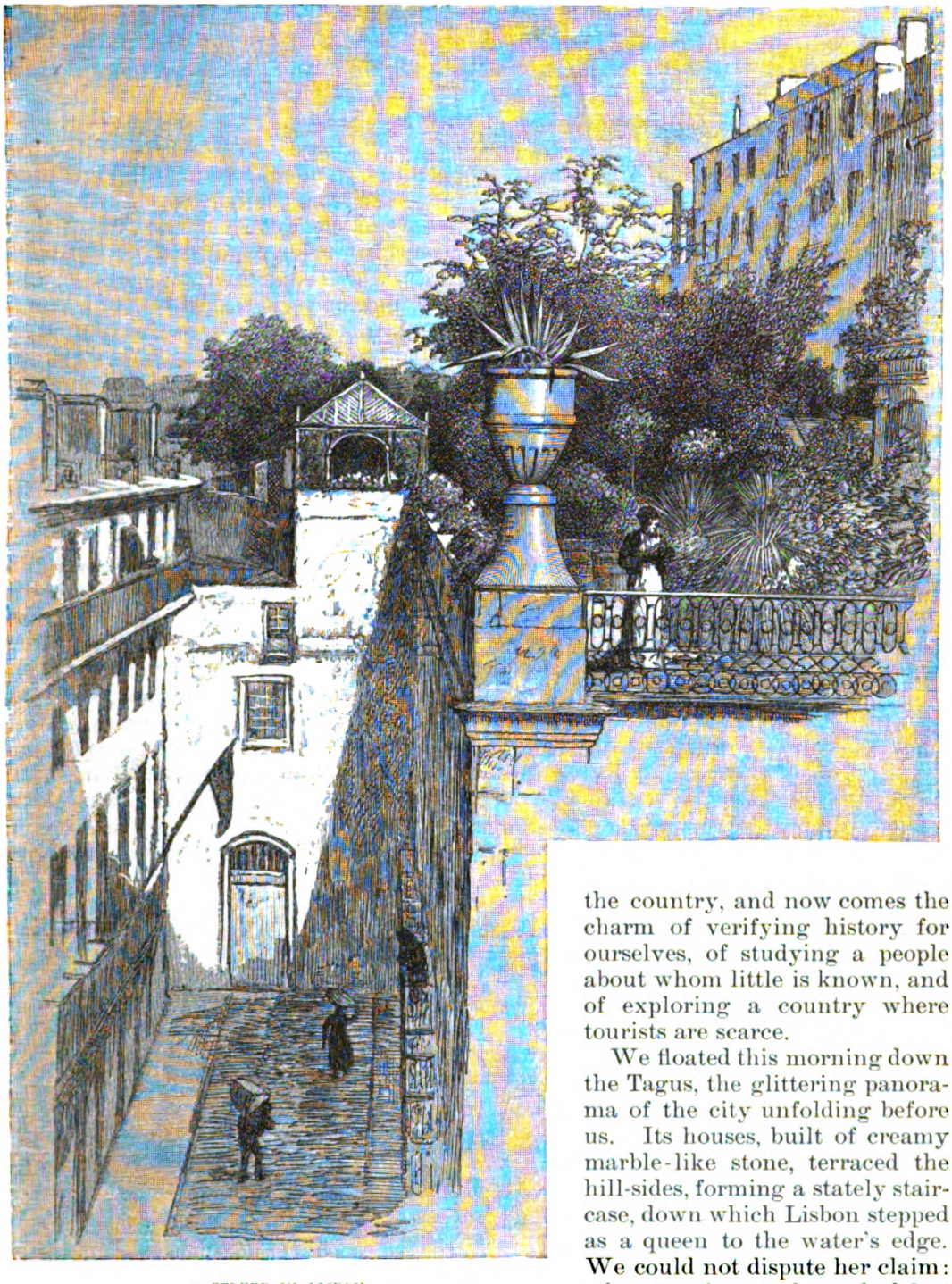
I.—THE CITY OF ULYSSES.

"IT is not the place to be went," asserted our eccentric *vis-à-vis* at the Badajos table d'hôte. "Don't you go to Lisbone, for decidingly it is not the place to be went."

He had just come from Lisbon, and should have known whereof he spoke; but from his habit of wholesale fault-finding, we had already privately nicknamed our chance acquaintance the Raven, and we were not to be turned back by his captious croaking, now that our foot actually pressed the threshold. The Portugal of the geography and the library had long before charmed our imaginations, and we find her, on more intimate acquaintance, showing fascinating hints of her romantic history. Heiress alike of the Roman and the Saracen, she has old heirlooms from both sides of the house to interest the antiquary. The bull-ring is all that is left of the Coliseum, but Moorish fountains and antique glazed tiles that match those of the Alhambra are only single jewels in the unbroken parure handed down from the Moslem.

A tiny country, occupying, like the island of England, a mere spot upon the atlas, we remembered that in the fifteenth century her possessions stretched, as those of England do now, over all the world. While Columbus was pursuing his studies, Prince Henry the Navigator established his observatory on the lonely shores of Algarve, and gathered the young nobles to his school of navigation. Through the century that followed, the bread cast upon the waters poured back to Portugal. The Azores, Madeira, and the golden sands of Guinea were made her own; Bartolomeu Diaz doubled the Cape of Good Hope, Vasco da Gama discovered India, Magellan made the first voyage around the world, and Brazil was made a Portuguese colony. As in Egypt, after the conquerors the building dynasty, so in Portugal, Dom Manoel the Fortunate built his pyramids in Belem, Alcobaça, and Batalha, scattering the wealth of the newly acquired colonies with reckless, improvident hand, as who should say, "After us the deluge." And the deluge came—a flood of bigotry and persecution, which speedily swept away the prosperity of the country. Portugal's fall may be traced directly to the Jesuits, for they brought in the Inquisition, which hunted the Jews, the bankers of the country, from the land; they

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A STREET IN LISBON.

preached the crusade that led Dom Sebastian the Regretted to his disastrous expedition into Africa, and left the country an easy prey to the Spaniard, while the Dutch seized their colonies.

After the decadence, the revival under Pombal, the Bismarck of Portugal. This was what we had learned from books of the country, and now comes the charm of verifying history for ourselves, of studying a people about whom little is known, and of exploring a country where tourists are scarce.

We floated this morning down the Tagus, the glittering panorama of the city unfolding before us. Its houses, built of creamy marble-like stone, terraced the hill-sides, forming a stately staircase, down which Lisbon stepped as a queen to the water's edge. We could not dispute her claim: whatever city may be ranked first for beauty of situation, Lisbon can be classed no lower than second among all the cities of the globe. Its wonderful atmosphere bathed all with a golden glamour. The tiled fronts of the houses, which, seen nearer, suggest patchwork bed-quilts hung out to air, flashed back the sunshine from their glazed surfaces like so many gems; dome and cupola,

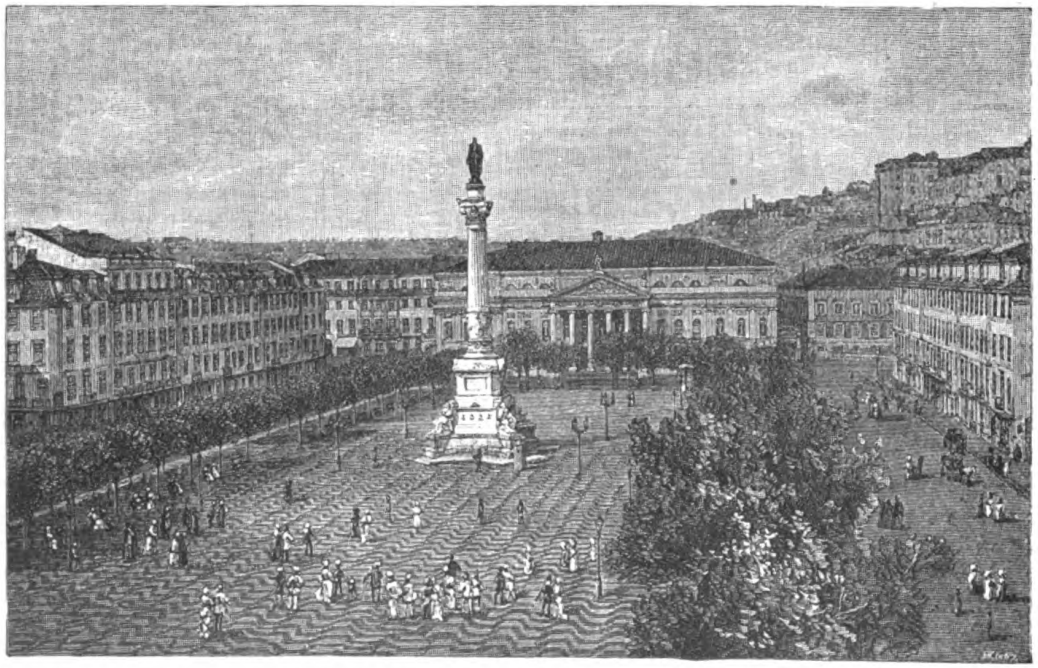
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church tower and palace façade, outlined themselves in graceful profile against the sky, as exquisite as a poet's dream, and as unreal as some prehistoric legend. We did not wonder that Camoens attributed its foundation to the first Greek explorer who rounded the Pillars of Hercules:

"Ulysses, he, though fated to destroy
On Asian ground the heaven-built towers of Troy,
On Europe's strand, more grateful to the skies,
He bade the eternal walls of Lisbon rise."

A nearer view of Lisbon streets, while it dispels in a certain degree the vision-like enchantment of the distant picture, brings out details of never-ceasing interest. We spend our days in long walks and drives up and down mountainous streets, that wind and climb, criss-cross, angle, and lose themselves in labyrinthine tangles, blind alleys, or pleasant squares. We wonder alike at the bizarre costumes of the lower classes, and the similarity to American—or rather Parisian—styles displayed by the more well-to-do. We saunter along the quays, and study fishermen and Gallegos. We look up at the balconies draped with a bright rug or gay shawl, at the party-colored awnings and windows, where a beautiful face shows against a dark background like a Rembrantesque portrait. We scan the attractive windows of the goldsmiths' shops in the Rua Aurea, or jingle along in the Americano, as they christen the open street car, through the Broadway of the city, which leads to the Belem suburb. The people live much upon the street, and it is here that they are to be studied to the best advantage. The houses of the poor open to it, and we have a full view of the home life from the narrow sidewalk. In the more elegant quarters the wistaria droops in purple festoons over the balustrades which edge the roof, while spots of rosy pink or vivid scarlet tell of blossoming oleanders or cacti, for the roof of one row of houses often forms its own garden, or that of the houses upon the next terrace. These hanging gardens reminded the eccentric Beckford of places of interment, "as if the deceased inhabitants of the palace were sprouting up in the shape of prickly-pears, Indian figs, gaudy hollyhocks, and peppery capsicums."

Here and there roofs of red semi-cylindrical tiles projected over the house fronts, suggesting the fluted frill of an old lady's cap. Everywhere there was sparkling color and dazzling light. Sometimes the tiles on the fronts of the houses formed mosaics of gigantic figures, vases of flowers, and baskets of fruits; now and then, above some rusty lantern, which in Southey's time served the double purpose of illuminating the streets and burning in honor of the sacred pictures above them,



PLACE DOM PEDRO.

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THE FISH MARKET.

the tiles shaped themselves into Madonnas, martyrs in flames, and saints in glory —a circumstance which called from the merry poet the *bonmot*, "These saints are the most enlightened personages in Lisbon." If the streets of Lisbon were dark in Southey's time, they have blazed with light since the advent of gas; the poor saints alone remain in the obscurity of the Dark Ages.

A prominent feature in street life are the Varinhos, or fish and fruit women, natives of Ovar, in the north of Portugal, who come to the capital to earn a little competence by hard labor. They form a strong contrast to the native Lisbonese, as well by their odd peasant costume as by their business-like, bustling, hustling manners, and the untiring industry with which they run barefoot all day over the rough pavements, a heavy basket of fish or fruit balanced nicely upon their heads, calling their wares as they go, with voice "as shrill as that of ocean birds." They are the huckster women of the fruit market, who sit under an encampment of artists' worn-out sketching umbrellas, and sell poultry, bouquets, and heaps of apricots ("eggs of the sun"), grapes, plums, and purple figs to the good housewives of Lisbon. You will see them best, however, in the early morning at the fish market, filling their baskets from the slimy, shining heaps that the fishermen have just brought in from their night's toil in the boats, and are now auctioning off in lots to the highest bidder. Their costume, a loose jacket and short blue stuff skirt, with a sash knotted about the hips, exhibits the superb carriage of their strong and supple bodies. Rather heavy for grace, there is still a magnificent swing to their gait and a haughty bearing of the neck, induced by the weight borne upon the head, which gives to these modern caryatides an air at once heroic and classical, such as we can imagine possessed by the lower orders of Spartan women, and by the powerful but not overrefined Amazons. They show a barbaric fondness for jewelry, and several chains or strings of gold beads, with two pairs of heavy earrings, resembling in shape two united water jars, are often seen in company with bare feet and tatters. The Gallegos furnish another prominent feature of Lis-



PORTERS.

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bon street life. They are burly, thickset men, with bushy black side whiskers and clean-shaven upper lips. They loll in careless attitudes about their respective *chafarizes* (the Moorish name for fountain being still retained), and patiently wait the slow filling of their iron-bound



THE SERENADE.

water kegs. They come from Galicia, where they leave their families, and are the "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for the Portuguese, who consider it a degradation to bear a burden of any kind.

The public squares of Lisbon are numerous, and generally charmingly laid out, with a profusion of semi-tropical plants, statues, and fountains. Fountains are, indeed, a special characteristic of the city. You can hardly walk in any direction without soon passing a number

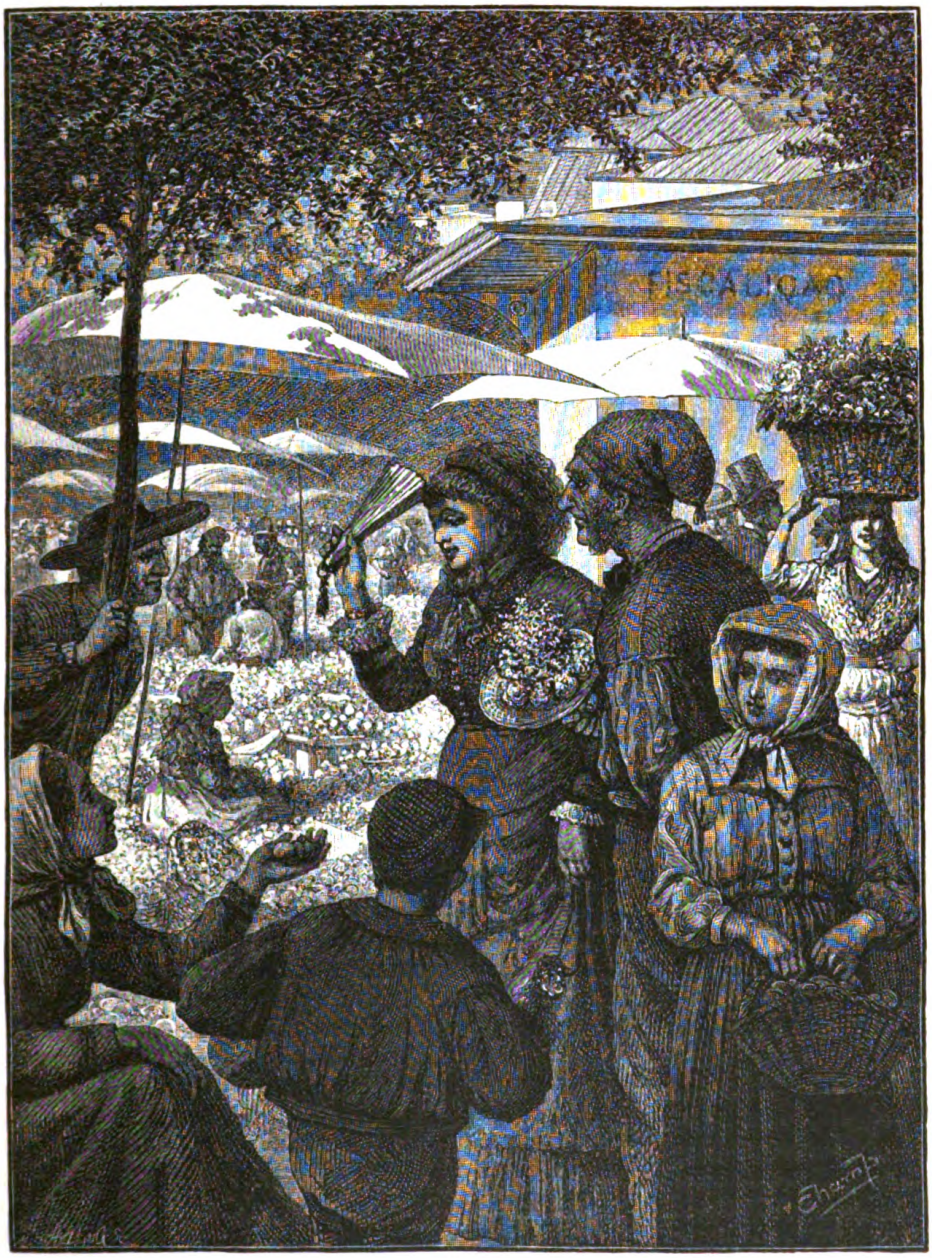


of these little runnels trickling from a carved head, or from an iron tube set in the wall, into a capacious stone basin. The fountains are supplied by the Alcantara Aqueduct—one of the wonders of the city, and considered the greatest piece of bridge architecture in the world; its extreme height is two hundred and sixty-three feet, and the water which it empties into the Mai d'Aqua, or reservoir, is brought from a distance of eighteen miles. Thirty Gallegos fill their casks at each fountain, and carry water about the city to all who are not directly supplied by the water-works or by wells. They form the Fire Department as well, and before the city was provided with fire-engines, were ordered to fill their casks before retiring, that they might be ready to proceed to a fire at the first alarm. The thirty arriving first were paid for their services; the rest were compelled to work gratis so long as the fire lasted. As this method of extinguishing a conflagration was not a very efficient one, fires often burned several days, and all householders were in the mean time cut off from their water supply, for not a Gallego could carry his cask in any other direction than in that of the burning district. Those of the class who act as porters are frequently men of immense strength; a couple of them will carry, by means of a yoke from which depends a swinging platform, huge burdens weighing oftentimes as much as half a ton. They jog along, invariably out of step, occasionally carrying blocks of hewn stone for the masons, man's labor being apparently cheaper than that of horses or of oxen.

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Ladies are not often to be met upon the street during the day, but they are nearly always to be seen at the window, placidly regarding the stream of life which surges or loiters below. Young ladies receive their admirers in this way, the gallant propping up the wall of the opposite house, and rapturously regarding the object of his devotion from a distance. The guitar is sometimes used as a means of communication, but more often the only conversation is that of the eye. The Portuguese are a very proper people, and a courtship in American style would greatly shock them.

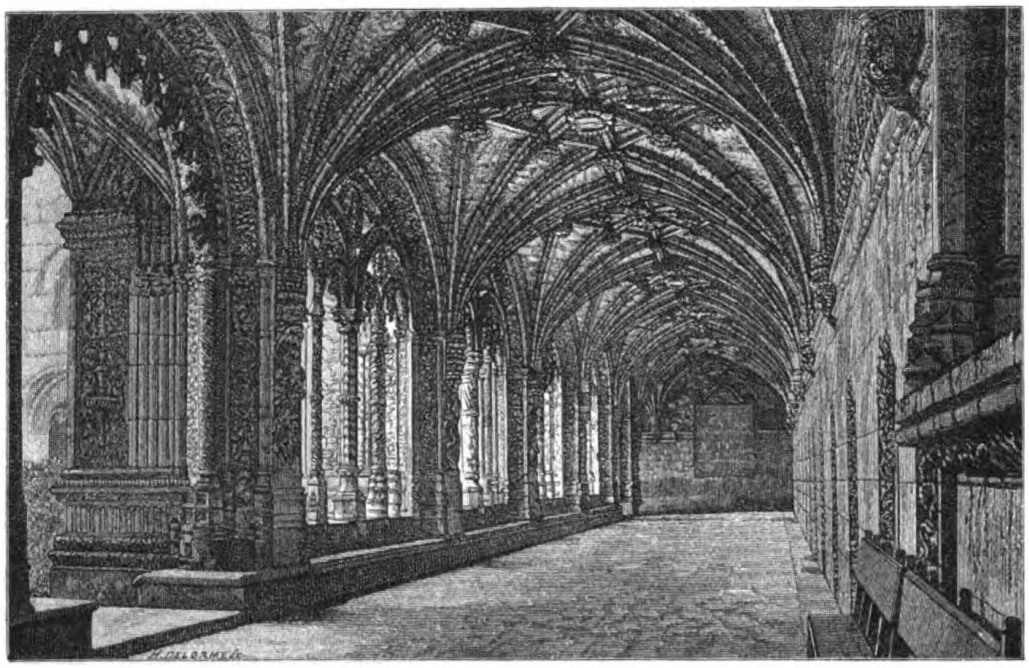
But it is at night that Lisbon really wakes, and is seen to best advantage.



FRUIT MARKET.

The parks glitter with gas jets, and numerous bands vie with each other in creating a crash of sound. The senhoras descend from their watch-towers, and are seen at the public gardens and the theatres in resplendent Parisian costumes. There is no distinctive national peculiarity

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GALLERY OF THE CLOISTER OF SÃO JERONYMO MONASTERY, BELEM.

in their dress. Snowy hats and bonnets with softly curling plumes replace the veil of Spain. We might fancy ourselves in New York, or London, or Paris. Now and then we may meet a lady dressed entirely in purple, in fulfillment of a vow to the Virgin to wear her color for a certain length of time. When this is the case, fan, stockings, parasol, and even shoes are all of the same violet hue. The gentlemen are as a rule handsome, elegant in manners and attire, and remarkably youthful in appearance. Father and son, as they saunter arm in arm, are scarcely to be distinguished. Even Time is lazy in Portugal, and does his work in a slipshod way, quite forgetting the vindictive earnestness with which in our own country he polishes bald crowns and chisels wrinkles. Portuguese gentlemen even when on foot have a cavalier appearance. They delight in enormous spurs, and wear them perhaps when they not only do not own, but rarely mount, a horse.

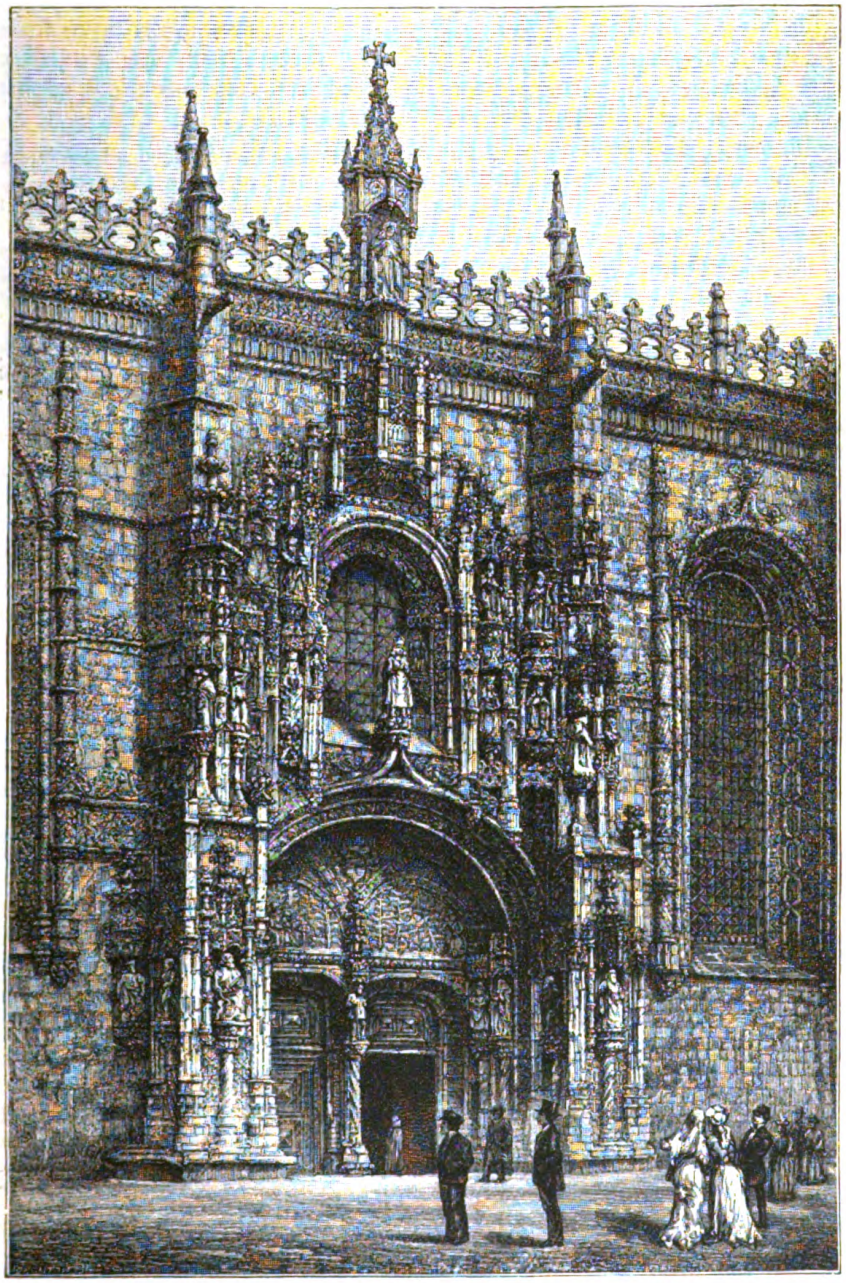
But Lisbon is devout as well as gay: witness her numerous churches and noble charities. Her most spectacular processions are religious, her bull-fights take place on the Campo of Santa Anna, and the gate money is divided with the Santa Casa de Misericordia. The lottery tickets, which are offered in such profusion upon the street, help support the Foundling Hospital, and even Satan is obliged to pay a high license to the Church for the privilege of doing what little mischief he can.

The cathedral of Lisbon is not more remarkable than many of the rich parochial churches of the city. The church of Belem in architectural richness and historical importance is immeasurably its superior; the cathedral has only the prestige of name. Its most noticeable decoration is the conspicuous and ugly tiling which faces the walls of the interior with grotesque allegorical subjects.

One of the most popular and fortunate of Lisbon churches is that of São Roque. His Majesty Dom João V. attended mass here upon one occasion, and noticing that all the chapels with the exception of that of St. John the Baptist were brilliantly lighted, inquired the reason of the slight. He was informed that all of the other saints had guilds devoted to the observance of their festival days, while the Baptist was not a favorite. The sovereign determined to himself become the special adherent of St. John of São Roque. He ordered a chapel to be built in Rome which should be a wonder of precious stones—lapis lazuli, amethyst, Egyptian alabasters, verd-antique, porphyry, and ancient jaul. Panels of Carrara marble, carved in the tasteless, overornamented

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style of the first part of the eighteenth century, decorate the ceiling. Two immense silver candelabra, intricately modelled and gilded, and so heavy that four mass was said in it by Pope Benedict XIV. It was then taken to pieces, and sent to Portugal, the whole expense amounting to a million dollars.



GRAND DOORWAY OF THE CHURCH AND MONASTERY OF SÃO JERONYMO, BELEM.

men are required to lift them, hold the consecrated tapers. Over the altars hang three really fine mosaics, copies of Guido's "Annunciation," Raphael's "Descent of the Holy Ghost," and of the "Baptism of Christ" by Michael Angelo. The chapel was temporarily set up at Rome, where

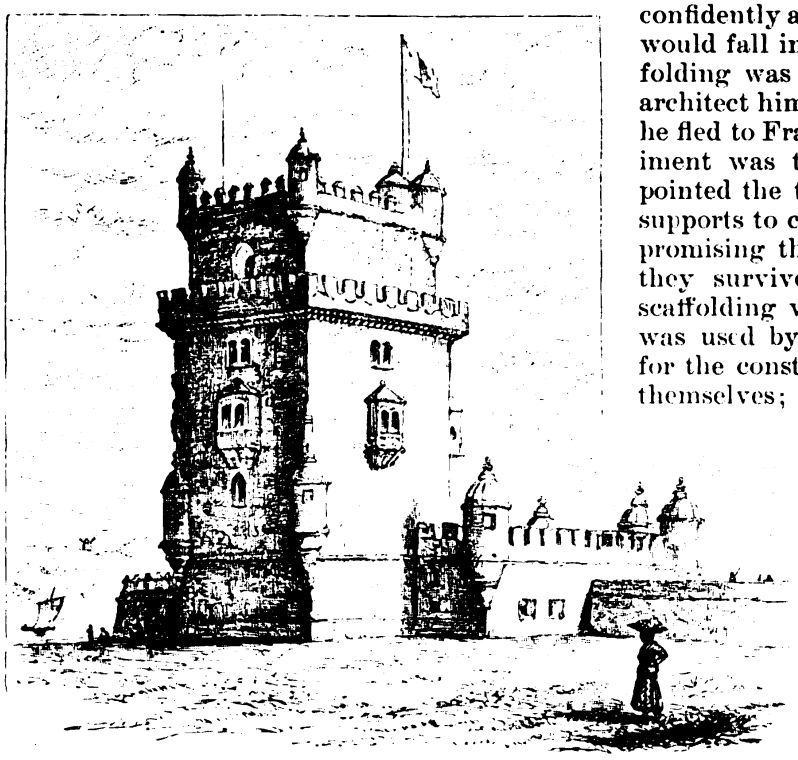
The church and monastery of São Jeronymo at Belem, the western suburb of Lisbon, is one of the most interesting buildings in Portugal. Four hundred years ago there stood upon this spot a little chapel, used by mariners, and devoted to Maria, Star of the Sea. Here, in 1497,

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Vasco da Gama passed the entire night in prayer, before setting out upon his perilous two years' voyage of enterprise and endurance. The same spot witnessed his return, laden with the wealth of the Indies, having accomplished an exploit in navigation (the passage to India by way of the Cape of Good Hope) to which the discovery of America was comparatively a pleasure-trip. King Manuel devoted the first gold brought from India to the erection of the church and monastery of Belem, and the noble pile forms a most fitting memorial of the great explorer. Camoens, the greatest of Portuguese poets, sang the fame of Vasco da Gama so well that he became himself famous; and if King Manuel's abbey is a poem in stone, Camoens's great epic is a monument more enduring than marble. The ashes of poet and hero have recently been laid in one of the chapels of this beautiful church, and the ceremonies upon this occasion were of a most imposing and splendid character. The poor unappreciative dust was borne by a royal galley down the Tagus, the men-of-war and merchant ships making a lane down which it passed, while flags dipped and cannon roared. Royalty stood upon the church steps to receive and do it honor, while an emblematic procession, organized by the press, and taken part in by thousands of citizens, paraded the city, with monumental cars representative of the Army, the Navy, the Arts, Agriculture, Literature, etc. Perhaps if the deserted and dying Camoens could have foreseen this tardy recognition, he would not have poured out the bitterness of his soul in his tenth canzoni.

"The land I loved above all lands on earth
Twice cast me like a weed away.
Through the dread deep my bark, still onward borne,
As the fierce waves drive o'er it tempest-torn,
Speeds 'midst strange horrors to its fatal bourne.
Yet shall not storms or flattering calms delude
My voyage more; no mortal port is mine.
So may the sovereign ruler of the flood
Quell the loud surge, and with a voice divine
Hush the fierce tempest of my soul to rest!"

We passed under the florid platteresque doorway, with its prodigality of niched and canopied statues, and stood in the imposing interior. Tall, richly wrought columns shoot upward, supporting the vaulted roof, which is so delicately groined that the immense mass of stone has all the apparent lightness and feathery spring of the reticulation of a palm leaf. The architect of the building was severely criticised for the asserted instability of the structure, the critics of the day confidently asserting that the roof would fall in as soon as the scaffolding was removed. Even the architect himself had his fears, for he fled to France before the experiment was tried. The king appointed the task of removing the supports to condemned criminals, promising them a free pardon if they survived the result. The scaffolding was taken down, and was used by the liberated felons for the construction of houses for themselves; for, contrary to all expectation, the roof rested securely upon its slender piers, and the storms of four centuries and the shock of more than one earthquake have not thrown it from its delicate poise. To the right of the nave is the chapel of St. Raphael, which contains the sarcophagi

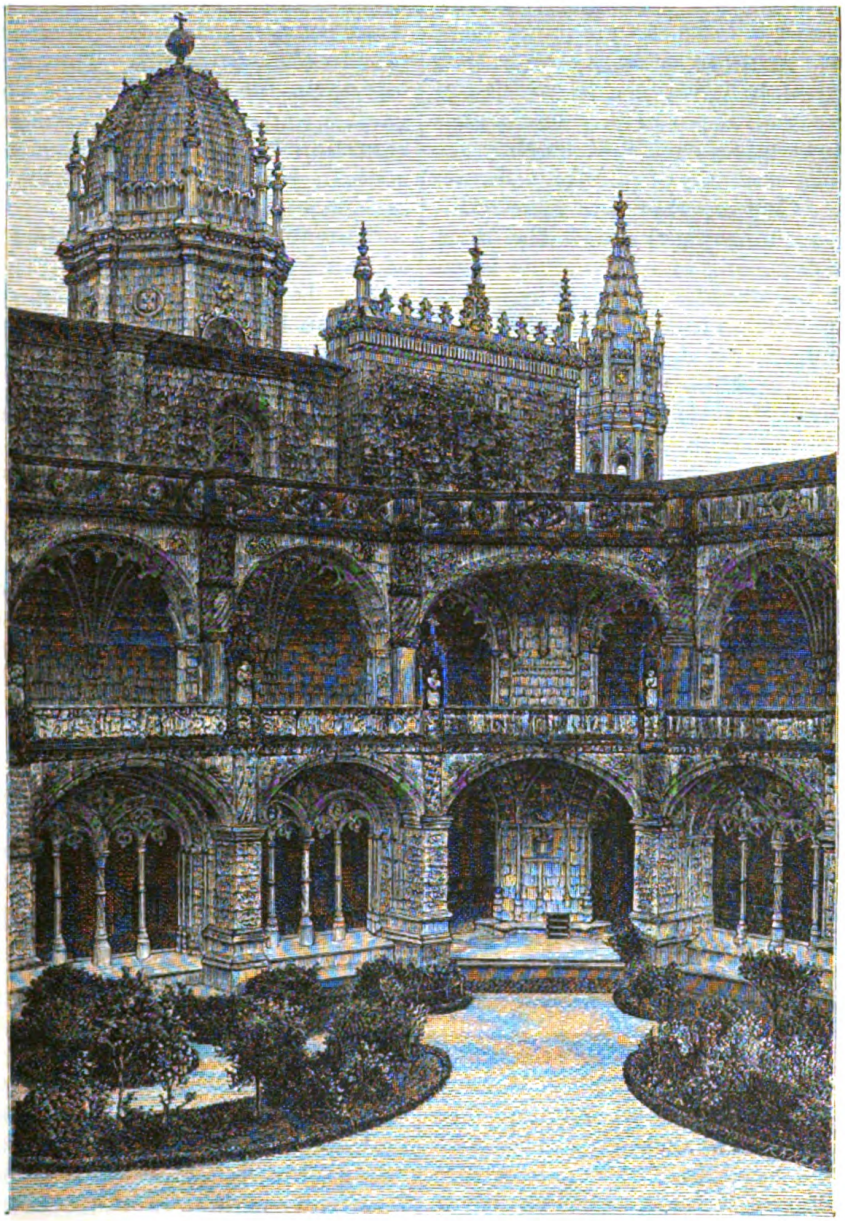


TOWER OF BELEM.

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of Camoens and Da Gama. Between them stands a third, supported by elephants carved in black marble, and purporting to

heads for even less celebrated vessels, there was none which quite filled the requirements of an effigy of St. Raphael.



INTERIOR OF THE CLOISTER OF THE SÃO JERONYMO MONASTERY.

contain the remains of Dom Sebastian the Regretted, who disappeared at the battle of Alcazar Kebir in Africa. The chapel is named from a wooden image of the archangel Raphael, taken from the prow of the ship in which Da Gama made his first voyage to the Indies, which is supposed to be still kept here; but though we found a number of wooden images sufficiently hideous to have served for figure-

There were two candelabra, however, carved and painted to represent lions, as large as Newfoundland dogs, and standing in "Speak, sir!" attitudes. They held the huge tapers in their fore-paws, and were altogether of such preternatural ugliness that one might well imagine them to have been stolen from some Hindoo temple by Vasco da Gama himself. As St. Jerome is the patron of the monastery, the lion,

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his companion in the desert, is repeated in carving throughout the building wherever opportunity offers. In the cloister, one of the loveliest which any religious house can boast, the fountain is a lion. These cloisters consist of four galleries in two stories, forming a frame, or rather a richly wrought jewel box, to the flower gems of the central parterre. The arches and the stone tracery with which they are filled exhibit that riot of phantasy shown by the later Gothic, when the pure flamboyant was changing, through the most exuberant flowering of which stone is capable, into the decadence where senseless overornamentation takes the place of real beauty. Thackeray denominates this the "cauliflower and periwig style of architecture," and this style we are willing to admit exists at Mafra and elsewhere through Portugal; but at Belem taste still governs the infinity of ornament, and were we told that the building transgresses every art canon known, the eye would still delight in its richness.

Within the cloister garden great bushes of blue and pink hydrangeas relieved the cool gray of the architecture with their spots of brilliant color. Rose-trees bent with ghostly white and passionate crimson blossoms. Unfamiliar flame-colored flowers from China, palms and ferns, vines and shrubs, are grouped in hothouse profusion within the low hedges of trimly cut box. From the cloisters we passed into the refectory of the departed monks; the walls were hung with poor portraits of the kings of Portugal, beneath which ran a grotesque wainscoting of tiles representing the history of Joseph. One of the subjects—Joseph's brethren showing his raiment to Jacob as proof of his death—was irresistibly comic. The coat of many colors of the sacred record was replaced by a diminutive pair of baggy pantaloons. It was quite as absurd as another refectory picture, one by Titian, in the Escorial, "Christ washing the Disciples' Feet," where the Twelve were preparing for the ceremonial by pulling off high-topped boots, some seated upon the floor, and others sprawling in equally ungainly attitudes, necessitated by the absence of a boot-jack. Long low tables were set for the mid-day meal of the present occupants of the convent—no monastic company of bigots or hypocrites, but five hundred or so orphan boys with intelligent, happy faces. Charity scholars, educated at the government expense, they are taught the ordinary branches, with the addition of French and English, are allowed to make choice of a trade, and leave the institution when they have mastered it, with a new suit of clothes and a set of tools as an outfit. They came trooping down for their recess in the cloister garden, and a lad of fourteen began a conversation in remarkably good but rather bookish French. He was very proud of his accomplishment.

"I would not starve, would I," he asked, "if I should go to Paris?"

Not being understood, he explained, "I mean I could at least beg my bread in French." He did not like the English language as well. "We read 'Paradise Lost,'" he said, "and we do not find it amusing."

The little beds in the well-ventilated, pleasant dormitories were clean and sweet, the food was nourishing, and in the upper cloisters the bathing suits in which the boys frolicked on the beach were drying in the sun. The Casa Pia, as the institution is called, seemed to us a very beautiful charity, and life here, with the exception of the periodical dose of "Paradise Lost," very enviable.

On the sea-shore, not far from the monastery, stands the Tower of Belem. It is built on the spot from which Vasco da Gama with his little band of adventurers embarked on his voyage of discovery of the Indies. The tower, though built in 1495, seemed wonderfully fresh and perfect. The great crosses of the Order of Christ, blazoned on the shields which faced the battlements, showed like a narrow edge of embroidery from below, and the whole edifice seemed singularly light and graceful for a fortress against pirates, and a military prison. But standing in one of the delicate watch-towers which hang in mid-air on the corners of the building, the strong wind beat back our breath, and a sudden giddiness seizing us as we looked down at the waves lapping the foundations, we realized the strength of a building which had borne unshaken the buffetings of centuries of storms.

Of Lisbon's many churches the one which possesses greatest interest to the antiquarian is doubtless the ruined church of the Carmo. Its roofless and vine-grown arches, the broken ribs of its once noble vault silhouetted darkly against the sky, form a most striking monument to

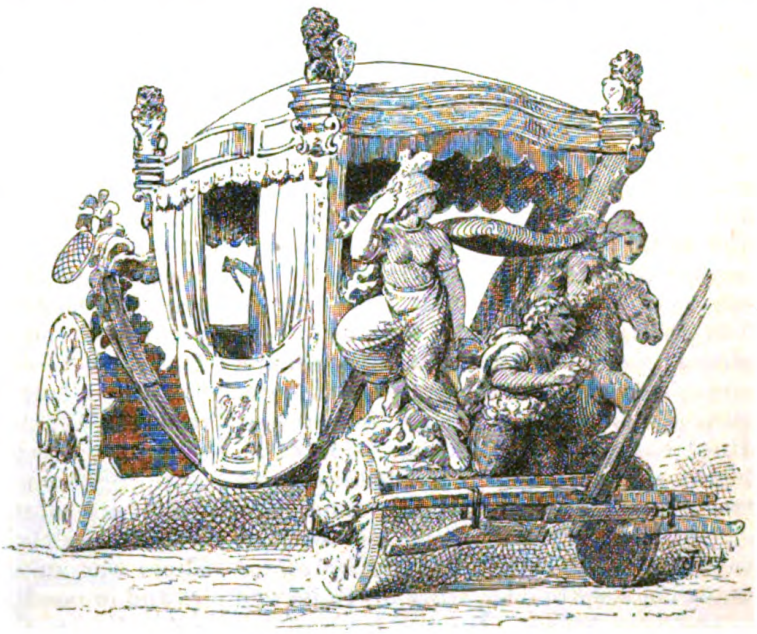
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the power of the great earthquake which in 1755 shook Lisbon to its foundations. The Archæological Society has most appropriately established its museum in the chancel of this fascinating ruin, which, with its superb tower, alone possesses a roof. Wandering among its broken sarcophagi, its Moorish fountain converted into a Christian fount, its Roman remains, and other mutilated bits of ancient sculpture, with vine festoons drooping down upon us from the shattered arches, we tried in vain to imagine the awful catastrophe which changed the proud temple into a picturesque ruin, and to fancy the energetic figure of the Prime Minister Pombal, the Richelieu of this reign, spending days and nights together in driving about the smoking ruins, repressing crime and relieving the unfortunate.

The true museums of Lisbon, where we may find suggestions of its life prior to the earthquake, are the curiosity shops. Here one may discover many a relic of the past magnificence of the country; bits of old silver ornamented by hand-hammered repoussé work, and engraved with the monograms and crests of noble families whose sun has set in poverty and oblivion; ponderous brazen-clamped books from the dismantled convents, with old paintings, time-blackened, and of little worth artistically, but curious and ludicrous examples of ancient incentives to devotion. We found rooms stored with massive carved furniture of Brazil-wood, chairs of richly embossed leather studded with huge round-headed brass nails, cabinets of mediæval Portuguese marquetry, the fine mosaic of South American woods, almost equal to East Indian ivory and ebony inlay, and made when the rich cargoes of fragrant tropical timber were novelties in importation. Here are

"Odds and ends of ravage, picture-frames
White through the worn gilt, mirror sconces chipped,
Bronze angel heads, once knobs attached to chests
(Handled when ancient dames chose forth brocade)."

And here is the brocade as well. "Encarnardo" with arabesques woven in gold thread, mauve satin with brocaded bouquets of roses. Here, too, is a shelf of enamelled watches, and jewelled snuff-boxes with rings and miniatures, a pearl-inlaid crucifix, and sandal-wood rosaries, with other trinkets suggestive of Pombal's time, of ambitious and haughty men,



CHARIOT OF DOM JOÃO V.

of vain and luxurious women, who strutted and courtesied, flirted and flattered, loved and laughed, and channelled their rouged cheeks with tears, for a little hour, and were laid away in tinselled boxes in the dull twilight of some chill crypt, eloquent sermons on that most misanthropic of all texts, *Vanitas vanitatum, et omnia vanitas.* A curiosity shop possesses for me an irresistible fascination. We passed one at evening in the lower part of the city. It was unlighted, but the owner was lounging at the door, and seeing our interest he lit a mere snuff of a candle and led us through several rooms filled with relics of the past. The shop from the street had seemed mean and insignificant enough, but it extended through several houses. We followed our guide through apartment after apartment piled to the ceiling with grotesque vases from

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Japan and India, with headless wooden saints, and with such an assortment of old furniture that they seemed the depository for the rickety and cast-aside trappings of all the palaces in the kingdom, the flickering light of the candle as it brought one and another object sharply out of the surrounding gloom gleaming for an instant on a Saracen cimeter, or illuminating with almost magical effect some heavily embroidered altarpiece. It needed no extravagant play of the imagination to fancy that in the hours of darkness these rooms might be filled with ghostly forms, who held their levées here, as long ago in palaces of which the earthquake had left no stone upon another.

More interesting even than the curiosity shops, and more directly connected with authentic Portuguese history, is the museum furnished by the collection of antique royal carriages. These tattered and tottering but still pompous relics of former pageants bring back vividly the epochs and the men that they served. The prodigious chariots of Dom João V.—strange medley of circus band wagon and steam fire-engine—are among the most stupendous monuments of the muster. Huge carved and gilded figures form allegorical groups before and behind these triumphal cars. Sea-horses snort and curvet, led by Neptune and Apollo; Portugal, in the guise of a female figure, extends her sceptre over cringing India and grovelling Africa. On the back of another two Tritons clasp hands. "Emblems of the rivers Douro and Minho," said our guide; but they might as properly have represented the commercial union (by the discoveries of Da Gama) of the Atlantic and Indian oceans. Here were lumbering vehicles, draped in tarnished cloth of gold, and shaped like antiquated canopied and curtained bedsteads, with Cupids supporting crowns upon the summit, and lions bearing heraldic shields at the four corners. These were the very equipages which made up the bridal cortége that nearly two hundred years ago set out for the Spanish frontier to meet an equally imposing caravan, on the occasion of a double marriage between the princes and infantas of the respective kingdoms. It is a pity that no chronicler of the garrulity of a Froissart was there to describe the long train of forty state wagons, together with the private coaches of nearly every nobleman in the realm—all the glory of the pontifical wardrobe at Mafra on dress parade behind the gold-fringed curtains, in company with the patches and point-lace of the Infantas' ladies-in-waiting, and the long line of sumpter-mules bringing up the rear, with pig-skins of Collares and wedding cake.

Each calash, gig, cabriolet, and cariole commemorated some event of state history. Here an elegant equipage of Italian workmanship, heavily gilded, and lined with superb embossed crimson velvet, had come as a benediction from the holy "Papa" Clement XI. Another, equally luxurious, brought Maria of Austria to the throne of Portugal, and was a present from the bride's brother, Joseph I. of Austria. Here, too, were coaches made in Paris, with frame-work of buhl, and valance falling from the coachman's box rivalling altar-cloths in richness of embroidery. Here were delicate panel paintings, many of them far more deserving of conspicuous hanging than the daubs now occupying the walls of the art gallery. The subjects on one of the coaches exhausted all the horsy legends of mythology—Phœbus conducting his chariot through the cloud regions, and Galatea alighting from her shell. The mild winters of the climate were suggested by the absence of sleighs, and we saw no hearses. There was an abundance of absurd sulkies and impossible gigs, and away in a cobwebbed corner a coach whose panel pictures were Raphaelesque in sentiment, and faded to delicious mellowness of tone. "It is the carriage of Dom Sebastian," said our guide, touching his hat with a gesture of sadness and respect. "Ah, yes," we replied, "the unfortunate young king who died in Africa, and who lies buried at Belem between Camoens and Vasco da Gama."

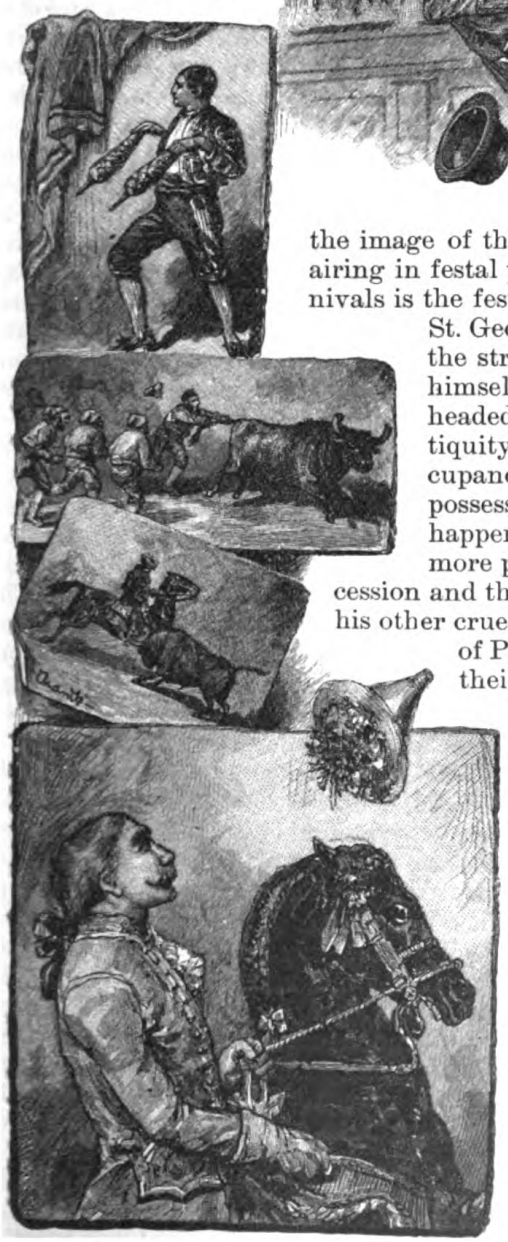
A shrug of the shoulder told the deeply rooted popular disbelief in this assertion. "They say so," he answered; "but more likely he met his death at the hands of Philip II. of Spain in the dungeons of the Inquisition." The history of this unfortunate prince is most interesting. Long after the battle of Alcazar Kebir his devoted subjects refused to believe in his death, and as long as any of his contemporaries lived they hoped and prayed to see him come again and take the throne from the Spanish usurper. A pretender did appear in Venice who professed to be

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the missing Sebastian escaped from slavery in the land of the Moor. It was reported, too, that he showed himself remarkably conversant with the secret diplomatic history of Portugal; but Philip II.'s emissaries met him on his way to Lisbon, and he was put to death as an impostor.



Two queer pickle-jar arrangements on wheels, stowed away amongst the royal carriages, are used by the image of the Virgin when on holy-days she takes an airing in festal processions. Chief of these religious carnivals is the festival of Corpus Christi. On this occasion St. George (a Gallego in a suit of armor) parades the streets upon a handsome horse, and the king himself is obliged to follow on foot and bareheaded. This ceremony dates from remote antiquity, and was only interrupted during the occupancy of Lisbon by the French, when Junot possessed himself of St. George's horse, which happened to be the finest in the city, and excited more popular indignation by forbidding the procession and the usual explosion of fire-works than by all his other cruelties taken together. But it is in the north of Portugal that religious fêtes are to be seen at their best; in Lisbon popular enthusiasm finds its wildest expression at a bull-fight, and the *farpa* takes the place of the processional taper.



BULL-FIGHTING.

A Portuguese bull-fight is a very different affair from the disgusting and brutal national sport of Spain. The Portuguese are a humane people, and though the spectacle was originally conducted in Spanish style, it was not long popular, and now neither bulls nor horses are killed, and the bull-fighters run very little risk, as cylinders ending in wooden knobs cover the animal's horns, and it can only inflict a knock-down blow, instead of piercing and tearing. The honor of this reform is due to Pombal, who interceded with King Joseph I., and induced him to discontinue the sport in the murderous Spanish style on the occasion of the death of the Count d'Arcos in an am-

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ateur bull-fight. It is related that when the father of the young count, the aged Marquis Mirialva, Grand Chamberlain of the king, saw his son fall, he threw himself into the arena and killed the bull with his dress sword; and that Pombal remarked to the king that the life of a bull was not, after all, a fair equivalent for that of the Count d'Arcos. Pombal's administration was sowed thick with reforms, which have blossomed since, though received coldly at the time. The limiting the power of the Inquisition, the abolition of slavery, and the expulsion of the Jesuits are all due to Pombal. Few ministers can show a more energetic record than this. To an amateur of the combats of the Spanish aceldama the Portuguese exhibition must seem remarkably tame and insipid, while, looked at from a rational, common-sense standpoint, they are indeed "singular exhibitions of imbecility on the part of all concerned." But the Lisbonese revel in the sport; the risks are still sufficiently exciting to stir the blood, and the display, especially when the performance is an amateur one, and the young men taking part belong to the nobility, is very brilliant. Then the arena is handsomely decorated, the costumes of the performers are of velvet and satin, the horses are the finest in the kingdom, and the feats of horsemanship displayed rival those of the circus. Royalty honors the scene by attendance, and the beauty and fashion of Lisbon shine in full opera dress in the upper boxes, their white elbows resting on richly embroidered silk shawls which drape the front of the boxes in graceful folds. The companionship of prize-fighters, and pugilistic skill of this description, are not considered unworthy the most elegant and accomplished Portuguese noble. The Princess Rattazzi, in her recently published and greatly censured *Portugal à Vol d'Oiseau*, speaks of the Marquis of Castel Melhor, the last descendant of an ancient family, and after praising his refinement and cultivation, remarks: "In the bull-fights organized by amateurs he shone in the first rank as horseman, and inserted the *farpas* with an art and a dexterity which awakened frantic applause, and secured him great popularity. This circumstance added to the regrets caused by his death. It was not only a loss to elegant society, it was felt by the people themselves."

There are people in Portugal who have tastes for more æsthetic pleasures than those of the ring. An interest in art is gradually being awakened, chiefly by the example of the ex-King Fernando, who is himself an amateur artist, and the principal patron of the Lisbon Art Gallery, as well as of nearly every other scheme or institution for the encouragement of art in the kingdom. There is hardly a gallery, a museum, or a library in Portugal where one is not told that the collection has been formed from the spoils of from three or four to twenty or thirty convents. In the case of the Art Gallery the founder had the choice of the altarpieces and other paintings of all the convents. It was only a choice of relatively bad, worse, worst. The committee selected a few car-loads of the least bad, and the imagination utterly gives way when called upon to picture the degrees of iniquity of the rejected canvases. Evidently the life of the cloister in Portugal, in such palace-convents as Belem, Mafra, and Alcobaça, where in Beckford's time the table groaned with the good things of this earthly life, Bacchus was a patron saint, and even Melpomene with her tragic mask, and tripping-footed Terpsichore, were occasionally admitted, was not favorable to visionary ecstasy, and the development of artist-monks such as the Benedictines of the North, and Fra Angelico, Fra Bartolomeo, and Fra Lipi of the Florentine school.

The Portuguese exhibit at the last Universal Exposition at Paris was the laughing-stock of the artistic world; but there is still hope for modern art in Portugal. New men are coming to the front who have studied at Paris and at Rome. Professor Porto, director of the Lisbon Art School, is one of these. His boyish studies, when a pupil of the life school at Oporto, are exhibited with pride at that academy, and show a precocity of talent which has been sustained by his later work. A feeling for decorative art is cropping out, too, in the manufacture at Caldas da Rainha of a peculiar kind of rustic faience which much resembles Palissy ware. We have tureens in the shape of a boar's head resting upon a platter; little plates piled with sardines, olives, or chestnuts, modelled and colored to nature; vases or plaques over which crawl fiery-tinted crabs and glutinous snails, while snakes coil themselves into convoluted handles, or thrust investigating heads into the jaws

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of lobsters; lizards and salamanders sun themselves on mock stones; craw-fish protrude their scissors-like claws from little caverns fringed with porcelain moss, ready to lop off the superfluous tails of the tadpoles wriggling near.

A spot dear to the English resident, and one which opens its hospitable heart to the stranger of every nationality, is the Cemetery of the Cypresses, or the English burying-ground. The vegetation is so luxuriant, the monuments so lovingly draped and screened with ivy, myrtle, thickets of rose, tree-geraniums, and the Judas-tree, that this garden of rest has lost the character of a ghastly place of tombs, and the vista of "storied urn and animated bust" inspires only a shade of pensive melancholy or tender musing. The giant cypresses guard the graves, and their slender fingers point upward with steady confidence. "The mossy marbles rest" on forms that few of our generation have known, the dates are many of them so very ancient that the place seems to belong rather to the antiquarian and the poet than to the poignant grief of the recently bereft. Here lie Dr. Philip Doddridge and Henry Fielding, the divine who even while he dwelt upon earth had "his conversation in heaven," and the dissolute humorist who was still the "father of the English novel," and whose "happy constitution, even when he had with great pains half demolished it, made him forget every evil," so that he could write sketches and plays while starving of which it was said,

> "Droll Nature stamped each lucky hit
> With unimaginable wit."

The children attending the English school in the "Factory House" adjoining love this spot, and come here at recess, the boys to play cricket in the part of the grounds still unoccupied by graves, or to rehearse their recitations from Scott's "Lady of the Lake" or Gray's "Elegy" from the top of a tomb, while the little girls give tea parties on some flat slab with acorn cups and saucers. We hear the children's voices singing sweet and clear, and Lisbon, with her outline of palace towers and temple domes, melts in a golden haze; it is as if Dr. Doddridge, resting here, had had this scene in mind when he wrote,

> "See Salem's golden spires
> In beauteous prospect rise,
> And flowers of paradise
> In rich profusion spring;
> The sun of glory gilds the path,
> And dear companions sing."

The end of all things seems here very natural and beautiful, and we think that it would be sweet to come to Lisbon even to meet one's death. But our journey is just begun, the city of Ulysses is not our goal but our gate, and we shake off Il Penseroso to lock arms with her more jocund sister as we turn our faces toward the vine-lands of the north of Portugal.



FIELDING'S TOMB.

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OLD BALLAD-SINGERS.

BALLADS AND BALLAD MUSIC ILLUSTRATING SHAKSPEARE.

WHEN Bishop Percy, in 1765, published his *Reliques of Ancient Ballads*, he thought it necessary to apologize for introducing them to a polite age. But the age received them with enthusiasm instead of toleration. These fragments from the heart of the old times touched the heart of even that artificial epoch, and assisted greatly in that revival of literature which reprinted Spenser and Herrick, and rediscovered those divine snatches of song in Shakspeare which rise from his plays like larks starting singing from a beautiful landscape.

The strong affection which the great bard had for these old ballads of his country is exquisitely expressed by the words he puts into the mouth of the Duke, in *Twelfth Night:*

Give me some music:....but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought it did relieve my passion much....
Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids, that weave their threads with bones,
Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

But this sentiment was not peculiar to Shakspeare; it was the prevailing one of his time. The demand for these popular pieces of poetry was very great. Every battle, murder, execution, wonderful or laughable event, was turned into a song,

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and the Muse supplied that information now furnished by the miscellany of the newspaper. An observation in the *Winter's Tale* exactly confirms this statement: "Such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour that ballad-making can not be able to express it."

The singing of these ballads was universal. People in the lowest ranks of life were excellent "part" singers, and could generally take their share in a madrigal or a catch. Tusser recommends mistresses to select those servants that sing at their labors as birds in the woods. Fletcher and Beaumont make old Merrythought say, "Never trust a tailor that does not sing at his work, for his mind is of nothing but filching." Ben Jonson in the *Silent Woman* speaks of getting a cold "sitting up late, and singing catches with cloth-workers." Sir Toby, in *Twelfth Night*, proposes a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver; and in *The Coxcomb* the answer to the question, "Where were the watch the while?" is,

> Good sober gentlemen
> They were, like careful members of the city,
> Drawing in diligent ale, and singing catches.

Indeed, in the literature of the day, tinkers, clowns, tailors, blacksmiths, servants, etc., are constantly mentioned as singing ballads. And however much the practice was afterward condemned during the Puritan rule in England, it was in Shakspeare's time considered a highly meritorious disposition. Every one is familiar with his opinion regarding the men "that have no music in their souls," and he was far from being singular in it. Henry Peacham, in his *Complete Gentleman*, A.D. 1622, says he is "persuaded that the men who do not love music are by nature very ill-disposed." This opinion was the prevailing one throughout Europe, and the Italians fitted it to a proverb: "The men whom God loves not, love not music."

The wonder is, not that we have so many fragments of old ballads preserved in Shakspeare's plays, but that we have so few. Many of the songs in them are doubtless his own, and this is particularly the case with those in the *Winter's Tale*, which probably contains only one of the popular ditties of the people—the old catch, "Jog on, jog on, the footpath way," the first verse of which is sung by that adroit rogue Autolycus:

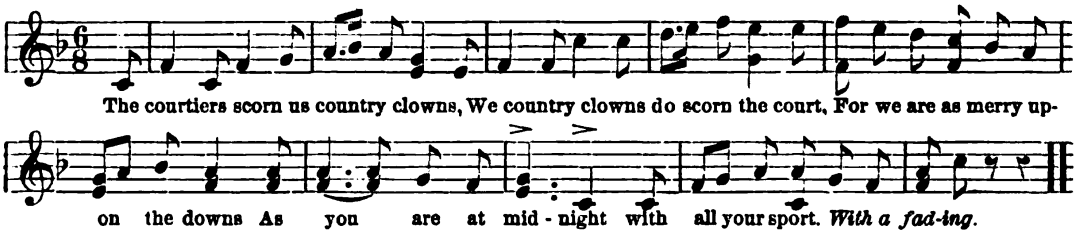


AUTOLYCUS.

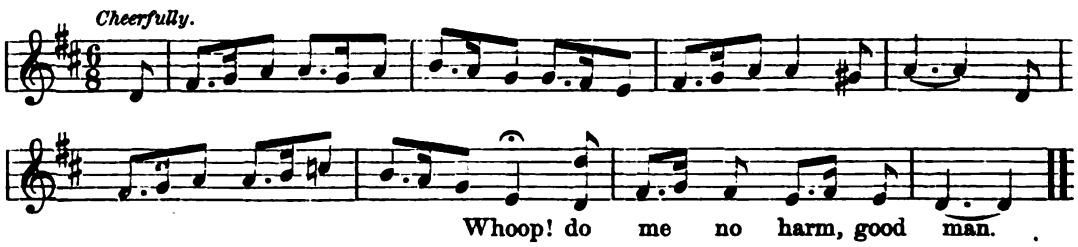
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Autolycus is himself a great ballad-monger, and the servant says of him, "He hath songs for man or woman of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves; he has the prettiest love songs for maids;.....with such delicate burdens of *dildos* and *fadings*." The fading is the name of an Irish dance, but "with a fading" seems to have been used as a burden to various songs, in the same way as "Derry down," "Hey nonny nonny no," etc. Indeed, the burden or under-song was very early a peculiarity of English ballads, for in A.D. 1250 "Somer is icumen in" was sung with one—"Sing, cuckoo! sing, cuckoo!" The following is another example:



Though it is not quoted, this play twice refers to a very old song called "Whoop! do me no harm, good man." The words may be found in the *Famous History of Friar Bacon*, and the melody subjoined is as preserved in Corbine's *Ayres to sing and play to the Lute and Basse Viol*, A.D. 1610:



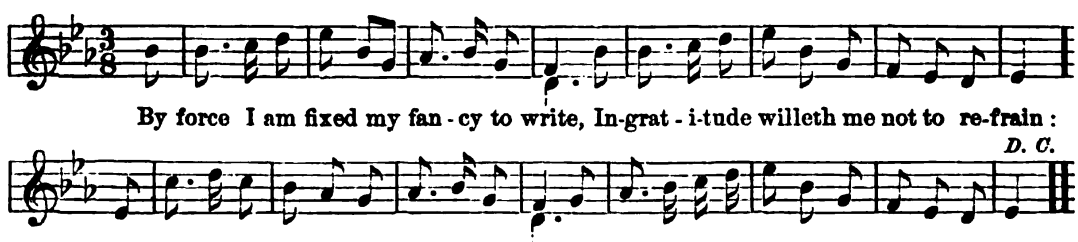
Probably this melody was a dance as well as a song, resembling in this way an old air called "Light o' Love," which was both sung and danced. Shakspeare alludes to it twice in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, thus:

Lucetta. Give me a note: your ladyship can set.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible. Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love.*

And again, in the scene between Hero, Beatrice, and Margaret in *Much Ado About Nothing*, Margaret says:

Clap us into *Light o' love*, that goes without a burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.



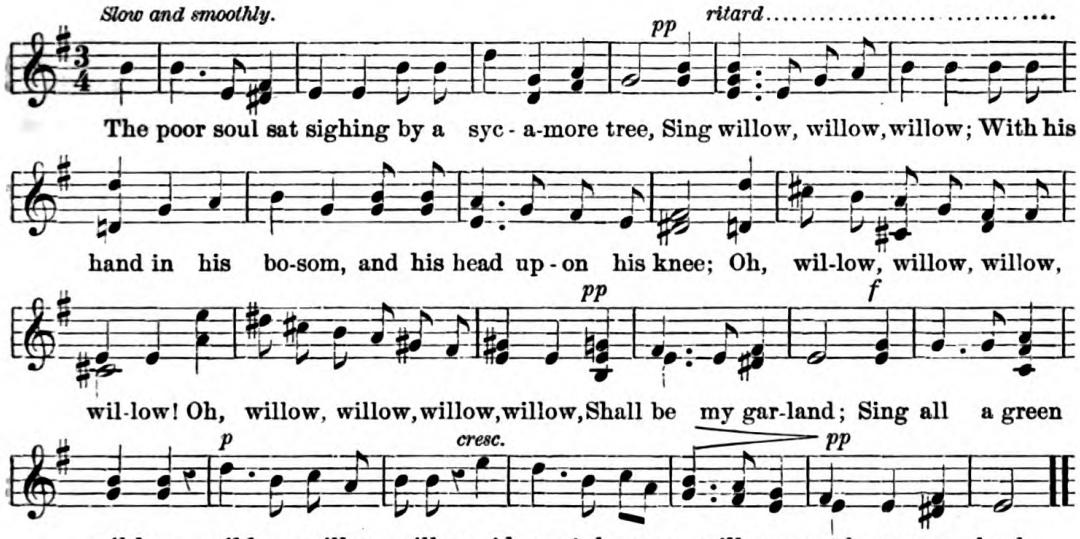
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"Light o' Love" is quoted by Fletcher in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. The air was found by Sir J. Hawkins in an ancient manuscript, and is preserved in *Musick's Delight on the Cithern*, A.D. 1666; and also in *Chappel's Popular Music of the Olden Time*. A very fine arrangement of this air is sung to "The Wooing of Queen Catherine by Owen Tudor," and this may be found in Edward Jones's *Relicks of the Welsh Bards*, A.D. 1825.

But no fragment of ancient poetry is introduced by Shakspeare with more pathetic beauty than the song of "The Willow." Haunted by some presentiment of her sad fate, Desdemona, restless and foreboding, says to her attendant:

My mother had a maid call'd Barbara;
She was in love; and he she loved proved mad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of *Willow*,
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it: that song, to-night,
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it, like poor Barbara.

The following is the original song, but it will be seen that Shakspeare has altered it slightly to suit the sex of the singer. Indeed, it is evident that he generally quoted from memory, for there are slight deviations from most of the originals.



The play of *Othello* also contains an old drinking chorus, "And let me the canakin clink, clink," and the initial line of the song, "King Stephen was a worthy peer," both chanted by Iago in the drinking scene with Cassio.

The music sung to the fragments of songs in the character of Ophelia is the same, or very nearly the same, as it was in the time of Shakspeare. Transmitted by tradition, it was endeared to the popular ear by memories which have blended themselves with the melodies, and now refuse to be divorced. When the great fire occurred in Drury Lane in 1812 it destroyed the entire musical library of the theatre, and the copy of these songs was burned; but Dr. Arnold carefully renoted them from Mrs. Jordan's singing, and it is not likely that more modern music will ever be substituted for these wild, pathetic melodies.

The first three fragments appear to be part of the same ballad, and are very likely, as the king observes, "a conceit upon her father."

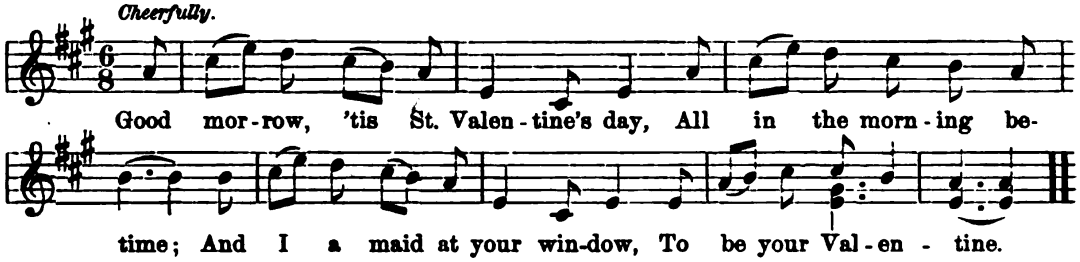


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He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

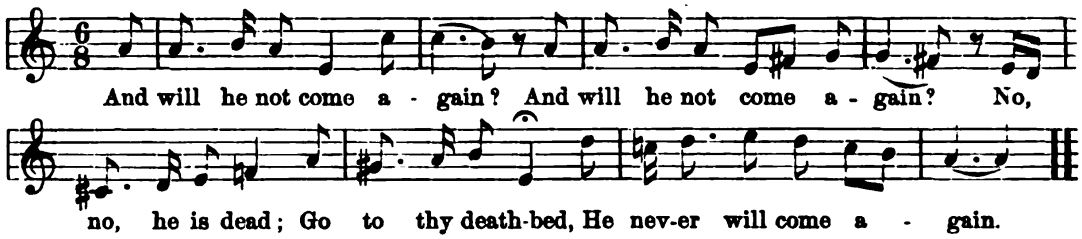
White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded all with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.

The next two, "Good-morrow, 'tis St. Valentine's Day," and "By Gis, and by Saint Charity," are evidently suggested to her mind by some obscure association with her own unfortunate love. The little song of St. Valentine below has a simple and antique melody that is peculiarly fitting and charming.



The next ballad the poor girl sings shows that her mind has again reverted to her father, and the scene closes with two beautiful fragments, which also were evidently intended to refer to his melancholy fate.

They bore him barefaced on the bier....
And in his grave rain'd many a tear.
And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.



The vacillating, wandering mind of Ophelia is rendered painfully apparent at this point by her insertion between these two pathetic verses of two idle, foolish ballad lines,

Down a-down, an you call him a-down-a,

and

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

The grave-digger's song,

A pickaxe and a spade, a spade,
For—and a shrouding-sheet;
Oh, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet,

is by all traditions of the stage sung to the following old air, which is the orignal music to the famous ballad of the "Children in the Wood":



The other stanzas which he sings are from an old ballad made in Edward the Sixth's or Mary's time, and which is preserved in Chappell's ancient ballad music.

Hamlet himself is represented as well versed in ballad lore; for while bantering Polonius he quotes part of the first stanza of a song called "Jephthah, Judge of Israel"; and in the dialogue with Horatio regarding the king's conduct at the play, he introduces a verse from two very common ballads:

Why let the strucken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play:
For some must watch, and some must sleep:
Thus runs the world away.

And again,

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was.

As Shakspeare undoubtedly heighten-

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ed the distraction of the broken-hearted Ophelia by the introduction of the disjointed fragments of songs which she sings, so also in the same manner he intensified the assumed madness of Edgar in *King Lear*. There is little doubt that the bitterly sportive metres attributed to the Fool were written for the character, but the lines allotted to Edgar are both initial and characteristic. Mr. Steevens asserts that he had seen that forcibly realistic one,

Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind,

in an old ballad; and the legendary rhyme,

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;
He met the nightmare, and her ninefold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

was the popular charm or spell against the visitation of this night horror—a charm still in use in the dales of Cumberland and the ruder parts of Yorkshire; and it must be admitted that this rhyme, and the following one,

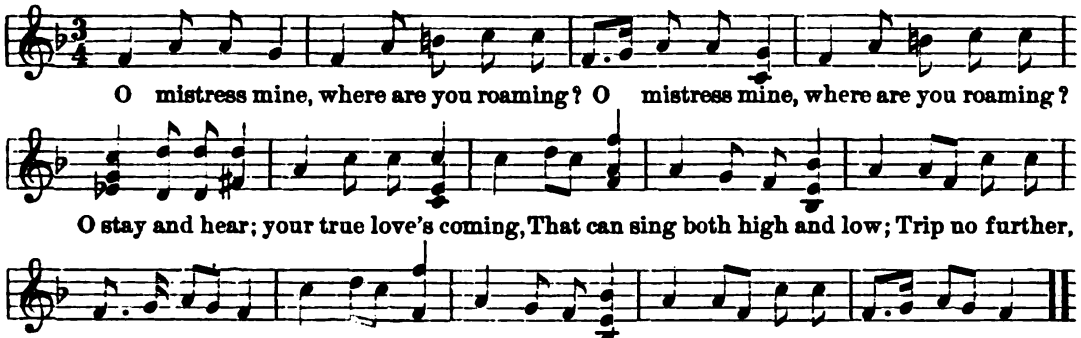
"Child Rowland to the dark tower came,"

are very powerful adjuncts to the weird and wild situation. In the next scene Edgar quotes a line from an old pastoral song, "Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me." The whole of it may be found in the *Transactions of the Percy Society*, 1840.

In the comedy of *Twelfth Night* there are many fragments of songs and catches. In the scene between Sir Toby, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, and the Clown, Sir Toby says:

Sir To. Let's have a song.
Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?
Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.
Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

And upon this the Clown sings the following one:

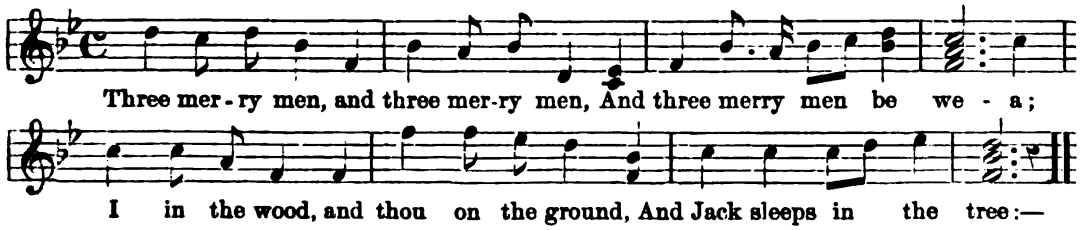


And whatever our modern ears think of it, Sir Andrew pronounces it to be "excellent good, i'faith"; and they presently "make the welkin dance" and "rouse the night-owl" with the catch of "Hold thy peace, thou knave." It may be found in *Ravenscroft's Deuteromelia*, 1609, where the music is set to the following words:

Hold thy peace, and I prythee hold thy peace,
Thou knave, thou knave, hold thy peace, thou knave.

And it is so arranged that every singer calls every other "knave" in turn.

Sir Toby, being by this time "in admirable fooling," sings "Three merry men be we":



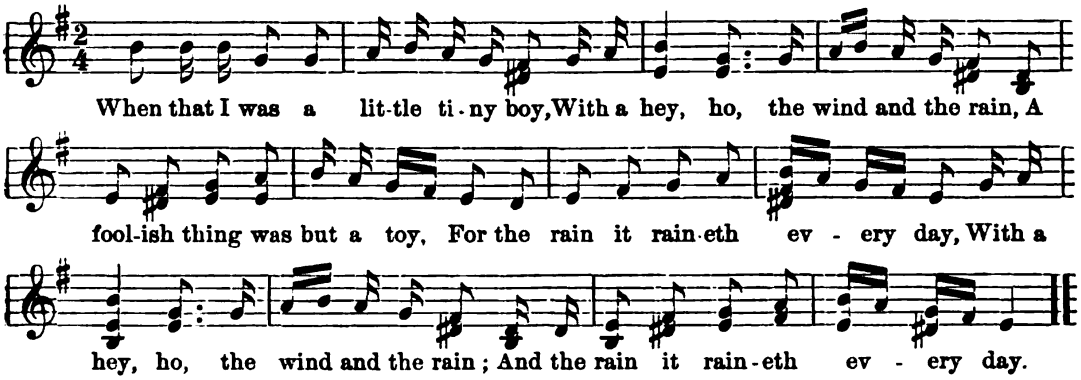
a song so popular that it became a common ale-house sign and motto, and was also added to many other songs as a kind of burden. Other ballads named in *Twelfth Night* are "Oh, the twelfth day of December," and "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady." No trace of these two remains; but the burden, "lady, lady," was.

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a common one, and is alluded to by Mercutio in *Romeo and Juliet*. "Farewell, dear heart," which Sir Toby and the Clown modify to suit their purpose, has been preserved by theatrical tradition, for the air to which it was sung has been generally used as the vehicle for the song which forms the epilogue to the play. It is noticeable that a song of the same kind, and with the same burden, is sung by the Fool in *King Lear:*

He that has a little tiny wit—
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain—
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
For the rain it raineth every day.

The following is the song and music as sung in *Twelfth Night:*

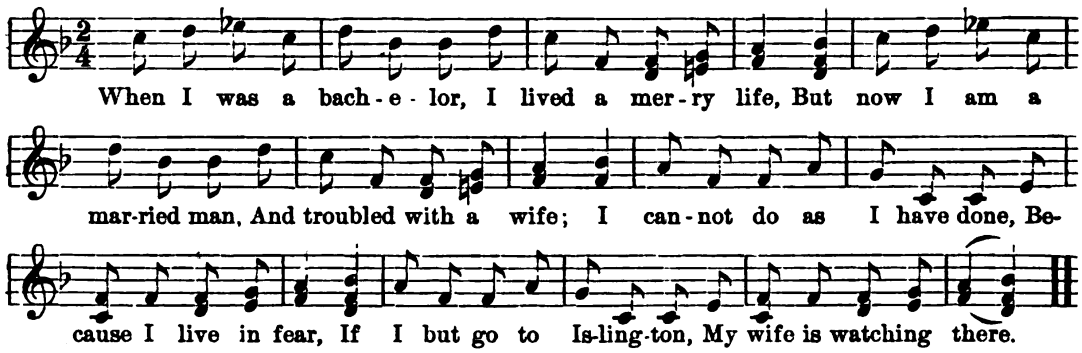


Another of the Clown's songs,

Hey, Robin, jolly Robin
Tell me how thy lady does,

is part of a ballad that has been recovered among the manuscripts of Dr. Harrington, of Bath, and there ascribed to Sir Thomas Wyatt. In this song Shakspeare has either quoted incorrectly, or else he has purposely deviated from the original.

One of the most noticeable of the songs named by Sir Toby is "Peg-a-Ramsay." Nash calls it a dance tune, but numberless songs were written to this melody. A pleasant variation of it is set to one of the songs in the *Beggar's Opera*.



In the Second Part of *King Henry IV.*, Justice Silence supplies us with several valuable fragments. When sober, this curious character has nothing to say, for he has no original ideas; but when drinking, he marks his festivity by a noisy repetition of scraps of songs and catches, very likely the most popular convivial songs of the age—"Do nothing but eat and make good cheer," "Be merry, be merry," "A cup of wine that's brisk and fine," "Fill the cup, and let it come," "Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John," etc.—until, quite overcome with liquor and his own melody, Master Silence is carried off to bed.

In another scene of the same play Falstaff enters a room in the "Boar's Head Tavern," singing the first two lines of a ballad about King Arthur, the whole of which has been reprinted by Dr. Percy under the name of "Sir Lancelot du Lake." The quotation, however, is a strong proof of the popularity of a romance which even yet in its modern dress

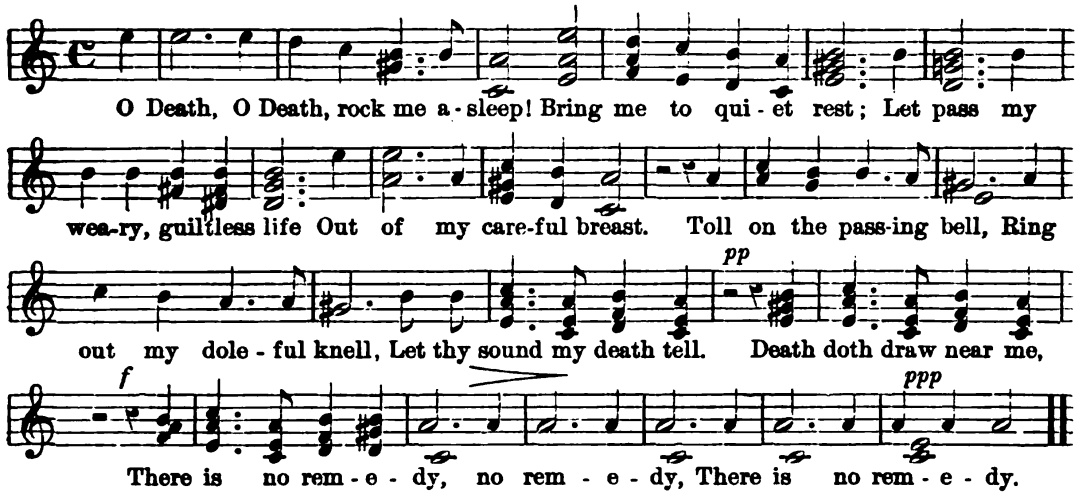
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of "Morte d'Arthur" retains its fascination over us. Again, Falstaff alludes to another old song, called "Fortune my Foe." It is mentioned also by Beaumont and Fletcher, and by Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, and the tune, which is identical with that so well known as "Death and the Lady," was by popular election long used by street ballad-singers as the vehicle for such songs as related to the execution of famous criminals; hence it has been called "Hangman's Ditty."

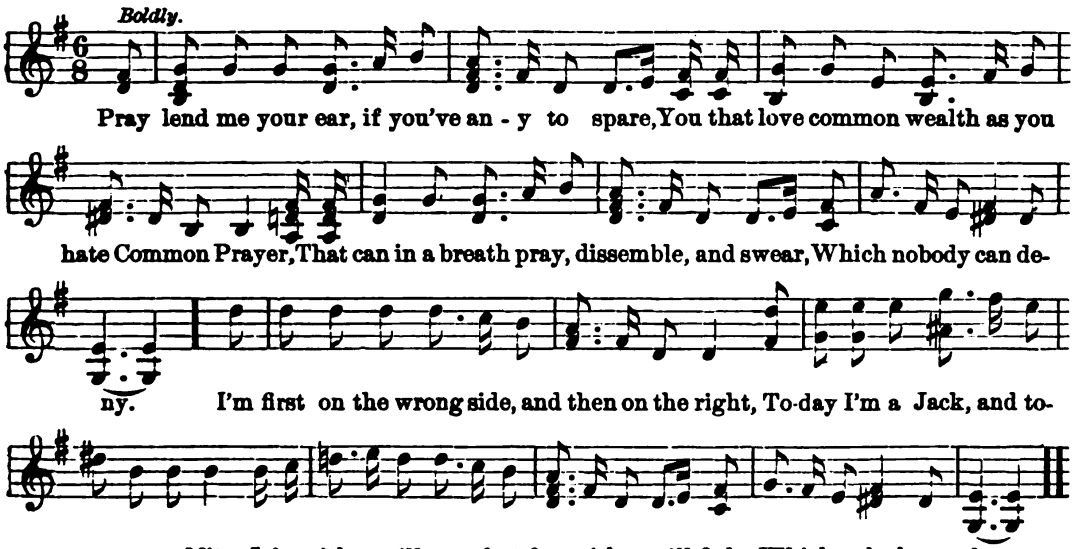
In another scene Falstaff and Pistol quarrel, and the swaggering rascal says:

What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?—
Then *Death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!*

This is the first line of a very pathetic ballad, written either by Anne Boleyn or by her brother George, Viscount Rocheford, who suffered on her account. It was long known as "Queen Annie's Last Good-Night," and the first stanza and music were originally copied from a manuscript of the latter part of Henry VIII.'s reign.



The ballad of "Green Sleeves" has been one of the most popular in the English language. It was several times licensed during 1580, and is still sung in England to any song that will bear its old burden, "Which nobody can deny." It is twice mentioned in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*—once by Falstaff, who says, "Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of 'Green Sleeves;' and again by Mrs. Ford, who thinks that Falstaff's words and disposition "do no more adhere and keep pace together than the hundredth psalm to the tune of 'Green Sleeves.'" During the civil war this tune was a favorite with the Cavaliers, and at least fourteen songs against the Rump Parliament were sung to it.



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One stanza of another song, almost equally in favor for more than a century, is sung in the same play—*Henry IV.*, Second Part—by Sir Hugh Evans, "Come live with me, and be my love." It was unquestionably written by Marlowe, though it appears in the *Passionate Pilgrim* (1599) over the name of Shakspeare. The lines Sir Hugh Evans hums are mentioned in that exquisite pastoral scene of Izaak Walton's where he meets the milkmaid and her lover, and hears them singing "that smooth song made by Kit Marlowe .....old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good."

All's Well that Ends Well affords but two passages from the popular minstrelsy, both put in the mouth of the Clown; one the chorus in a marriage song, and the other a verse from some ballad on the sacking of Troy. Part of these lines have been perverted from their original reference to Priam's sons to a jest on women:

Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

Classical heroes and heroines seem to have been favorite subjects for ballads, for there is another about Queen Dido, to which reference is evidently made by Gonzalo in *The Tempest*. Dr. Percy published it from the original black-letter.

In *As You Like It* the two pages sing the song, "It was a lover and his lass." One word in the first verse of which has caused great trouble to commentators on Shakspeare—the word "ring-time."

It was a lover and his lass,
That o'er the green corn field did pass
In spring time, the only pretty ring time.

It has been variously rendered "rang time," "rank time," and "spring time"; but Steevens explains it as meaning the proper time for marriage, and restored the word to its original form. Touchstone also quotes a verse from a ballad entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in 1584:

O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behi' thee, etc.,

and in a subsequent act Orlando alludes to the madrigal of "Wit, whither wilt?"

Two very pretty ballads, "Heart's ease," and "My heart is full of woe," are introduced in the short dialogue between Peter and the Musician in *Romeo and Juliet:*

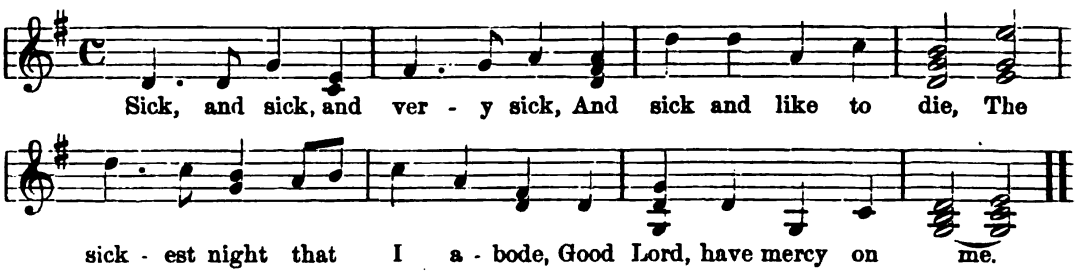
Pet. Musicians, O musicians, *Heart's ease, Heart's ease;* O, an you will have me live, play—*Heart's ease.*
1 *Mus.* Why *Heart's ease?*
Pet. O musicians, because my heart itself plays—*My heart is full of woe:* O play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

Mercutio in the same play alludes to two songs of great note,

"Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,"

and "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid," both of which are also quoted in *Much Ado About Nothing* and the Second Part of *Henry IV.*

In *Much Ado About Nothing* mention is also made of a very popular little song called "Sick, sick, and very sick," for when Hero asks Beatrice, "Why, how now! Do you speak in the sick tune?" She answers, "I am out of all other tune, methinks."

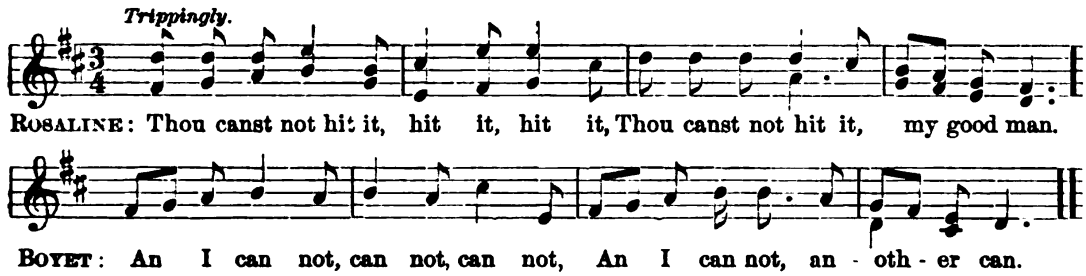


The line, "It was a friar of orders gray," in the *Taming of the Shrew*, supplied Dr. Percy with the foundation of his beautiful tale of that name, and which consists mostly of fragments of songs, entire copies of which could not be found.

Sometimes a single word stands for a song, which probably at the time had a popularity sufficient to make more mention unnecessary, as in *Love's Labor Lost*, where the word "Concolinel" makes Armado say at once, "A sweet air." The fourth act of this play contains a gay little catch, or burden of some very old ditty, that is chanted merrily by Rosaline and Boyet.

Rosa. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.
Boyet. An I can not, can not, can not,
An I can not, another can.

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Any attempt at criticising these fragments would be the greatest affectation: they appeal to the heart, and not to the judgment. Still, they confirm a truth which every lover of ballad music must have observed, that *the most popular ballads are those set to the best music.* Indeed, every one's memory and observation will supply him with numerous examples of catching and beautiful melodies keeping persistently the heart of the people, though wedded to very poor words. On the contrary, the finest songs of Moore, Byron, Scott, Tennyson, unallied to popular airs, scarcely make any impression upon the age. Hence we are bound to infer that music has a charm more potent, subtle, and lasting than the finest poetry.

EDWIN BOOTH.

EDWIN BOOTH, now in his forty-eighth year, has been on the stage during more than thirty years, and, by virtue of his genius, his abilities, his services to dramatic art, and his personal and professional worth, is the leading actor of America. Last June he went to England, and more recently he has acted in London as Hamlet, Richelieu, Bertuccio, Othello, Iago, and King Lear, and his acting has been for some time one of the chief subjects of discussion in English journals. His success in England, not entirely unqualified or cloudless, has nevertheless been great, and the ocean cable and the foreign correspondents have apprised his countrymen, with a natural exultation, of his proceedings and triumphs. His name, accordingly, is just now more than usually frequent on the lips of our people, and thoughts of him are prominent in many minds.

Edwin Booth's first appearance on the regular stage was made September 10, 1849, at the Boston Museum, in the little part of Tressil, in Cibber's version of *Richard III.* Junius Brutus Booth, his father —the rival of Edmund Kean, and one of the greatest tragedians that ever lived— was then keeping an engagement at the Museum, and Edwin was in attendance on him as dresser. Tressil had been cast to the prompter of the theatre; but it chanced that this person wished to avoid the duty of acting it, and that he succeeded in persuading Edwin to undertake it. This arrangement was made without the elder Booth's knowledge, and he only became aware of it by reading in the playbill the announcement of his son's first appearance, duly underlined. "Fool!" was all he said when he read this announcement; and this remark was not understood to signify encouragement. When the night came, and Edwin had dressed his father for Gloster, and himself for Tressil, the eccentric parent—who, beneath an outward aspect of indifference, loved this son with the fondest affection—took a chair, lit a cigar, and viewing the youth with a critical eye, made this inquiry, "Do you know that you are supposed to have been riding hard and far?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where are your spurs?"

"I haven't any."

"Take mine"—holding out one booted leg.

The boy took the spurs, and went on for his little scene with King Henry VI. When he returned, his father was still sitting negligently in the chair, and smoking the cigar. "Give me my spurs," he said, again holding out his leg; and this was all the comment that Edwin Booth's first professional appearance ever elicited from the parent whom he idolized. He learned subsequently, though, that his father had been down at the wing, and had watched this first effort with evident interest and satisfaction, and then hastened back to his nonchalant pose in the dress-

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ing-room. There never, surely, could have been a more singular being than Junius Brutus Booth. This little trait of character is but one of thousands that marked him as a unique person.

Mrs. Asia Booth Clarke, wife of the distinguished and excellent comedian John S. Clarke, is the author of a life of her father, Junius Brutus Booth—now a rare book—in which she has recounted interesting passages in his career, and chronicled significant and amusing anecdotes of his peculiarities. He was on the stage from 1813 to 1852, in which latter year he died, aged fifty-six. In his youth he served for a while in the British navy, showed some talent for painting, learned the printer's trade, wrote a little, and dabbled in sculpture—all before he turned actor. The bitter and powerful hostility of Edmund Kean and his adherents drove him away from the London stage, though not till after he had gained brilliant honors there, and he came to America in 1821, and presently bought a farm near Baltimore, where he settled, and where his son Edwin (the seventh of ten children) was born. That farm remained in the family till last year, when for the first time it changed hands. There is a certain old cherry-tree growing upon it—remarkable among cherry-trees for being large, tall, straight, clean, and handsome—amid the boughs of which the youthful Edwin might often have been found in his juvenile days. He was born at this Maryland farm-house in November, 1833, on a night memorable for a great and splendid shower of meteors. It is a coincidence that Edwin L. Davenport and John McCullough, also bright and honored names in American stage history, were born on the same day in the same month, though in different years.

From an early age Edwin Booth was associated with his father in all the wanderings and strange and often sad adventures of that wayward man of genius, and no doubt the many sorrowful experiences of his youth deepened the gloom of his inherited temperament. Those who know him well are aware that he has great tenderness of heart, and abundant playful humor; that his mind is one of extraordinary liveliness, and that he sympathizes keenly and cordially with the joys and sorrows of others; yet that the whole man seems saturated with sadness, isolated from companionship, lonely, and alone. It is this temperament, combined with a sombre and melancholy aspect of countenance, that has helped to make him so admirable in the character of Hamlet. Of his fitness for that part his father was the first to speak, when on a night many years ago, in Sacramento, they had dressed for St. Pierre and Jaffier, in *Venice Preserved*. Edwin, as Jaffier, had put on a close-fitting robe of black velvet. "You look like Hamlet," the father said; "why don't you play it?" The time was destined to come when Edwin Booth would be accepted all over America as the greatest Hamlet of the century. In the season of 1864–65, at the Winter Garden Theatre, New York, he acted that part for a hundred nights in succession, accomplishing thus a feat unprecedented in theatrical annals. Since that time Henry Irving, in London, has acted Hamlet two hundred consecutive times in one season; but this latter achievement, in the present day and in the capital city of the world, seems less remarkable than Edwin Booth's exploit was, performed in turbulent New York in the closing months of our terrible civil war.

The elder Booth was a short, spare, muscular man, with a splendid chest, a symmetrical Greek head, a pale countenance, a voice of wonderful compass and thrilling power, dark hair, and blue eyes. Edwin's resemblance to him is chiefly obvious in the shape of the head and face, the arch and twist of the heavy eyebrows, the radiant and constantly shifting light of expression which animates the countenance, the natural grace of carriage, and the celerity of movement. Edwin's eyes are dark brown, and seem to turn black in moments of excitement, and they are capable of conveying, with electrical effect, the most diverse meanings—the solemnity of lofty thought, the tenderness of affection, the piteousness of forlorn sorrow, the awful sense of spiritual surroundings, the woful weariness of despair, the mocking glee of wicked sarcasm, the vindictive menace of sinister purpose, and the lightning glare of baleful wrath. In range of facial expressiveness his countenance is thus fully equal to what his father's was, and to all that tradition tells us of the countenance of Garrick. The present writer saw the elder Booth but once, and that in a comparatively inferior part—Pescara, in Shiel's ferocious tragedy of *The Apostate*. He was a terrible pres-

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ence. He was the incarnation of smooth, specious, malignant, hellish rapacity. His exultant malice seemed to buoy him above the ground. He floated rather than walked. His glance was deadly. His clear, high, cutting, measured tone was the exasperating note of hideous cruelty. He was acting a fiend then, and making the monster not only possible, but actual. He certainly gave a greater impression of overwhelming power than is given by Edwin Booth, and seemed a more formidable and tremendous man. But his face was not more brilliant than that of his renowned son; and in fact it was, if anything, somewhat less splendid in power of the eye. There is a useful book about him, called *The Tragedian*, written by Thomas R. Gould, who also made a noble bust of him in marble, and those who never saw him can obtain a very good idea of what sort of an actor he was by reading that book. It conveys the image of a greater actor, but not a more brilliant one, than Edwin Booth. Only one man of our time has equalled Edwin Booth in this singular splendor of countenance. That man was the great New England orator Rufus Choate. Had Choate been an actor upon the stage—as he was before a jury—with those terrible eyes of his, and that passionate Arab face, he must have towered fully to the height of the tradition of George Frederick Cooke.

The lurid flashes of passion and the vehement outbursts in the acting of Edwin Booth are no doubt the points that most persons who have seen him will most clearly remember. Through these a spectator naturally discerns the essential nature of the man. The image of George Frederick Cooke, pointing with his long, lean forefinger, and uttering Sir Giles's imprecation upon Marrall, never fades out of theatrical history. Garrick's awful frenzy in the storm scene of *King Lear*, Kean's colossal agony in the farewell speech of Othello, Macready's heart-rending yell in Werner, Junius Booth's famous terrific utterance of Richard's "What do they i' the north?" Forrest's hyena snarl when, as Jack Cade, he met Lord Say in the thicket, or his volumed cry of tempestuous fury when, as Lucius Brutus, he turned upon Tarquin under the black midnight sky—these are things never to be forgotten. Edwin Booth has provided many such great moments in acting, and the traditions of the stage will never let them die. To these no doubt we must look for illuminative manifestations of hereditary genius. Garrick, Henderson, Cooke, Edmund Kean, Junius Booth, and Edwin Booth are names that make a perfectly natural sequence in one intellectual family. Could we but see them all together, we should undoubtedly find them, in many particulars, kindred. Henderson flourished in the school of nature which Garrick had created—to the discomfiture of Quin and all the classics. Cooke had seen Henderson act, and was thought to resemble him. Edmund Kean worshipped the memory of Cooke, and repeated many of the elder tragedian's ways. So far, indeed, did he carry his homage that when he was in New York in 1824 he caused Cooke's remains to be taken from the vaults beneath St. Paul's Church and buried in the church-yard, where a monument, set up by Kean, and restored by his son Charles and by Sothern, still marks their place of sepulture. This was the occasion when, as Dr. Francis records, in his book on old New York, Kean took the index finger of Cooke's right hand, and he, the doctor, took his skull, as relics. "I have got Cooke's style in acting," Kean once said, "but the public will never know it, I am so much smaller in size." It was not the imitation of a copyist; it was the natural, spontaneous devotion and direction of a kindred soul. The elder Booth saw Kean act, and although injured by a rivalry which Kean did not hesitate to make malignant and hostile on his own part, admired him in many things with honest fervor. "I will yield Othello to him," he said, "but neither Richard nor Sir Giles." Forrest thought Edmund Kean the greatest actor of the age, and copied him sometimes, especially in Othello. Pathos, with all that it implies, seems to have been Kean's especial excellence. Terror was the elder Booth's. Edwin Booth may be less than either—though this is questionable—but he unites the attributes of both.

In the earlier part of his career Edwin Booth was accustomed to act Sir Giles Overreach, Sir Edward Mortimer, Pescara, and a number of other parts of the terrific order, which he has since discarded. He was great in every one of them. The first sound of his voice when, as Sir Edward Mortimer, he was heard speaking off the scene, was eloquent of deep suffering, concentrated will, and a strange, sombre,

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EDWIN BOOTH.

formidable character. The sweet, exquisite, icy, infernal joy with which, as Pescara, he told his rival that there should be "music," was almost comical in its effect of terror; it drove the listener across the line of tragical tension, and made him hysterical with the grimness of a deadly humor. His swift defiance to Lord Lovell, as Sir Giles, and indeed the whole mighty and terrible action with which he carried that scene—from "What, are you pale?" down to the grisly and horrid viper pretense and reptile spasm of death—were simply tremendous. This was in the days when his acting still retained the exuberance of a youthful spirit, before "the philosophic mind" had checked the headlong currents of the heart, or curbed imagination in its lawless flight. And those parts not only admitted of bold color and extravagant action, but demanded them. Even his Hamlet was touched with this elemental fire. Not alone in the great junctures of the tragedy—the encounters with the ghost, the parting with Ophelia, the climax of the play scene, the slaugh-

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ter of poor old Polonius in delirious mistake for the king, and the avouchment to Laertes in the grave-yard—was he brilliant and impetuous, but in almost everything this quality of temperament showed itself, and here, of course, it was in excess. He no longer hurls the pipe into the flies when saying, "Though you may *fret* me, you can not *play upon* me"; but he used to do so then, and the rest of the performance was of a piece with that part of it. He needed, in that period of his development, the more terrible passions to deal with. Pathos and spirituality and the mountain air of great thought were yet to grow. His Hamlet was only dazzling—the glorious possibility of what it has since become. But his Sir Giles was a consummate work of genius—as good then as it ever afterward became, and better than any other that has been seen since, not excepting even that of Davenport. And in all kindred characters he showed himself a man of genius. His success was very great. The admiration that he inspired partook of zeal that almost amounted to craziness. When he walked in the streets of Boston, in 1857, his shining face, his compact figure, and his elastic step drew every eye, and people would pause and turn in groups to look at him.

The actor is born, but the artist must be made, and the actor who is not an artist only half fulfills his powers. Edwin Booth had not been long upon the stage before he showed himself to be an actor. During his first season he played Cassio in *Othello*, Wilford in *The Iron Chest*, and Titus in *The Fall of Tarquin*, and he played them all auspiciously well. But his illustrious father, not less wise than kind, knew that the youth must be left to himself to acquire that which nothing but experience can teach, if he was ever to become an artist. Edwin's début had been made in the fall of 1849. His next important step was his visit to California, in the summer of 1852. He went there with his father, and he was left there "to rough it," and there, and in the Sandwich Islands and Australia, he had four years of the most severe training that hardship, discipline, labor, sorrow, and stern reality can furnish, so that when he came East again, in the autumn of 1856, he was no longer a novice, but an educated, artistic tragedian, still somewhat crude in some things, though on the right road, and in the fresh, exultant vigor, if not yet the full maturity, of extraordinary powers. He appeared first at Baltimore, and after that made a tour of the South, and during the ensuing four years he was seen in many cities all over the country. In the summer of 1860 he went to England, and acted in London, Liverpool, and Manchester, but he was back again in New York in 1862, and from September 21, 1863, to March 23, 1867, he managed what was known as the Winter Garden Theatre, and incidentally devoted himself to the accomplishment of some of the stateliest revivals of standard plays that have ever been made in America. On the date last named the Winter Garden was destroyed by fire. On February 3, 1869, he opened Booth's Theatre, where it still stands, and this he managed till the spring of 1874, when it drifted out of his possession. Since then he has kept out of theatrical management, but his public appearances have been frequent in the great cities of the United States, and his high repute as an actor has been maintained by many performances of sterling worth. In 1876 he made a tour of the South, which, so great was the enthusiasm his presence aroused, was nothing less than a triumphal progress. In San Francisco, where he filled an engagement of eight weeks, the receipts exceeded $96,000, and this was recorded as a result unprecedented on the dramatic stage.

The circumstances of the stage and of the lives of actors have greatly changed since the generation went out to which such men as Junius Booth and Augustus A. Addams belonged. No tragedian would nowadays be so mad as to put himself in pawn for drink, as Cooke is said to have done, nor be found scraping the ham from the sandwiches provided for his lunch, as Junius Booth was, before going on to play Shylock. Our theatre has no longer a Richardson to light up a pan of red fire, as that old showman once did, to signalize the fall of the screen in *The School for Scandal*. The eccentrics and the taste for them have passed away. It seems really once to have been thought that the actor who did not often make a maniac of himself with the bottle could not be possessed of the divine fire. This demonstration of genius is not expected now, nor does the present age exact from its favorite players the performance of all sorts and varieties of parts. Forrest was the first of our great actors to break away

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from the old usage in this latter particular. During the most splendid years of his life, from 1837 to 1850, he acted only about a dozen parts, and most of them were old. The only new parts that he studied were Claude Melnotte, Richelieu, Jack Cade, and Mordaunt, the latter in the play of *The Patrician's Daughter*, and he "recovered" Marc Antony, which he particularly liked. Edwin Booth, who had inherited from his father the insanity of intemperance, conquered that utterly many years ago, and nobly and grandly trod it beneath his feet; and as he matured in his career, through acting every kind of part, from a dandy negro up to Hamlet, he at last made choice of the characters that afford ample scope for his powers and his aspirations, and so settled upon a definite, restricted repertory. His characters are Hamlet, Macbeth, Lear, Othello, Iago, Richard the Second, Richard the Third, Shylock, Cardinal Wolsey, Benedick, Petruchio, Richelieu, Lucius Brutus, Bertuccio, Ruy Blas, and Don Cæsar de Bazan. These he acts in customary usage, and to these he occasionally adds Marcus Brutus, Marc Antony, Cassius, Claude Melnotte, and the Stranger. The range thus indicated is extraordinary; but more extraordinary still is the evenness of the actor's average excellence throughout the breadth of this range.

Booth's tragedy is better than his elegant comedy. There are other actors who equal or surpass him in Benedick or Don Cæsar. The comedy in which he excels is that of silvery speciousness and bitter sarcasm, as in portions of Iago and Richard the Third, and the simulated madness of Lucius Brutus, and the comedy of grim drollery, as in portions of Richelieu—his expression of these veins being wonderfully perfect. But no other actor who has trod the American stage in our day has equalled him in those attributes of tragedy which are essentially poetic. He is not at his best, indeed, in all the tragic parts that he acts; and, like his father, he is an uneven actor in the parts to which he is best suited. No person can be said to know Edwin Booth's acting who has not seen him play the same part several times. His artistic treatment, indeed, will generally be found adequate, but his mood or spirit will continually vary. He can not at will command it, and when it is absent, his performance seems cold. This characteristic is, perhaps, inseparable from the poetic temperament. Each ideal that he presents is poetic; and the suitable and adequate presentation of it, therefore, needs poetic warmth and glamour. Booth never goes behind his poet's text to find a prose image in the pages of historic fact. The spectator who takes the trouble to look into his work will find it, indeed, invariably accurate as to historic basis, and will find that all essential points and questions of scholarship have been considered by the actor. But this is not the secret of its power upon the soul. That power resides in its charm, and that charm consists in its poetry. Standing on the lonely ramparts of Elsinore, and with awe-stricken, preoccupied, involuntary glances questioning the star-lit midnight air, while he talks with his attendant friends, Edwin Booth's Hamlet is the simple and absolute realization of Shakspeare's haunted prince, and raises no question, and leaves no room for inquiry, whether the Danes in the Middle Ages wore velvet robes or had long flaxen hair. It is dark, mysterious, melancholy, beautiful—a vision of dignity and of grace, made sublime by suffering, made weird and awful by "thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls." Sorrow never looked more wofully and ineffably lovely than his sorrow looks in the parting scene with Ophelia, and frenzy never spoke with a wilder glee of horrid joy and fearful exultation than is heard in his tempestuous cry of delirium, "Nay, I know not: is it the king?"

An actor who is fine only at points is not, of course, a perfect actor. The remark of Coleridge about the acting of Edmund Kean, that it was like "reading Shakspeare by flashes of lightning," has misled many persons as to Kean's art. Macready bears a similar testimony. But the weight of evidence will satisfy the reader that Kean was, in fact, a careful student, and that he never neglected any detail of his work. This is certainly true of Edwin Booth. In the level plains which lie between the mountain-peaks of expression he walks with as sure a footstep and as firm a tread as on the summit of the loftiest crag or the verge of the steepest abyss. A year or two ago, in association with one of his intimate friends, he prepared for the press an edition of fifteen of the plays in which he acts, and these were published for the use of actors. There is not a single line in either of those

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plays that he has not studiously and thoroughly considered; not a vexed point that he has not scanned; not a questionable reading that he has not, for his own purposes in acting, satisfactorily settled. His Shakspearean scholarship is extensive and sound, and it is no less minute than ample. His stage business has been arranged, as stage business ought to be, with scientific precision. If, as King Richard the Third, he is seen to be abstractedly toying with a ring upon one of his fingers, or unsheathing and sheathing his dagger, these apparently capricious actions would be found to be done because they were illustrative parts of that monarch's personality, warranted by the text and context. Many years ago an accidental impulse led him, as Hamlet, to hold out his sword, hilt foremost, toward the receding spectre, as a protective cross—the symbol of that religion to which Hamlet so frequently recurs. The expedient was found to justify itself, and he made it a custom. In the grave-yard scene of this tragedy he directs that one of the skulls thrown up by the first grave-digger shall have a tattered and mouldy fool's-cap adhering to it, so that it may attract attention, and be singled out from the others, as "Yorick's skull, the king's jester." These are little things; but it is of a thousand little things that a dramatic performance is made up, and without this care for detail—which must be precise, logical, profound, vigilant, unerring, and at the same time always unobtrusive and seemingly involuntary—there can be neither cohesion, nor symmetry, nor an illusory image consistently maintained, and all great effects must become tricks of mechanism and detached exploits of theatrical force.

The absence of this thoroughness in such acting as that of Edwin Booth would instantly be felt; its presence is seldom adequately appreciated. We feel the perfect charm of the illusion in the great fourth act of *Richelieu*—one of the most entirely and thrillingly real situations, as Booth fills it, that ever were created upon the stage; but we should not feel this had not the foreground of character, incident, and experience been wrought out with consummate thoroughness. This character of Richelieu is one that the elder Booth could never act. He tried it once, upon urgent solicitation, but he had not proceeded far before he caught Joseph around the waist, and with that astonished friar in his arms proceeded to dash into a waltz, over which the curtain was dropped. He had no sympathy with the moonlight mistiness and lace-like complexity of this weird and many-fibred nature. It lacked for him the reality of the imagination, the trumpet blare and tempest rush of active passion. But Edwin Booth, coming after Forrest, who was its original in America, has made Richelieu so entirely his own that no actor living can stand a comparison with him in the character. Macready was the first representative of the part, as everybody knows, and his performance of it was deemed magnificent; but when Edwin Booth acted it in London last fall, old John Ryder, the great friend and advocate of Macready, and who had participated with him in all his plays, said to the American tragedian, with a broken voice and tears in his eyes, "You have thrown down my idol." Two at least of those great moments in acting which everybody remembers are furnished by Booth in this character—the defiance of the masked assailant, at Rouel, and the threat of excommunication delivered upon Barradas. No spectator possessed of imagination and sensibility ever saw, without utter forgetfulness of the stage, the imperial entrance of this Richelieu into the gardens of the Louvre and the sullen presence of hostile majesty. The same spell of genius is felt in kindred moments of his greater impersonations. His Iago, standing in the dark street, with sword in hand, above the prostrate bodies of Cassio and Roderigo, and as the sudden impulse to murder both strikes his brain, breaking out in a blood-curdling whisper, "How silent is this town!" his Bertuccio, begging at the door of the banquet-hall, and breaking down in hysterics of affected glee and maddening agony; his Lear, at that supreme moment of intolerable torture when he parts away from Goneril and Regan, with his wild scream of revenges that shall be the terrors of the earth; his Richard the Third, with the gigantic effrontery of his "Call him again," and with his whole matchless and wonderful utterance of the awful remorse speech with which the king awakens from his last earthly sleep—these, among many others, rank with the best dramatic images that ever were chronicled, and may well be cited to illustrate Booth's invincible and splendid adequacy at the great moments of his art.

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Edwin Booth has been tried by some of the most terrible afflictions that ever tested the fortitude of a human soul. Over his youth—plainly visible—impended the lowering cloud of insanity. While he was yet a boy, and when literally struggling for life in the semi-barbarous wilds of old California, he lost his beloved father, under circumstances of singular misery. In early manhood he laid in her grave the woman of his first love—the wife who had died in absence from him, herself scarcely past the threshold of youth, lovely as an angel, and to all that knew her precious beyond expression. A little later his heart was well-nigh broken, and his life was well-nigh blasted, by the crime of a lunatic brother that for a moment seemed to darken the hope of the world. Recovering from this blow, he threw all his resources and powers into the establishment of the grandest theatre in the metropolis of America, and he saw his fortune of more than a million dollars, together with the toil of some of the best years of his life, frittered away through the incompetence of other men.

Under all these trials he has borne bravely up, and kept the even, steadfast tenor of his way, strong, patient, gentle, neither elated by public homage nor imbittered by private grief. Such a use of high powers in the dramatic art, and the development and maintenance of such a character behind them, well entitle him to the affection of his countrymen, proud equally of his goodness and his renown, and pleased that the old world has now laid her wreath of laurel on his name.

ANNE.

CHAPTER XII.

"Le hasard sait ce qu'il fait!"—*French Proverb.*

THE next day there was a picnic. No one wished to go especially save Isabel Varce, but no one opposed her wish. At Caryl's they generally followed whatever was suggested, with indolent acquiescence. Miss Vanhorn, however, being a contrary planet revolving in an orbit of her own, at first declined to go; there were important plants to finish. But Mr. Dexter persuaded her to change her mind, and, with Anne, to accompany him in a certain light carriage which he had ordered from the next town, more comfortable than the Caryl red wagons, and not so heavy as her own coupé. Miss Vanhorn liked to be comfortable, and she was playing the part also of liking Gregory Dexter; she therefore accepted. She knew perfectly well that Dexter's "light carriage" had not come from the next town, but from New York; and she smiled at what she considered the effort of this new man to conceal his lavishness. But she was quite willing that he should spend his money to gain her favor (she having already decided to give it to him), and therefore it was with contentment that she stepped into the carriage—a model of its kind—on the morning of the appointed day, and put up her glass to watch the others ascending, by a little flight of steps, to the high table-land of the red wagons. Mr. Heathcote was on horseback; he dismounted, however, to assist Mrs. Bannert to her place. He raised his hat to Anne with his usual quiet manner, but she returned his salutation with a bright smile. She was grateful to him. Had he not been kind to her?

The picnic was like most picnics of the sort—heavy work for the servants, languid amusement, not unmixed with only partially concealed ennui, on the part of the guests. There was but little wandering away, the participants being too few for much severance. They strolled through the woods in long-drawn links; they went to see a view from a knoll; they sang a few songs gently, faint pipings from the ladies, and nothing from the men (Blum being absent) save the correct bass of Dexter, which seemed very far down indeed in the cellars of melody, while the ladies were on the high battlements. The conversation was never exactly allowed to die out, yet it languished. Almost all would rather have been at home. The men especially found small pleasure in sitting on the ground; besides, a distinct consciousness that the attitude was not becoming. For the American does not possess a taste for throwing himself heartily down upon Mother Earth. He can camp grimly if necessary; he can hunt, swim, ride, walk, use Indian clubs, play base-ball, drive, row, sail a yacht, or

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even guide a balloon; but when it comes to grass, give him a chair.

Isabel Varce, in a wonderful costume of woodland green, her somewhat sharp features shaded by a shepherdess hat, carried out her purpose—the subjugation of a certain Peter Dane, a widower of distinction, a late arrival at Caryl's. Mrs. Bannert had Ward Heathcote by her side, apparently to the satisfaction of both. Other men and women were contented or discontented as it happened; and two or three school-girls of twelve or thirteen really enjoyed themselves, being at the happy age when blue sky and golden sunshine, green woods and lunch on the grass, are all that is necessary for supreme happiness.

There was one comic element present, and by mistake. A reverend gentleman of the kind that calls everybody "brother" had arrived unexpectedly at Caryl's; he was journeying for the purpose of distributing certain thin pamphlets of powerfully persuasive influence as to general virtue, and as he had not been over that ground for some years, he had no suspicion that Caryl's had changed, or that it was any more important than Barr's, Murphy's, Allen's, and other hamlets in the neighborhood and possessive case, with whose attributes he was familiar. Old John Caryl had taken him in for a night or two, and had ordered the unused school-house at the cross-roads to be swept out for a hamlet evening service; but the hamlet could not confine the Reverend Ezra Sloane. His heart waxed warm within him at the sight of so many persons, all well-to-do, pleasant to the eye, and apparently not pressed for time. He had spent his life in ministering to the poor in this world's goods, and to the workers who had no leisure; it was a new pleasure to him simply to be among the agreeable, well-dressed, and unanxious. He took his best coat from his lean valise, and wore it steadily. He was so happy in his child-like satisfaction that no one rebuffed him, and when he presented himself, blandly smiling, to join the picnic party, no one had the heart to tell him of his mistake. As he climbed complacently into one of the wagons, however, stiff old Mrs. Bannert, on the back seat, gave John Caryl, standing at the horses' heads, a look which he understood. The Reverend Ezra must depart the next morning, or be merged—conclusively merged —in the hamlet. His fate was sealed. But to-day he disported himself to his heart's content; his smiling face was everywhere. He went eagerly through the woods, joining now one group, now another; he laughed when they laughed, understanding, however, but few of their allusions. He was restlessly anxious to join in the singing, but could not, as he did not know their songs, and he proposed, in entire good faith, one or two psalms, giving them up, however, immediately, when old Mrs. Bannert, who had taken upon herself the task of keeping him down, remarked sternly that no one knew the tunes. He went to see the view, and extending his hand, said, in his best manner, "Behold! brethren, is there not hill, and dale, and mountain, and valley, and—river?" As he said "river" he closed his eyes impressively, and stood there among them the image of self-complacence. The wind blew out his black coat, and showed how thin it was, and the wearer as well.

"Why is it always a thin, weakly man like that who insists upon calling people 'brethren'?" said Heathcote, as they stood a little apart.

"Because, being weakly, we can not knock him down for it, as we certainly should do if he was stronger," said Dexter. "It is—compensation."

But it was especially at lunch that the Reverend Ezra shone forth; rising to the occasion, he brought forth all the gallant speeches of his youth, which had much the air of his grandfather's Green Mountain musket. Some of his phrases Anne recognized: Miss Lois used them. The young girl was pained to see how out of place he was, how absurd in his well-intentioned efforts; and she therefore drew him a little apart, and strove to entertain him herself. She had known plain people on the island, and had experienced much of their faithful goodness and generosity in times of trouble; it hurt her to have him ridiculed. It came out, during this conversation, that he knew something of botany, and on the strength of this passport she took him to Miss Vanhorn. The Reverend Ezra really did understand the flora of the district, through which he had journeyed many times in former years on his old mare; Miss Vanhorn's sharp questions brought out what he knew, and gave him also the grateful sensation of imparting valuable informa-

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tion. He now appeared quite collected and sensible. It appeared, after a while, that an orchid grew in these very woods at some distance up the mountain—an orchid which was rare. Miss Vanhorn had never seen that particular orchid in its wild state; a flush rose in her cheek.

"We can drive out to-morrow and look for it, grandaunt," said Anne.

"No," replied Miss Vanhorn, firmly; "that orchid must be found to-day, while Mr.—Mr.—"

"Sloane," said the minister, affably.

"—while Mr. Stone is with you to point out the exact locality. I desire you to go with him immediately, Anne; *this* is a matter of importance."

"It is about two miles up the mountain," objected the missionary, loath to leave the festival.

"Anne is not afraid of two short miles," replied the old woman, inflexibly. "And as for yourself, Mr. Doane, no doubt you will be glad to abandon this scene of idle frivolity." And then the Reverend Ezra, a little startled by this view of the case, yielded, and sought his hat and cane.

This conversation had taken place at one side. Mr. Dexter, however, talking ceremoniously with old Mrs. Bannert, overheard it, and immediately thought of a plan by which it might be made available for his own purposes. The picnic had not given him much satisfaction so far; it had been too languid. With all his effort, he could not quite enter into the continuous indolence of Caryl's. True, he had taken Anne from Heathcote, thus checking for the moment that gentleman's lazy supremacy, at least in one quarter; but there were other quarters, and Heathcote was now occupying the one which Dexter himself coveted most of all, namely, the seat next to Rachel Bannert. Rachel was a widow, and uncomfortably dependent upon her mother-in-law. The elder Mrs. Bannert was sharp-eyed as a hawk, wise as a serpent, and obstinate as a hedgehog; Rachel as soft-voiced and soft-breasted as a dove; yet the latter intended to have, and did in the end have, the Bannert estate, and in the mean time she "shared her mother-in-law's home." There were varying opinions as to the delights of that home.

Dexter, fretted by Heathcote's unbroken conversation with Rachel, and weary of the long inaction of the morning, now proposed that they should all go in search of the orchid; his idea was that at least it would break up existing proximities, and give them all something to do. Lunch had been prolonged to the utmost extent of its vitality, and the participants were in the state of nerveless leaves in Indian summer, ready to float away on the first breeze. They strolled off, therefore, all save the elder ladies, through the wood, led by the delighted Ezra, who had that "God-bless-you-all-my-friends" air with which so many worthy people are afflicted. The apparent self-effacement effected by good-breeding, even in the wicked, is certainly more agreeable to an ordinary world than the unconscious egotism of a large class of the good.

After a quarter of an hour the woodman's trail they were following turned and went up the mountain-side. No one save Anne and the missionary had the slightest intention of walking two miles to look for a flower, but they were willing to stroll on for a while. They came to the main road, and crossed it, making many objections to its being there, with its commonplace daylight, after the shade, flickering sunbeams, and vague green vistas of the forest. But on this road, in the dust, a travelling harp-player was trudging along, accompanied by a wizened little boy and a still more wizened monkey.

"Let us carry them off into the deepest woods, and have a dance," said Isabel. "We will be nymphs and dryades, and all sorts of woodland things."

It is difficult to dance on uneven ground, in the middle of the day, to the sound of an untuned old harp, and a violin held upside down, and scraped by a melancholy boy. But Isabel had her way, or rather took it, and they all set off somewhat vaguely for "the deepest woods," leaving the woodman's path, and following another track, which Isabel pronounced "such a cunning little trail it must lead somewhere." The Reverend Ezra was disturbed. He thought he held them all under his own guidance, when, lo! they were not only leaving him and his orchid without a word of excuse, but were actually departing with a wandering harpist to find a level spot on which to dance!

"I—I think that path leads only to an old quarry," he said, with a hesitating smile.

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But no one paid any attention to him, save Anne, who had paused also, uncertain what to do.

"We will get the orchid afterward, Miss Douglas," said Dexter. "I promise that you shall have it."

"But Mr. Sloane," said Anne, glancing toward the deserted missionary.

"Come with us, dominie," said Dexter, with the ready good-nature that was one of his outward characteristics. It was a quick, tolerant good-nature, and seemed to belong to his broad, strong frame.

But the dominie had a dignity of his own, after all. When he realized that he was forsaken, he came forward and said quietly that he would go up the mountain alone and get the orchid, joining them at the main-road crossing on the way back.

"As you please," said Dexter. "And I, for one, shall feel much indebted to you, sir, if you bring back the flower, because I have promised Miss Douglas that she should have it, and should be obliged to go for it myself, ignorant as I am, were it not for your kindness."

He raised his hat courteously, and went off with Anne to join the others, already out of sight.

"I suppose he does not approve of the dancing," said the girl, looking back.

But Dexter did not care whether he approved or disapproved; he had already dismissed the subject from his mind.

The path took them to a deserted stone-quarry in the side of the hill. There was the usual yawning pit, floored with broken jagged masses and chips of stone, the straight bare wall of rock above, and the forest greenery coming to the edge of the desolation on all sides, and leaning over to peep down. The quarrymen had camped below, and the little open space where once their lodge of boughs had stood was selected by Isabel for the dancing floor. The harpist, a small old man clad in a grimy velveteen coat, played a waltz, to which the little Italian boy added a lagging accompaniment; the monkey, who seemed to have belonged to some defunct hand-organ, sat on a stump and surveyed the scene. They did not all dance, but Isabel succeeded in persuading a few to move through a quadrille whose figures she improvised for the occasion. But the scene was more picturesque when, after a time, the dull partners in coats were discarded, and the floating draperies danced by themselves, joining hands in a ring, and circling around and around with merry little motions which were charmingly pretty, like kittens at play. Then they made the boy sing, and he chanted a tune which had (musically) neither beginning nor end, but a useful quality of going on forever. But whatever he did, and whatever they gave him, made no difference in his settled melancholy, which the monkey's small face seemed to caricature. Then they danced again, and this time Dexter took part, while the other coated ones remained on the grass, smoking. It ended in his waltzing with them all in turn, and being overwhelmed with their praises, which, however, being levelled at the heads of the others by strongly implied comparison, were not as valuable as they seemed. Dexter knew that he gained nothing by joining in that dance; but where there was something to do, he could not resist doing it. When the waltz was over, and the wandering musicians sent on their way with a lavish reward of silver, which the monkey had received cynically as it was placed piece by piece in his little paw, Isabel led off all the ladies "to explore the quarry," expressly forbidding the others to follow. With an air of great enjoyment in their freedom and solitude the floating draperies departed, and the smokers were left under the trees, content, on their side also, to have half an hour of quiet. Mr. Peter Dane immediately and heartily yawned at full width, and was no longer particular as to the position of his legs. In truth, it was the incipient fatigue on the face of this distinguished widower which had induced Isabel to lead off her exploring party; for when a man is over fifty, nothing is more dangerous than to tire him. He never forgives it.

Isabel led her band around to an ascent, steep but not long; her plan was to go up the hill through the wood, and appear on the top of the quarry, so many graceful figures high in the air against the blue sky, for the indolent smokers below to envy and admire. Isabel was a slender creature with a pale complexion; the slight color produced by the exercise would be becoming. Rachel, who was dimpled, "never could climb"; her "ankles" were "not strong." (And certainly they were very small ankles for such a

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weight of dimples above.) The party now divided itself under these two leaders; those who were indolent staid with Rachel; those who were not afraid of exercise went with Isabel. A few went for amusement, without motive; among these was Anne. One went for wrath; and this was Valeria Morle.

It is hard for a neutral-faced girl with a fixed opinion of her own importance to learn the lesson of her real insignificance when removed from the background of home at a place like Caryl's. Valeria was there, mistakenly visiting an aunt for two weeks, and with the calm security of the country mind, she had mentally selected Ward Heathcote as her knight for the time being, and had bestowed upon him in consequence several little speeches and smiles carefully calculated to produce an impression, to mean a great deal to any one who was watching. But Heathcote was not watching; the small well-regulated country smiles had about as much effect as the twitterings of a wren would have in a wood full of nightingales. Miss Morle could not understand it; had they not slain their thousands, nay, ten thousands (young lady's computation), in Morleville? She now went up the hill in silent wrath, glad to do something and to be away from Heathcote. Still, she could not help believing that he would miss her; men had been known to be very much interested in girls, and yet make no sign for a long time. They watched them from a distance. In this case Valeria was to have her hopes realized. She was to be watched, and from a distance.

The eight who reached the summit sported gayly to and fro for a while, now near the edge, now back, gathering flowers and throwing them over, calling down to the smokers, who lay and watched them, without, however, any burning desire especially visible on their countenances to climb up and join them. Valeria, with a stubborn determination to make herself in some way conspicuous, went to the edge of the cliff, and even leaned over; she had one arm around a young tree, but half of her shoes (by no means small ones) were over the verge, and the breeze showed that they were. Anne saw it, and spoke to Isabel.

"If she will do it, she will," answered Isabel; "and the more we notice her, the more she will persist. She is one of those dull girls intended by Nature to be always what is called sensible. And when one of *those* girls takes to making a fool of herself, her idiocy is colossal."

But Isabel's philosophy did not relieve Anne's fear. She called to Valeria, warningly, "You are very near the edge, Miss Morle; wouldn't it be safer to step back a little?"

But Valeria would not. They were all noticing her at last. They should see how strong her nerves were, how firm her poise. The smokers below, too, were now observing her. She threw back her head, and hummed a little tune. If the edge did not crumble, she was, in truth, safe enough. To a person who is not dizzy, five inches of foot-hold is as safe as five yards.

But—the edge did crumble. And suddenly. The group of women behind had the horror of seeing her sway, stagger, slip down, frantically writhe on the verge half an instant, and then, with an awful scream, slide over out of sight, as her arm was wrenched from the little tree. Those below had seen it too. They sprang to their feet, and ran first forward, then around and up the hill behind.

For she had not slipped far. The cliff jutted out slightly a short distance below the verge, and, by what seemed a miracle, the girl was held by this second edge. Eight inches beyond, the sheer precipice began, with the pile of broken stones sixty feet below. Anne was the first to discover this, reaching the verge as the girl sank out of sight; the others, shuddering, put their hands over their eyes and clung together.

"She has not fallen far," cried Anne, with a quick and burning excitement. "Lie still, Valeria," she called down. "Close your eyes, and make yourself perfectly motionless; hardly breathe. We will save you yet."

She took hold of the young tree to test its strength, at the same time speaking rapidly to the others. "By lying down, and clasping that tree trunk with one arm, and then stretching over, I can just reach her hand, I think, and seize it. Do you see? That is what I am going to try to do. I can not tell how strong this tree is; but—there is not a moment to lose. After I am down, and have her hand, do anything you think best to secure us. Either hold me yourselves or make ropes of your sacques and shawls. If help comes

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soon, we can save her." While still speaking, she threw herself down upon the edge, clasped one arm strongly around the tree trunk, and stretching down sideways, her head and shoulder over the verge, she succeeded in first touching, then clasping, the wrist of the girl below, who could not see her rescuer as she lay facing the precipice with closed eyes, helpless and inert. It was done, but only two girls' wrists as a link.

The others had caught hold of Anne as strongly as they could.

"No," said Isabel, taking command excitedly; "one of you hold her firmly, and the rest clasp arms and form a chain, all sitting down, to that large tree in the rear. If the strain comes, throw yourselves toward the large tree."

So they formed a chain. Isabel, looking over, saw that the girl below had clasped Anne's wrist with her own fingers also—a strong grasp, a death-grasp. If she slipped farther, Anne must slip too.

All this had not taken two minutes—scarcely a minute and a half. They were now all motionless; they could hear the footsteps of the men hurrying up the hill behind, coming nearer and nearer. But how slow they were! How long! The men were exactly three minutes, and it is safe to say that never in their lives had they rushed up a hill with such desperate haste and energy. But—women expect wings.

Heathcote and Dexter reached the summit first. There they beheld five white-cheeked women, dressed in various dainty floating fabrics, and adorned with ferns and wild flowers, sitting on the ground, clasping each others' hands and arms. They formed a line, of which the woman at one end had her arm around a large tree, and the woman at the other around the body of a sixth, who was half over the cliff. A seventh and free person, Isabel, stood at the edge, her eyes fixed on the heavy form poised along the second verge below. No one spoke but Isabel. "She has caught on something, and Anne is holding her," she explained, in quick although low tones, as if afraid to disturb even the air. But while she was speaking the two men had gone swiftly to the edge, at a little distance below the group, and noted the position themselves.

"Let me—" began Dexter.

"No, you are too heavy," answered Heathcote. "*You* must hold *me*."

"Yes," said Isabel. "Quick! quick!" A woman in a hurry would say "Quick!" to the very lightning.

But if men are slow, they are sure. Heathcote stretched himself down carefully on the other side of the little tree, but without touching it, that being Anne's chief support, and bearing his full weight upon Dexter, who in turn was held by the other men, who had now come up, he seized Valeria's arm firmly above Anne's hand, and told Anne to let go her hold. They were face to face; Anne's forehead was suffused with red, owing to her cramped position.

"I can not; she has grasped my wrist," she answered.

"Let go, Miss Morle," called Heathcote. "I have you firmly; do you not feel my hand?"

But Valeria would not; perhaps could not.

"Some of you take hold of Miss Douglas, then," called Heathcote to the men above. "The girl below will not loosen her hold, and you will have to draw us all up together."

"Ready?" called the voices above, after an instant.

"Ready," answered Heathcote.

Then he felt himself drawn upward slowly, an inch, two inches; so did Anne. The two downward-stretched arms tightened; the one upward-lifted arm began to rise from the body to which it belonged. But what a weight for that one arm! Valeria was a large, heavy girl, with a ponderous weight of bone. In the position in which she lay, it seemed probable that her body might swing over the edge, and almost wrench the arm from its socket by its weight.

"Stop," said Heathcote, perceiving this. The men above paused. "Are you afraid to support her for one instant alone, Anne?" he asked.

"No," murmured Anne. Her eyes were blood-shot; she saw him through a crimson cloud.

"Keep me firmly," he called out, warningly, to Dexter. Then, letting go his first hold, he stretched down still farther, made a slight spring forward, and succeeded in grasping Valeria's waist. "*Now* pull up, and quickly," he said, panting.

And thus, together, Valeria firmly held by Heathcote, the two rescuers and the rescued were drawn safely up from danger to safe level again. Only a few feet,

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but all the difference between life and death.

When the others looked down upon the now uncovered space, they saw that it was only the stump of a slender cedar sapling, a few inches in height, and two little edges of rock standing up unevenly here and there, which had formed the parapet. A person might have tried all day, with an acrobat's net spread below for safety, to cling there, without success; Valeria had fallen at the one angle and in the one position which made it possible. Two arms were strained, and that was all.

Isabel was white with nervous fear; the others showed traces of tears. But the cause of all this anxiety and trouble, although entirely uninjured and not nervous (she had not seen herself), sat smiling upon them all in a sweet suffering-martyr way, and finally went down the hill with masculine escort on each side—apotheosis not before attained. Will it be believed that this girl, fairly well educated and in her sober senses, was simpleton enough to say to Heathcote that evening, in a sentimental whisper, "How I wish that Miss Douglas had not touched me!" There was faint moonlight, and the simpering expression of the neutral face filled him with astonishment. Dexter would have understood: Dexter was accustomed to all varieties of women, even the Valeria variety: but Heathcote was not. All he said, therefore, was, "Why?"

"Because then *you* alone would have saved me," murmured Valeria, sweetly.

"If Miss Douglas had not grasped you as she did, we might all have been too late," replied Heathcote, looking at her in wonder.

"Ah, no; I did not slip farther. You would have been in time," said the belle of Morleville, with what she considered a telling glance. And she actually convinced herself that she had made an impression.

"I ought not to have done it, of course, Louisa," she said to her bosom-friend, in the privacy of her own room, after her return to Morleville; "but I really felt that he deserved at least *that* reward for his great devotion to me, poor fellow!"

"And why couldn't you like him, after all, Valeria dear?" urged Louisa, deeply interested, and not a little envious.

"I could not—I could not," replied Valeria, slowly and virtuously, shaking her head. "He had not the principles I require in a man. But—I felt sorry for him."

Oh, ineffable Valerias! what would life be without you?

Dexter had been the one to offer his arm to Anne when she felt able to go down the hill. At the main-road crossing they found the Reverend Mr. Sloane faithfully sitting on a dusty bank, with the orchid in his hand, waiting for them. It seemed to Anne that a long and vague period of time had passed since they parted from him. But she was glad to get the orchid; she knew that no slight extraneous affair, such as the saving of a life, would excuse the absence of that flower. Rachel Bannert had chafed Heathcote's strained arm with her soft hands, and arranged a sling for it made of her sash. She accompanied him back to the picnic ground. It was worth while to have a strained arm.

Miss Vanhorn considered that it was all nonsense, and was inclined to reprove her niece. But she had the orchid; and when Dexter came up, and in a few strong words expressed his admiration for the young girl's courage, she changed her mind, and agreed with him, although regretting "the display."

"Girls like that Morle should be manacled," she said.

"And I, for one, congratulate myself that there was, as you call it, a display—a display of the finest resolution I have ever seen in a young girl," said Dexter, warmly. "Miss Douglas was not even sure that the little tree was firm; and of course she could not tell how long it would take us to come."

"They all assisted, I understand," said Miss Vanhorn, impassively.

"They all assisted *afterward*. But not one of them would have taken her place. Miss Morle seized her wrist immediately, and with the grasp of a vise. They must inevitably have gone over together."

"Well, well; that is enough, I think," said Miss Vanhorn. "We will drive home now," she added, giving her orders as though both the carriage and its owner were her own property.

When she had been assisted into her place, and Anne had taken her seat beside her, Heathcote, who had not spoken to his fellow-rescuer since they reached level ground, came forward to the carriage door, with his arm in its ribbon sling, and offered his hand. He said only a word

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or two; but, as his eyes met hers, Anne blushed—blushed suddenly and vividly. She was realizing for the first time how she must have looked to him, hanging in her cramped position, with crimson face and wild falling hair.

CHAPTER XIII.

"So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kinds of arguments and questions deep."
—SHAKSPEARE.

"What is the use of so much talking? Is not this wild rose sweet without a comment?"—HAZLITT.

EARLY the next morning Miss Vanhorn, accompanied by her niece, drove off on an all-day botanizing expedition. Miss Vanhorn understood the worth of being missed. At sunset she returned; and the girl she brought back with her was on the verge of despair. For the old woman had spent the hours in making her doubt herself in every possible way, besides covering her with ridicule concerning the occurrences of the day before. It was late when they entered the old ball-room, Anne looking newly youthful and painfully shy; as they crossed the floor she did not raise her eyes. Dexter was dancing with Rachel, whose soft arms were visible under her black gauze, encircled with bands of old gold. Anne was dressed in a thick white linen fabric (Miss Vanhorn having herself selected the dress and ordered her to wear it), and appeared more like a school-girl than ever. Miss Vanhorn, raising her eye-glass, had selected her position on entering, like a general on the field: Anne was placed next to Isabel on the wooden bench that ran around the room. And immediately Miss Varce seemed to have grown suddenly old. In addition, her blonde beauty was now seen to be heightened by art. Isabel herself did not dream of this. Hardly any woman, whose toilet is a study, can comprehend beauty in plain unattractive unfashionable attire. So she kept her seat unconsciously, sure of her Paris draperies, while the superb youth of Anne, heightened by the simplicity of the garb she wore, reduced the other woman, at least in the eyes of all the men present, to the temporary rank of a faded wax doll.

Dexter soon came up and asked Anne to dance. She replied, in a low voice and without looking up, that she would rather not; her arm was still painful.

"Go," said Miss Vanhorn, overhearing, "and do not be absurd about your arm. I dare say Miss Morle's aches quite as badly." She was almost always severe with her niece in Dexter's presence: could it have been that she wished to excite his sympathy?

Anne rose in silence; they did not dance, but, after walking up and down the room once or twice, went out on the piazza. The windows were open: it was the custom to sit here and look through at the dancers within. They sat down near a window.

"I have not had an opportunity until now, Miss Douglas, to tell you how deeply I have admired your wonderful courage," began Dexter.

"Oh, pray do not speak of it," said Anne, with intense embarrassment. For Miss Vanhorn had harried her niece so successfully during the long day, that the girl really believed that she had overstepped not only the edge of the cliff, but the limits of modesty as well.

"But I must," said Dexter. "In the life I have lived, Miss Douglas, I have seen women of all classes, and several times have been with women in moments of peril—on the plains during an Indian attack, at the mines after an explosion, and once on a sinking steamer. Only one showed anything like your quick courage of yesterday, and she was a mother who showed it for her child. You did your brave deed for a stranger; and you seem, to my eyes at least, hardly more than a child yourself. It is but another proof of the innate nobility of our human nature, after all, and I, an enthusiast in such matters, beg you to let me personally thank you for the privilege of seeing your noble act." He put out his hand, took hers, and pressed it cordially.

It was a set speech, perhaps—Dexter made set speeches; but it was cordial and sincere. Anne, much comforted by this view of her impulsive action, looked at him with thankfulness. This was different from Miss Vanhorn's idea of it; different and better.

"I once helped one of my little brothers, who had fallen over a cliff, in much the same way," she said, with a little sigh of relief. "I am glad you think it was excusable."

"Excusable? It was superb," said Dexter. "And permit me to add, too, that I am a better judge of heroism than the people here, who belong, most of them, to a

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small, prejudiced, and I might say ignorant class. They have no more idea of heroism, of anything broad and liberal, or of the country at large, than so many canary-birds born and bred in a cage. They ridicule the mere idea of being in earnest about anything in this ridiculous world. Yet the world is not so ridiculous as they think, and earnestness carries with it a tremendous weight sometimes. All the great deeds of which we have record have been done by earnest beliefs and earnest enthusiasms, even though mistaken ones. It is easy enough, by carefully abstaining from doing anything one's self, to maintain the position of ridiculing the attempts of others; but it is more than probable—in fact it is almost certain—that those very persons who ridicule and criticise could not themselves do the very least of those deeds, attain the very lowest of those successes, which afford them so much entertainment in others."

So spoke Dexter; and not without a tinge of bitterness, which he disguised as scorn. A little of the indifference to outside opinion which characterized the very class of whom he spoke would have made him a contented, as he already was a successful, man. But there was a surface of personal vanity over his better qualities which led him to desire a tribute of universal liking; and this is the tribute the class referred to always refuses—to the person who appears to seek it.

"But, in spite of ridicule, self-sacrifice is still heroic, faith in our humanity still beautiful, and courage still dear, to all hearts that have true nobility," he continued. Then it struck him that he was generalizing too much, feminine minds always preferring a personal application. "I would rather have a girl who was brave and truthful for my wife than the most beautiful woman on earth," he said, with the quick, sudden utterance he used when he wished to appear impulsive.

"But beautiful women can be truthful too," said Anne, viewing the subject impartially, with no realization of any application to herself.

"Can, but rarely are. I have, however, known—that is, I think I now know—*one*," he added, with quiet emphasis, coming around on another tack. The emphasis might mean anything she chose, of course. He had long ago learned the wisdom of leaving all meanings to the active imagination of women.

"I hope you do," said Anne; "and more than one. Else your acquaintance must be limited." As she spoke, the music sounded forth within, and forgetting the subject altogether, she turned with girlish interest to watch the dancers.

Dexter almost laughed aloud to himself in his shadowed corner, she was so crudely unconscious. He had not thought her beautiful, save for the perfection of her youthful bloom; but now he suddenly began to discover the purity of her profile, and the graceful shape of her head, outlined against the lighted window. His taste, however, was not for youthful simplicity; he preferred beauty more ripened, and heightened by art. Having lived among the Indians in reality, the true children of nature, he had none of those dreams of ideal perfection in a brown skin and in the wilderness which haunt the eyes of dwellers in cities, and mislead even the artist. To him Rachel in her black floating laces, and Helen Lorrington in her shimmering silks, were far more beautiful than an Indian girl in her calico skirt could possibly be. But—Anne was certainly very fair and sweet.

"Of what were you thinking, Miss Douglas, during the minutes you hung suspended over that abyss?" he asked, moving so that he could rest his head on his hand, and thus look at her more steadily.

Anne turned. For she always looked directly at the person who spoke to her, having none of those side glances, tableaux of sweeping eyelashes, and willful little motions which belong to most pretty girls. She turned. And now Dexter was surprised to see how she was blushing, so deeply and slowly that it must have been physically painful.

"She is beginning to be conscious of my manner at last," he said to himself, with self-gratulation. Then he added, in a lower voice, "*I* was thinking only of you; and what a brutal sacrifice it would be if your life should be given for that other!"

"Valeria is a good girl, I think," said Anne, recovering herself, and answering as impersonally as though he had neither lowered his voice nor thrown any intensity into his eyes. "However, none of the ladies here approach Helen—Mrs. Lorrington; and I am sure *you* agree with me in thinking so, Mr. Dexter."

"You are loyal to your friend."

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"No one has been so kind to me; I both love her and warmly admire her. How I hope she may come soon! And when she does, as I can not help loving to be with her, I suppose I shall see a great deal more of *you*," said the girl, smiling, and in her own mind addressing the long-devoted Knight-errant.

"Shall you?" thought Dexter, not a little piqued by her readiness to yield him even to her friend. "I will see that you do not long continue quite so indifferent," he added to himself, with determination. Then, in pursuance of this, he decided to go in and dance with some one else; that should be a first step.

"I believe I am engaged to Mrs. Bannert for the next dance," he said, regretfully. "Shall I take you in?"

"No; please let me stay here a while. My arm really aches dully all the time, and the fresh air is pleasant."

"And if Miss Vanhorn should ask?"

"Tell her where I am."

"I will," answered Dexter. And he fully intended to do it in any case. He liked, when she was not with him, to have Anne safely under her grandaunt's watchful vigilance, not exactly with the spirit of the dog in the manger, but something like it. He was conscious, also, that he possessed the chaperon's especial favor, and he did not intend to forfeit it; he wished to use it for his own purposes.

But Rachel marred his intention by crossing it with one of her own.

Dexter admired Mrs. Bannert. He could not help it. When she took his arm, he was for the time being hers. She knew this, and being piqued by some neglect of Heathcote's, she met the other man at the door, and made him think, without saying it, that she wished to be with him a while on the moon-lit piazza; for Heathcote was there. Dexter obeyed. And thus it happened that Miss Vanhorn was not told at all; but supposing that her niece was still with the escort she had herself selected, the fine-looking owner of mines and mills, the future Senator, the "type of American success," she rested mistakenly content, and spent the time agreeably in making old Mrs. Bannert's life a temporary fever by relating to her in detail some old buried scandals respecting the departed Bannert, pretending to have forgotten entirely the chief actor's name.

In the mean while Heathcote, sauntering along the piazza in his turn, came upon Anne sitting alone by the window, and dropped into the vacant place beside her. He said a few words, playing with the fringe of Rachel's sash, which he still wore, "her colors," some one remarked, but made no allusion to the occurrences of the previous day. What he said was unimportant, but he looked at her rather steadily, and she was conscious of his glance. In truth, he was merely noting the effect of her head and throat against the lighted window, as Dexter had done, the outline being very distinct and lovely, a profile framed in light; but she thought it was something different. A painful timidity again seized her; instead of blushing, she turned pale, and with difficulty answered clearly. "*He* does not praise me," she thought. "*He* does not say that what I did yesterday was greater than anything among Indians and mines and on sinking steamers. *He* is laughing at me. Grandaunt was right, after all, and no doubt he thinks me a bold, forward girl who tried to make a sensation."

Heathcote made another unimportant remark, but Anne, being now nervously sensitive, took it as having a second meaning. She turned her head away to hide the burning tears that were rising; but although unshed, Heathcote saw them. His observation was instantaneous where women were concerned; not so much active as intuitive. He had no idea what was the matter with her: this was the second inexplicable appearance of tears. But it would take more than such little damp occasions to disconcert him; and rather at random, but with sympathy and even tenderness in his voice, he said, soothingly, "Do not mind it," "it" of course representing whatever she pleased. Then, as the drops fell, "Why, you poor child, you are really in trouble," he said, taking her hand and holding it in his. Then, after a moment: "I do not know, of course, what it is that distresses you, but I too, although ignorant, am distressed by it also. For since yesterday, Anne, you have occupied a place in my memory which will never give you up. You will be an image there forever."

It was not much, after all; most improbable was it that any of those who saw her risk her life that day would soon forget her. Yet there was something in the glance of his eye and in the clasp of his hand that soothed Anne in-

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expressibly. She never again cared what people thought of her "boyish freak" (so Miss Vanhorn termed it), but laid the whole memory away, embalmed shyly in sweet odors forever.

Other persons now came in sight. "Shall we walk?" said Heathcote. They rose; she took his arm. He did not lead her out to the shadowed path below the piazza; they remained all the time among the lights and passing strollers. Their conversation was inconclusive and unmomentous, without a tinge of novel interest or brilliancy; not one sentence would have been worth repeating. Yet such as it was, with its few words and many silences which the man of the world did not exert himself to break, it seemed to establish a closer acquaintance between them than eloquence could have done. At least it was so with Anne, although she did not define it. Heathcote had no need to define; it was an old story with him.

As the second dance ended, he took her around, as though by chance, to the other side of the piazza, where he knew Rachel was sitting with Mr. Dexter. Here he skillfully changed companions, simply by one or two of his glances. For Rachel understood from them that he was bored, very repentant, and lonely; and once convinced of this, she immediately executed the manœuvre herself, with the woman's usual means of natural little phrases and changes of position, Heathcote meanwhile standing passive until it was all done. Heathcote generally stood passive. But Dexter often had the appearance of exerting himself and arranging things.

Thus it happened that Miss Vanhorn saw Anne re-enter with the same escort who had taken her forth.

Another week passed, and another. Various scenes in the little dramas played by the different persons present followed each other with more or less notice, more or less success. One side of Dexter's nature was completely fascinated with Rachel Bannert—with her beauty, which a saint-worshipper would have denied, although why saintliness should be a matter of blonde hair and bones remains undiscovered; with her dress and grace of manner; with her undoubted position in that narrow circle which he wished to enter even while condemning—perhaps merely to conquer it and turn away again. His rival with Rachel was Heathcote; he had discovered that. He was conscious that he detested Heathcote. While thus secretly interested in Rachel, he yet found time, however, to give a portion of each day to Anne; he did this partly from policy and partly from jealous annoyance. For here too he found the other man. Heathcote, in truth, seemed to be amusing himself in much the same way. If Dexter waltzed with Rachel, Heathcote offered his arm to Anne and took her out on the piazza; if Dexter walked with Anne there, Heathcote took Rachel into the rose-scented dusky garden. But Dexter had Miss Vanhorn's favor, if that was anything. She went to drive with him and took Anne; she allowed him to accompany them on their botanizing expeditions; she talked to him, and even listened to his descriptions of his life and adventures. In reality she cared no more for him than for a Choctaw; no more for his life than for that of Robinson Crusoe. But he was a rich man, and he would do for Anne, who was not a Vanhorn, but merely a Douglas. He had showed some liking for the girl; the affair should be encouraged and clinched. She, Katharine Vanhorn, would clinch it. He must be a very different man from the diagnosis she had made up of him if he did not yield to her clinching.

During these weeks, therefore, there had been many long conversations between Anne and Mr. Dexter; they had talked on many subjects appropriate to the occasion—Dexter was always appropriate. He had quoted pages of poetry, and he quoted well. He had, like Othello, related his adventures, and they were thrilling and true. Then, when more sure of her, he had turned the conversation upon herself. It is a fascinating subject—one's self! Anne touched it timidly here and there, but, never having had the habit or even the knowledge of self-analysis, she was more uncomfortable than pleased, after all, and inclined mentally to run away. She did not know herself whether she had more imagination than timidity, whether conscientiousness was more developed in her than ideality, or whether, if obliged to choose between saving the life of a brother or a husband, she would choose the former or the latter. Dexter had to drag her opinions of her own character from her almost by main strength. But he persisted. He had

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never known an imaginative young girl at the age when all things are problems to her who was not secretly, often openly, fascinated by a sympathetic research into her own timid little characteristics, opening like buds within her one by one. Dexter's theory was correct, his rule a good one probably in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred; only—Anne was the hundredth. She began to be afraid of him as he came toward her, kind, smiling, with his invisible air of success about him, ready for one of their long conversations. Yet certainly he was as pleasant a companion as a somewhat lonely young girl, isolated at a place like Caryl's, could wish for; at least that is what every one would have said.

During these weeks there had been no long talks with Heathcote. Miss Vanhorn did not ask him to accompany them to the woods; she did not utter to him the initiative word in passing which gives the opportunity. Still, there had been chance meetings and chance words, of course—five-minute strolls on the piazza, five-minute looks at the sunset or at the stars, in the pauses between the dances. But where Heathcote took a minute, Dexter had, if he chose, an hour.

Although in one way now so idle, Anne seemed to herself never to have been so busy before. Miss Vanhorn kept her at work upon plants through a large portion of each day, and required her to be promptly ready upon all other occasions. She barely found time to write to Miss Lois, who was spending the summer in a state betwixt anger and joy, veering one way by reason, the other by wrath, yet unable to refrain entirely from satisfaction over the new clothes for the children which Miss Vanhorn's money had enabled her to buy. The allowance was paid in advance; and it made Anne light-hearted whenever she thought, as she did daily, of the comforts it gave to those she loved. To Rast, Anne wrote in the early morning, her only free time. Rast was now on the island, but he was to go in a few days. This statement, continually repeated, like lawyers' notices of sales postponed from date to date, had lasted all summer, and still lasted. He had written to Anne as usual, until Miss Vanhorn, although without naming him, had tartly forbidden "so many letters." Then Anne asked him to write less frequently, and he obeyed. She, however, continued to write herself as before, describing her life at Caryl's, while he answered (as often as he was allowed), telling of his plans, and complaining that they were to be separated so long. But he was going to the far West, and there he should soon win a home for her. He counted the days till that happy time.

And then Anne would sit and dream of the island: she saw the old house, Rast, and the children, Miss Lois's thin, energetic face, the blue Straits, the white fort, and the little inclosure on the heights where were the two graves. She closed her eyes and heard their voices; she told them all she hoped. Only this one more winter, and then she could see them again, send them help, and perhaps have one of the children with her. And then, the year after— But here Miss Vanhorn's voice calling her name broke the vision, and with a sigh she returned to Caryl's again.

Helen's letters had ceased; but Anne jotted down a faithful record of the events of the days for her inspection when she came. Rumors varied at Caryl's respecting Mrs. Lorrington. Now her grandfather had died, and left her everything; and now he had miraculously recovered, and deeded his fortune to charitable institutions. Now he had existed without nourishment for weeks, and now he had the appetite of ten, and exhibited the capabilities of a second Methuselah. But in the mean time Helen was still absent. Under these circumstances, Anne, if she had been older, and desirous, might have collected voluminous expressions of opinion as to the qualities, beauty, and history, past and present, of the absent one from her dearest friends on earth. But the dearest friends on earth had not the habit of talking to this young girl as a companion and equal; to them she was simply that "sweet child," that "dear fresh-faced school-girl," to whom they confided only amiable platitudes. So Anne continued to hold fast undisturbed her belief in her beautiful Helen—that strong, grateful, reverent feeling which a young girl often cherishes for an older woman who is kind to her.

One still, hazy morning Miss Vanhorn announced her programme for the day. She intended to drive over to the county town, and Anne was to go with her six miles of the distance, and be left at a certain glen, where there was a country saw-

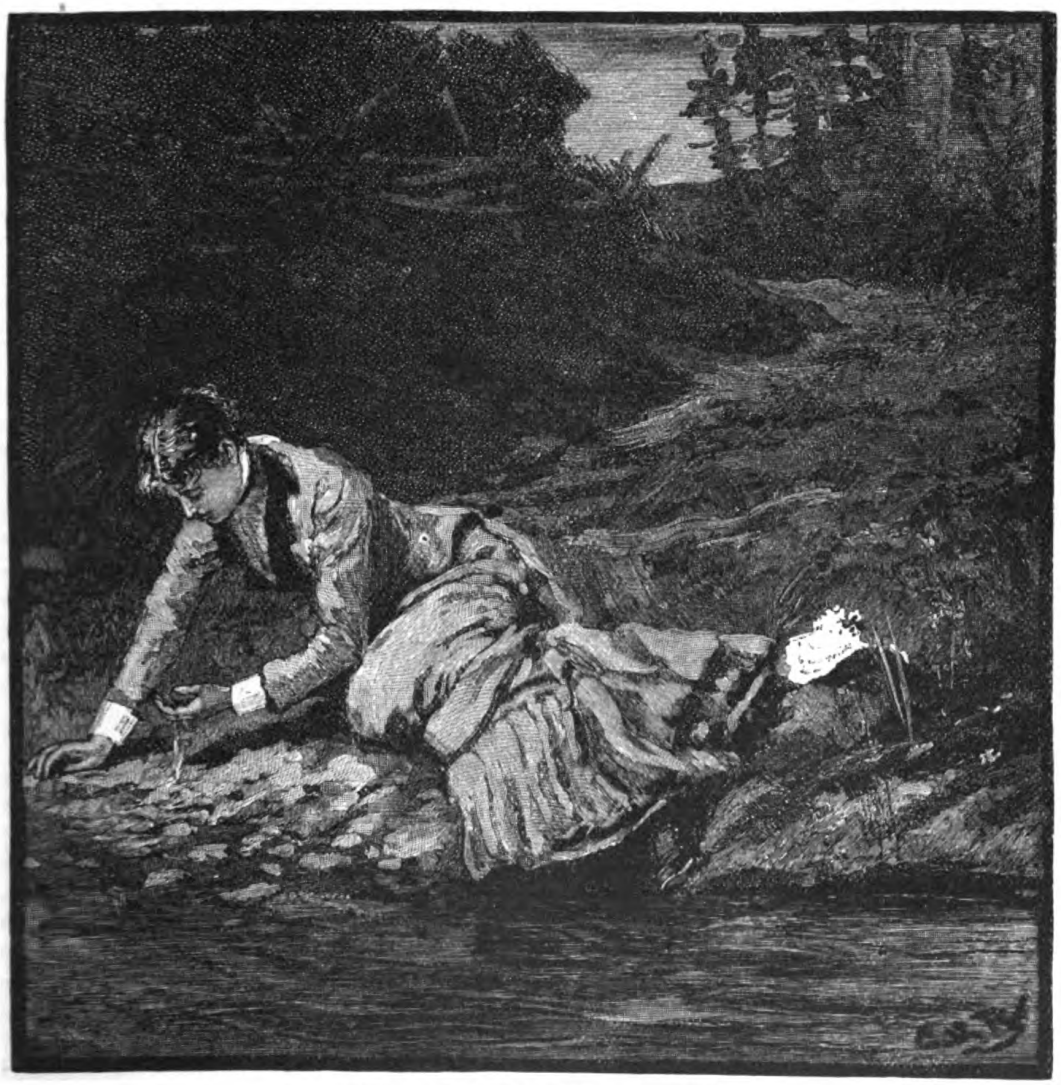
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mill. They had been there together several times, and had made acquaintance with the saw-miller, his wife, and his brood of white-headed children. The object of the present visit was a certain fern—the Camptosorus, or walking-leaf—which Miss Vanhorn had recently learned grew there, or at least had grown there within the memory of living botanists. That was enough. Anne was to search for the plant unflinchingly (the presence of the mill family being a sufficient protection) throughout the entire day, and be in waiting at the main-road crossing at sunset, when her grandaunt's carriage would stop on its return home. In order that there might be no mistake as to the time, she was allowed to wear one of Miss Vanhorn's watches. There were fourteen of them, all heirlooms, all either wildly too fast in their motions or hopelessly too slow, so that the gift was an embarrassing one. Anne knew that if she relied upon the one intrusted to her care, she would be obliged to spend about three hours at the crossing to allow for the variations in one direction or the other which might erratically attack it during the day. But her hope lay in the saw-miller's bright-faced little Yankee clock. At their early breakfast she prepared a lunch for herself in a small basket, and before Caryl's had fairly awakened, the old coupé rolled away from the door, bearing aunt and niece into the green country. When they reached the wooded hills at the end of the six miles, Anne descended with her basket, her digging trowel, and her tin plant case. She was to go over every inch of the saw-miller's ravine, and find that fern, living or dead. Miss Vanhorn said this, and she meant the plant; but it sounded as if she meant Anne. With renewed warnings as to care and diligence, she drove on, and Anne was left alone. It was ten o'clock, and a breathless August day. She hastened up the little path toward the saw-mill, glad to enter the wood and escape the heat of the sun. She now walked more slowly, and looked right and left for the fern; it was not there, probably, so near the light, but she had conscientiously determined to lose no inch of the allotted ground. Owing to this slow search, half an hour had passed when she reached the mill. She had perceived for some time that it was not in motion; there was no hum of the saw, no harsh cry of the rent boards: she said to herself that the miller was getting a great log in place on the little cart to be drawn up the tramway. But when she reached the spot, the miller was not there; the mill was closed, and only the peculiar fresh odor of the logs recently sawn asunder told that but a short time before the saw had been in motion. She went on to the door of the little house, and knocked; no one answered. Standing on tiptoe, she peeped in through the low window, and saw that the rooms were empty, and in that shining order that betokens the housewife's absence. Returning to the mill, she walked up the tramway; a bit of paper, for the information of chance customers, was pinned to the latch: "All hands gone to the sirkus. Home at sunset." She sat down, took off her straw hat, and considered what to do.

Three hundred and sixty-four days of that year Saw-miller Pike, his wife, his four children, and his hired man, one or all of them, were on that spot; their one absence chance decreed should be on this particular August Thursday when Anne Douglas came there to spend the day. She was not afraid; it was a quiet rural neighborhood without beggars or tramps. Her grandaunt would not return until sunset. She decided to look for the fern, and if she found it within an hour or two, to walk home, and send a boy back on horseback to wait for Miss Vanhorn. If she did not find it before afternoon, she would wait for the carriage, according to agreement. Hanging her basket and shawl on a tree branch near the mill, she entered the ravine, and was soon hidden in its green recesses. Up and down, up and down the steep rocky sides she climbed, her tin case swinging from her shoulder, her trowel in her belt; she neglected no spot, and her track, if it had been visible, would have shown itself almost as regular as the web of the geometric spider. Up and down, up and down, from the head of the ravine to its foot on one side: nothing. It seemed to her that she had seen the fronds and curled crosiers of a thousand ferns. Her eyes were tired, and she threw herself down on a mossy bank not far from the mill to rest a moment. There was no use in looking at the watch; still, she did it, and decided that it was either half past eleven or half past three. The remaining side of the ravine gazed at her steadily; she knew that she must

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clamber over every inch of those rocks also. She sighed, bathed her flushed cheeks in the brook, took down her hair, and braided it in two long school-girl braids, which hung down below her waist; then she tied her straw hat to a branch, home ledge in safety; finding a trickling spring, and drinking from it; now half way down the ravine, now three-quarters; and still no walking-leaf. She sat down on a jutting crag to take breath an instant, and watched a bird on a tree



"SHE BATHED HER FLUSHED CHEEK."

pinned her neck-tie on the brim, took off her linen cuffs, and laid them within together with her gloves, and leaving the tin plant case and the trowel on the bank, started on her search. Up and down, up and down, peering into every cranny, standing on next to nothing, swinging herself from rock to rock; making acquaintance with several very unpleasant rock spiders, and hastily constructing bridges for them of small twigs, so that they could cross from her skirt to their branch near by. He was one of those little brown songsters that sing as follows:



Seeing her watching him, he now chanted his little anthem in his best style.

"Very well," said Anne, aloud.

"Oh no; only so-so," said a voice below. She looked down, startled. It was Ward Heathcote.

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BENEDETTO CIVILETTI.

BENEDETTO CIVILETTI.

READING the list of prizes given at the exposition of the Academy of Arts in Paris for the year 1878, I came across the name of Benedetto Civiletti, of Palermo, who received a first gold medal in sculpture for a work exhibited by him, and entitled "Canaris at Scio."

Benedetto Civiletti, of Palermo, in the island of Sicily: who is he? thought I to myself. I had lived thirteen years at Palermo, and knew pretty nearly everybody, and surely every prominent artist, but I had never heard of Civiletti. So I came to the conclusion that he must be some native of Palermo but who had probably studied at Rome or Florence, and was not known in his own town.

In the spring of 1879, passing through Paris on my way to Palermo, after a four years' absence, I stopped a few days to visit that year's Salons, which had just opened. Walking leisurely through the glass-covered garden which contained the works of sculpture exhibited, wondering at the large number of eminent sculptors of Europe whose works were considered worthy of a place in the Academy exhibition, I came on a life-size cast of a soldier of the First Empire that struck my attention as a work of superior excellence.

The motto on the pedestal was the famous answer of Napoleon's Old Guard at Waterloo: "The Guard dies, but never surrenders."

It was a soldier of the Old Guard, of that chosen body of men accustomed to surmount all obstacles, and either conquer or die. He was represented at the moment when victory had abandoned Napoleon at Waterloo—the French line broken, and the enemy's cavalry overflowing the battle-field. While the confusion was

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at its highest, Napoleon ordered a change of front. The Old Guard moved with their usual boldness, but the other troops, overcome by eight hours of constant fighting, could not resist the allied cavalry, and dispersed, the Guard alone keeping up the resistance. The soldier stood alone, with one hand leaning feverishly on a mound of stone, for he was already wounded, and with the other holding a sword to defend himself against the enemy, who were supposed to press upon him with the cry, "Surrender!" His hat was gone, his gun broken at his feet, his companions all dead, yet he stood there undaunted, like a lion at bay, ready to strike down with that short curved sword of his any one that would approach him, crying, with proud scorn, "The Guard dies, but does not surrender."

All this I could read in the superb attitude and striking expression of face of that statue, while crowds of visitors stood around admiring it. Among these I heard a Frenchman saying to a lady who was leaning on his arm: "Il doit être un Français," which induced me to look for the name of the artist, and to my great surprise and pleasure I read, "B. Civiletti, of Palermo."

On reaching that city one of the first things I inquired was, "Who is Civiletti?" And they replied, "He is a young rising genius such as Italy is wont to produce, who in four or five years has placed himself at the head of Italian sculptors."

A few days after I walked a little way out of town to visit the studio of this "young rising genius," as they called him.

At the further end of a large courtyard, at the back of the Orphan Asylum instituted by Garibaldi when dictator of Sicily, rose a rough building, or shed, covered by clay tiles, under which were working some eight or ten *scarpellini* on different blocks of marble, such as a bust or mantel-piece, a figure for a monument, or ornamental vase, or baptismal font. Inquiring for Signor Civiletti, I was shown into a smaller room, which I entered by a plain board door without handle or lock, and only a wooden latch to keep it closed. As I opened it I was startled by the sight of a life-size clay figure lying on a bed in the middle of the studio, whose expression of face indicated the death-agony, and whose hands clutched nervously the blanket which covered the lower part of the body, but through which one could discern the bony outlines of a person emaciated by long sickness, and nearing his end.

But before I had time to rest my eyes long upon this distressing figure, a young man in his shirt sleeves, a large bunch of grapes in one hand, a roll of bread in the other, and his mouth filled with both, beckoned me to walk in, by a smiling, expressive look of his eyes—a common gift of all Sicilians, who can speak with them, without opening their mouth.

It was Benedetto Civiletti himself, eating his breakfast, which consisted of the aforesaid bread and grapes, washed down at the end with a long pull at an earthen jug filled with cool fountain water.

The portrait given at the head of this article is from a photograph recently taken; but the expression of his face was very different from the rather affected pose in which the photographer has taken him. Indeed, the expansive forehead, the intensely intellectual eye, the small mouth, and delicately curved chin were there, but without its knitted brow, piercing glance, and proud pout of the lips; for the face of Civiletti in its natural state has the soft expression of a girl, and the simplicity of a child of nature. His smile is one of the most bewitching, his artistic soul irradiating it with a halo of genius. He looks at you straight in the face with those brilliant eyes of his, black as jet, or as the color of his hair, and yet as soft as those of a gazelle; and he accepts whatever praise you bestow on his works with a modesty equal only to his high merits.

Benedetto Civiletti was born in Palermo in 1850, so that he is only thirty-one years old. He studied under good masters, and when able to work for himself he was too poor to hire a studio; but his friends obtained for him this old shed at the rear of the Orphan Asylum, which, by closing with rough stones the front opening, became the present studio. Here he worked, making busts, monumental figures, etc.

His first original work, however, was a small figure of Dante when he first fell in love with Beatrice, which he finished in 1872, when he was only twenty-two years old. He sent this to the Milan Exhibition of Art of the same year, where it received an honorable mention, and very high praise for such a young man.

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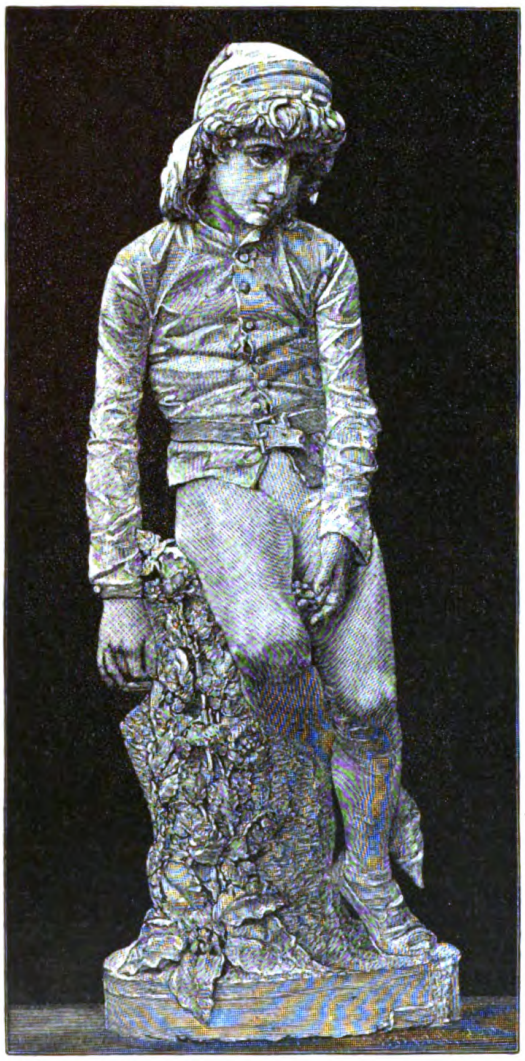


FIGURE OF DANTE.

To fully understand the artist's conception, I will quote the story of Dante's first love. Boccaccio, in his life of Dante, says:

"At that season when the sweetness of heaven reclothes the earth with its adornments, and makes it all smiling with the variety of flowers among the green leaves, it was the custom in our city for the gentlemen and for the ladies to keep holiday in their wards all together or in separate companies. And so it happened that among the rest Folco Portarini, a man held in much honor in those times among the citizens, had gathered his neighbors at a feast in his own house on the 1st of May. Among them was the beforenamed Alighieri; and as little boys are wont to follow their fathers, especially to festive places, Dante, whose ninth year was not finished, accompanied him. And here, with others of his age, of whom, both boys and girls, there were many at the house of the entertainer, the first tables having been served, he boyishly gave himself to merry-making, at such sports as were suitable to his tender years. Among the children was a little daughter of Folco, whose name was Bice; that is, so she was called from her primitive name, Beatrice. She was, perhaps, eight years old—a pretty little thing in her girlish way, very lady-like and pleasing in her actions, and much more sedate in her manners and modest in her words than her years required. Besides this, she had very delicate features, admirably proportioned, and full, in addition to their beauty, of such dignity and charm that she was looked upon by many as a little angel. She then, such as I depict her, or perchance far more beautiful, appeared at this feast before the eyes of our Dante, not, I believe, for the first time, but first with power to enamor him. And although still a child, he received her image into his heart with such affection that from that day forward never so long as he lived did it depart therefrom."

Dante himself, in his *Vita Nuova* ("The New Life")—a work inspired by this love for Beatrice, both while living and after she was dead—speaks thus of this first meeting:

"Nine times now since my birth had the heaven of light turned almost to the same point in its own gyration, when first appeared before mine eyes the glorious lady of my mind, who was called Beatrice by many who knew not wherefore she was so called. She had already been in this life so long that in its course the starred heaven had moved toward the region of the east one of the twelve parts of a degree, so that at about the beginning of her ninth year she appeared to me, and I near the end of my ninth year saw her. She appeared to me clothed in a most noble color—a modest and becoming crimson—garlanded and adorned in such wise as befitted her very youthful age. At that instant I say truly that the spirit of life which dwelleth in the most secret chamber of the heart began to tremble with such violence that it appeared fearfully in the least pulses, and, trembling, said these words, '*Ecce deus fortior me, qui veniens dominabitur mihi.*'.....

"From this time forward I say that Love lorded it over my soul, which had so suddenly inclined to him; and he began to exercise over me such control and such lordship, through the power which my imagination gave to him, that it behooved me to do completely all his pleasure. He commanded me ofttimes that I should seek to see this youthful angel, so that I in my boyhood often went seeking her, and saw her of such noble and praiseworthy deportment that truly of her might be said that word of the poet Homer, 'She seemeth not the daughter of mortal man, but of God.'"*

* Dante's *Vita Nuova*, translated by Professor Charles Eliot Norton.

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"CANARIS AT SCIO."

Civiletti took his inspiration from these passages, and sculptured Dante in his ninth year, after he had seen and fallen in love with Beatrice Portarini. The expression of the face is most striking, and such as we can only suppose in a boy who is to be a future Dante. Those well acquainted with the portrait painted by Giotto in the palace of the Podesta will recall the features in this, only ten or twelve years younger. Under the massive curly hair one easily detects the broad brow, the Roman nose, the cheek-bones that begin to develop prominently, the lips that almost assume the severe expression of his later years, and the eyes

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that look into futurity as if already in a vision.

The pose of the whole body indicates the languor of that powerful influence of love that for the first time made "his veins and pulses tremble" with emotion. The details are historically accurate—the pointed shoes, the short jacket with its leather belt, the hooded cap common to the simplicity of dress of the Florentine youths of the old republic.

This first production of Civiletti raised the expectations of his admirers, and they have not been disappointed.

Shortly after, he sculptured a boy fishing. This statue is now in the public garden of Palermo, and remarkable for the intense expression of suspense in his face as his fishing-line undulates under his hand, having an imitation little fish at the end of it immersed in the large water basin filled with real fishes, over which the statue is standing among artificial rocks.

Another work is "Julius Cæsar soliloquizing." He is represented in a sitting posture, his toga having fallen from his shoulders, and displaying the bony figure of a young man of twenty, with that soft velvety skin mentioned by historians, which hid in some measure the remarkable muscularity of his frame. The head is bent in deep meditation. Is he thinking on his future conquests, a dangerous intrigue, or the enormous debts that he owed his creditors at that time? His brow is knitted, his "*nigri et vegeti*" eyes, that used to dazzle with their lustre, are intensely fixed; his straight large nose and tumid lips, marks of strong passions, the whole expression of the face, that nervous tension of the right arm as if supporting the massive brain, all powerfully indicate deep, profound thought.

Civiletti is wonderful in the intellectuality he can impress on his heads.

His next work in point of date is his "Canaris at Scio," which established his reputation as one of the "rising geniuses" in sculpture. The story is well known, and the hero of it died only three or four years ago, full of age and honors; for, besides being a most prominent figure during the Greek insurrection, he distinguished himself afterward as a naval officer and statesman.

It was on the night of November 9, 1824, that the Turkish fleet, having the day before defeated the Greek, was anchored in the channel of Scio. Constantine Canaris, a brave sea-captain of Ipsara, formed the resolution of setting on fire the admiral's ship. Crouching with a companion named Ciriaco upon a nutshell of a boat loaded with combustibles, aided by the darkness of the night, he is silently approaching the enemy's fleet. With his eyes intent, he seeks to discover the admiral's ship. His face is impassible and severe; for he is undertaking a most desperate enterprise, not by a sudden fire of enthusiasm, but after mature deliberation, knowing all the dangers, yet meeting them bravely for the love of his country and his religion. Such sublime acts are the miracles that faith alone can accomplish. His muscles and those of his companion are strongly brought out to denote the robust temperament of the two sailors, who are to oppose their naked breasts to the waves, for they are to dive into the water and swim for the shore the moment they have set fire to the ship. The principal hero guides with his left hand the propelling rudder of the little skiff, holding in his right hand the match which is to apply the flame. Ciriaco kneels behind him, and, with a hand upon his shoulder, points out the fire-works that issue from the ship, for the Capudan Pasha is celebrating the feast of Ramadan, and the victory obtained the day before.

The knitted brows of Canaris seem to express, together with firmness, the horror he experiences, for, by the light of the fire-works, he perceives the heads and hands of the brave Greeks fallen in yesterday's battle exposed on the prow.

The danger increases; they silently approach the revellers, passing through the midst of the fleet; the shrill sounds of the brass instruments that play for joy hide the noise of the splashing waves; a few more instants of terrible suspense and doubt, and the deed is done!—the admiral's ship with her thousand men is in a blaze; the cries of joy are changed to howls of despair and death; but from the waves into which the two heroes have plunged rises the cry of victory of the modern Greeks, "Glory to Christ!"

The next day the people of Ipsara received in triumph the two heroes; but Canaris, eluding the crowd and hurrahs, hastened unobserved to his modest little home to embrace his wife, who awaited him in fear, anxiety, and hope.

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The subject chosen gave Civiletti the opportunity of displaying his power of portraying the nude without in the least offending the laws of propriety, rather following exact historical truth; for they were both in bathing suits, in order to be free in their motions when escaping by swimming to the shore. Likewise in the classical forms of his heroes, and perfection of symmetry in the grouping of these two crouched figures, he took his inspiration from the best of models, Nature herself.

It was this work which, though coming from an unknown artist in the far island of Sicily, without patronage or recommendation, and in competition with the best sculptors of Europe in the Paris Salons of 1878, earned for him a first gold medal, and the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

The original marble was purchased by the city of Palermo in appreciation of the high merit of a native of the place, and adorns now the public garden.

When I visited Civiletti's studio he had already finished three other works. One of these was a monument to the daughter of General A. R. Lawton, of Savannah, Georgia, which is now in that city. The young lady died in Italy, and Civiletti, from photographs and the recollection of the bereaved parents, modelled the figure, which they acknowledged to be a very remarkable likeness. She was engaged to be married, and the artist represents her sitting at the foot of the cross, with a crown of flowers that has fallen from her hands, looking up to heaven with a sad, resigned expression.

Another was the figure lying on his death-bed, mentioned before, intended also for a monument, and which, though most artistically and naturally designed, is in too shocking bad taste for a monument in the open air. On my expressing this to our artist, Civiletti shrugged his shoulders with his characteristic Sicilian expression, saying, "It is not my idea; the relatives would have it so, and I had to do it. It is just as disagreeable to me as it is to you; and I shall be happy when it is out of my studio, and in the cemetery where it belongs."

The third is a "Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane." It is for a church at Monaco. Our Saviour is leaning with His right hand on the stump of an olive-tree, dressed in a thick loose tunic that displays in its simple folds the perfect proportions of His body, and His head covered by a sort of hood—a very original conception, for I do not remember having seen our Saviour thus covered in the thousands of representations of Him in Christian art. And yet very natural. Why should not the head be covered while standing alone in a damp garden in the cool of the night absorbed in deep meditation? The most striking feature, however, is the expression of face of the Man of Sorrows, for, though the intense agony of the lines of the drooping mouth almost speak the words, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me," yet the whole expression indicates resignation, as if saying, "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

The last time I saw Civiletti he was modelling from nature a powerful horse, which is to form a part of a colossal statue of Victor Emanuel that the city of Palermo has decreed in honor of that king, to be erected in front of the new theatre, and has commissioned him to execute.

This for a man so young is a wonderful beginning, and the Palermitans are right in calling him a "young rising genius."

THE FIRST SETTLER'S STORY.

It ain't the funniest thing a man can do—
Existing in a country when it's new;
Nature, who moved in first—a good long while—
Has things already somewhat her own style,
And she don't want her woodland splendors battered,
Her rustic furniture broke up and scattered,
Her paintings, which long years ago were done
By that old splendid artist-king, the Sun,
Torn down and dragged in Civilization's gutter,
Or sold to purchase settlers' bread and butter.
She don't want things exposed from porch to closet,
And so she kind o' nags the man who does it.

She carries in her pockets bags of seeds,
As general agent of the thriftiest weeds;
She sends her blackbirds, in the early morn,
To superintend his fields of planted corn;
She gives him rain past any duck's desire—
Then maybe several weeks of quiet fire;
She sails mosquitoes—leeches perched on wings—
To poison him with blood-devouring stings;
She loves her ague-muscle to display,
And shake him up—say every other day;
With thoughtful, conscientious care she makes
Those travellin' poison-bottles, rattlesnakes;
She finds time, 'mongst her other family cares,

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To keep in stock good wild-cats, wolves, and bears;
She spurns his offered hand with silent gibes,
And compromises with the Indian tribes
(For they who've wrestled with his bloody art
Say Nature always takes an Indian's part).
In short, her toil is every day increased
To scare him out, and hustle him back East;
Till fin'lly it appears to her some day
That he has made arrangements for to stay;
Then she turns round, as sweet as anything,
And takes her new-made friend into the ring,
And changes from a snarl into a purr—
From mother-in-law to mother, as it were.

Well, when I first infested this retreat,
Things to my view looked frightful incomplete;
But Nature seemed quite cheerful all about me,
A-carrying on her different trades without me.
These words the forest seemed at me to throw:
"Sit down and rest awhile before you go;"
From bees to trees the whole woods seemed to say,
"You're welcome here till you can get away,
But not for time of any large amount;
So don't be hanging round on our account."
But I had come with heart-thrift in my song,
And brought my wife and plunder right along;
I hadn't a round-trip ticket to go back,
And if I had, there wasn't no railroad track;
And drivin' East was what I couldn't endure:
I hadn't started on a circular tour.

My girl-wife was as brave as she was good,
And helped me every blessèd way she could;
She seemed to take to every rough old tree,
As sing'lar as when first she took to me.
She kep' our little log-house neat as wax,
And once I caught her fooling with my axe.
She learned a hundred masculine things to do:
She aimed a shot-gun pretty middlin' true,
Although, in spite of my express desire,
She always shut her eyes before she'd fire.
She hadn't the muscle (though she *had* the heart)
In out-door work to take an active part;
Though in our firm of Duty and Endeavor
She wasn't no silent partner whatsoever.
When I was logging, burning, choppin' wood,
She'd linger round and help me all she could,
And kept me fresh-ambitious all the while,
And lifted tons just with her voice and smile.
With no desire my glory for to rob,
She used to stan' around and boss the job;
And when first-class success my hands befell,
Would proudly say, "*We* did that pretty well!"
She *was* delicious, both to hear and see—
That pretty wife-girl that kep' house for me.

Sundays, we didn't propose, for lack o' church,
To have our souls left wholly in the lurch;
And so I shaved and dressed up, well's I could,
And did a day's work trying to be good.
My wife was always bandbox-sleek; and when
Our fat old bull's-eye watch said half past ten
('Twas always varying from the narrow way,
And lied on Sundays same as any day),
The family Bible from its high perch started
(The one her mother gave her when they parted),
The hymn-book, full of music-balm and fire
(The one she used to sing in in the choir)—
One I sang with her from (I've got it yet)
The very first time that we *really* met—
(I recollect, when first our voices gibed,
A feeling that declines to be described;
And when our eyes met—near the second verse—
A kind of old-acquaintance look in hers,
And something went from mine, which, I declare,
I never even knew before was there;
And when our hands touched—slight as slight could be—
A streak o' sweetened lightnin' thrilled through me!
But that's enough of that; perhaps, even now,
You'll think I'm softer than the law'll allow;
But you'll protect an old man with his age,
For yesterday I turned my eightieth page;
Besides, there'd be less couples falling out
If such things were more freely talked about.)

Well, we would take these books, sit down alone,
And have a two-horse meeting, all our own,
And read our verses, sing our sacred rhymes,
And make it seem a good deal like old times.
But finally across her face there'd glide
A sort of sorry shadow from inside;
And once she dropped her head, like a tired flower,
Upon my arm, and cried a half an hour.
I humored her until she had it out,
And didn't ask her what it was about.
I knew right well: our reading, song, and prayer
Had brought the old times back too true and square.
The large-attended meetings morn and night;
The spiritual and mental warmth and light;
Her father in his pew, next to the aisle;
Her mother, with the mother of her smile;
Her brothers' sly forbidden Sunday glee;
Her sisters, e'en-a'most as sweet as she;
Her girl and boy friends, not too warm or cool;
Her little scrub class in the Sunday-school;
The social, and the singings, and the ball;
And happy home-cheer waiting for them all—
These marched in close procession through her mind,
And didn't forget to leave their tracks behind.
You married men—there's many in my view—
Don't think your wife can all wrap up in you;
Don't deem, though close her life to yours may grow,
That you are all the folks she wants to know;
Or think your stitches form the only part
Of the crochet-work of a woman's heart.
Though married souls each other's lives may burnish,
Each needs some help the other can not furnish.

Well, neighborhoods meant counties in those days;
The roads didn't have accommodating ways;
And maybe weeks would pass before she'd see—
And much less talk with—any one but me.
The Indians sometimes showed their sun-baked faces,
But they didn't teem with conversational graces;
Some ideas from the birds and trees she stole,
But 'twasn't like talking with a human soul;
And finally I thought that I could trace
A half heart-hunger peering from her face.
Then she would drive it back and shut the door:
Of course that only made me see it more.
'Twas hard to see her give her life to mine,
Making a steady effort not to pine;
'Twas hard to hear that laugh bloom out each minute,
And recognize the seeds of sorrow in it.
No misery makes a close observer mourn
Like hopeless grief with hopeful courage borne:

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There's nothing sets the sympathies to paining
Like a complaining woman uncomplaining.
It always draws my breath out into sighs
To see a brave look in a woman's eyes.

Well, she went on, as plucky as could be,
Fighting the foe she thought I did not see,
And using her heart-horticultural powers
To turn that forest to a bed of flowers.
You can not check an unadmitted sigh,
And so I had to soothe her on the sly,
And secretly to help her draw her load;
And soon it came to be an up-hill road.
Hard work bears hard upon the average pulse,
Even with satisfactory results;
But when effects are scarce, the heavy strain
Falls dead and solid on the heart and brain.
And when we're bothered, it will oft occur
We seek blame-timber; and I lit on her;
And looked at her with daily lessening favor,
For what I knew she couldn't help, to save her.
(We often—what our minds should blush with shame for—
Blame people most for what they're least to blame for.)
Then there'd a misty, jealous thought occur,
Because I wasn't Earth and Heaven to her,
And all the planets that about us hovered,
And several more that hadn't been discovered;
And my hard muscle-labor, day by day,
Deprived good-nature of its right of way;
And 'tain't no use, this trying to conceal
From hearts that love us what our own hearts feel;
They can't escape close observation's mesh,
And thoughts have tongues that are not made of flesh.
And so ere long she caught the half-grown fact:
Commenced observing how I didn't act,
And silently began to grieve and doubt
O'er old attentions now sometimes left out—
Some kind caress, some little petting ways;
Commenced a-staying in on rainy days
(I did not see't so clear then, I'll allow,
But I can trace it rather acc'rate now);
And Discord, when he once had called and seen us,
Came round quite often, and edged in between us.

One night, when I came home unusual late,
Too hungry and too tired to feel first-rate,
Her supper struck me wrong (though I'll allow
She hadn't much to strike with, anyhow);
And when I went to milk the cows, and found
They'd wandered from their usual feeding ground,
And maybe'd left a few long miles behind 'em,
Which I must copy, if I meant to find 'em,
Flash-quick the stay-chains of my temper broke,
And in a trice these hot words I had spoke:
"You ought to've kept the animals in view,
And drove 'em in; you'd nothing else to do.
The heft of all our life on me must fall;
You just lie round, and let me do it all."

That speech—it hadn't been gone a half a minute
Before I saw the cold black poison in it;
And I'd have given all I had, and more,
To've only safely got it back in-door.
I'm now what most folks "well-to-do" would call:
I feel to-day as if I'd give it all,
Provided I through fifty years might reach
And kill and bury that half-minute speech.
Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds:
You can't do that way when you're flying words.
Things that we think, may sometimes fall back dead,
But God himself can't kill them when they're said.

She handed back no words, as I could hear;
She didn't frown; she didn't shed a tear;
Half proud, half crushed, she stood and looked me o'er,
Like some one she had never seen before!
But such a sudden anguish-lit surprise
I never viewed before in human eyes.
(I've seen it oft enough since in a dream;
It sometimes wakes me like a midnight scream.)

That night, while theoretically sleeping,
I half heard and half felt that she was weeping,
And my heart then projected a design
To softly draw her face up close to mine,
And beg of her forgiveness to bestow
For saying what we both knew wasn't so.
I've got enough of this world's goods to do me,
And make my nephews painfully civil to me:
I'd give it all to know she only knew
How near I came to what was square and true.
But, somehow, every single time I'd try,
Pride would appear, and kind o' catch my eye,
And hold me on the edge of my advance,
With the cold steel of one sly scornful glance.

Next morning, when, stone-faced, but heavy-hearted,
With dinner pail and sharpened axe I started
Away for my day's work—she watched the door,
And followed me half way to it or more;
And I was just a-turning round at this,
And asking for my usual good-by kiss;
But on her lip I saw a proudish curve,
And in her eye a shadow of reserve;
And she had shown—perhaps half unawares—
Some little independent breakfast airs—
And so the usual parting didn't occur,
Although her eyes invited me to her;
Or rather half invited me, for she
Didn't advertise to furnish kisses free;
You always had—that is, I had—to pay
Full market price, and go more'n half the way.
So, with a short "Good-by," I shut the door,
And left her as I never had before.

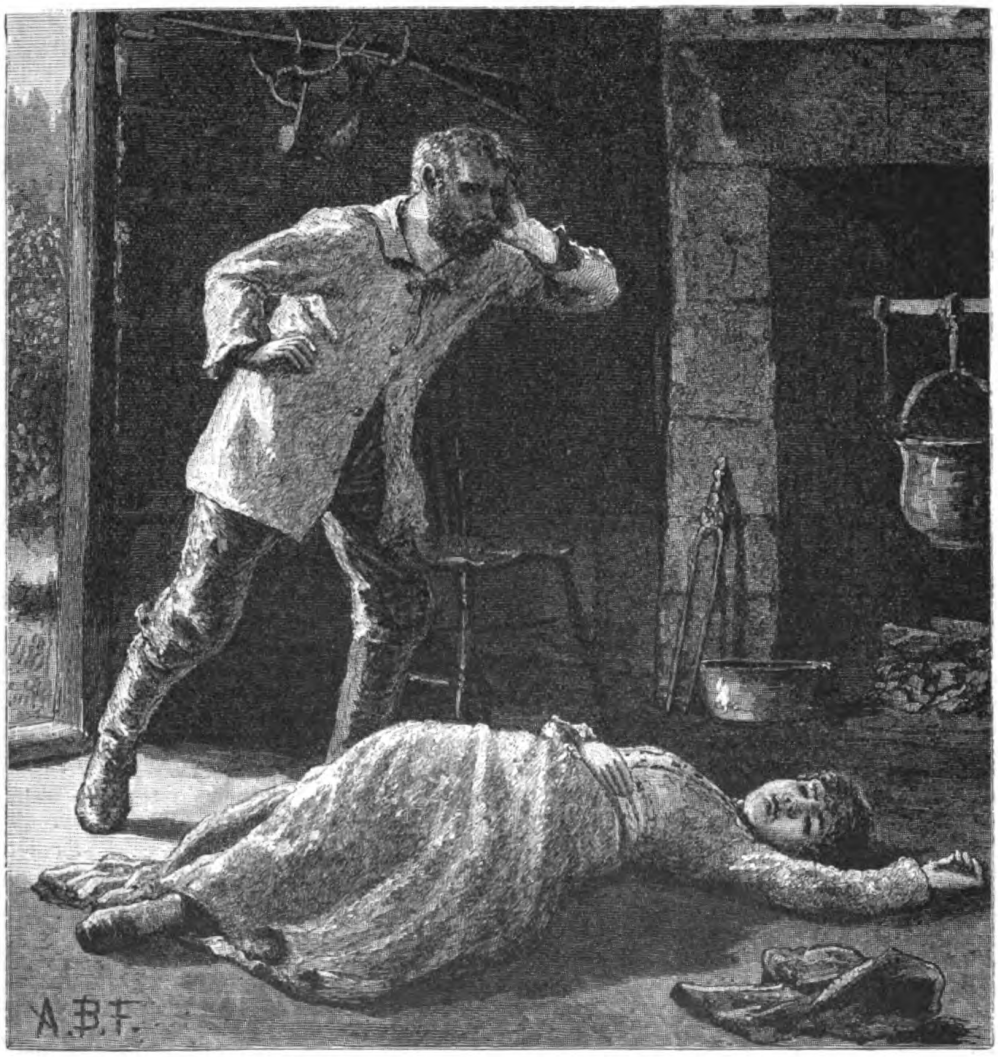
Now when a man works with his muscle smartly,
It makes him up into machinery, partly;
And any trouble he may have on hand
Gets deadened like, and easier to stand.
And though the memory of last night's mistake
Bothered me with a dull and heavy ache,
I all the forenoon gave my strength full rein,
And made the wounded trees bear half the pain.
But when at noon my lunch I came to eat,
Put up by her so delicately neat—
Choicer, somewhat, than yesterday's had been,
And some fresh, sweet-eyed pansies she'd put in—
"Tender and pleasant thoughts," I knew they meant—
It seemed as if her kiss with me she'd sent;
Then I became once more her humble lover,
And said, "To-night I'll ask forgiveness of her."

I went home over-early on that eve,
Having contrived to make myself believe,
By various signs I kind o' knew and guessed,
A thunder-storm was coming from the west.
('Tis strange, when one sly reason fills the heart,
How many honest ones will take its part:

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A dozen first-class reasons said 'twas right
That I should strike home early on that night.)

Half out of breath, the cabin door I swung,
With tender heart-words trembling on my tongue;
But all within looked desolate and bare:
My house had lost its soul—she was not there!
A pencilled note was on the table spread,
And these are something like the words it said:
"The cows have strayed away again, I fear;
I watched them pretty close; don't scold me, dear.



"YES, SHE HAD COME—AND GONE AGAIN."

And where they are, I think I *nearly* know:
I heard the bell not very long ago....
I've hunted for them all the afternoon;
I'll try once more—I think I'll find them soon.
Dear, if a burden I have been to you,
And haven't helped you as I ought to do,
Let old-time memories my forgiveness plead;
I've tried to do my best—I have, indeed.
Darling, piece out with love the strength I lack,
And have kind words for me when I get back."

Scarce did I give this letter sight and tongue—
Some swift-blown rain-drops to the window clung,
And from the clouds a rough, deep growl proceeded:
My thunder-storm had come, now 'twasn't needed.
I rushed out-door. The air was stained with black:
Night had come early, on the storm-cloud's back:
And everything kept dimming to the sight,
Save when the clouds threw their electric light;
When, for a flash, so clean-cut was the view,
I'd think I saw her—knowing 'twas not true.
Through my small clearing dashed wide sheets of spray,
As if the ocean waves had lost their way;
Scarcely a pause the thunder-battle made,
In the bold clamor of its cannonade.
And she, while I was sheltered, dry, and warm,
Was somewhere in the clutches of this storm!
She who, when storm-frights found her at her best,
Had always hid her white face on my breast!

My dog, who'd skirmished round me all the day,
Now crouched and whimpering, in a corner lay;
I dragged him by the collar to the wall,
I pressed his quivering muzzle to a shawl—
"Track her, old boy!" I shouted; and he whined,
Matched eyes with me, as if to read my mind,

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Then with a yell went tearing through the wood.
I followed him, as faithful as I could.
No pleasure-trip was that, through flood and flame;
We raced with death; we hunted noble game.
All night we dragged the woods without avail;
The ground got drenched—we could not keep the trail.
Three times again my cabin home I found,
Half hoping she might be there, safe and sound;
But each time 'twas an unavailing care:
My house had lost its soul; she was not there!

When, climbing the wet trees, next morning-sun
Laughed at the ruin that the night had done,
Bleeding and drenched, by toil and sorrow bent,
Back to what used to be my home I went.
But as I neared our little clearing-ground—
Listen!—I heard the cow-bell's tinkling sound.
The cabin door was just a bit ajar;
It gleamed upon my glad eyes like a star.
"Brave heart," I said, "for such a fragile form!
She made them guide her homeward through the storm!"
Such pangs of joy I never felt before.
"You've come!" I shouted, and rushed through the door.

Yes, she had come—and gone again. She lay
With all her young life crushed and wrenched away—
Lay, the heart-ruins of our home among,
Not far from where I killed her with my tongue.
The rain-drops glittered 'mid her hair's long strands,
The forest thorns had torn her feet and hands,
And 'midst the tears—brave tears—that one could trace
Upon the pale but sweetly resolute face,
I once again the mournful words could read,
"I've tried to do my best—I have, indeed."

And now I'm mostly done; my story's o'er;
Part of it never breathed the air before.
'Tisn't over-usual, it must be allowed,
To volunteer heart-history to a crowd,
And scatter 'mongst them confidential tears,
But you'll protect an old man with his years;
And wheresoe'er this story's voice can reach,
This is the sermon I would have it preach:

Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds:
You can't do that way when you're flying words.
"Careful with fire," is good advice, we know:
"Careful with words," is ten times doubly so.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead,
But God himself can't kill them when they're said!
You have my life-grief: do not think a minute
'Twas told to take up time. There's business in it.
It sheds advice: whoe'er will take and live it,
Is welcome to the pain it costs to give it.

THE TRIAL OF JEANNE DARC.

ROME refuses to canonize the Maid of Orleans. At the beginning of the year 1876, Monseigneur Dupanloup, bishop of the diocese in which she began her career in arms, went to Rome, and asked, on behalf of his Catholic countrymen, that the maiden who, four hundred and fifty-three years ago, assisted to restore the independence of France, might be added to the roll of the saints. The power that sent the golden rose unasked to Isabella of Spain refused this costless favor to the urgent request of Frenchmen.

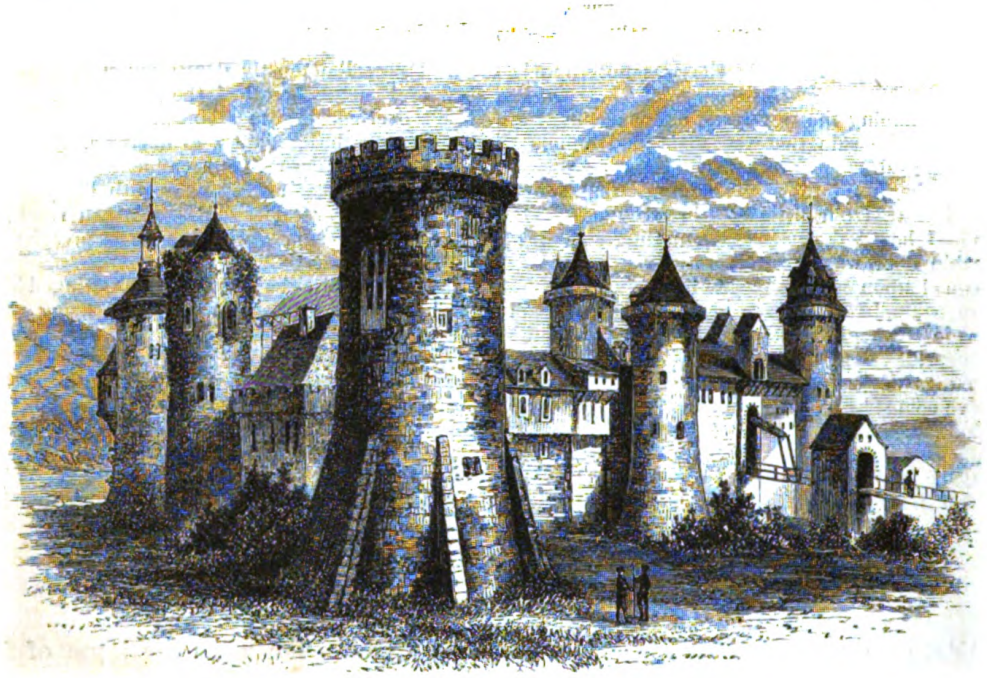
It had no other choice. The Historical Society of France has recently given to the reading world the means of knowing what power it was that consigned her to the fire. It was no other than the Church which so recently was asked to canonize her. After a five months' trial, in which sixty ecclesiastics, and none but ecclesiastics, participated, she was condemned as an "excommunicated heretic, a liar, a seducer, pernicious, presumptuous, credulous, rash, superstitious, a pretender to divination, blasphemous toward God, toward the saints male and the saints female, contemptuous of God even in His sacraments, distorter of the Divine law, of holy doctrine, of ecclesiastical sanctions, seditious, cruel, apostate, schismatic." It were much, even after the lapse of four hundred and fifty years, to forgive such sins as these.

The proceedings of this long trial were recorded from day to day with a minuteness which only a short-hand report could have surpassed, and when the last scene was over, the record was translated into official Latin by members of the University of Paris. Five copies of this translation were made, in the most beautiful writing of the period—one for Henry VI., King of England, one for the Pope, one for the English cardinal, uncle to Henry VI., and one for each of the two presiding ecclesiastics. Three of these manuscript copies exist to-day in Paris, as well as a considerable portion of the original draft —*le plumitif*, as the French lawyers term it—written in the French of 1430. The very copy designed for the boy King of England, the ill-starred child of Henry V. and Catherine of France, has remained at Paris, where its presence attests the reality of the Maid's exploits, and recalls her prophetic words, uttered often in the hearing of English nobles: "You will not hold the kingdom of France. In seven years you will be gone." This report, edited with care and learning by M. Jules Quicherat, has been printed verbatim in five

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volumes octavo, and these have been since reduced to two volumes by the omission of repetitions, under the zealous editorship of Mr. E. Reilly, a distinguished lawyer of Rouen, where the trial took place. The

by miracle, and the meadows in which she sat spinning while she watched the village herd on the days when it was her father's turn to have it in charge. These remain little changed; but they are now



THE CASTLE OF ROUEN.

record is therefore ineffaceable. The Church could not canonize in 1876 a personage whom the Church is known to have cast beyond her pale in 1430 to be mercifully burned alive. She was abandoned to "the secular arm," which was besought to act toward her with sweetness—*avec douceur*. In thirty minutes the secular arm bound her to a stake in the market-place of Rouen, and sweetly wreathed about her virgin form a shroud of flame.

France no longer possesses Domremy, the remote and obscure hamlet of Lorraine where the Maid first saw the light. The house in which she was born, the little church of St. Remi in which she knelt, and the church-yard wall against which her abode was built, are all standing. The village is commonly called Domremy-la-Pucelle, in remembrance of her, and every object in the neighborhood speaks of her: the river Meuse gliding past, the hill of the fairies upon which her companions danced, and where they laughed at her for liking better to go to church, the fountain where the sick were healed

part of the German Empire—part of the price France has had in our time to pay for Louis XIV. and the Bonapartes. To such a people as the French it is not a thing of trifling import that France does not own the birth-place of the Maid of Orleans.

Nor was Lorraine a French possession when Jeanne Darc kept the village herd on the banks of the Meuse in 1425. For a long period it had been a border-land between France and the empire, during which the inhabitants of that sequestered nook had been as passionately *French* in their feelings as the people of Eastern Tennessee were warm for the Union in 1863. In the border-land there is no neutrality. And during the childhood of this maiden, France had fallen under the dominion of the English. She was three or four years of age when Henry V. won the battle of Agincourt, and by the time she was ten, France as an independent power had ceased to be. It was not merely that Harry V. and his bowmen had overthrown in battle the French armies, but, apart from this conquest of the

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country, there were grounds for the claim of his son to the French throne which even a patriotic and conscientious Frenchman might have admitted. The French king himself, Charles VII., indolently doubted the right of his line to the throne, and doubted also his own legitimacy.

What could a Frenchman think of the rival claimants in 1428? Paris was in the power of the English, and apparently content to be; two-thirds of France were strongly held by English troops, and the remainder was not safe from incursion for a day; the uncles of the English king, who ruled France in his name, were men of energy and force, capable of holding what their valiant brother had won; and as to the king, Henry VI., boy as he was, he was a French prince as well as English, the son of English Harry and the Princess Catherine, whose pretty courting scenes so agreeably close Shakspeare's play: "Shall not thou and I," says blunt King Hal to the princess, who happily understood him not, "compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard?" The boy had been compounded; he was now called Henry VI., of France and England king; and many thousand Frenchmen owned him sovereign in their hearts.



JEANNE DARC.—[FROM A PAINTING BY BASTIAN LE-PAGE.]

The person whom we commonly style Joan of Arc, and the French Jeanne d'Arc, would have written her name, if she had ever known how to write, JEHANNETTE ROMMÉE. "My mother," she said, upon her trial, "was named Rommée, and in my country girls bear the surname of their mothers." Her father was a farm laborer named Jacques Darc, originally D'Arc—James of the Bow, or, as we

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might say, if he had been an English peasant, James Bowman. A learned descendant of the family—for she had several brothers and sisters—who has written a book on the Maid, writes her name and his own Darc; and although there is an inclination in France to give her still the aristocratic apostrophe, it is probable that history will now accept plain Jeanne Darc as the name nearest the truth. Whether her father was a free laborer or a serf was not known even to the persons who drew up her patent of nobility in 1428, and is still uncertain. We know, however, that he was an agricultural laborer, who "went to the plough," which plough this daughter may have assisted to draw. As I propose, however, to give those portions of her testimony in which she relates her own story, I will merely recall a few of the circumstances of her lot needful to the elucidation of her words. These were mostly gathered from the lips of her companions, years after her death, when the mother of the Maid of Orleans, from whom she probably derived her cast of character, cried to France, and cried not in vain, to do justice to her daughter's memory.

The Darc cottage was so near the village church that a religious girl residing in it would always feel herself in the shadow of the altar. She could look from her home into the church's open door. She was familiar with the sexton from her childhood, and used to remind him of his duty when he forgot to ring the bell for prayers, even bribing him to be punctual by gifts of wool and yarn. Of knowledge derived from books she possessed none, unless we except her Paternoster, her creed, and a few short prayers and invocations, she not differing in this particular from nine-tenths of the people of the kingdom. Probably not one of her race had ever been able to read. She was, nevertheless, a person of native superiority of mind and character, capable of public spirit, yearning for the deliverance of her country, fervid, energetic, of dexterous hand, well skilled in all the arts and industries appertaining to her lot, and proud to excel in them. It is not true that she was an inn servant, who rode the horses to water, and saddled them for travellers. She lived honorably in her father's house, earning her share of the family's subsistence by honest toil, spinning, weaving, bread-making, gardening, and field-work, "taking her spinning-wheel with her to the fields when it was her father's turn to tend the village herd"—a faithful helper to her parents. She was a well-grown girl, robust, strong, and vigorous. Of the numerous portraits known to have been taken of her during the two years of her glory, I know not if any one has been preserved. Probably not; else why do not Martin, Guizot, and the other French historians give the authority for the radiant beauty of the pictures they present to us of the Maid? Beautiful she probably was. Pitiful and devout we know she was from the testimony of all her village, as well as from that of her pastors, who heard her in confession, and witnessed her life from day to day and from hour to hour. We know, also, that her heart was wrung with sorrow for her desolated country, and her careless, self-indulgent king, whom she ignorantly thought a peerless hero and a Christian knight without reproach.

Such traits as these, subdued by Catholic habits, impart to youth and beauty, untutored though it be, an assured serenity of demeanor which impresses and charms. By Catholic habits I mean such as the habit of remaining still and silent in one attitude for a long time, the habit of walking at a measured pace with the hands in a prescribed position, the habit of pausing several times a day and collecting the soul in meditation on themes remote from the day's toil and trouble. The effect of these habits upon the nervous system, and consequently upon the demeanor, is such as to give convent schools an obvious advantage, which keeps them full of pupils all over the world. Granting that the effect is chiefly physical, and that it is often overvalued, we must still admit that it often confers personal power and personal charm.

The story of this village maiden is incomprehensible, unless we allow her the might and majesty of such a *presence* as we still see in pure-minded and nobly purposed women. Many of those who executed her will at critical moments could only explain their obedience by dwelling upon the power of her demeanor, which was at once impassioned and serene. Rude men-at-arms could not swear in her presence, and the nobles of a dissolute court yielded to the force of

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her resolve. They told her that her road to the king was infested with enemies. "I do not fear them," replied this peasant girl, not yet eighteen. "If there are enemies upon my road, God is there also, and He will know how to prepare my way to the Lord Dauphin. *I was created and put into the world for that!*" The Comte de Dunois in his old age, twenty-six years after the campaigns in which he had fought by her side, bore testimony to the commanding power of her words. She said one day to the king, in the hearing of Dunois: "When I am annoyed because my message from God is not more regarded, I go apart and pray to God; I lay my complaint before Him; and when my prayer is finished I hear a Voice which cries to me, 'Child of God, go, go; I will be your helper; go!' And when I hear that Voice I am glad exceedingly, and I wish to hear it always." After repeating these sentences of the Maid, old Dunois would add, "And what was more wondrous still, while she uttered these words her eyes were raised to heaven in a marvellous transport." This Maid, I repeat, is inexplicable, unless we think of her as one of those gifted persons who have natural power to sway and to impress.

She spoke to the king of a Voice that cheered and guided her. Usually she used the plural, *mes voix*. These Voices play the decisive part both in her life and death, and they furnish also the chief difficulty of her history. Most of us moderns have ceased to be able to believe in audible or visible supernatural guidance such as she claimed to enjoy, and we at once suspect imposture in the person who pretends to it. She shall tell her own story, and the reader must judge it according to the light which he possesses. Those who are inclined to set down all such pretensions as conscious frauds must not forget that Socrates spoke familiarly of his dæmon, whose *voice* he thought he heard, and whose behests he professed to obey from early life to his last hours. They should also recall the case of Columbus, who distinctly heard a voice in the night bidding him be of good cheer, and holding out hopes of success which were *not* fulfilled. Jeanne Darc was quick enough to distrust and detect other claimants to supernatural visitations. The woman who pretended to receive nightly visitations from a Lady in White was quickly put to the test. Jeanne Darc resorted to the simple expedient of passing two nights with her, and when the vision did not appear, told her to go home and take care of her husband and children. This Maid also gave two proofs of genuineness not to be looked for in impostors. In her village home she was noted for her skill as well as her fidelity in the labors belonging to her position; and when she had entered upon her public life, she was ever found in the thick of the battle, banner in hand, not indeed using her sword, but never shrinking from the post where swords were bloodiest. The false knaves of this world neither excel in homely duties nor lead the van in perilous ones.

France had never—*has* never—been so near extirpation. "The people," as the historian Martin expresses it, "were no longer bathed in their sweat, but ground in their blood, debased below the beasts of the forest, among which they wander, panic-stricken, mutilated, in quest of an asylum in the wilderness." This fervent and sympathetic girl came at length to *see* the desolation of her country; her own village was laid waste and plundered by a marauding band. From childhood she had been familiar with the legend, "France, lost through a maid, shall by a maid be saved."

The story of her exploits at court, in camp, in the field, is familiar to all the world. A thousand vulgar fictions obscure and degrade its essential truth. What this untaught girl did for her country was simply this: she brought to bear upon the armies of France the influence of what our own Western preachers would call a "powerful revival of religion." From bands of reckless and dissolute plunderers, she made French soldiers orderly, decent, moral, and devout. Hope revived. She made the king believe in himself; she made the court believe in the cause. Men of faith saw in her the expected virgin savior; men of understanding perceived the advantage to their side of having her thus regarded. She may, too (as some of her warrior comrades testified in later years), have really possessed some military talent, as well as martial ardor and inspiration. They said of her that she had good judgment in placing artillery. Later in her short public career she showed herself restless, rash, uncontrollable; she made mistakes; she in-

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curred disasters. But for many months, during which France regained a place among the powers of Europe, she was a glorious presence in the army—a warrior virgin, in brilliant attire, splendidly equipped, superbly mounted, nobly attended; a leader whom all eyes followed with confiding admiration, as one who had been their deliverer, and was still their chief. The lowliness of her origin was an element in her power over a recent French authorities, seventeen years and two months. Fifteen months later, May 24, 1430, after a series of important victories followed by minor defeats, she was taken prisoner under the walls of Compiègne, which she was attempting to relieve. French troops, fighting on the side of the English, captured her and held her prisoner. French priests, in the metropolitan church of Notre Dame at Paris, celebrated her capture by a "Te Deum."



JEANNE DARC.—[STATUE BY M. CHAPU.]

people who worshipped every hour a Saviour who was cradled in a manger. We can still read over the door of an ancient inn at Rheims, the Maison Rouge, this inscription: "In the year 1429, at the coronation of Charles VII., in this tavern, then called The Zebra, the father and mother of Jeanne Darc lodged, at the expense of the City Council."

Her career could not but be brief. When she left home to deliver her country, she had lived, according to the most It is doubtful if her own king lamented her loss; for this devoted, deluded girl belonged to the order of mortals whom the powers of this world often find it as convenient to be rid of as to use. It is probable that she had expended her power to be of service and had become unmanageable. Small, needless failures, chargeable to her own rash impetuosity, had lessened her prestige. For the fair and wanton Agnes Sorrel the idle King of France would have attempted much; but he

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made no serious effort to ransom or to rescue the Maid to whom he owed his crown and kingdom.

Politicians are much the same in every age, since the work they have to do is much the same in every age. Two parties as well as two kings were contending for the possession of France, and one of these, by the prompt and adroit use of the Maid of Orleans, had gained for their side the conquering force of a religious revival. Bedford, the regent of the kingdom, who had seen his conquests falling away from him before the banner of a rustic girl, felt the necessity of depriving his rival of this advantage. If there were two powers contending for the kingdom of France, were there not two powers contending for the kingdom of this world? Loyal France had accepted the Maid as sent from God; it now devolved upon the English regent to demonstrate that she was an agent of Satan. He bought her of her captors for ten thousand pounds—a vast sum for that period—and had her brought to Rouen, a chief seat of the English power, where to this day the bones of the regent lie magnificently entombed in the cathedral. There he caused a trial to be arranged, of a character so imposing as to command the attention of Europe. No homage rendered her by her adherents conveys to us such a sense of her importance as this trial contrived by an able ruler to neutralize her influence.

A politician who had the bestowal of church preferments could as easily find ecclesiastics to execute his will as a politician who has only trivial, precarious offices to give can pack a convention and control a caucus. Bedford's written promise of the archbishopric of Rouen made Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, his superserviceable agent, through whom all that was most imposing and authoritative in the Church convened at Rouen to try the Maid. Bishops, abbés, priors, six representatives of the University of Paris, the chief officer of the Inquisition, learned doctors, noted priests—in a word, sixty of the *élite* of the Church in English France, all of them Frenchmen—assisted at the trial.

The engraving on page 92, representing the castle at Rouen as it was in 1430, places before the reader the scene of these transactions. The great tower is still in good preservation; the rest of the structure has disappeared. This gloomy-looking extensive edifice, Jeanne Darc's prison and court house, was the centre of interest to two kingdoms during her half-year's detention. It swarmed with inhabitants. As if to nullify the Maid's effective stroke of the Rheims coronation, the uncles of the English king, who was not yet ten years of age, had brought him once more to France, and he remained an inmate of the castle of Rouen during the trial. A Norman chronicler, who saw his entry into Rouen in July, 1430, speaks of him as a very beautiful boy (*ung tres beau filz*), and adds that the streets through which he passed were more magnificently decorated than they had ever been before on sacramental days. At the gate were banners on which were blazoned the arms of England and France; and on his way to the cathedral the people cheered him so loudly that the little king told them to cease, for they made too much noise. Shows were exhibited in the streets, and the king looked at them; and when at last he entered his castle, the bells rang out a peal as if God himself had descended from heaven. There he remained for a year with his uncle Bedford, the regent, his granduncle Beaufort, Cardinal of Winchester, his governor, the Earl of Warwick, and the chief officers of both the royal and the viceroyal courts, all intent upon undoing in France what a village maiden had wrought in fifteen months. The castle was pervaded with intense life, and an ill-disciplined host of guards and men-at-arms were posted about it.

Jeanne Darc, treated by her French captors with decency and consideration, and detained in a lordly château more as a guest than a prisoner, bore the first months of her confinement with patience and dignity. On one point only she showed herself obstinate: she refused to lay aside her man's dress. The people of that day, if we may judge from these old records, held in particular horror the wearing of man's clothes by a woman. The ladies of the château, knowing what an advantage this costume gave her enemies, provided her with woman's clothes, and besought her to put them on. She could not be persuaded to do so, alleging that she had assumed her man's dress by Divine command, and had not yet received Divine permission to change it. In other respects she was tractable, and seemed absorbed in the events of the war, ever longing to be again in the field.

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The news reached her at length that she had been sold to the English—the dreadful English!—and was about to be given up to them. "I would rather die," she cried, in her despair, "than be surrendered to the English!" Then her thoughts recurred to her work unfinished—her country not yet delivered. "Is it possible," she added, "that God will let those good people of Compiègne perish, who have been and are so loyal to their lord?" Some days of anguish passed. Then she took a desperate resolution. "I could bear it no longer," she afterward said; and so, "recommending herself to God and our Lady," she sprang one night from the tower in which she was confined to the ground, a height, as M. Quicherat computes, of between sixty and seventy feet. It was her only chance, and it *was* a chance, for she was found the next morning lying at the foot of the tower, insensible, indeed, but with no bones broken, and not seriously injured. She soon revived, and in three days was able to walk about. The English claimed their prey, and soon had her safe in the castle of Rouen.

Her new masters did not mean that she should escape. They assigned her a room in the first story of the castle, "up eight steps," placed two pair of shackles upon her legs, and chained her night and day to a thick post. It was their policy to degrade as well as to keep her, and they accordingly gave her five guards of the lowest rank, three of whom were to be always in her room, night and day, and two outside. In this woful plight, manacled, chained, watched, but not protected, by soldiers, with only a bed for all furniture, was she held captive for three months, awaiting trial—she who had until recently shone resplendent at the head of armies, and to whom mothers had held up their children as she passed through towns, hoping to win for them the benediction of her smile.

Her room, we are told, had three keys, one of which was kept by the Cardinal of Winchester, one by the Inquisitor, and the other by the manager of the trial; and yet, as it seems, almost any one who chose could enter her room, gaze upon her, and even converse with her. The little king saw her. The king's advocate visited her, and jested with her upon her condition, saying that she would not have come to Rouen if she had not been brought thither, and asking her if she had known beforehand if she should be taken.

"I feared it," said she.

"If you feared it," he asked, "why were you not upon your guard?"

She replied, "I did not know the day nor the hour."

After preliminaries that threatened to be endless, the public part of the trial began on Wednesday, February 21, 1431, at eight in the morning, in the great chapel of the château. The Bishop of Beauvais presided, and of the sixty ecclesiastics summoned forty-four were present. Three authorized reporters were in their places, and there were some other clerks, concealed by a curtain, who took notes for the special use of the English regent. There was a crowd of spectators, "a great tumult," in the chapel, and very little order in the proceedings. At a time when lords took their dogs and hawks into church with them, and merchants made their bargains in the naves of cathedrals, we need not look for a scrupulous decorum in a court convened to try a girl for the crime of being "vehemently suspected of heresy." That was the charge: *véhémentement suspecte d'héresie.* And such a grand tumult was there in the chapel that day that the subsequent sessions were held in a smaller hall of the castle.

The prisoner was brought in, freed from her chains, and was allowed to sit. No one of the many pens employed in recording the events of this day has given us any hint of her appearance. We have, indeed, the enumeration of the articles of her man's attire, which was made such a heinous charge against her: "The hair cut round like that of young men, shirt, breeches, doublet with twenty points reaching to the knee, hat covering only the top of the head, boots and gaiters, with spurs, sword, dagger, cuirass, lance, and other arms carried by soldiers." This was her equipment for the field. She still wore man's dress, and doubtless her person showed the effects of nine months' imprisonment and three months of chains and fetters.

The presiding bishop told her to place her hands upon the Gospel and swear to answer truly the questions that would be proposed to her. "I do not know," said she, "upon what you wish to question me. Perhaps you will ask me things

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University of Michigan

which I ought not to tell you." "Swear," rejoined the bishop, "to tell the truth upon whatever may be asked of you concerning the faith and facts within your knowledge."

"As to my father and mother," she said, "and what I did after setting out for France, I will swear willingly; but the revelations which have come to me from God, to no one have I related or revealed them, except alone to Charles, my king; and I shall not reveal them to you though you cut off my head, because I have received them by vision and by secret communication, with injunction not to reveal them. Before eight days have passed I shall know if I am to reveal them to you."

The bishop urged her again and again to take the oath without conditions. She refused, and they were at length obliged to yield the point, and accept a limited oath. Upon her knees, with both hands placed upon a missal, she swore to answer truly whatever might be asked of her, so far as she could, concerning the common faith of Christians, but no more. Being then questioned concerning her name and early life, she answered thus:

"In my own country I was called Jeannette; since I have been in France I have been called Jeanne. As to my surname I know nothing. I was born at the village of Domremy, which makes one with the village of Greux. The principal church is at Greux. My father is named Jacques d'Arc; my mother Ysabelle. I was baptized in the church of Domremy. One of my godmothers was named Agnes, another Jeanne, a third Sibylle. One of my godfathers was Jean Lingué, another Jean Varrey. I had several other godmothers, as I have heard my mother say. I was baptized, I believe, by Messire Jean Minet. I think he is still living. I think I am about nineteen years of age. From my mother I learned my Pater, my Ave Marie, and my Credo. I learned from my mother all that I believe."

"Say your Pater," said the presiding bishop.

"Hear me in confession, and I will say it for you willingly."

Several times she was asked to say the Lord's Prayer, but she always replied, "No, I will not say my Pater for you unless you hear me in confession."

"We will willingly give you," said the bishop, "one or two notable men who speak French; will you say your Pater to them?"

"I shall not say it," was her reply, "unless in confession."

As the session was about to close, the bishop forbade her to leave the prison which had been assigned her in the castle, under pain of being pronounced guilty of heresy, the crime charged.

"I do not accept such an injunction," she replied. "If ever I escape, no one shall be able to reproach me with having broken my faith, as I have not given my word to any person whatever." She continued to speak, in language not recorded, complaining that they had bound her with chains and shackles.

"You tried several times," said the bishop, "to escape from the prison where you were detained, and it was to keep you more surely that you were ordered to be put in irons."

"It is true," was her reply, "I wished to get away, and I wish it still. Is that not a thing allowed to every prisoner?"

She was then removed to her chamber, and the court broke up. The next morning at eight, in the robing-room of the château—a large apartment near the great drawing-room—the court again convened, forty-seven dignitaries of the Church being assembled. Again the captive was unchained and brought in. Again she sat in the presence of this convocation of trained men, alone, without advocate, counsel, or attorney. She understood the issue between herself and them. The managers of the trial meant to make France believe that this girl was an emissary of the devil, and thus she felt herself compelled to fall back upon her claim to be the chosen of God, and to insist upon this with painful repetition. We must bear in mind that she was absolutely severed from all active, efficient human sympathy. It was a contest between one poor ignorant girl and the managers of the court, paid and backed by the power that governed all England and half France, with the stake as the certain consequence to her of an erroneous line of defense. In all the trial she was the only witness examined.

Again the bishop required her to take the oath without conditions; to which she replied, "I swore yesterday; that ought to suffice."

"Every person," said the bishop,

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"though he were a prince, being required to swear in any matter relating to the faith, can not refuse."

"I took the oath yesterday," said she; "that ought to be sufficient for you. You ask too much of me." The contest ended as on the day before. She was then interrogated by Jean Beaupère, a distinguished professor of theology.

"How old were you when you left your father's house?"

"As to my age, I can not answer."

"Did you learn any trade in your youth?"

"Yes; I learned to spin and sew. In sewing and spinning I fear no woman in Rouen. For fear of the Bourguignons* I left my father's house and went to the city of Neufchâteau, in Lorraine, to the house of a woman named La Rousse, where I remained about fifteen days. While I was at my father's I assisted at the usual labors of the house. I was not accustomed to go to the fields with the sheep and other animals. Every year I confessed to my own pastor, and, when he was engaged, to another priest with his permission. Sometimes, also—two or three times, I believe—I confessed to religious mendicants. That was at Neufchâteau. At Easter I received the sacrament of the Eucharist."

"Did you receive the sacrament of the Eucharist at other festivals besides Easter?"

"No matter. I was thirteen years old when I had a voice from God, which called upon me to conduct myself well. The first time I heard that voice I was terrified. It was noon, in summer, in my father's garden. I had not fasted the evening before. I heard that voice at my right, toward the church. I seldom heard it when it was not accompanied by a flash. This flash came from the same side as the voice. Usually it was very brilliant. Since I have been in France I have often heard that voice."

"But how could you see the flash which you mentioned, since it was on one side?"

She did not answer this foolish question, but immediately resumed, thus:

"If I was in a forest I would hear the voice, for it would come to me. It appeared to me to come from lips worthy of respect; I believe it was sent to me by God. When I heard it for the third time I recognized that it was the voice of an angel. That voice has always guarded me well, and I have always well understood it. It told me to behave well and to go often to church; it said to me that I must go into France. Do you ask me in what form that voice appeared to me? You will not have more about it from me this time. Two or three times a week it said to me, 'You must go into France!' My father knew nothing about my going. The voice said to me, 'Go into France!' I could bear it no longer. It said to me: 'Go; raise the siege of the city of Orleans. Go,' it added, 'to Robert de Baudricourt, commandant of Vaucouleurs; he will furnish people to accompany you.' But I am a poor girl, who knows neither how to ride on horseback nor make war! I went to my uncle's house, and told him my wish to remain with him some time; and there I remained eight days. To him I said I must go to Vaucouleurs. He took me there. When I arrived I knew Robert de Baudricourt, although I had never seen him. I knew him, thanks to my voice, which caused me to know him. I said to Robert, 'I must go into France.' Twice Robert refused to hear me, and repelled me. The third time he received me, and furnished me men; the voice had said that it would be so. The Duc de Lorraine sent orders to have me brought to him. I went; I said to him that I wished to go into France. The duke questioned me upon his health, and I told him I knew nothing about it. I spoke to him little about my journey. I told him he had to furnish me his son and some people to conduct me into France, and that I would pray to God for his health. I went to him with a safe-conduct; thence I returned to Vaucouleurs. From Vaucouleurs I set out dressed like a man, with a sword given me by Robert de Baudricourt, without other arms. I had with me a knight, a squire, and four servants, with whom I reached the city of St. Urbain, where I slept in an abbey. On the way I passed through Auxerre, where I heard mass in the principal church. At that time I often had my voices."

"Who advised you to wear men's clothes?"

Again and again she refused all answer to this question; but at last she said, "I charge no one with that." Then she ran on in this manner: "Robert de Baudricourt made the men who accompanied me swear to conduct me safely and well.

* French faction siding with the English.

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'Go,' said he to me—'go, let come of it what will!' I well know that God loves the Duc d'Orléans; I have had more revelations about the Duc d'Orléans than about any living man except my king. I *had* to change my woman's dress for a man's. Upon that point my counsel advised me well. I sent a letter to the English before Orleans, telling them to depart, as appears from a copy of my letter which has been read in this city of Rouen; but in that copy there are two or three words which are not in my letter. 'Yield to the Maid,' ought to be changed to 'Yield to the king.' These words also are not in my letter—'body for body,' and 'chief of war.' I went without difficulty to the king. Having arrived at the village of St. Catherine de Fierbois, I sent for the first time to the château of Chinon, where the king was. I reached Chinon toward noon, and took lodgings at first at an inn. After dinner I went to the king, who was in the château. When I entered the room where he was, I knew him among many others by the counsel of my voice, which revealed him to me. I told him that I wished to go and make war against the English."

"When the voice showed you the king, was there any light there?"

"Pass on."

"Did you see any angel above the king?"

"Spare me; pass on. Before the king sent me to the field, he had many apparitions and beautiful revelations."

"What revelations and apparitions did the king have?"

"I shall not tell you. This is not the time to answer you; but send to the king; he will tell you. The voice had promised me that as soon as I had reached the king, he would receive me. Those of my party knew well that the voice was sent me from God; they saw and knew that voice. I am certain of it. My king and several others have heard and seen the voices which came to me; there was Charles de Bourbon and two or three others. No day passes in which I do not hear that voice, and I have much need of it. But never have I demanded of it any recompense except the salvation of my soul. The voice told me to remain at St. Denis, in France, and I wished to do so; but against my will the lords made me set out thence. If I had not been wounded, I should not have gone. After having left St. Denis, I was wounded in the defenses of Paris; but I was cured in five days. It is true that I made a skirmish before Paris."

"Was not that on a holy-day?"

"I believe it was."

"Was it well to make an assault on a holy-day?"

To this she only replied by saying, "Pass on," and the questioning then ceased for the day. The next morning, for the first time, a full court was present, the presiding bishop and sixty-two abbés, priors, and other priests. Little was extracted from her during this day's examination, although she made some spirited answers. Being asked if she knew that she was in a state of grace, she said, "If I am not, God put me in it! if I am, God keep me in it!" They asked her if the people of her village were not of the French party.

The old village partisanship blazed up in her answer: "If I had known one Bourguignon at Domremy, I should have been willing to have his head cut off—that is, if it had pleased God."

The next day was Sunday, and the Monday following was probably some holy-day of Lent, for the next session of the court occurred on Tuesday, when she was examined by the same "Master Beaupère," distinguished theologian. He questioned her long, and led her on to admissions which her enemies knew well how to use against her.

"How have you been since Saturday last?"

"You see well how I have been; I have been as well as I could be."

"Do you fast every day during this Lent?"

"Has that anything to do with the case? No matter: yes, I have fasted every day during this Lent."

"Have you heard your voice since Saturday?"

"Yes, indeed, and several times."

"On Saturday did you hear it in this hall where you are questioned?"

"That has nothing to do with your case. No matter: yes, I heard it."

"What did it say to you last Saturday?"

"I did not well understand it, and I heard nothing that I can repeat to you until I had gone to my chamber."

"What did it say to you in your chamber on your return?"

"It said to me, 'Answer them boldly.' I take counsel of my voices upon what you ask me. I shall willingly tell you

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what I shall have from God permission to reveal; but as to the revelations concerning the King of France, I shall not tell them without the permission of my voice."

"Has your voice forbidden you to reveal all?"

"I have not well understood it."

"What did the voice tell you last?"

"I asked advice of it upon certain things which you asked me."

"Did it give you that advice?"

"Upon some points, yes; upon others you may ask me information which I shall not give you, not having received permission. For if I should respond without permission, I should have no more voices to second me. When I shall have permission from our Lord, I shall not fear to speak, because I shall have warrant so to do."

"Was the voice which spoke to you that of an angel, of a saint, or of God directly?"

"It was the voice of St. Catherine and St. Margaret. Their heads were adorned with beautiful crowns, very rich and very precious. I have permission from our Lord to tell you so much. If you have any doubt of this, send to Poitiers, where I was formerly interrogated."

"How did you know that they were saints? How did you distinguish one from the other?"

"I know well that they were saints, and I easily distinguish one from the other."

"How do you distinguish them?"

"By the salute which they make me. Seven years have passed since they undertook to guide me. I know them well, because they have named themselves to me."

"Were those two saints clad in the same fabric?"

"For the moment I shall tell you no more; I have not permission to reveal it. If you do not believe me, go to Poitiers. There are some revelations which belong to the King of France, and not to you who interrogate me."

"Are the two saints of the same age?"

"I am not permitted to tell."

"Did both speak at once, or one at a time?"

"I have not permission to tell you; nevertheless, I have always had counsel from both."

"Which appeared to you first?"

"I distinguished them one from the other. I knew how I did it once, but I have forgotten. If I receive permission I will willingly tell you; it is written in the record at Poitiers. I have received comfort also from St. Michael."

"Which of those two apparitions came to you first?"

"St. Michael."

"Was it a long time ago that you heard the voice of St. Michael for the first time?"

"I did not mention the *voice* of St. Michael; I told you that I had great comfort from him."

"What was the first voice that came to you when you were about thirteen years of age?"

"It was St. Michael. I saw him before my eyes; he was not alone, but was surrounded by angels from heaven. I only came into France by the command of God."

"Did you see St. Michael and those angels in a bodily form, and in reality?"

"I saw them with the eyes of my body as well as I see you. When they left me I wept, and wished to be borne away with them."

"In what form was St. Michael?"

"You will have no other answer from me; I have not yet license to tell you."

"What did St. Michael say to you that first time?"

"You will have no answer to-day. My voices said to me, 'Answer boldly.' I told the king at once all that was revealed to me, because that concerned him; but I have not yet permission to reveal to you all that St. Michael said to me. I should be very glad if you had a copy of that book which is at Poitiers, if it please God."

"Have your voices forbidden you to make known your revelations without permission from them?"

"I do not answer you upon that point. So far as I have received permission I shall answer willingly. I did not quite understand if my voices forbade me to reply."

"What sign do you give that you received that revelation from God, and that it was St. Catherine and St. Margaret who conversed with you?"

"I have told you it was they; believe me if you wish."

"Is it forbidden you to tell it?"

"I did not quite understand whether it was forbidden me or not."

"How can you distinguish the things which you have permission to reveal from those which you are forbidden?"

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"Upon certain points I have asked permission, and upon some I have obtained it. Rather than have come into France without God's permission, I would have been torn asunder by four horses."

"Did God command you to dress like a man?"

"As to that dress, it is a trifle—less than nothing. I did not take it by the advice of any living man; neither put on this dress nor did anything else except by the command of our Lord and the angels."

"Does the command to wear a man's dress seem to you allowable [*licite*]?"

"All that I have done was by the command of our Lord. If He had told me to wear another dress, I should have worn it, because it was His command."

"Did you not assume this costume by the order of Robert de Baudricourt?"

"No."

"Do you think you did well to wear a man's dress?"

"All that I did was by our Lord's order: I believe I did do well. I expect from it good security and good succor."

"In this particular case, the wearing of a man's dress, do you think you did well?"

"I have done nothing in the world except by the command of God."

"When you saw that voice come to you, was there any light?"

"There was much light on all sides, as there should have been." (To the interrogator.) "There does not come as much to you."

"Was there an angel above your king's head when you saw him for the first time?"

"By our Lady! if there was one, I know nothing about it. I did not see him."

"Was there any light?"

"There were more than three hundred knights, and more than fifty torches, without counting the spiritual light. I rarely have revelations without light."

"How was your king enabled to believe in your claims?"

"He had good signs, and the learned clergy rendered me good testimony."

"What revelations did your king have?"

"You will not have them from me this year. I was interrogated for three weeks by the clergy at Chinon and at Poitiers. Before being willing to believe me, the king had a sign of the truth of my statement, and the clergy of my party were of opinion that there was nothing but good in my undertaking."

"Were you at St. Catherine de Fierbois?"

"Yes, and there I heard three masses in one day; then I went to the château of Chinon, whence I sent a letter to the king to know if he would grant me an interview, telling him that I had travelled a hundred and fifty leagues to come to his assistance, and that I knew many things favorable to him. I think I remember saying in my letter that I should know how to recognize him among all others. I had a sword which I obtained at Vaucouleurs. Whilst I was at Tours or at Chinon, I sent to seek a sword which was in the church of St. Catherine de Fierbois, behind the altar; and there it was immediately found, covered with rust. That sword was in the earth rusty; above it there were five crosses; I knew by my voice where the sword was. I never saw the man who went to find it. I wrote to the priests of the place asking them if I might have that sword, and they sent it to me. It was under the ground, not very deep, behind the altar, as it seems to me. I am not quite sure whether it was before or behind the altar, but I think I wrote it was behind. As soon as it was found, the priests of the church rubbed it, and at once, without effort, the rust fell off. It was an armorer of Tours who went to find it. The priests of Fierbois made me a present of a scabbard, those of Tours of another; one was of crimson velvet, the other of cloth of gold. I caused a third to be made of very strong leather. When I was taken I had not that sword on. I always wore the sword of Fierbois from the time I had it until my departure from St. Denis, after the assault upon Paris."

"What benediction did you pronounce, or cause to be pronounced, upon that sword?"

"I neither blessed it nor had it blessed; I should not have known how to do it. Much I loved that sword, because it was found in the church of St. Catherine, whom I warmly love."

"Did you sometimes place your sword upon an altar, and in so placing it was it that your sword might be more fortunate?"

"Not that I remember."

"Did you sometimes pray that it might be more fortunate?"

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"Beyond question, I wished my arms to be very fortunate."

"Had you that sword on when you were taken?"

"No; I had one which had been taken from a Bourguignon."

"Where was the sword of Fierbois?"

"I offered a sword and some arms to St. Denis, but it was not that sword. The sword I then wore I got at Lagny, and wore it from Lagny even to Compiègne. It was a good sword for service; excellent to give good whacks and wipes [*torchons*]. As to what has become of the other sword, it does not regard this trial, and I shall not now reply thereupon. My brothers have all my property, my horses, my sword, as I suppose, and the rest, worth more than twelve thousand crowns."

"When you were at Orleans, had you a standard or banner, and of what color was it?"

"I had a banner, the ground of which was covered with lilies; and there was a picture upon it of the world, with an angel on each side. It was white, of the white fabric called fustian [*boucassin*]. There was written upon it, I think, 'Jhesus Maria,' and it was fringed with silk."

"Were the names of Jhesus Maria written on the upper part, on the lower, or on one side?"

"Upon one side, I believe."

"Which did you love best, your banner or your sword?"

"Much better, forty times better, my banner than my sword."

"Who caused you to have that picture made upon your banner?"

"Often enough I have told you that I did nothing except by the command of God. It was myself who carried that banner when I attacked the enemy, in order to avoid killing any one, for I have never killed a single person."

"What force did your king give you when he accepted your services?"

"He gave me ten or twelve thousand men. At first I went to Orleans, to the tower of St. Loup, and afterward to that of the bridge."

"At the attack of which tower was it that you withdrew your men?"

"I do not remember. I was very sure of raising the siege of Orleans; I had had a revelation on the subject; I told the king before going there I should raise it."

"Before the assault, did you tell your people that you alone would receive the javelins and the stones thrown by the machines and cannons?"

"No; a hundred of my people, and even more, were wounded. I said to them, 'Fear not, and you will raise the siege.' At the assault of the bridge tower I was wounded in the neck with an arrow or lance; but I had great comfort from St. Catherine, and I was cured in less than fifteen days. I did not cease on that account to ride on horseback and to labor. I knew well I should be wounded; I told my king so, but that, notwithstanding, I should keep at work. That had been revealed to me by the voices of my two saints, blessed Catherine and blessed Margaret. It was I who first placed a ladder against the tower, and it was in raising that ladder that I was wounded in the neck by the lance."

The session ended soon after, and the prisoner was removed. There were six of these public examinations, but nothing further of much importance was elicited by them.

The public examinations being at an end, the court took a week to review and consider the evidence obtained. They decided that further light was needed on some points, and ordered that she should be examined in secret by seven learned doctors, and her answers recorded for the subsequent use of the whole court. There were nine of these secret questionings, but she adhered to her fatal line of defense, ever insisting upon her supernatural pretensions, and adding particulars which placed her more hopelessly than before in the power of her enemies. To complete the reader's view of this portion of the trial, I select one of these secret examinations (the fourth) for translation, in which she overtasked the credulity even of her adherents, and made her well-wishers in the court powerless to serve her.

"What was the sign which you gave your king?"

"Would you like me to perjure myself?"

"Have you promised and sworn to St. Catherine not to reveal that sign?"

"I have sworn and promised not to reveal that sign, and of my own accord, too, because they pressed me too much to reveal it; and then I said to myself: I promise not to speak of it to any man in the world. The sign was that an angel as-

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sured my king, when bringing him the crown, that he would possess the whole kingdom of France, through the help of God and my labor. The angel told him also to set me at work, that is to say, give me some soldiers, or otherwise he would not be crowned and anointed so soon."

"Have you spoken to St. Catherine since yesterday?"

"I have heard her since yesterday, and she told me several times to answer the judges boldly concerning whatever they should ask me touching my case."

"How did the angel carry the crown? and did he place it himself upon your king's head?"

"The crown was given to an archbishop, namely, the Archbishop of Rheims, I believe, in my king's presence. The archbishop received it, and remitted it to the king. I was myself present. The crown was afterward placed in my king's treasury."

"Where was it that the crown was brought to the king?"

"It was in the king's chamber at the château of Chinon."

"What day and hour?"

"As to the day, I know not; in regard to the hour, it was early. I have no further recollection concerning it. For the month, it was March or April, it seems to me, two years from the present month. It was after Easter."

"Was it the first day of your seeing this sign that your king saw it also?"

"Yes, he saw it the same day."

"Of what material was the said crown?"

"It is good to know that it was fine gold; so rich was it that I should not know how to estimate its value, nor appreciate its beauty. The crown signified that my king should possess the kingdom of France."

"Were there any precious stones in it?"

"I have told you what I know of it."

"Did you handle or kiss it?"

"No."

"Did the angel who brought that crown come from heaven or earth?"

"He came from on high, and I understand he came by the command of our Lord. He entered by the door of the chamber. When he came before my king, he paid homage to him by bowing before him, and by pronouncing the words which I have already mentioned, and at the same time recalled to his memory the beautiful patience with which he had borne his great troubles. The angel walked from the door, and touched the floor in coming to the king."

"How far was it from the door to the king?"

"My impression is that it was about the length of a lance; and he returned by the same way he had entered. When the angel came, I accompanied him, and went with him up the staircase to the king's chamber. The angel entered first, and then myself, and I said to the king, 'Sire, here is your sign: take it.'"

"In what place did the angel appear to you?"

"I was almost continually in prayer that God would send a sign to the king, and I was in my lodgings at a good woman's house near the château of Chinon when he came; then we went together toward the king; he was accompanied by other angels whom no one saw. If it had not been for love of me, and to put me beyond the reach of those who accused me, I believe several who saw the angel would not have seen him."

"Did all see the angel who were with the king?"

"I believe the Archbishop of Rheims saw him, as well as the lords D'Alençon, La Trémouille, and Charles de Bourbon. As to the crown, many churchmen and others saw it who did not see the angel."

"Of what countenance, of what stature, was that angel?"

"I have not permission to say; to-morrow I will answer that."

"Were all the angels who accompanied him of the same countenance?"

"Some of them were a good deal alike, others not, at least from my point of view. Some had wings; others had crowns. In their company were St. Catherine and St. Margaret, who were with the angel just mentioned, and the other angels also, even in the king's chamber."

"How did the angel leave you?"

"He left me in a little chapel. I was very angry at his going. I wept. Willingly I would have gone away with him—that is to say, my soul."

"After the angel's departure, did you continue joyful?"

"He did not leave me fearful or frightened, but I was angry at his departure."

"Was it on account of your merit that God sent to you His angel?"

"He came for a great purpose, and I was in hopes that the king would take

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him for a sign, and that they would cease arguing about my carrying succor to the good people of Orleans. The angel came, also, for the merit of the king and of the good Duc d'Orléans."

"Why to you rather than another?"

"It pleased God to act thus by means of a simple maid in order to repel the enemies of the king."

"Has he told you whence the angel brought that crown?"

"It was brought from God, and there is no goldsmith in the world who could make it so rich or so beautiful."

"Where did he get it?"

"I attribute it to God, and know not otherwise whence it was taken."

"Did a good smell come from the crown? Did it shine?"

"I do not remember; I will inform myself." Resuming, after a pause: "Yes, it smelled well, and will always, provided it is well taken care of, as it should be. It was in the style of a crown."

"Did the angel write you a letter?"

"No."

"What sign had your king, the people who were with him, and yourself, to make you think it was an angel?"

"The king believed it through the instruction of the churchmen who were there, and by the sign of the crown."

"But how did the clergy themselves know that it was an angel?"

"By their learning, and because they were clergymen."

The session closed soon after, and she was conducted once more to her apartment. The learned doctors questioned her closely, and even skillfully, during these nine secret sessions, and she often answered them with vivacity and force. They asked her one day why she had thrown herself from the tower. She told them that she had heard the people of Compiègne were to be put to the sword, even to children seven years of age, and that she preferred to die rather than survive such a massacre of good people. "That," she added, "was one of the reasons. The other was, I knew I had been sold to the English, and I held it better to die than fall into the hands of my adversaries." On another occasion she declared that she had not sprung from the tower in despair, but in the hope of escaping, and of going to the succor of the brave men who were in peril. She owned, however, that it was a rash and wrong action, of which she had repented. As she often expressed a desire to hear mass, they asked her one day which she would prefer, to put on a woman's dress and hear mass, or retain her man's clothes and not hear it. Her answer was, "First assure me that I shall hear mass if I put on woman's clothes, and then I will answer you."

"Very well," said the questioner, "I engage that you shall hear mass if you will put on a woman's dress."

She replied that she would wear a woman's dress to mass, but that on her return she should resume her man's clothes.

They asked her finally, and the trial turned upon this point, if she was willing to submit all her words and deeds to the judgment of the holy mother Church.

"The Church!" she exclaimed. "I love it, and desire to sustain it with my whole power, for the sake of our Christian faith. It is not I who should be hindered from going to church and hearing mass." But she would not answer this decisive question in a way to increase her chances of escape. As to what she had done for her king and country, she said she submitted it all to God, who had sent her, and then she wandered into a prediction that the French were on the eve of a great victory. The priest repeated his question, but she only replied that she submitted all to God, our Lady, and the saints. "And my opinion is," said she, "that God and the Church are one." The questioner then explained to her that there was a Church militant and a Church triumphant, and that it was to the Church militant—consisting of the Pope, cardinals, bishops, priests, and all good Catholics—to which her submission was required.

But she could not be brought to submit to the Church militant. To the end of these nine incisive questionings she held her ground firmly, claiming supernatural warrant for all that she had done for her king and party, glorying in it, protesting her warm desire to renew her labors in the field, and refusing to resume the dress of her sex. She said that if they condemned her to the stake, she would wear at the last hour a long woman's garment, but till then she should retain the attire assigned her by Divine command. She refused, a few days after, even to change her dress for the mass.

Further deliberation followed, and at length the charges against her were drawn up, to the number of seventy, each of which

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was read to her in open court, and her answer required. Many weary days were thus consumed without result. When the last charge had been read and answered, she was asked again the question upon which her life depended, "If the Church militant says to you that your revelations are illusory or diabolical, will you submit to the decision of the Church?" Her answer was the same as before: "I submit all to God, whose command I shall always obey."

The seventy charges were then condensed to twelve, for the convenience of the court. These charges were chiefly drawn from her own avowals. The first article, for example, accused her of saying that she had been visited and guided by St. Michael, St. Catherine, and St. Margaret. Her leap from the tower, as related by herself, was one of the charges, her inscribing sacred names on her banner was another. The charges, in short, were the condensed statement of her own answers, the chief point of offense being that she claimed for her mission supernatural authorization and aid. The outward and visible sign of this pretension was the wearing of men's clothes.

The patience of the court with their contumacious prisoner was remarkable, and seems to indicate that the court as a body meant to try her fairly, and that there were members who desired her acquittal. Eight learned doctors were next appointed to visit her in her room, and give her a solemn and affectionate admonition, and urge her, by timely submission and repentance, to save her body from the fire and her soul from perdition. They performed this duty well. They offered to send her other learned men, if she would designate them, who would visit her, instruct her, resolve her doubts, and guide her into the true way. She thanked them for their pains, adhered to all her pretensions, and refused to change her dress. "Let come what will," said she, "I shall not say or do otherwise."

After days of further deliberation, they caused her to be conducted to a chamber of the great tower, in which were the apparatus of torture, and the men in official costume who usually applied it. "Truly," said she, as she looked upon the hideous implements, "if you tear me limb from limb, and separate soul from body, I should say nothing other than I have said; and even if I should, I should forever maintain that you had made me say it by force." And she went on to speak of her voices in her usual manner. The court decided that, considering "the hardness of her heart," the punishment of the torture would profit her little, and that therefore it might be dispensed with, at least for the present. One learned and pious doctor thought that the torture would be a "salutary medicine for her soul," but the general opinion was that she had already confessed enough. As a Catholic she had indeed put herself fatally in the wrong, and given her enemies all the pretext for her condemnation which the age required.

More deliberations followed. The University of Paris was formally consulted, and could give but one answer: either the events related by the prisoner occurred, or they did not occur; if they did not occur, she is a contumacious liar; if they did occur, she is a sorceress, and a servant of the devil. She must therefore confess, recant, renounce, submit, or suffer a penalty proportioned to her crimes. This decision was also communicated to the Maid with the utmost solemnity, and she was again exhorted and entreated to submit. The address delivered to her on this occasion was eloquent and pathetic, and the argument presented was one which should have convinced a Catholic. The orator, however, expended his main strength in tender entreaty, begging her, for her immortal soul's sake, not to persist in setting her own uninstructed judgment against that of the University of Paris, and so great a body of eminent clergy. It was of no avail. "If," said she, "I was already condemned, if I saw the brand lighted, the fagots ready, and the executioner about to kindle the fire, and if I was actually in the flames, I should say only what I have said, and maintain all that I have said, till death."

She was to have one more opportunity to escape the fire. On Thursday morning, May 24, the scene of the trial was changed from a room in Rouen castle to the public cemetery of the city. A spacious platform was erected for the court, and opposite to it a small one for the prisoner. The "Cardinal of England" attended, and there was a vast concourse of excited people, now admitted for the first time to witness the proceedings. The Maid was conveyed to the spot in a cart, and placed upon the stand prepared for her, the cart remaining to

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take her to the castle or to the stake, according to the issue of this day's session. When all were in their places, a preacher of great renown rose, and, taking his place opposite to the prisoner, preached a sermon upon the text, "A branch can not bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine," which he concluded by a last solemn exhortation to the prisoner to yield submission to the Church.

She was not shaken. In her first reply, however, she tried a new expedient, saying, "Send to Rome, to our holy father the Pope, to whom, after God, I yield submission." Three times she was asked if she was willing to renounce those of her acts and words which the court condemned. Her last reply was, "I appeal to God and our holy father the Pope."

The presiding bishop then began the reading of her sentence. The reading had proceeded two or three minutes, when suddenly her courage failed her, and she yielded. She broke in upon the reading. "I am willing," she cried, "to hold all that the Church ordains, all that you judges shall say and pronounce. I will obey your orders in everything." Then she repeated several times: "Since the men of the Church decide that my apparitions and revelations are neither sustainable nor credible, I do not wish to believe nor sustain them. I yield in everything to you and to our holy mother Church."

This submission had been provided for by the manager of the trial. He at once produced a formal recantation and abjuration, which she was required to sign. "I can neither read nor write," said she. The king's secretary placed the document before her, put a pen in her hand, and guided it while she wrote "Jehanne," and appended the sign of the cross.

The bishop then produced another sentence which had been prepared beforehand in view of her possible abjuration. This document, after recounting her errors and her submission, relieved her from excommunication, and urged her to a true repentance; but it ended with a few words of crushing import to such a spirit: "Since you have rashly sinned toward God and holy Church, finally, definitively, we condemn you to perpetual imprisonment, with the bread of grief and the water of anguish, to the end that you may mourn your faults and commit no more." Then she was conveyed to the castle. That afternoon, in the presence of six or seven ecclesiastics, after exhortation, she took off her man's dress with apparent willingness, and put on that of a woman. She also allowed some locks of hair, which she had worn hitherto in the fashion of men, to be cut off and taken away.

And thus, on that Thursday afternoon, May 24, exactly one year after her capture, in the sixth month of her confinement in the castle, and the fourth of her public trial, she found herself still in prison, chained as before, guarded as before by men, and deprived of the one solace that captives know—*hope*. She had saved her life, but not regained her darling liberty. She was not in the field. She was a captive, shorn, despoiled, degraded, hopeless, lacerated by fetters, and weighed down by heavy chains, with men always in her cell, and liable every hour to the taunts of hostile and contemptuous visitors.

She bore it Friday, Saturday, Sunday. When she rose on Monday morning, she put on her man's dress. The bishop and several other members of the court arrived but too soon; for this was welcome news to the English party. They asked her why she had resumed that dress. "Because," said she, "being with men, it is more decent. I have resumed it, too, because you have not kept your promises that I should hear mass, and receive my Saviour, and have my irons taken off. I prefer to die than be in irons. Let me go to mass, take off my chains, put me in a proper prison, let me have a woman for companion, and then I will be good, and do what the Church desires." They asked her if her voices had revisited her, if she still believed that they were St. Catherine and St. Margaret, if she adhered to what she had said with regard to the crown given to her king by St. Michael. To all such questions she replied bluntly in the affirmative, as if courting death. "All that I revoked and declared on the scaffold," said she, "I did through fear of the fire. I prefer to die than endure longer the pain of imprisonment. Never have I done anything against God or the faith. I did not understand what was in the act of abjuration. If the judges desire it, I will wear woman's dress; beyond that I will yield nothing."

To re-assemble the court, and bring this erring, tortured, heroic, devoted child to the stake, required but two days. On

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Wednesday morning, May 30, 1431, there was another open-air session of the court, in a market-place of Rouen, where there was erected a platform of another kind for the prisoner. On that last morning of her life her demeanor was not stoical nor histrionic, but simply human—the demeanor of a terrified girl of nineteen who was nerving herself to a frightful ordeal which she had herself chosen.

She bewailed her fate with cries and sobs. They gave her a priest to hear her in confession, after which the sacrament was brought to her by the usual procession of priests chanting a litany, and bearing many candles. She received it "very devoutly, and with a great abundance of tears," and passed her remaining time in prayer. The same cart conveyed her to the market-place, guarded by "a hundred and twenty" English men-at-arms. Another sermon was preached, upon the text, "If one member suffer, the other members suffer also." The bishop then read a long sentence, of which a few words are given at the beginning of this article, which he ended by handing her over to the secular arm. The members of the court departed, and then, without any other legal formality, she was bound to the stake and burned. Tradition gives us many particulars of her last moments, but as they were not gathered till 1456, twenty-five years after her ashes were thrown into the Seine, we must receive them with caution. It is credible enough that she died embracing a cross, and with her eyes fixed upon another cross held up before her by a sympathizing priest. In 1456, the period of her "rehabilitation," that man was accounted happy who had something pleasing or glorious to tell of the Maid whom France then revered as a deliverer.

It is difficult for us to conceive the importance attached to this trial at the time. The English government, by a long circular letter, notified all the sovereigns of Europe of the result of the trial, and gave them an outline of the proceedings. The University of Paris sent a particular account of the trial to the Pope, to the cardinals, and to the chief prelates of Christendom. But five years later Paris surrendered to the King of France, and twenty-five years later Normandy itself owned allegiance to Charles VII.

MRS. MILLINGTON AND HER LIBRARIAN.

A LOVE STORY.

WHEN John Millington died, one of Mrs. John Millington's secret consolations was the thought that she should be able now to carry on their business according to her own ideas, and to make some of the changes for which her ambitious heart had been vainly pining many a year—many a year indeed, for, as she recollected distinctly, now that she came to look back, it was in the very first year of her apprenticeship at sewing wigs that she had said, timidly, to Mr. Millington, one day, "Don't you think, sir, that it would be a sight handier waiting on the customers if the short red counter was took down? It's no kind of use, except to tuck away rubbish under, which is always a bad thing to have too handy, and—"

"My good little girl," said John Millington, in his loftiest tone, "I run this business. Attend to your work."

On which pretty little Nelly Simmons tossed her head mischievously, and thought to herself, "Very well, Mr. Millington; perhaps you won't always run this business, and then we'll see if that old red counter is bound to be in the way of everybody going in or out of the shop!"

John Millington was a widower—at least so he called himself; but he was, in fact, worse off than that. He had married, shortly after the death of his first wife, a dashing widow, about whom he knew little or nothing, but very soon learned so much that he parted from her in hot haste, and procured a divorce without difficulty. This had left him sore and bitter, and very distrustful, and for many years he scarcely so much as looked at any woman, even if he were dressing her hair or measuring her head for a wig. But from the day Nelly Simmons took her seat in his shop, and bent her graceful head over the old smooth-worn wig-block on which she was making her first attempt at sewing dead hair into a lace foundation, he found it hard to take his eyes from her piquant, mischievous, affectionate little face. He was a reticent and dictatorial man by nature, and his unhappy matrimonial experience

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had so increased both these traits that he was not a pleasant master to serve, and none of his work-people loved him. The shop was a silent place, although there were some half-dozen men and girls busy there from seven in the morning till late at night. Fashionable women, and men too, came at all hours of the day to be made young again—so far as false hair could go toward doing it—and very droll were many of the revelations of the weaknesses of human nature which the poor simpletons unconsciously made. It was a convulsive and irrepressible giggle from Nelly, on one of these occasions, which first broke down the barrier of reserve between her and her employer.

When she was reprimanded for it, and sharply, too—for John Millington was much too politic to allow rich customers to be offended in his shop—Nelly looked up at him archly through her tears, and said: "Indeed, I'd ha' died, sir, if I hadn't ha' bust out in that laugh. To look at the old woman with the big bags under her eyes"—and here Nelly, taking courage from a gleam in John Millington's face, suddenly pulled down and pinched out her own pretty under lids with her fingers—"with the big yellow bags under her eyes, and her mouth full of false teeth, a-askin' you to bang her hair, sir!"

John Millington laughed in spite of himself, and in such a case as his he who laughs is lost. Then and there, in the twinkling of an eye, Nelly Simmons saw, and all her fellow-apprentices saw, that a time might come when she could twist her master round her thumb. And so it did; and when one year later she was actually married to him, nobody was in the least surprised except John Millington himself. He never wholly recovered from this surprise, and never wholly forgot that Nelly had been his apprentice. But he had a very good time with her, and he might have looked much farther and higher and fared much worse. She was industrious, quick, and merry; an irresistible mimic, and good-natured as the day is long; affectionate, too, and faithful, with a capacity for gratitude that kept her loyal in heart and thought to John Millington to his dying day, though he was old enough to be her father, and never once realized that his becoming her husband was any reason why he should take her from behind his counter, or give her anything pleasanter to do than sewing on wigs.

He learned to trust to her judgment, however, and to feel some pride in the thought that when he died, his "little woman" would be quite equal to carrying on the business, and keeping up the reputation of the old stand. If he had known, however, how firmly bent she was upon all the innovations which she had in vain suggested to him, he would have gone to his grave much less easy in his mind.

"And as for that old red counter, I believe he'd ha' had it buried with him," said Nelly to one of her bosom-friends, "if he'd once so much as thought I'd tear it down. You see, I hadn't said anything to him about it for so long, he'd forgotten it. What's the use, when a man's made his mind up, and you can't move him? I never used to badger him about anything after I saw 'twa'n't any use. Mr. M. was a man you couldn't take liberties with, you know. You could see that yourself; when he jest shut his lips up tight, and didn't make me no answer, then I knew I might 's well stop. That's the way I always did with Mr. M. 'Poppy,' I'd say, 'I gives up.' An' then sometimes, you know, I'd get it, as much 's three days afterward; after I'd thought 'twas all over with, he'd jest go 'n' do it. That's the way Mr. M. was. There couldn't nobody take any liberties with him. But that old red counter, it did seem as if 'twas the apple o' his eye. I says to him one day, says I, 'Poppy, you'd think that old red counter was made out o' the wood o' your cradle you was rocked in, poppy, you're so wedded to it.' An' instead of laughin'—he always laughed at me when I said things, jest laughed an' laughed till his fat stomach 'd shaké; he used to like me to make him laugh. But he didn't laugh a mite that time; he jest banged his hand down on the old thing, an' got up an' walked off without sayin' one word. An' then I knew it wa'n't no use, an' never would be, don't you see. So I never so much as said the word counter to him again 's long 's he lived, an' I guess that's 's much 's five years ago."

From which it is to be plainly seen that Mrs. John Millington was a woman wiser in her day and generation than most of her betters.

It was merely good policy and commonsense which cut short her attacks on the red counter, and not in the least any sen-

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timent on account of her husband's attachment to it; and in less than one week after his funeral, the last bit of the faded old red boards had gone into the kitchen fire and been burned up; and in the place where the counter had been, stood a fine plush sofa, on which customers could take their ease while they were waiting to be served.

"If Mr. M. could jest see 'em sitting there so comfortable," said Nelly, "he'd take in the sense of what I was always telling him;" and with this reflection she soothed any shadow of remorse she might have felt at having gone against her husband's wishes so very soon after his death.

But the little woman found her path beset by all sorts of unexpected difficulties. Her native shrewdness had taught her all that it was needful to know concerning the details of the work in the shop; she could take the measurements for a "mount" as well as John Millington himself; was an adept in the judgment of dead hair, its quality and color; she knew by heart the receipt for the famous "Grecian Dye"; and as for the world-famed "Millington Hair Restorer," there were in the cellar eight great tanks full of it, which she had sat up two whole nights to boil and skim and strain, a few weeks before, when John Millington was too ill to do it himself.

But all this knowledge did not help her when it came to buying at wholesale, selling to agents, arranging with banks, laying in stock of materials, dealing with workmen, and so forth. She was worried and perplexed; and cheated also, which she knew, but could not help. Neither were her relations with her husband's old customers what she had expected: they had known her merely as the apprentice whom old Millington had taken it into his head to marry, and were not in the least prepared to extend to her the same confidence and courtesy with which they had treated him. This stung her, and with reason, for, as she said, half humorously and half sadly: "It's me that has run the business this last five years. They'd all come in an' give their orders to Mr. M., an' he'd turn 'em right over to me before they was down the steps. Now there was old Mr. Martin; his last wig Mr. M. 'd taken the measures for the very last day he was in the shop; an' I hadn't touched it, don't you see, an' there hadn't nobody touched it, till after Mr. M. died; an' then we finished it right up in a hurry, for, you see, 'twas a fifty-dollar wig, an' I was a-wantin' ready money—an' old Martin was always one o' them kind to pay right down for things. 'No standin' bills for me,' I've heard him say many a time; 'standin' bills is lyin' bills too often'—not that he ever so much 's mistrusted Mr. M. —there couldn't nobody do that—but that was the principle he went on. Well, he was so pleased with his wig he put it on, an' he walked right out o' the shop with it on his head, an' says he, 'Well, well, Mr. Millington's a big loss to us all; really he outdone himself on this wig. I sha'n't ever have another like it.' Well, at first I thought I'd tell him I made it all myself, an' then I thought, no, I wouldn't, for he'd be sure to get a conceit right away it hurt his head somewhere, and be bringin' it back for me to alter. So I let it go 's if Mr. M. 'd made it, an' he hadn't so much as set finger to it, except jest the measurin' for the mount."

Petty annoyances and trials thickened around Nelly, till she was quite out of heart, and began to grow irritable and impatient. Nothing could quench her sense of humor, however, and when she found a sympathetic listener, she would pour out the history of her grievances in tales almost too comic to be believed, and not at all creditable to human nature.

One of the drollest was of a German Jew who had been a customer of the shop ever since Nelly had been in it. He came bustling in the first day that the shop was opened after Mr. Millington's funeral.

"So, so, Mr. Millington haf die?" he said, looking eagerly into Nelly's face.

"Yes," she replied, sadly.

"Too pad, too pad. Too pad I not get my new vig first."

"Yes, your wig is pretty shabby," said Nelly. "You need a new one."

"Now how much ish you going to sharge me for new vig?"

"How much?" repeated the surprised Nelly. "Why, the same you have always paid—twenty-five dollars. Your wigs are very cheap at twenty-five dollars, Mr. Millington always said."

"Twenty-five dollar! You tink I gives you twenty-five dollar for von vig? You tink me fool?"—and the man slapped his own breast approvingly—"you tink me fool? Mr. Millington artist; I pay him twenty-five dollar. I not pay you such price; no, no. I not fool. You make me von vig for fifteen dollar."

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"No, sir," said Nelly, indignant; "not for one dollar less than the old price. I pay the workmen the same price Mr. Millington paid them, the women the same price; the hair costs the same. You can get your wig made somewhere else if you like; but if you get it here, you'll pay the same price you always have paid, and you'll have just as good a wig as you ever had."

The man went away muttering, "You must tink me fool," and Nelly did not expect ever to see him again; but he came back the next day and ordered his wig, at the old price.

Then there was a mean-spirited old spinster, who, after a few words of affected condolence with Nelly, said, resolutely, with the tone of one taking a thing for granted, "Well, now, how much are you going to come down on the price of the Grecian Dye?"

"Not a penny, ma'am," replied Nelly, in a tone no less resolute than her questioner's. "Why should I?"

"Why? why?" said the spinster, rising, and walking briskly up and down the shop. "Why, you don't surely expect that we are going to pay you the same we used to pay Mr. Millington? Why, I was a customer of his long before you ever came here."

"'Long before I was born, too, I reckon,' I thought to myself," said malicious Nelly, in recounting the incident—"'long before I was born, by the way you look: you might be my grandmother, easy.'"

"And Mr. Millington he always said," continued the spinster, "that when he died he'd leave me ten gallons of the dye in his will. I suppose he didn't, did he?"

"No, ma'am, nothing of the kind. Your name wa'n't mentioned, and no dye left to anybody," retorted Nelly, crisply.

Then there was another spinster. "They're the worst," said Nelly, sententiously. "I always dread to see 'em comin' in. There's never no suitin' 'em. Nothing ain't becomin' to their faces, they think; an' I don't know but what they're right about that, but it isn't anybody's fault but their own. Well, she sat down in the chair before the glass, an' I put on her new front we'd made. 'Twas about half gray. Mr. Millington he'd persuaded her to have it so. He used to say—if I've heard him once, I've heard him a thousand times—if old women only knew how much better they looked with gray hair, there wouldn't be any sale for the Grecian Dye. And he always advised everybody not to use it; only, he said, don't you see, he might as well have it for those as would dye their hair anyhow, spite of fate. An' his dye hadn't any poison in it—nothing to hurt so much as a fly in the Grecian Hair Dye. Well, she sat down, an' I put the front on her, an' fixed the little fluffy hair down over her forehead real nice, an' I says to her, 'There, ma'am! that's the most becomin' front I've ever seen you wear.' She never made me no answer at all, but sat a-lookin', lookin' at herself in the glass; an' all of a sudden she exclaimed,

"'Oh, Mr. Millington, Mr. Millington, why can't you come back, just for five minutes, to tell me if this does really suit my complexion!'

"That did make me mad," said poor Nelly, "to hear her a-wishin' she could call a dead man out o' his grave jest to ease her mind about her looks, an' I walked right out o' the dressin'-room, an' left her.

"'Oh, Mrs. Millington, I hope I didn't hurt your feelings any!' she called after me. 'I didn't mean to hurt your feelings.'

"'My feelings ain't hurt, ma'am,' said I. I wa'n't goin' to let her know I minded it any."

A few months of these annoyances and perplexities wore out Nelly's patience, and gave her a distaste for the business, of which in her husband's time she had been so fond; and when, a little more than a year after Mr. Millington's death, she received from his brother a handsome offer for the stand, and good-will, and secret of the Grecian Dye and Millington Hair Restorer, she jumped at the chance of being free from it all, sold out without any haggling about price or conditions, took her money, and went off into the country to enjoy herself. But unluckily she did not enjoy herself. She missed the noise and bustle of the city; her time hung heavy on her hands; and forgetting all the discomforts she had endured in the shop, she longed to get back to it again. She wrote to her brother-in-law to that effect; but he, who had been chuckling to himself over the good bargain he had made, had no idea of giving it up. His brother's widow was no more to him than any other woman, and he did not in the least care whether she were contented

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or discontented in her changed life; and he wrote saying so, though not in so many words; advised her by all means to marry again, and live as other women did, minding her own business in her own house. But Nelly was not of a domestic turn. Her old sphere in the hair-dressing establishment seemed to her much wider, more important, more satisfying, than anything which could be found under the head of ordinary housekeeping.

"I can't be mewed up all alone in a house," she said. "It's no use. I've got to have people coming and going about me, an' know what's going on. I'd mope myself to death the way most women live. They don't know anything of the world." And Nelly racked her brains trying to think what she could turn her hand to next. Bitterly she repented having sold the secret of the Grecian Dye and Hair Restorer. "If I'd only kept them," she said, "George might ha' had all the goodwill an' the stock an' welcome, an' I'd ha' beat him in a year's time; but it's no use going into the hair-dressing line without a Dye an' a Restorer—no use at all. There ain't folks enough with hair nowadays to make one's livin' on."

She thought of a dressmaking establishment, but that was too hard work; and of a restaurant, but she knew too little about cooking; more than that, she was fastidious in her way, and that seemed to her a lowering of her social position. She had been used to familiar and friendly conversations with fine and fashionable people; she knew their secrets. One can't stand on dignity with the person who makes his wig or dyes his hair; they are, in a way, like accomplices in guilt.

At last one morning, as Nelly was listlessly looking over a newspaper column, she saw the advertisement of a circulating library to be sold, "stand, fixtures, library, and subscription list." She knew the library well. It was on the same street with her old place of business, and only a few blocks off. She had been in the habit of getting there the few books she had time or inclination to read.

"Goodness!" she exclaimed, "whatever's happened to the Pettengills? I expect he's been took away, an' she's got sick o' runnin' it alone, jest 's I did, an' wants to sell out. My! won't she wish herself back in it again?"

Promptitude was one of Nelly's leading traits. The very next train carried her to the city, and before night her negotiations for the purchase of the library were under way. She had not quite enough money to buy it, and with a quaking heart she went to her brother-in-law, Mr. George Millington, to borrow a few hundred dollars.

To her surprise, he received her with great graciousness; and when she told her errand, replied: "Yes, yes, by all means, Nelly; that's a sensible thing for you to do; and I'd like nothing better than to have you close by. You could lend me a hand occasionally, couldn't you? I can't get anybody to do just the right thing for the women customers, as you used to."

"Oho! Mr. George, that's the secret of your kindness, is it?" thought Nelly; but she was good-natured, and, moreover, politic, so she replied: "Lor, yes; I'd like nothing better. Mr. M. he always said I could fix the women's wigs better in front than he could. I could come over every afternoon for a couple of hours 's well 's not, an' I'd like it first-rate."

"That's all right—that's all right; that 'll be a great help to me," replied her brother, and gave her a check for seven hundred dollars on the spot.

"You needn't give me any note either, Nelly," he said. "I know your word's as good as your note any day, and you can pay me as you like, a little at a time. You'll soon clear that much. That 'Pettengill's' was a first-rate stand, and it's just the business you'll like."

Nelly thought so too; but she was destined to find herself as much mistaken in this as she had been in thinking she should enjoy herself in the country. Books had never been familiar friends to her. She found to her mortification that she was bewildered even by the titles, and sometimes did not understand in the least what a customer was asking for. Pettengill had been a publisher in the early part of his life, and his library contained many books seldom found in circulating libraries, and some which were very rare. He had had a pride about keeping the library intact, and there were shelves upon shelves filled with abstruse and uncommon books, some now almost out of print. Nelly's first impulse had been to make a clean sweep of these, and replace them by new books in smart bindings; but, luckily for her, she had expressed this intention one day in the presence of one of the old patrons of the library, a lawyer, who, hav-

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ing had far more brains than clients all his life, had settled now into a poverty-stricken old bookworm who haunted libraries and book-stalls.

"God bless my soul, madam!" he shouted, in a tone that made Nelly jump. "Don't you know that those old musty books, as you call them, are the only things worth anything in all this library? All the rest is trash. Don't you sell one book off those shelves."

Poor Nelly was as meek as she was ignorant in her new sphere, and replied, very humbly, "Oh, I didn't know, sir; they looked so old, I thought they couldn't be good for anything."

"Humph!" growled the disgusted old man. "You mind what I tell you, then; they're worth all the rest of your place put together. You hold on to 'em. They'll be worth a pile of money to your grandchildren."

After he had gone, Nelly took down one after another of the musty volumes, and glanced at them. Many of them were in old English, which might as well have been Sanskrit to Nelly, and not in one of them could she find a sentence which conveyed any meaning to her mind.

"My grandchildren, indeed!" said Nelly, contemptuously. "If ever I have any, which seems no ways likely, I hope they'll talk another kind o' language from this. I think the old man is cracked."

But when she told the incident to her brother-in-law, and he replied to her, "Well, you'd better have old Wilkins's opinion about books than anybody's in all this city; they say he's been sent to from colleges to know where they could get books they wanted; what he don't know about books isn't worth knowing," Nelly drew a long sigh, and perceived that there was much more in this matter of books than she had ever dreamed.

More and more she realized this, and began to be ashamed as well as perplexed. She had been used in her former business to being looked up to as an authority; here she was humiliated every day. Mere chits of girls came in and expressed surprise that she had not yet put in the library such and such a book, which had been "out" for a month, and of which poor Nelly had not so much as heard. How should she? She could not give a standing order to publishers for so many pounds per month of books, as she used to to herb dealers for all the herbs which were needed to make so many gallons of the Millington Hair Restorer.

Nelly was shrewd enough to see that she must have help in this business, or make a failure of it. One day she went into a large free library and reading-room in the city, and sat herself down to watch what was done there. She watched quietly the whole afternoon. At dusk she left the room, with a resolute look and a half-smile on her face.

The next day George Millington, walking by "Pettengill's," was astonished to see workmen tearing down part of the wall. "What in earth are you doing, Nelly?" he exclaimed.

"Reading-room," said Nelly, curtly—"reading-room and coffee."

Her brother grasped her idea instantly. "By Jove! Nelly," he said, "that's a good idea. How're you going to pay for it?"

"Mortgage," said Nelly.

"No, you sha'n't," said George. "Go shares with me, and let me pay."

"All right," nodded Nelly.

And this was all that passed between them, but George Millington went home and told his wife that they'd always been mightily mistaken about that girl John married. She was "real business," which was the highest compliment George Millington could pay anybody, man or woman.

The next day there appeared in three of the leading papers of the city the following advertisement, which would have been worded differently if Nelly had got somebody else to write it for her; but if it had been worded differently, it would not have caught Jerry Williams's eye, and there might never have been anything especial to tell about Mrs. Millington's librarian. The advertisement ran as follows:

WANTED—A book-buyer in a circulating library. Must be a woman, and write a good hand, and know all about books. Apply through Post-office Box No. 1004.

This did not seem to Nelly an extraordinary advertisement. It stated precisely what she wanted. To "know all about books" did not mean much to her. On the whole, she flattered herself that the advertisement was a singularly concise and sensible one. When Jerry Williams read it, she laughed outright and aloud, though she was all alone, and said to herself, "Goodness! what idiot wrote that?" and she laid down the paper and laughed again.

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Then Jerry had a second thought, which made her take the paper up and read the advertisement over again. Jerry was studying advertisements very carefully at that time, and nothing escaped her. Some way of earning her living in that city she was bent upon finding; so much so that she had even studied the columns of advertisements of situations at service, all the time hoping that she might find one promising a situation not wholly menial which she could bring her mind to take. Jerry was the daughter of a New England farmer, and had lived for the first seventeen years of her life in the dull solitude of a poor and thinly settled hill country. Here she had grown up a strong, self-contained, and clear-headed woman, such as the best New England stock produces. Jerry's father had been a college-bred man, and from him Jerry had inherited and acquired a love of books and a yearning for a wider experience. She had an indomitable instinct that life held and ought to hold a good deal more than could be compassed or afforded in the monotonous succession of the days and seasons in a New England farm-house. From the time she was twelve years old she had resolved to go out into the world—how, when, where, she did not know. But her resolve to go was none the less strong because of her total uncertainty as to ways and means and destinations. Persistent purposes bring their own fulfillment in this life. Nobody may dare to set a limit to the extent of their power to invite and conquer destiny. How else was it that to Jerry Williams, sitting still, summer after summer, on the sweet sunny barren hill slopes of her father's farm, and knowing nobody, this should have happened, that a great-uncle of her mother's, who had never seen any of them, wrote, all of a sudden, to ask if there were a daughter in their home who would like to come to live with him, and do the work of a copying clerk in his law office. He was old, and his eyesight growing dim, and he did not like to have young men about the house or the office; he wanted somebody he could trust. And Jerry, without a misgiving, her heart bounding with repressed delight, had journeyed alone to the old man's door, created her own welcome on the instant by her honest, frank, sensible behavior, and sat herself down to work the next morning as if she had copied law papers all her life. Her desires could not be said to have been extravagant, for they were fully satisfied now. She worked hard at her writing all day, and boarded in her uncle's family, which consisted of himself and a disagreeable deaf old housekeeper. She had, besides her board, two hundred and fifty dollars a year. With this she contrived to do wonders. She dressed respectably, went to lectures and concerts, read and studied, and when her uncle died suddenly, in the seventh year of her stay with him, she had five hundred dollars in the savings-bank.

There seemed nothing to do, then, but to go back to her father's house. She was sufficiently well educated now to know that she was far too poorly educated to teach; and she had too much pride to stand behind a counter as a sales-woman. Very bitterly she reflected on her own incapacities, and the narrowness of the openings for women's self-support. Such work as she had done for her uncle she tried in vain to get. Young lawyers did it for themselves, and old lawyers had clerks. She resolved, however, to stay in the city for six months, and leave no stone unturned to find a situation there. The thought of returning to the monotonous solitude of the country was insupportable to her. She had made few acquaintances in the town. Her uncle had been a taciturn, eccentric old man, not on good terms with his neighbors, and Jerry had been too busy, as well as too reserved, to make friends as young girls generally do. But there was one house in which she felt at home—the home of the widow of a former partner of her uncle's. Mrs. Shepherd was the only woman who ever visited in her uncle's house—"the one woman who'd got sense that he'd ever known," the old man used to say. And he paid her the compliment of asking her to dinner on Thanksgiving-day regularly every year. When Jerry found herself homeless, she went immediately to Mrs. Shepherd's house, and so won on the good woman's sympathy that she consented to take her as a boarder for the winter.

"If you won't, Mrs. Shepherd, I must go home," said Jerry, "for I can't go and live all alone in a boarding-house; and I'd almost rather die than go home."

"It's a burning shame your uncle didn't provide for you," said Mrs. Shepherd; "and all his money going to that good-for-nothing scamp of a nephew of his."

"Not at all," said Jerry, coolly; "I

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was only his clerk; just the same as any other clerk. He had me in the house because it was more convenient, that was all. He was only great-uncle to my mother, and never saw her in his life. I never looked for a dollar of his money except what I earned."

"Little enough that was, too, I'll be bound," said Mrs. Shepherd. "My husband always used to say, when he was your uncle's partner, that he was real ashamed, he'd be so close in a bargain."

"I think he paid me a good price," replied Jerry, naming the sum. "That's better than I can do at anything I can hear of. I've got five hundred dollars laid up already."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Shepherd, admiringly. "Well, you ain't a bit like other girls, I declare. Why, that's enough to keep you a good while."

"But I don't want to be 'kept,'" replied Jerry. "I want to earn my living, and lay up money just as I have been doing; and I mean to do it, too. I can find something to do, I know I can."

But as week after week went on, and she found nothing, Jerry's courage began to fail. With a gloomy face she reckoned over and over the inroads that were being made on her little hoard by even the very moderate cost of her living at Mrs. Shepherd's, and said to herself over and over, "This won't do; I will take my money and go home."

She had just been passing through a season of such reflections when she chanced to see Nelly's advertisement for a "woman" who "knew all about books." "It will do no harm to see what it means," she thought. "It is written by a woman, I think, and it may be somebody I should like to work with."

So Jerry sat down, and after much thinking, and tearing up a half-dozen sheets of note-paper, concocted the following reply:

"MADAM,—Having noticed your advertisement for a 'book-buyer,' I write to say that I would like the situation, if I can meet your requirements. I have been a lawyer's copying clerk for six years, and write a clear hand, and I think I know enough about books to make the purchases needful for a circulating library. Will call and see you if desired. Yours truly,

"JERRY WILLIAMS.

"Address simply General Delivery."

When Nelly received this letter, she threw it down in disgust, saying: "If that isn't just like the conceit of men! I said expressly, 'Must be a woman.' If I get any more applications from men, I'll alter the advertisement to 'No males need apply.' And she tossed the letter into the waste-paper basket, and forgot all about it.

Meantime poor Jerry was trudging to the post-office several times a day for her letter. On the third day she timidly asked the clerk if he would please tell her who owned Box No. 1004.

"What do you want to know for?" said the clerk, gruffly.

"Because I answered an advertisement for a book-buyer in a circulating library, and it said to send the answer to that box," replied Jerry, with some spirit, "and I thought if I could find out where the place was, I would go and see if they got my letter. I want the situation very much."

"Millington is the name," answered the clerk; "that's all I know about it."

An older clerk stepped forward and said, kindly, "It is the widow of Millington the hair-dresser. She has just bought out Pettengill's Library."

"Oh, Pettengill's!" exclaimed Jerry, in astonishment. "Why, I know that place very well. Thank you." And she hurried away, with a strange feeling of bewilderment.

"I wonder I never thought of that place!" she said to herself. "I remember seeing Mr. Pettengill's death in the newspaper. If I don't hear to-morrow, I'll go right there and ask about it. Perhaps they never got my letter. There's nothing in the world I'd like so well."

The next morning no letter, and Jerry set off early on her errand.

When she made known her business to Nelly, Nelly said, abruptly, "Why didn't you write? I had 'em write, so that I could see their handwriting in the beginning, and save myself trouble; and a precious set of scrawls I've got, too."

"I did write," said Jerry. "I wrote four days ago."

"What's your name?" said Nelly.

"Jerry Williams," replied Jerry, smiling. She liked the curt, straightforward ways of this droll little widow, with a decorous cap on her head, and crape at her throat, but her face as full of mischief as a kitten's.

"You don't say so! Jerry?" Nelly cried

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out. "Why, Jerry's the name of a man. I recollect now; that's the only man's letter I got. I thought the man must be a fool, when I said 'must be a woman' in the advertisement. How 'd you come to have such a name?"

"My name is Jerusha," Jerry replied, laughingly, "after my mother; but I always hated the name so, I've been called Jerry ever since I was a child."

"Well, I never!" said Nelly, eying her visitor from top to toe, and liking her better and better. "I wish I'd only known it sooner."

"Have you engaged some one already?" asked Jerry. "I'm so sorry! I think I could suit you, and I should like the place very much."

"Yes, yes," nodded Nelly, "you'd suit; an' you're the first one I've seen that would. You 'n' me 'd get on first-rate; I can see that. Mr. M. he always said I could take the measure of folks quicker 'n anybody he ever see. We was in the hair business. Did you ever use Millington's Hair Restorer? No, I guess not"—looking with a keen professional eye at the thick wavy brown hair drawn back from Jerry's temples. "You hain't had any occasion; but it's the best thing was ever made to put on heads, an' nothing in it to hurt so much 's a fly. I was a precious fool ever I sold out that business. But there's times when women don't know their own minds, an' I got into one o' them times, an' sold out quicker'n jiffy; an' there 'twas, you see. I couldn't help myself, 'n' I could set right down 'n' cry any time. I'm so homesick to get back to 't, but George he won't hear to it. He ain't the fool to give it up now he's got it, 'n' the Grecian Dye 'n' the Restorer too."

Jerry was gazing bewilderedly into Nelly's face, and her expression of perplexity recalled Nelly's wandering mind to the subject in hand.

"Oh, you needn't mind my goin' on," she said, good-naturedly. "That's my way. If I couldn't talk, I'd die. That's what Mr. M. said when he took me to Paris: we went there two years ago. Says he, 'Little woman, you've got to a place now where you've got to hold your tongue; d'ye think it 'll kill ye?' an' I 'most thought 'twould. We'd go round lookin' for shops where they had 'English spoken' over the door; an' 's sure 's you live, when I'd get in, the young lady that spoke English she'd have jest gone out, or the young man—sometimes 'twas a young man. An' I'd go out, an' Mr. M. he'd be waitin' at the door, 'n' I'd say, 'No use, poppy; there ain't anything but French spoke in here.' He spoke French pretty good, Mr. M. did. Most generally he could make 'em understand him. But now about your comin' here. You see, it's jest this way: I'm goin' to have you; I've made up my mind to that. Fact is, I said, 's soon 's I see you comin' in, 'Now here's a girl I'd like to have;' an' all the while I've been talkin', I've been turnin' things over in my mind to see how I could fix it."

"Then you have not engaged any one?" said Jerry, eagerly.

"Well, yes, I suppose I ought to say I have," replied Nelly; "but I'm thinkin' if I can't work her in some other way. I've got to keep her, poor down-spirited thing. She wa'n't no ways fit for the place; but she kind o' worked on my feelin's so I jest had to tell her she could come, an' I'd got all wore out, too, with the lot I'd seen. My! such a lot! I was gettin' sick o' the sight o' women, and 'most ready to advertise for a man; but they do bully you so. If a man's good for anything, he's sure to bully, sooner or later; they're all alike about that; an' I've made up my mind to run my own business. You jest come in here now 'n' take your hat off, 'n' we'll talk it all over. I'll tell you what I'm a-fixin' to do. I expect it 'll all come out right, for this woman that I've got—I only engaged her late last night—she'd been twice before 'n' I told her she wouldn't do. I didn't tell her the reason, but, you see, the fact is, she's one o' the kind that makes you feel real sorrowful the minute you look at her—you know there are some folks jest that way—an' I told her I didn't think she was strong enough; except for that she'd do. She's a real lady, you can see that to look at her; but, says she, 'I've never had a sick day in my life; I promise you I won't be sick.' So, don't you see, what could I say then? So I told her she could come, an' she'll be here to-morrow. Poor thing, she's had some awful trouble, I'm jest sure of it; but I think it 'll be queer if you 'n' me together can't get it all straightened out. I think she'll do lots better to sell the stationery—don't you? 'Twouldn't make so much difference about that, if a person was melancholy, would it? Now come right along and we'll talk it all over. I expect you're a master-hand for plannin', with them eye-

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brows. Mr. M. always said, 'Look at the eyebrows, little woman, look at the eyebrows,' an' I always do. Now come right along." And Nelly led the half-amused, half-alarmed, but altogether interested Jerry into her little back parlor, where, amid the sound of falling plaster and blows of hammers, they sat down and discussed all the arrangements for the new "Pettengill's."

They agreed admirably. Each was, in truth, the natural complement of the other.

"My! what a piece of luck it was, my findin' you!" exclaimed Nelly at last. "Why didn't you have sense enough to sign your name out Jerusha in that letter? Didn't you know nobody but a man was ever called Jerry? My! but that was a close call, 's Mr. M. used to say, but what I'd ha' missed you, 'n' you'd ha' missed me, jest by your bein' called Jerry, which is no kind of a name for a woman, not but what I should kind o' hate Jerusha myself. I'll own to that much."

A very quaint and inviting little place was "Pettengill's," three months later, when Nelly's arrangements were all perfected. A stationery shop at the front opened into the library and reading-room beyond; to the right of them was Nelly's little parlor, and back of that again a small kitchen, where at all hours of the day the best of coffee sent out its delicious fragrance. A cup of good coffee and a roll anybody could have who came to read his newspapers in the reading-room. It was a novel feature, and it drew as only a novelty and comfort combined could. Jerry as librarian was installed over the library and reading-room. The "poor down-spirited thing," who had so appealed to Nelly's sympathies at the outset, turned out to be a more trustworthy person, and much less melancholy, than they feared. She presided very efficiently at the counters where were sold newspapers, magazines, and all small stationery wares; and as Nelly remarked to Jerry, confidentially, "If folks come to buy writin'-paper, why, it's writin'-paper they want, an' there ain't much persuadin' or choosin' about it, an' it don't make much odds whether a person's glum or not; they'll buy their writin'-paper if you've got it to sell to 'em. 'Tain't 's 'tis in the hair business, where you wouldn't never sell nothin' if you didn't kind o' draw the customers on, 'n' be real pleasant-spoken to 'em, an' divert 'em 's you went along. Mr. M. he always said I'd sell three bottles o' Grecian Dye to any other girl's one; 'n' as for the switches, well, he used to say to me sometimes, 'Little woman, you did pile the hair up on that woman's head, didn't you now? Hain't you got any conscience?' 'No, poppy,' I used to say; 'I had a first-rate one, but I wore it all out a-usin' it too hard.'"

Business poured in at "Pettengill's." The very oddity of its sign made everybody stop and look at it twice.

READING-ROOM AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY.
COFFEE AND ROLLS.

Nobody went in once without returning. There was a home-like air about the place which was very restful to strangers tarrying in the city for a few days. The windows were filled with flowers—Jerry had insisted on this; one fine plant in bloom stood always in the centre of each of the long tables in the reading-room; ink and pens ready for use; paper and stamped envelopes to be bought at the counter; and it was really surprising how big a mail sometimes went out of letters bearing in one corner the odd date "At Pettengill's." These letters found their way to many quarters of the globe, and one of them, which was read with great consternation one summer morning at the breakfast table of a famous old house in England, has so direct a bearing on this narrative—in fact, embodies so much of it—that it is worth while to give it entire. It was written by Wilfrid Beddoes to his elder brother, Sir Renwick Beddoes, of Beddoes Hall, and ran as follows:

"DEAR OLD REN,—I am going to California, instead of coming home next month, as I expected. You won't see me for a year. I shall come round by Japan. At first I thought I'd let you set this down as another of my freaks, but I believe I'll make a clean breast of the thing to you, old fellow, only premising that you tell nobody, least of all, Ethel. Women don't understand such things. Ren, I'm hard hit, and with a girl I can't marry, and I'm going to clear out before I make a fool of myself; that is, if I don't do it before I go out of this room. I've never spoken a word to her yet, and I never mean to, and I don't know her name; but, by Jove! Ren, it goes hard with me. Of course you can't understand how such a thing could happen to me, of all men in the world. Perhaps if I had had more to do with wo-

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men, as you've always been telling me, it wouldn't; but it is all up with me now, and nothing will ever take this girl's face from before my eyes, unless knocking round the world will. So I'm off to-morrow, and I shall not write again till I reach San Francisco. Don't worry about me. I'm all right as soon as I can shake this thing off; never was better in my life. Love to Ethel and the boys.

"Your loving brother, WILFRID."

On reading this letter over, Wilfrid Beddoes perceived that his brother would necessarily be thrown into the greatest perplexity by the sentence, "That is, if I don't do it before I go out of this room." "He'll think I am stark mad," he thought. "How could I be writing a letter in the room with a girl I'd never spoken to, and yet was in love with? I must tear the letter up. No, I'll put a postscript; it will set him more at ease to know the whole truth. Then he'll know that I've got to shake myself free from it."

So the letter was amended, and made clear by the following extraordinary postscript:

"The girl is the clerk or book-keeper in this circulating library, where I have been taking my coffee mornings. Wouldn't see such a thing out of America, you know; but, Ren, I wish you could see her. I swear I've never seen a woman yet to compare with her."

When Sir Renwick Beddoes read this postscript, he made an involuntary ejaculation—"Good heavens!"

"What is it, Renwick?" said Lady Ethel, alarmed.

"Oh, nothing," replied Sir Renwick—"nothing only another freak of Wilfrid's. He's started for Japan; won't be back for a year." And he thrust the letter into his pocket.

"How tiresome!" said Lady Ethel. "I wanted him to go with me to Rome this winter. There's never any counting on Wilfrid."

"Gad, no!" muttered Sir Renwick, as he left the table. "There never has been. The Lord knows what he'll do next—or the devil," he added, under his breath, as he walked hastily out into the shrubbery, and took the letter out to read it again. The second reading somewhat allayed his disturbed feelings. He saw that his brother was as fully alive as he could wish to the impossibility of any marriage in the case, but every drop of blood in Sir Renwick's veins boiled with anger that there should have been any temptation to it. "Confound those Americans!" he said. "A woman in a coffee-room! Wilfrid must be stark mad to have thought of her a second time. I'll write to him this very next mail." And he did—a letter which, when Wilfrid Beddoes read it, three weeks later, in San Francisco, made him so angry that he had a dozen minds to give up his trip to Japan, go back, and ask Jerry Williams to marry him.

This was what had happened to Wilfrid Beddoes. He had sauntered into "Pettengill's" one morning, from mere curiosity, to see what the place was like. He had found the coffee delicious, the reading-room cool, and fragrant with the fragrance of azaleas; and he had gone again. The second morning he had chanced—what language and age are responsible for that meaningless word, "chance?"—chanced to take his seat at a table from which he could look directly across at Jerry's desk in the library. Jerry was writing. Something in the contour of her head and neck arrested his attention. He looked at her steadily, till she, probably conscious of some disturbing influence, lifted her head and looked around. Finding no one near her, she resumed her writing without looking toward the reading-room. That one sight of her lifted face smote on the heart of Wilfrid Beddoes with a strange and sudden thrill, almost like a pang. He did not pause to analyze or to combat it. He simply gazed, and continued to gaze, till he was roused by Nelly's clear and crisp voice, with a dash of malice in it, "Your coffee's getting cold, sir."

"I always take it cold, madam," replied Wilfrid Beddoes, with an icy glance at Nelly.

"My! what a lie!" thought Nelly, and trotted away, full of the impulse to go and tell Jerry how the Englishman was staring at her. A second thought checked her steps. "No, I'll keep it to myself a bit," she thought, "an' see what he does. He looked all struck of a heap;" and Mrs. Nelly sat down in her little parlor, where she could not be seen, and watched warily. Jerry went on with her writing. Wilfrid Beddoes drank his coffee, took up a newspaper, and holding it so that it would conceal his face, watched Jerry intently for half an hour. Then he rose, and walked out of the shop slowly, like a man in a

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dream. Nelly let him reach the threshold of the door before she intercepted him, smilingly, with, "I beg your pardon, sir, you have forgotten to pay for your coffee."

Without a change of muscle, he walked on and out into the street. He had not heard her.

"I'll run after him," exclaimed the errand-boy, snatching his cap from the window-sill; "I'll catch him."

"Never mind, Peter; he'll be in again. He's been here before. He's in a brown-study about something," said Nelly, carelessly, and went back into her parlor to have her laugh out.

With singular wisdom, Nelly held her tongue and kept her observations to herself for many days, as, morning after morning, regularly as the day, rain or shine, the Englishman came back for his coffee, and sat, silent, abstracted, behind his newspaper, watching Jerry. This went on for two or three weeks, when, one morning, Nelly, coming into the library a little late, found that Jerry had moved her desk nearer one of the library windows.

"There, I always told you you could see better up in that corner," exclaimed Nelly.

Jerry colored, and said, "Yes, it is lighter here." In a moment more her instinctive honesty got the better of her, and she added: "But I saw well enough where it was before. I moved to get out of the way of that Englishman. I do think the English are the rudest people in the world. He stares at me so I can't bear it any longer. I wish he wouldn't come here; but he seems to have taken it up so regularly I thought I'd just move my desk out of his sight."

"You can't get where he can't see you from the reading-room," replied Nelly.

"Oh, he always sits in that one seat," said Jerry, innocently. "He never sits anywhere else."

"I wonder what he's staying about here so long for?" said Nelly, as indifferently as she could; "he's a stranger, I know. He writes heaps an' heaps of letters to England."

"Does he?" said Jerry. "Well, I wish he'd go back where he came from. He's the rudest man I ever saw."

"I think he's taken a fancy to you," said Nelly, mischievously.

"Pshaw, Nelly," replied Jerry; "don't be a simpleton! He just likes to stare, that's all. I suppose he never saw a girl at a desk before. He thinks he can stare as much as he likes because we are Americans. But he won't get a chance to stare at me any more."

Simple Jerry! When Wilfrid Beddoes came in that morning, took his usual seat, lifted his eyes to feast on their usual banquet, and looked over to the vacant space where Jerry's desk had stood the day before, he gave a sudden start, which Mrs. Nelly, that mischievous spider, watching from her parlor door, saw, and chuckled to herself.

"I do wonder what he'll do now? I'll bet he don't drink his coffee cold this morning."

And he did not. Never dreaming that he was watched, and being alone in the reading-room, he swallowed the coffee hastily, laid down his newspaper, and began to walk up and down the room, with his hands clasped behind his back, occasionally looking across into the library. Very soon he reached a point from which Jerry's new station was in sight. An expression of relief crossed his face. She had not gone, then. He took a chair, drew it to his new point of observation, sat down, made a few entries in his note-book, and then went away. Jerry did not look up during all this time, and went on with her work calmly unconscious of her besieger's flank movement. Not so Nelly, who, at Wilfrid's first movement to leave his seat, had skipped into the outside shop, and watched his every movement.

"Begins to look serious," thought the good-hearted little woman. "My! but wouldn't it be a lark, though, if he was to propose to Jerry? I wish he'd jest give me a chance to talk to him about her. I wouldn't dare begin it, though, not for the life o' me. He looks 's fierce 's a bull-pup. I ain't forgot that fust day the way he said, 'I always take it cold, madam.' A big lie that was, an' no sort of occasion."

By an almost preternatural effort, Nelly withheld her tongue from telling Jerry of this incident, and waited impatiently for the next day.

The next day Mr. Beddoes came late for his coffee. He had overslept, felt ill, and was out of humor. As he walked through the shop to the reading-room, he chanced to catch Nelly's eye. A gleam of barely suppressed mirth in it struck upon his guilty self-consciousness, and irritated him exceedingly. Pulling the ends of his mustache fiercely, as was his habit when any-

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thing annoyed him, he strode past her without his usual courteous bow, and said to himself, as he took his usual seat: "By Jove! I won't come here any more. Hang that woman! she's been spying on me, I do believe."

As he seated himself at the table, Jerry chanced to look up. He had involuntarily looked in her direction to make sure that he had not been mistaken in his selection of his new seat. Jerry flushed to her forehead, and an expression of anger passed over her face. In a twinkling the expression of anger died, but the flush did not. A thought—no, the ghost of a thought—had crossed Jerry's mind. Wilfrid Beddoes, with the instinct of a subtle attraction, read it all.

"She has seen me," he said, and, spite of himself, a sort of joy filled him at the thought—"she has seen me, and it was for that she moved her desk. I must not come here any more; I will not. Dear girl! I would not harm her for the world. What a noble face! what a pure atmosphere! what honesty, what calm, what sweetness!" And Wilfrid Beddoes sighed deeply, leaned his face on his hand, and remained lost in thought for some time. Then he drank his coffee slowly, lingeringly, and read his paper, as usual, but did not once more look toward Jerry's seat. If he had, the chances were good that he might have met one of the two or three glances which Jerry could not help turning toward him. But he did not look. His mind was made up; and as soon as he had finished his coffee, he wrote the letter to his brother which we have already read. He wrote it rapidly, read it over, sealed it, and tossed it to one side, with a sigh of relief. Already the satisfaction of a course of conduct decided upon began to steal into his mind.

"Of course—of course," he thought. "What a fool I should be to think of anything else! I have made an ass of myself already, that's plain." And Mr. Beddoes walked out of the shop with a look loftier and colder than usual.

As Nelly stretched out her fat little short-fingered hand to take the money for his coffee, he experienced a sudden recurrence of aversion to her, which betrayed itself in every line of his face.

"My!" said Nelly, as he left the shop, "looks as if he'd bite your head off this morning. Wonder what's the matter now?" and she walked to the door and looked after him as he disappeared in the crowd. An evil angel put it into Mr. Beddoes's mind to turn and have one more look at the little flower-filled windows behind which sat the woman whose countenance had taken such hold of him. He saw Nelly's pert laughing round face stretched out at the door, evidently gazing after him; the sight strengthened his resolutions and quickened his steps.

"The very type of an insufferable American shop-woman. I believe she'd have driven me mad before long. How can that noble, refined girl be in the employ of such a vulgarian?" he thought to himself. "The relation must be well-nigh insupportable."

If he had known at that moment that there was nobody in the world whom this ideal girl of his liked better than this very "insufferable shop-woman," that they called each other "Nelly" and "Jerry," and were as familiar as sisters, his idealizing passion might, perhaps, have been killed on the spot, and he would have enjoyed his trip round the world better.

But he did not know it; neither could he find anything in his trip round the world — motion, places, people — which would kill or banish that strange idealizing passion. Wherever he went, whatever he saw, he saw all the time, with greater or less distinctness, the little black walnut writing-desk in "Pettengill's" library, and a fair, serious, honest face bent over it. He did not think it a beautiful face—nobody ever had. People usually did not admire Jerry. She had not one really beautiful feature in her countenance; but there could not be a face telling more clearly the story of a straightforward, strong, loyal, affectionate nature than did Jerry's. Sunny, too, it was, with the radiance of health, contentment, and energy, and there was in her blue-gray eyes a certain look of quiet determination, which was the most individual look on her face. It haunted Wilfrid Beddoes like a far-off sound in the air which he could never wholly hear, and never wholly escape. He made a good fight with himself and with it, but it was of no use.

At the foot of the sacred mountain in Japan, in the ivory courts of old temples in India, on the Mount of Olives, on the banks of the Nile, in Rome, St. Petersburg, Paris—the same. The face was before him, the thought was in his mind,

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the desire was in his soul, the love was in his heart; the fight with it, with himself, was of no use—was of as little use on the last day as on the first of the year for which he kept it up. A whole year, and around the world: what more could a man do? Would it not have been a folly, as well as a sort of blasphemy, to have kept it up longer? So thought Wilfrid Beddoes, and he sailed back to America one year and a month from the day on which he had set his face toward San Francisco. Azaleas were at the last of their blooming when he went away, and on the morning when he first went into "Pettengill's" after his return, there stood one of the last pink azaleas of the season on the table at which he had written that letter to Sir Renwick. As he took his seat, he scarce dared raise his eyes to look into the other room. Had she gone away? Had she died? Had he lost her? as he deserved to, he thought to himself. No. With a sudden heat, and a sudden quickening in his veins, he saw her: still fair, still serious, still calm and busy, bending in the old way over the old desk, which he saw—and smiled a little triumphantly to himself—had been moved back to the place where he had first seen it. There she was, and looking upon her once more, Wilfrid Beddoes knew that he had not come back for naught; that it was right, that it was inevitable, that he should at least try to win this woman for his wife. A reverent misgiving whether he could, grew strong within him as he watched her once more, and saw that the twelve months had left apparently untouched the cheeks, the lips, the contented brave eyes, and the forceful expression.

Jerry did not see him, but Nelly did: knew him "the minute he walked in," she afterward said; but she "wasn't goin' to let on that she'd ever taken any notice of him." So she returned Mr. Beddoes's slight bow with a curtailed nod, which she fancied was as dignified as his; and she would have been mightily surprised to know how well he read her, and how like an eternity the time had appeared to him while he was waiting for her to leave the shop that he might have a little conversation with the grave-faced woman at the stationery counter, from whom, and not upon any account from Nelly, he had resolved to ask the address of the young lady who sat in the librarian's desk.

Mr. Beddoes was a resolute and prompt man, and it took him a very few hours to arrange his plan of proceeding. Through a business acquaintance he easily procured an introduction to Mrs. Shepherd, and told her, without circumlocution or reserve, his purpose in wishing to make Miss Williams's acquaintance. He did not tell Mrs. Shepherd that he had spent a year in spinning around the entire globe trying to drive this purpose out of his mind. That he kept to tell Jerry. Neither did he ask Mrs. Shepherd to ask Jerry if he might come and see her; he simply appointed an hour at which he would call. On seeing her once, he was fully resolved. If he had known what a hair-breadth escape he had from being authoritatively refused this permission by Jerry herself, he would have suffered an agony of apprehension. Of Jerry's refusing to see him at all, he never so much as thought. Yet, except for Mrs. Shepherd's influence, she would probably have done so.

"I think it is impertinent in him," said Jerry, hotly. "He doesn't know me at all. He can't want to marry me."

"But he does," said Mrs. Shepherd. "You just see him, Jerry."

"I don't want to," said Jerry.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Shepherd. "You needn't ever see him again, if you ain't a mind to, you know."

"I should think not," said Jerry; "nor this time either. I won't go down."

"Please do, Jerry," said Mrs. Shepherd, who had faith in Wilfrid Beddoes from the outset—"please do, just to please me. I'll go down with you."

"Well, if you'll go down too," said Jerry, "that wouldn't be so bad. He couldn't say anything then."

"No," said Mrs. Shepherd; "only just to get a little acquainted."

This was not what Wilfrid Beddoes wanted. When he saw Mrs. Shepherd's portly figure entering the room, and Jerry's slender form in a species of occultation behind her, the gratification which this arrangement gave to his Englishman's sense of propriety was entirely outweighed by the lover's sense of embarrassment. He had been audacious enough to plan telling Jerry the whole truth then and there in the first minute. It was well for him that Mrs. Shepherd stood in the way of his carrying out this plan. It would have lost him Jerry, once for all; it nearly did in the second interview.

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"But I don't love you," she said. "I don't even know you."

"You do not love any other man," replied Wilfrid Beddoes, confidently.

If Jerry had had a trace of sentimentalism about her, she would have resented this; but she said, at once, "Oh no."

"And you never have?" asked her strange lover, only a little less confidently.

"No, indeed, never," said Jerry, with indubitable fervor.

"Then you will love me," replied Wilfrid Beddoes, slowly, solemnly, looking into Jerry's eyes with a gaze which she felt compelling from her soul an inexplicable assent. "I will make you love me; I know I can, if you will let me try."

Jerry was silent.

"You will love me," reiterated Wilfrid Beddoes. "I swear to you that you will love me."

Jerry was silent, her eyes fixed on the floor, her hands lying quiet in her lap, her whole figure motionless with a quiet which was almost unnatural. Wilfrid Beddoes took one of her hands in his: she did not seem to know that he had taken it. He lifted the hand to his lips: she did not seem to know that he had done so. He looked at her in silence for some minutes. At last he said, "Do you not believe that you can love me?"

"I do not know," said Jerry, deliberately. "I'm thinking."

One month later, Mr. Wilfrid Beddoes, younger brother of Sir Renwick Beddoes, of Beddoes Hall, was married to Mrs. Millington's librarian, and carried her off triumphantly around the world—the same journey which he had taken alone, the year before, trying to forget her. How Jerry gladdened and grew in the new atmosphere of love, and the new delights of travel and luxury and culture, and how Sir Renwick Beddoes died in the second year after Wilfrid's marriage, and Mrs. Millington's librarian became Lady Jerusha Beddoes, of Beddoes Hall, is as well told in few words as many. But it is as well to add, for a warning to all who, for any reason whatever, set themselves up to fight against the unconquerable forces of a true and great passion of love, to despoil it of its kingdom, or set a usurper in its place, that it was never permitted to Wilfrid Beddoes to forget that he had lost out of his life a whole year's happiness that he might have had.

Nelly never could make out in her own mind exactly how she felt about Jerry's marriage. She was good-naturedly and disinterestedly glad for Jerry; but Mr. Beddoes himself was a rankling thorn in Nelly's soul. "Never had so much 's a civil word out of him from fust to last," she said. "An' when he'd brought himself to marryin' Jerry, don't you see, there wasn't any sort o' reason for his lookin' down on me any more 'n on her"—a bit of logic which was thoroughly characteristic and feminine. However, Nelly soon forgot all her grievances in a new matrimonial connection. Mr. George Millington, within one year after his wife's death, proposed marriage to Nelly, and was accepted by her with a slow, hesitating acquiescence, which was far more the result of bewildered delight than anything else. She might well be pardoned for a measure of triumph in this unlooked-for tribute from her husband's brother; for, as she said, confidentially, to one of her oldest cronies: "You know how 'twas. When Mr. M. was alive, George's wife she wouldn't hardly so much 's speak to me; and Mr. M. he used to get real mad about it, 'n' sometimes he wouldn't go near his brother for a long spell, nor have nothin' to do with 'em. But I always said to him—if I've said it once, I've said it a hundred times, I guess—'Poppy,' says I, 'you never mind; the time 'll come when they'll be glad enough to take some notice o' us.' But I never thought o' its comin' this way. My! but I'm glad to get back into the business, though: there hain't been a single gallon of fust-rate Restorer made in that cellar since I left it. I can tell by the color that the tanks are all full of settlin's; an' as for the Grecian Hair Dye, what they've been doin' to that I can't imagine. Miss Martin's hair 's got so streaky, I declare I've been ashamed to see her goin' about the streets lookin' so, an' everybody to know she was a regular customer o' ours. My! I wonder what Mr. M. 'd say to it all! I expect he'd say, jest 's he was always sayin', 'Little woman, there's no knowin' what 'll happen.' Now, don't you see, here's Jerry married, an' livin' in the English nobility, 'n' Mr. M. dead 'n' gone, 'n' livin' in heaven—I'm sure o' that, 'n' always have been—'n' me married to George Millington, of all men in this world, 'n' a-sittin' up nights in our old cellar, makin' Dye an' Restorer in them tanks again, jest 's I used to when Mr. M. was alive. Don't it beat all?"

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KENTUCKY FARMS.

WHENEVER a business man gets away from his affairs, and journeys into a far country for even a short time, he may see many things that he would entirely overlook, if, with his mind filled with the every-day cares of life, he passed through the very same sections in the usual unobservant way.

A pity it is that our commercial travellers could not become trained observers, ready and acute as they are in all that pertains to their work, often witty and full of good stories. If they could only learn to spend the many hours which they are obliged to pass wearily in country taverns that are none of the best, and are often of the worst, in reporting what they might observe, what a resource against weariness it would be for them, and what a benefit to all who wish to know what the resources of this country really are, and how they may be developed! The business man who can write at all writes best for other business men. They could also adopt the patent method on which this article is written: in their search after facts they might make the acquaintance of such men as my friend Professor J. R. Procter, the State Geologist of Kentucky, and get them to furnish all the real substance of their reports, and the material to fill up the gaps in their narrative, as he has in this article, so that a part of the interest of the reader would be to find out how much the ostensible writer didn't know of his subject.

At the late meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in Boston, the writer sought information from the professor about the homespun fabrics that still constitute the common wear of a large population inhabiting the *terra* (almost) *incognita* of the United States, viz., the mountain sides and valleys of Eastern Kentucky and Tennessee, Northern Georgia, Western North and South Carolina, and Southwestern Virginia, and was invited to explore a part of the region by him.

This section is, we may say, somewhat larger than Great Britain, and contains more and purer iron and coal, equal deposits of copper, lead, zinc, and salt, besides corundum and gold in its mines; it enjoys what is probably the finest climate on this continent; it is permeated by the most fertile valleys, and bears upon its hill and mountain sides the heaviest growth and greatest variety of hard-wood timber.

If to this true mountain region be added the Piedmont and Cumberland plateaus on the east and west, the blue-grass section of Kentucky, and the high uplands of Alabama and Georgia, the area will be enlarged to nearly that of France, and it may be affirmed that there is nowhere else to be found in this country, in an equal area, such an opportunity for diversity of employment in agriculture, mining, metallurgy, or variety of manufactures.

Yet in the first two dwellings, built of logs, to which the writer was guided from the new town of Rugby, not only the house, but everything in or about it except iron and crockery ware, had been made by members of the family with their own hands. In the garden grew the little patch of cotton to be ginned on a small roller gin, whittled out with a jackknife; on the hill-side ranged the sheep. Both the wool and cotton were carded with hand-cards, and spun on the spinning-wheel by the house-mother or her children, then woven on the hand-loom, the frame of which had been fashioned with a broad-axe from the oak of their own pasture. The boys were clad in butternut garments, the father in blue jeans, from the same loom. The sheets, bed-quilts, and blankets were truly hand-factured in the same way, while the beds were stuffed with feathers plucked from their own geese.

In the next house I managed to purchase a blue and white quilt of very artistic pattern, and a striped cotton and wool blanket, both woven by the old lady, who seemed to think it *infra dig.* to sell the product of her own hands, and only consented when I explained to her that I wished them to keep as examples of what will soon become one of the lost arts. Her twelve-treddle loom filled about a third of the living-room.

The writer is not a sufficient master of the art of picture-writing to dare to hope to give an impression of the scenes that are to be found in this "land of the sky," as it has been called.

As one passes down that audacious Cincinnati Southern Railroad, built, owned, and operated by the city of Cincinnati, and, what is most strange of all about it, promising to be a good investment on its own merits, his mind will be almost har-

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assed by the rapidity with which he must take in the impressions that come upon him. With shuddering enjoyment he will stand on the rear platform as the train passes over a long iron bridge, and he looks down upon the winding river 287 feet below; he will wonder what engineer dared to plan and project the bridge, or what mechanics dared to work upon it as its trusses of 375 feet span were thrown out from each pier and joined in the centre, with no staging or any other support from below, but with only the counterpoise of the parts on solid land to prevent either portion tipping down into the gorge below. As he winds along on a bright October day, watching the red light pass away from the leaves of the blue-gum or the sourwood—more brilliant even than our rock-maples—with eyes surfeited with color, he will welcome the gray shadows of the evening, until another bright light gleams out from the pine knots burning in front of camps of the negro lumbermen, a hundred of whom are there roasting their hoe-cake and frying their bacon, and perhaps wondering when there will be moral capital enough in that land to establish a true savings-bank. In such a bank they could deposit the dollar a day now paid them in gold and silver, which is what they could save after paying the other ten cents of their customary wages for the daily fare; that sum of ten cents being all that their daily and favorite ration of "hog and hominy" costs.

West of the Cumberland plateau, which makes the western flank of this mountain region, lies the "blue-grass" section of the State of Kentucky. When this section is named among those who never visited it, two thoughts may present themselves—sometimes one first, sometimes the other, after the manner of the man. One is Bourbon whiskey, the other fast horses.

The horses that have made the fastest running time, Ten Broeck and Longfellow, and the fastest trotting time, St. Julian and Maud S., were all bred here. The two first named the writer admired in their own persons, he had almost said—they looked intelligent enough to be so called; the sisters, the cousins, and the aunts of the latter two he did not so much appreciate.

The blue-grass (*Poa pratensis*), which gives the name to a considerable section of the State of Kentucky, is not confined to that State or section, but thrives in many other places; but this particular section is its special home, because the soil is underlain with rotten limestone, constantly disintegrating, and furnishing the elements of fertility. When cultivation ceases, and the ground is allowed to lie fallow, the blue-grass comes in, furnishing almost a perpetual pasture of a most luxuriant description. The only need of turning up the pastures and of occasional cultivation is to remove the fox-tail grass, which, in some seasons much more than others, comes up in the autumn, and injures the winter pasture.

The rotten limestone belongs to the Cincinnati and Trenton groups of the lower silurian formation, and is very rich in fossils. The soils formed from this rock are exceptionally rich in phosphate of lime. Thin bands of phosphatic limestone from Fayette County have been found upon analysis to contain as much as 31.8 per cent. of the weight of rock of phosphoric acid. No wonder this soil should bring forth such bone-producing food!

The Kentuckian who didn't believe that the goodness of the Bourbon whiskey, the speed and endurance of the horses, and the vigor of the people were owing to the peculiarities of the soil and water of this region would be held disloyal to his State.

The trees, consisting mainly of white oak, blue ash, walnut, hard maple, and hickory on the uplands, with the addition of sycamore and elm on the streams, are as grand as any in this country.

One magnificent oak the writer visited on the farm of Major McDowell, near Frankfort, which is over one hundred feet high. There were four in our party; we all touched fingers, tip to tip, and then three more were needed before we could encircle the tree at the height of our shoulders.

There is not much woodland, but what there is is free from underbrush, and well grassed; most of the trees are detached, and give a park-like aspect to the country.

This blue-grass country is the very land where one can farm with brains, withholding his own manual labor, and free from the necessity which is imposed upon our farmers in New England, of working harder than any of their men.

The stone walls are models of good construction, and the substantial post and rail fences impart an air of thrift and prosperity.

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This country is furnished with most excellent turnpike-roads. One might ride smoothly on a bicycle from Louisville through Lexington to the eastern edge of the blue-grass region, 130 miles, and from the Ohio River through Lexington for 140 miles, on the best of macadam road; in fact, the whole region is covered with a net-work of these turnpikes, so that every neighborhood is penetrated.

It is a region reminding the traveller of the very richest parts of England, while the frequent comfortable houses will remind him that he is not in England, but in a country where the farmer owns the land, and spends his substance upon it.

The general level ranges from 800 to 1100 feet above the sea, and is claimed to be entirely above malaria; it is watered by many streams rising in the Cumberland Mountains, which, combining, form the Licking and Kentucky rivers.

The monthly mean temperature for the three summer months is 73°, 76°, and 73°, and for the three winter months 27°, 30°, and 35°.

The finest stock and brood mares are wintered on the blue-grass pastures without shelter. It is a cause of much quiet joking among the stock-breeders that the most knowing horse men from other States buy what are apparently their best colts at high prices, leaving what appear to be only second-rates; but the latter, bred on blue-grass and lime-water, and hardened by exposure to the not too severe winters, are apt to win the races, and keep up the Kentucky name, even more than those of the first class, which are more carefully sheltered and trained.

But the point which attracts one most in this region is the fact that crops of grain may be raised year after year, alternating occcasionally with hemp and blue-grass, far exceeding the average of most other parts of this country, and without the use of a particle of manure. In fact, the average crop of wheat produced in this section by good farmers without manure is above the average of the high farming of England in a good year.

It is true that some crops appear to have a little temporary effect upon the soil; for instance, when wheat is planted immediately after maize, or Indian corn, the crop is less than when it follows hemp. The land will produce from 800 pounds to 1400 pounds of hemp per acre, and if the stalks are rotted on the field, according to the common practice, the land is left in the best condition for grain, the fibre of hemp being mostly carbonaceous matter drawn from the atmosphere.

What might be done with this land if some experiments were tried with acid fertilizers adapted to releasing the elements of the limestone more rapidly, is one of the problems that may yet yield some astounding results. It would also be an interesting experiment if some of the farmers would subsoil a few acres, and plant wheat in single grains, nine inches apart each way, so that each plant might "tiller" to the utmost extent.

The following statements bear witness to what is now done. Farmer C——, of Franklin County, testifies that he averages twenty bushels of wheat to the acre after corn; but his average on sod land or after hemp is thirty-five bushels, and one year he raised forty-five bushels to the acre on land which had been three years previously in hemp. No manure used. Farmer A——, of Woodford County, averages thirty to forty bushels on clover sod or after hemp. His best crop was fifty-two bushels, on land four years in hemp. No manure. Another farmer in Woodford County had made 4000 bushels of wheat on 100 acres.

As evidence of the inherent fertility of the soil, and the power of restoration without the use of manure, I have the following from a farmer: "Purchased a farm ten years since that had been badly worn by careless tenants for twenty-five years, and at the time of purchase would yield only five barrels of corn to the acre; by rotation with clover, had brought it up to twelve barrels." This farmer gave me his average of wheat after corn at eighteen bushels per acre, and computed the cost per acre as follows:

Seed	$1 00
Ploughing (omitted on hemp land)	1 25
Planting	75
Cutting, threshing, and putting into bags	4 50
Total	$7 50

—or 41⅔ cents per bushel of 60 pounds.

A second farmer's estimate of cost is, on sod land:

Seed	$1 00
Ploughing	2 00
Planting	1 00
Cutting	1 25
Threshing	2 50
Total	$7 75

—25 bushels, or 31 cents per bushel.

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On hemp land:

Seed	$1 00
Planting	1 00
Cutting	1 25
Threshing	2 50
Total	$5 75

—at 25 bushels, 23 cents per bushel; at 30 bushels, 19⅓ cents per bushel.

Barley is growing in favor. The foreman of a fine farm showed me a field of blue-grass laid by for winter pasture on which he had made forty bushels of barley to the acre the year before. No manure. Hay is also coming in as a salable and very profitable crop.

Much of the wheat is now carried south over the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, and is distributed from Chattanooga and Atlanta. There is a growing demand for wheat in the South, accompanying the increased prosperity which has ensued from the establishment of free labor.

It may be asked why Kentucky should hold so small a place in the production of wheat, her crop being only five to seven million bushels. The answer is that the land is held by a race of men with whom stock-breeding is almost hereditary. As we have stated, the pasture is practically perpetual, and of the best description, hence most of the blue-grass country is devoted to the raising of horses, mules, and cattle. This occupation is easier, and was much more consistent with the system of slave labor by which the progress of the State was retarded until a period considerably after the surrender of the Confederate army.

The land is now changing hands with considerable rapidity, and, under the impulse of the new forces that have come in with free labor, it seems probable that farming may be substituted for stock-breeding, and that larger crops of cereals, tobacco, and of hemp and flax will ensue.

In Kentucky the farms of less than ten acres in size increased in number from 6868 in 1860 to 16,292 in 1870, and the total of farms under 100 acres increased the same period from 58,350 to 92,149, whilst the number of farms of over 500 and under 1000 acres decreased.

Access to the sea-board is now by way of Cincinnati, but other lines are being constructed that will give outlets at the fine harbor of Norfolk and on the York and James rivers, Virginia. This line will be completed to Lexington by June next. From the centre of the blue-grass region to Richmond, Virginia, by this line will be 540 miles, and to Norfolk 640 miles. At present the distance to New York from this section by rail is 830 miles. The completion of projected roads will also give a nearer outlet to the south.

When the railway service is completed, consolidated, and worked as cheaply between this section and the sea-board as it is now between the Western States and New York, the cost of transportation will not exceed $3 50 to $4 per ton, or 11 to 12 cents per bushel. Add to this the freight and charges to Liverpool, and it will appear that it may not be impossible that a time may come when the actual cost in Liverpool of wheat raised in Kentucky will not exceed 60 to 70 cents per bushel of 60 pounds, or at 8⅓ bushels to the quarter of 500 pounds, $5 to $5 84, equal to about 20*s.* 10*d.* to 25*s.* per quarter, all charges paid. At or above 30*s.* per quarter the production and traffic will be permanently profitable.

This limestone region which I have described, known as "Blue-Grass," comprises 10,000 square miles, or 6,400,000 acres. The area of land now under cultivation in wheat in all Great Britain is less than 5000 square miles, or under 3,000,000 acres, on which a little less than half the flour used by the people is now raised.

It is beginning to appear that no rent can be paid on land devoted to wheat in Great Britain when the price in Mark Lane is less than 40*s.* per quarter.

Improved farms in this section of Kentucky, furnished with good houses and farm buildings, are now worth $35 to $100 per acre.

The character of the people is one of the main considerations. They are vigorous, very hospitable, old-fashioned, with few exceptions not much given to books, and farming just as their fathers did. They have been a fighting race, but carrying arms secretly is forbidden by law, and the law is rigidly enforced. They are quick to resent an insult, but do not force their ways upon strangers. Much of the land is passing into new hands, and the old duelling and homicidal era is almost a thing of the past.

East of the blue-grass region lies the Kentucky section of the *terra incognita* described in the first part of this article. The portion of the mountain, interior valley, and plateau region in this State comprises about 10,000 square miles, and is of

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untold wealth. The plateau and the upland valleys are 1500 to 2000 feet above the level of the sea.

The soil is the disintegrated rock of the mountains, rich in all the elements of fertility. The hill-sides are covered with forests of oak, yellow poplar, chestnut, ash, hickory, cherry, pine, etc. In De Friese's report, constituting a part of the geologic survey of Kentucky, a section of the North Cumberland Valley is described; among other facts it is said that in an area of 1250 square yards there were found among other trees six black walnut with an average diameter of forty inches, five buckeye averaging twenty-nine inches, three white ash averaging thirty-four inches, and six linden averaging twenty-three inches.

The coal measures of this section reach a thickness of 2000 feet above the drainage level of the country, containing many beds of very superior quality.

The deposits of the best quality of cannel-coal are more extensive than elsewhere, and iron ore beds of great richness, extent, and purity are very favorably located with reference to the coal.

Various lines of railway are now projected or in process of construction which will soon open this region to colonization.

The State of Kentucky is free from debt, and has a well-established system of common schools, sustained on a method differing in some respects from other States. The school tax is assessed at the rate of twenty cents on the $100 on the property of the State, but is divided according to the number of children, so that the people in the poorer sections or in the mountain districts are aided at their time of greatest need in the support of their schools.

Land in these mountain districts and upland valleys can be bought now in large quantities—in parcels of to 100,000 acres at $1 50 to $3 per acre—and offers great opportunities for the establishment of colonies after the manner of Rugby.

It is a matter of considerable importance that this great section should become more generally known, especially the mountain portion, even the geography of which is not fully comprehended as yet. In the far interior of the hills are people who have never seen a wheeled vehicle, and who depend upon the outside world only for steel needles, making even their own iron and pottery.

It has lately been determined to add to the International Cotton Exhibition, which is to be held at Atlanta, Georgia, in the months of October, November, and December, 1881, a building modelled after that which contained the agricultural and mineral products of Kansas and Colorado at the Centennial Exhibition of 1876. In this building will be gathered examples of the minerals, the clays, the timber, the soils, and products of agriculture, and the flora and fauna of this great but almost unknown land, which constitutes the backbone of the eastern portion of our territory.

The tenant-farmers of England and Scotland number about five hundred thousand. Their occupation seems to be approaching its end, as it becomes more and more evident that there is no longer an adequate margin in the prices of the great staple of agriculture from which rent can be paid, and that English land, like our own, must be cultivated by its owners, either in large or small parcels. To this class of tenant-farmers this section will offer the most favorable conditions, where they can buy good land at less than the rent they have been paying.

The marked feature, throughout the Piedmont district especially, is the rapid division of land, and the great increase in the number of small land-owners.

Cotton and tobacco are especially suited to small farms, and if the practice of "ensilaging" green fodder is half as effective as its enthusiastic promoters allege, another force will have been developed, working distinctly in the direction of the good cultivation of moderate parcels of land.

The writer of this article has prepared it *con amore*, thinking that a Massachusetts man could make no better return for the hospitality of his Kentucky hosts than to describe the two sections in which he passed a few pleasant days, in either of which portions of that great State poor little Massachusetts could be placed, and the part that extended outside her limits wrapped over her so that she could hardly be seen. But for the present old Massachusetts can match the acres of her workshops and factory floors even against blue-grass, and give odds besides; but what will be the conditions of the match in the next century may be a question for the children of the blue-grass farmers and of the coming colonists to determine.

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A LAODICEAN.

BOOK THE SECOND.—DARE AND HAVILL.

CHAPTER VII.—(*Continued.*)

"OH, it is you, Miss Birch," said Dare, on overtaking her. "I am glad to have the pleasure of walking by your side."

"Yes, sir. Oh, it's Mr. Dare. We don't see you at the castle now, sir."

"No. And do you get a walk like this every evening when the others are at their busiest?"

"Almost every evening; that's the one return to the poor lady's-maid for losing her leisure when the others get it—in the absence of the family from home."

"Is Miss Power a hard mistress?"

"No."

"Rather fanciful than hard, I presume?"

"Just so, sir."

"And she likes to appear to advantage, no doubt?"

"I suppose so," said Milly, laughing. "We all do."

"When does she appear to the best advantage? When riding, or driving, or reading her book?"

"Not altogether then, if you mean the very best."

"Perhaps it is when she sits looking at the glass at herself, and you let down her hair?"

"Not particularly, to my mind."

"When does she to your mind? When dressed for a dinner party or ball?"

"Well, yes. But there is a time when she looks more bewitching than at any. It is when she is in the gymnasium."

"Oh!—gymnasium!"

"Because when she is there she wears such a pretty boy's costume, and is so charming in her movements, that you think she is a lovely youth, and not a girl at all."

"When does she go to this gymnasium?"

"Not so much as she used to. Only on wet mornings now, when she can't get out for walks or drives. But she used to do it every day."

"I should like to see her there."

"Why, sir? It would hardly be right."

"I am a poor artist, and can't afford models. To see her attitudes would be of great assistance to me in the art I love so well."

Milly shook her head. "She's very strict about the door being locked. If I were to leave it open, she would dismiss me, as I should deserve."

"But consider, dear Milly, the advantage to a poor artist the sight of her would be: if you could hold the door ajar, it would be worth five pounds to me, and a good deal to you."

"No," said the incorruptible Milly. "Besides, I don't always go there with her. Oh no, I couldn't."

Milly remained so firm at this point that Dare said no more.

When he had left her he returned to the castle grounds, and though there was not much light, he had no difficulty in discovering the gymnasium, the outside of which he had observed before, without thinking to inquire its purpose. Like the erections in other parts of the shrubberies, it was constructed of wood, the interstices between the framing being filled up with short billets of fir nailed diagonally. Dare, even when without a settled plan in his head, could arrange for probabilities; and wrenching out one of the billets, he looked inside. It seemed to be a simple oblong apartment, fitted up with ropes, with a little dressing closet at one end, and lighted by a skylight or lantern in the roof. Dare replaced the wood and went on his way.

Havill was smoking on his door-step when Dare passed up the street. He held up his hand.

"Since you have been gone," said the architect, "I've hit upon something that may help you in exhibiting your lady to your gentleman. In the summer I had orders to design a gymnasium for her, which I did; and they say she is very clever on the ropes and bars. Now—"

"I've discovered it. I shall contrive for him to see her there on the first wet morning, which is when she practices. What made her think of it?"

"As you may have heard, she holds advanced views on social and other matters, and in those on the higher education of women she is very strong, talking a

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good deal about the physical training of the Greeks, whom she adores, or did. Every philosopher and man of science who ventilates his theories in the monthly reviews has a devout listener in her; and this subject of the physical development of her sex has had its turn with other things in her mind. So she had the place built, on her very first arrival, according to the latest lights on athletics, and in imitation of those at the new colleges for women."

"How deuced clever of the girl! She means to live to be a hundred."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE wet day arrived with all the promptness that might have been expected of it in this land of rains and mists. The alder bushes behind the gymnasium dripped monotonously leaf upon leaf, added to this being the purl of the shallow stream a little way off, producing a sense of satiety in watery sound. Though there was drizzle in the open meads, the rain here in the thicket was comparatively slight, and two men in Ulster coats who stood beneath one of the larger bushes found its boughs a sufficient shelter.

"We may as well walk home again as study nature here, Willy," said the taller and elder of the twain. "I feared it would continue when we started. The magnificent prospect you speak of must rest for to-day."

The other looked at his watch, but made no particular reply.

"Come, let us move on. I don't like intruding into other people's grounds like this," De Stancy continued.

"We are not intruding. Anybody walks outside this fence." He denoted an iron railing, newly tarred, dividing the wilder underwood amid which they stood from the inner and well-kept parts of the shrubbery, and against which the back of the gymnasium was built.

Light footsteps upon a gravel-walk could be heard on the other side of the fence, and a trio of cloaked and umbrella-screened figures were for a moment discernible. They vanished behind the gymnasium; and again nothing resounded but the river murmurs and the clock-like drippings of the leafage.

"Hush!" said Dare.

"No pranks, my boy," said De Stancy, suspiciously. "You should be above them."

"And you should trust to my good sense, Captain," Dare remonstrated. "I have not indulged in a prank since the sixth year of my pilgrimage: I have found them too damaging to my interests. Well, it is not too dry here, and damp injures your health, you say. Have a pull for safety's sake." He presented a flask to De Stancy.

The artillery officer looked down at his nether garments.

"I don't break my rule without good reason," he observed.

"I am afraid that reason exists at present."

"I am afraid it does. What have you got?"

"Only a little wine."

"What wine?"

"Do try it. I call it 'the blushful Hippocrene' that the poet describes as

> "'Tasting of Flora and the country green,
> Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth.'"

De Stancy took the flask, and drank a little.

"It warms, does it not?" said Dare.

"Too much," said De Stancy, with misgiving. "I have been taken unawares. Why, it is three parts brandy, to my taste, you scamp!"

Dare put away the wine. "Now you are to see her, as I promised," he said.

"Her? — Miss Pow—" Captain De Stancy shrank back with a deprecating look.

"Come, Captain De Stancy, the white feather at the last moment—no! It is for your good, you know. Now just look in here."

The speaker advanced to the back of the building, and withdrew the wood billet from the wall.

"Well, what must be will be, I suppose," said De Stancy, with a comfortable resignation, produced partially by the potent liquor, which would have been comical to an outsider, but which, to one who had known the history and relationship of the two speakers, would have worn a sadder significance. "I am too big a fool about you to thwart you as I ought; that's the fault of me, worse luck."

He pressed the youth's hand with a smile, went forward, and looked through the hole into the interior of the gymna-

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sium. Dare withdrew to some little distance, and watched Captain De Stancy's face, which presently began to change.

What was the captain seeing?

A sort of optical poem.

Paula, in a pink flannel costume, which showed to perfection every curve of her figure, was bending, wheeling, and undulating in the air like a gold-fish in its globe, sometimes ascending by her arms nearly to the lantern, then lowering herself till she swung level with the floor. Her aunt, Mrs. Goodman, and Charlotte De Stancy were sitting on camp-stools at one end watching her gyrations, Paula occasionally addressing them with such an expression as, "Now, aunt, look at me; and you, Charlotte—is not that pretty?" when some adroit feat would be repeated, which, however, seemed to give much more pleasure to Paula herself in performing it than to Mrs. Goodman in looking on, the latter sometimes saying, "Oh, it is terrific! Do not run such a risk again."

It would have demanded the poetic passion of some joyous Elizabethan lyrist like Lodge, Nash, or Constable to fitly phrase Paula's presentation of herself at this moment of absolute abandonment to every muscular whim that could take possession of such a supple form. The white Manila ropes clung about the young girl like snakes as she took her exercise, and the color in her face deepened as she went on. Captain De Stancy felt that, much as he had seen in early life of beauty in woman, he had never seen beauty of such a sort as this. A bitter recollection of his vow, together with a lively sense that to gaze on the festival of this Bona Dea was profanation, would have compelled him as an officer and a gentleman instantly to withdraw his eyes, had not the strange fascination of her appearance glued them there in spite of all. And, as if to complete the picture of Grace personified, and add the one thing wanting to the spell which bound him, the clouds, till that time thick in the sky, broke away from the upper heaven, and allowed the noonday sun to pour down through the lantern upon her, irradiating her with a warm light that was incarnadined by her pink doublet and hose, and reflected in upon her face. She only required a cloud to rest on instead of the green silk net which actually supported her reclining figure for the moment, to be quite Olympian; save, indeed, that in place of haughty effrontery, there sat on her countenance only the healthful sprightliness of an English girl.

Dare had withdrawn to a point at which another path crossed the path occupied by De Stancy. Looking in a side direction, he saw Havill idling slowly up to him over the silent grass. Havill's knowledge of the appointment had brought him out to see what came of it. When he neared Dare, but was still partially hidden by the boughs from the third of the party, the former simply pointed to De Stancy, upon which Havill stood still, and peeped at him. "Is she within there?" he inquired.

Dare nodded, and whispered, "You need not have asked, if you had examined his face."

"That's true."

"A fermentation is beginning in him," said Dare, half-pitifully; "a purely chemical process; and when it is complete, he will probably be clear and fiery and sparkling, and quite another man than the good, weak, easy fellow that he was."

To precisely describe Captain De Stancy's look was impossible. A sun rising in his face, such was somewhat the effect. By watching him they could almost see the aspect of her within the wall, so accurately were her changing phases reflected in him. He seemed to forget that he was not alone.

"And is this," he murmured, in the manner of one only half apprehending himself—"and is this the end of my vow?"

Paula was saying at that moment, "Ariel sleeps in this posture, does he not, auntie?" Suiting the action to the word, she flung out her arms behind her head, as she lay in the green silk hammock, idly closed her pink eyelids, and swung herself to and fro.

BOOK THE THIRD.—DE STANCY.

CHAPTER I.

CAPTAIN DE STANCY was a changed man. A hitherto unapprehended energy was giving him life and motion toward immeasurable consequences. His features were, indeed, to cursory observation, much the same as before; though had a physiognomist chosen to study them with the closeness of an astronomer scanning

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the universe, he would doubtless have discerned abundant novelty.

Up to this time De Stancy had been an easy, melancholy, unaspiring officer, enervated and depressed by parental affection quite beyond his control for the graceless lad Dare—the obtrusive memento of a shadowy period in De Stancy's youth, who threatened to be the curse of his old age. Throughout this space he had persevered in his system of rigidly incarcerating within himself all instincts toward the opposite sex, with a resolution that would not have disgraced a much stronger man. By this habit, maintained with sedulous regularity, a chamber of his nature had been preserved intact during many later years, like the one solitary sealed-up cell occasionally retained by bees in a lobe of drained honey-comb. And thus, though he had irretrievably exhausted the relish of society, of ambition, of action, of his profession, the love-force that he had kept immured alive was still a reproducible thing.

The sight of Paula in the gymnasium, which the judicious Dare had so carefully planned, led up to and heightened by subtle accessories, operated on De Stancy's prepared soul with a promptness almost magical.

On the evening of the self-same day, having dined as usual, he retired to his rooms, where he found a hamper of wine awaiting him. It had been anonymously sent, and the account was paid. He smiled grimly, but no longer with heaviness. In this he instantly recognized the handiwork of Dare, who, having at last broken down the barrier which had isolated De Stancy's heart for so many years, acted like a skilled strategist, and took swift measures to follow up the advantage so tardily gained.

Captain De Stancy knew himself conquered; he knew he should yield to Paula—had, indeed, yielded; but there was now, in his solitude, an hour or two of reaction. He did not drink from the bottles sent. He went early to bed, and lay tossing thereon till far into the night, thinking over the collapse. His teetotalism had, with the lapse of years, unconsciously become the outward and visible sign to himself of his secret vows; and a return to its opposite, however mildly done, signified with ceremonious distinctness the formal acceptance of delectations long forsworn.

But the exceeding freshness of his feeling for Paula, which, by reason of its long arrest, was that of a young man of three-and-twenty, and was a wonder to himself every instant, would not long brook weighing in balances. He wished suddenly to commit himself; to remove the question of retreat out of the region of debate. The clock struck two; the wish became determination. He arose, and wrapping himself in his dressing-gown, went to the next room, where he took from a shelf in the pantry several large bottles, which he carried to the window, till they stood on the sill a goodly row. There had been sufficient light in the room for him to do this without a candle. Now he softly opened the sash, and the radiance of a gibbous moon riding in the opposite sky flooded the apartment. It fell on the labels of the captain's bottles, revealing their contents to be simple aerated waters for drinking.

De Stancy looked out and listened. The guns that stood drawn up within the yard glistened in the moonlight streaming across them from over the barrack wall: there was an occasional stamp of horses in the stables; also a measured tread of sentinels—one or more at the gates, one at the hospital, one between the wings, two at the magazine, and others further off. Recurring to his intention, he drew the corks of the mineral waters, and inverting each bottle one by one over the window-sill, heard its contents dribble in a small stream on to the gravel below.

He then opened the hamper which Dare had sent. Uncorking one of the bottles, he murmured, "To Paula!" and drank a glass of the ruby liquor.

"A man again after eighteen years," he said, shutting the sash, and returning to his bedroom.

The first overt result of his kindled interest in Miss Power was his saying to his sister the day after the surreptitious sight of Paula, "I am sorry, Charlotte, for a word or two I said the other day."

"Well!"

"I was rather disrespectful to your friend Miss Power."

"I don't think so—were you?"

"Yes. When we were walking in the wood, I made a stupid joke about her. . . . What does she know about me—do you ever speak of me to her?"

"Only in general terms."

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"What general terms?"

"You know well enough, William; of your idiosyncrasies, and so on—that you are a bit of a woman-hater, or at least a confirmed bachelor, and have but little respect for your own family."

"I wish you had not told her that," said De Stancy, with dissatisfaction.

"But I thought you always liked women to know your principles!" said Charlotte, in injured tones, "and would particularly like her to know them, living so near."

"Yes, yes," replied her brother, hastily. "Well, I ought to see her, just to show her that I am not quite a brute."

"That would be very nice!" she answered, putting her hands together in agreeable astonishment. "It is just what I have wished, though I did not dream of suggesting it, after what I have heard you say. I am going to stay with her again to-morrow, and I will let her know about this."

"Don't tell her anything plainly, for Heaven's sake. I really want to see the interior of the castle: I have never entered its walls since my babyhood." He raised his eyes as he spoke to where the walls in question showed their ashlar faces over the trees.

"You might have gone over it at any time."

"Oh yes. It is only recently that I have thought much of the place: I feel now that I should like to examine the old building thoroughly, since it was for so many generations associated with our fortunes, especially as most of the old furniture is still there. My sedulous avoidance hitherto of all relating to our family vicissitudes has been, I own, stupid conduct for an intelligent being; but impossible grapes are always sour, and I have unconsciously adopted Radical notions to obliterate disappointed hereditary instincts. But these have a trick of re-establishing themselves as one gets older, and the castle and what it contains have a keen interest for me now."

"It contains Paula."

De Stancy's pulse, which had been beating languidly for the last eighteen years, beat double at the sound of that name.

"I meant furniture and pictures for the moment," he said; "but I don't mind extending the meaning to her, if you wish it."

"She is the rarest thing there."

"So you have said before." He might have added, "but with a very different effect upon me."

"The castle and our family history have as much romantic interest for her as they have for you," Charlotte went on. "She delights in visiting our tombs and effigies, and ponders over them for hours."

"Indeed!" said De Stancy, allowing his surprise to hide the satisfaction which accompanied it. "That should make us friendly . . . Does she see many people?"

"Not many as yet. And she can not have many staying there during the alterations."

"Ah, yes—the alterations. Didn't you say that she has had a London architect stopping there on that account? What was he—old or young?"

"He is a young man: he has been to our house. Don't you remember you met him there?"

"What was his name?"

"Mr. Somerset."

"Oh, that man! Yes, yes, I remember . . . Hullo, Lottie!"

"What?"

"Your face is as red as a peony. Now I know a secret!" Charlotte vainly endeavored to hide her confusion. "Very well, mum's the word. I won't say more," continued De Stancy, good-humoredly, "except that he seems to be a very nice fellow."

De Stancy had turned the dialogue on to this little well-preserved secret of his sister's with sufficient outward lightness; but it had been done in instinctive concealment of the disquieting start with which he had recognized that Somerset, Dare's enemy, whom he had intercepted in placing Dare's portrait into the hands of the chief constable, was a man beloved by his sister Charlotte. This novel circumstance might lead to a curious complication. But he was to hear more.

"He may be very nice," replied Charlotte, with an effort, after this silence, "but he is nothing to me, more than a very good friend."

"There's no engagement, or thought of one, between you?"

"Certainly there's not!" said Charlotte, with brave emphasis. "It is more likely to be between Paula and him than me and him."

De Stancy's bare military ears and closely cropped poll flushed hot. "Miss Power and him?"

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"I don't mean to say there is, because Paula denies it; but I mean that he loves Paula. That I do know."

De Stancy was dumb. This item of news, which Dare had kept from him, not knowing how far De Stancy's sense of honor might extend, was decidedly grave. Indeed, he was so much impressed with the fact that he could not help saying as much aloud: "This is very serious!"

"Why?" she murmured, tremblingly, for the first leaking out of her tender and sworn secret had disabled her quite.

"Because I love Paula too."

"What do you say, William, you?—a woman you have never seen?"

"I have seen her—by accident. And now, my dear little sis, you will be my close ally, won't you? as I will be yours, as brother and sister should be." He placed his arm coaxingly round Charlotte's shoulder.

"Oh, William, how can I?" at last she stammered.

"Why, how can't you? I should say. We are both in the same ship. I love Paula, you love Mr. Somerset; it behooves both of us to see that this flirtation of theirs ends in nothing."

"I don't like you to put it like that—that I love him; it frightens me," murmured the girl, visibly agitated. "I don't want to divide him from Paula; I couldn't, I wouldn't, do anything to separate them. Believe me, Will, I could not. I am sorry you love there also, though I should be glad if it happened in the natural order of events that she should come round to you. But I can not do anything to part them, and make Mr. Somerset suffer. It would be *too* wrong and blamable."

"Now, you silly Charlotte, that's just how you women fly off at a tangent. I mean nothing dishonorable in the least. Have I ever prompted you to do anything dishonorable? Fair-fighting allies was all I thought of."

Miss De Stancy breathed more freely. "Yes, we will be that, of course; we are always that, William. But I hope I can be your ally, and be quite neutral; I would so much rather."

"Well, I suppose it will not be a breach of your precious neutrality if you get me invited to see the castle?"

"Oh no," she said, brightly; "I don't mind doing such a thing as that. Why not come with me to-morrow? I will say I am going to bring you. There will be no trouble at all."

De Stancy readily agreed. The instant effect upon him of the information now acquired was to intensify his ardor tenfold.

The stimulus was no doubt partly due to a perception that Somerset, with a little more knowledge, would have in his hands a card which could be played with disastrous effect against himself. Were his relationship to Dare once discovered by Somerset, in the latter's already manifested doubt of Dare's personal character, he would, without question, be stimulated by the heat of rivalry to disclose that relationship instantly. Nay—and it added yet more excitement to this game to know it, though the pang was so much the greater—Dare's character was of a kind to justify such an exposure by any man of common probity, without the stimulus of rivalry. And to a lady of such Puritan antecedents as Paula's, this would probably mean her immediate severance from himself as an unclean thing.

"Is Miss Power a great pietist, or precisian, or that sort of thing?" he asked, abruptly. "Strictly a puritan, I mean?"

"She is strictly pure," said Charlotte, not quite hearing. The unconscious mistake was peculiarly apposite, and De Stancy was silent.

He spent some following hours in a close study of the castle history, which till now had never had a meaning for him. More particularly did he dwell over documents and notes which referred to the pedigree of his own family. He wrote out the names of all—and they were many—who had been born within those domineering walls since their first erection; of those among them who had been brought thither by marriage with the owner, and of stranger knights and gentlemen, fewer, yet more interesting in present circumstances, who had entered the castle by marriage with its orphaned or widowed mistress. He refreshed his memory on the strange loves and hates that had arisen in the course of the family history; on memorable attacks, and the dates of the same, the most memorable among them being the occasion on which the party represented by Paula battered down the castle walls that she was now about to mend, and, as he hoped, return in their original intact shape to the

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family dispossessed, by marriage with himself, its living representative.

In Sir William's villa were small engravings after many of the portraits in the castle galleries, some of them hanging in the dining-room in plain maple frames, and others preserved in portfolios. De Stancy spent much of his time over these, and in getting up the romances of their originals' lives from memoirs and other records, all which stories were as great novelties to him as they could possibly be to any stranger. Most interesting to him was the life of an Edward De Stancy, who had lived just before the Civil Wars, and to whom Captain De Stancy bore a very traceable likeness. This ancestor had a mole on his cheek, black and distinct as a fly in milk; and as in the case of the first Lord Amherst's wart, and Bennet, Earl of Arlington's nose scar, the painter had faithfully reproduced the defect on canvas. It so happened that the captain had a mole, though not exactly on the same spot of his face; and this made the resemblance still greater.

He took infinite trouble with his dress that day, showing an amount of anxiety on the matter which for him was quite abnormal. At last, when fully equipped, he set out with his sister to make the call proposed. Charlotte was rather unhappy at sight of her brother's earnest attempt to make an impression on Paula; but she could say nothing against it, and they proceeded on their way.

It was the darkest of November weather, when the days are so short that morning seems to join with evening without the intervention of noon. The sky was lined with low cloud, within whose dense substance tempests were slowly fermenting for the coming days. Even now a windy turbulence troubled the half-naked boughs, and a lonely leaf would occasionally spin downward to rejoin on the grass the scathed multitude of its comrades which had preceded it in its fall. The river by the pavilion, in the summer so clear and purling, now slid onward brown and thick and silent, and enlarged to double size.

CHAPTER II.

MEANWHILE Paula was alone. Of any one else it would have been said that she was finding the afternoon rather dreary in the vast halls not of her forefathers; but of Miss Power it was unsafe to predicate so surely. She walked from room to room in a black velvet dress which gave decision to her outline without depriving it of softness. She occasionally clasped her hands behind her head and looked out of a window; but she more particularly bent her footsteps up and down the Long Gallery, where she had caused a large fire of logs to be kindled, in her endeavor to extend cheerfulness somewhat beyond the precincts of the sitting-rooms.

The fire glanced up on Paula, and Paula glanced down at the fire, and at the gnarled beech fuel, and at the wood-lice which ran out from beneath the bark to the extremity of the logs as the heat approached them. The low-down ruddy light spread over the dark floor like the setting sun over a moor, fluttering on the grotesque countenances of the bright andirons, and touching all the furniture on the under side.

She now and then crossed to one of the deep embrasures of the windows to decipher some sentence from a letter she held in her hand. The daylight would have been more than sufficient for any bystander to discern that the capitals in that letter were of the peculiar semi-Gothic type affected at the time by Somerset and other young architects of his school in their epistolary correspondence. She was very possibly thinking of him, even when not reading his letter, for the expression of softness with which she perused the page was more or less with her when she appeared to examine other things.

She walked about for a little time longer, then put away the letter, looked at the clock, and thence returned to the windows, straining her eyes over the landscape without, as she murmured, "I wish Charlotte was not so long coming."

As Charlotte continued to keep away, Paula became less reasonable in her desires, and proceeded to wish that Somerset would arrive; then that anybody would come; then, walking toward the portraits on the wall, she dared to wish that one of those cavaliers would oblige her fancy for company by stepping down from his frame. The temerity of the wish led her to prudently withdraw it almost as soon as conceived: old paintings had been said to play queer tricks in extreme cases, and

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the shadows this afternoon were funereal enough for anything in the shape of revenge on an intruder who embodied the antagonistic modern spirit to such an extent as she. However, Paula still stood before the picture which had attracted her; and this, by a coincidence common enough in fact, though scarcely credited in chronicles, happened to be that one of the seventeenth-century portraits of which De Stancy had studied the engraved copy at Myrtle Villa the same morning.

Whilst she remained before the picture, wondering her favorite wonder, how would she feel if this and its accompanying canvases were pictures of her own ancestors, she was surprised by a light footstep upon the carpet which covered part of the room, and turning quickly, she beheld the smiling little figure of Charlotte De Stancy.

"What has made you so late?" said Paula. "You are come to stay, of course?"

Charlotte said she had come to stay. "But I have brought somebody with me."

"Ah!—who?"

"My brother happened to be at home, and I have brought him."

Miss De Stancy's brother had been so continuously absent from home, in India or elsewhere, so little spoken of, and when spoken of, so truly though unconsciously represented as one whose interests lay wholly outside this antiquated neighborhood, that to Paula he had been a mere nebulosity whom she had never distinctly outlined. To have him thus cohere into substance at a moment's notice lent him the novelty of a new creation.

"Is he in the drawing-room?" said Paula, in a low voice.

"No; he is here. He would follow me. I hope you will forgive him."

And then Paula saw emerge into the red beams of the dancing fire, from behind a half-drawn hanging which screened the door, the military gentleman whose acquaintance the reader has already made.

"You know the house, doubtless, Captain De Stancy?" said Paula, somewhat shyly, when he had been presented to her.

"I have never seen the inside since I was three months old," replied the artillery officer, gracefully; "and hence my recollections of it are not remarkably distinct, though I believe the occasion of my presence here was not without importance. It was necessary that I should be born before the entail could be cut off, so that I saw the venerable place only to lose it—at least I believe that's the truth of the case. But my knowledge of law is not profound, and it is a delicate point on which to question one's father."

Paula assented, and looked at the interesting and noble figure of the man whose birth had been waited for only to wrong him.

"The pictures and furniture were sold about the same time, I think?" said Charlotte.

"Yes," murmured De Stancy. "They went in a mad bargain of my father with his visitor, as they sat over their wine. My father sat down as host on that occasion, and arose as guest."

He seemed to speak with such a courteous absence of regret for the alienation, that Paula, who had always feared that the recollection would rise as a painful shadow between herself and the De Stancys, felt re-assured by his magnanimity.

De Stancy looked with interest round the gallery; seeing which, Paula said she would have lights brought in a moment.

"No, please not," said De Stancy. "The room and ourselves are of so much more interesting a color by this light!"

As they moved hither and thither, the various expressions of De Stancy's face made themselves picturesquely visible in the unsteady shine of the blaze. In a short time he had drawn near to the picture of the ancestor whom he so greatly resembled. When her quick eye noted the speck on the face, indicative of inherited traits strongly pronounced, a weird romantic feeling that the De Stancys had stretched out a tentacle from their genealogical tree to seize her by the hand and draw her into their mass took possession of Paula. As has been said, the De Stancys were a family on whom the hall-mark of membership was deeply stamped, and by the present light the representative under the portrait and the representative in the portrait seemed beings not far removed. Paula was continually starting from a reverie and speaking irrelevantly, as if such reflections as those seized hold of her in spite of herself.

When candles were brought in, Captain De Stancy ardently contrived to make the pictures the theme of conversation. From the nearest they went to the next, whereupon Paula as hostess took up one of the candlesticks, and held it aloft

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to light up the painting. The candlestick being tall and heavy, De Stancy relieved her of it, and taking another candle in the other hand, he imperceptibly slid into the position of exhibitor rather than spectator. Thus he walked in advance, holding the two candles on high, his shadow forming a gigantic figure on the neighboring wall, while he recited the particulars of family history pertaining to each portrait that he had learned up with such persistence during the previous four-and-twenty hours.

"I have often wondered what could have been the history of this lady, but nobody has ever been able to tell me," Paula observed, pointing to a Vandyck which represented a beautiful woman wearing curls across her forehead, a square-cut bodice, and a heavy pearl necklace upon the smooth expanse of her neck.

"I don't think anybody knows," Charlotte said.

"Oh yes," replied her brother, promptly, seeing with a lover's joy that it was yet another opportunity for making capital of his acquired knowledge, with which he felt himself as inconveniently crammed as a candidate for a government examination. "That lady has been largely celebrated under a fancy name, though she is comparatively little known by her own. Her parents were the chief ornaments of the almost irreproachable court of Charles the First, and were not more distinguished by their politeness and honor than by the affections and virtues which constitute the great charm of private life."

The stock verbiage of the family memoir that was somewhat apparent in this effusion much impressed his listeners; and he went on to point out that from the lady's necklace was suspended a heart-shaped portrait—that of the man who broke his heart by her persistent refusal to encourage his suit. De Stancy then led them a little further, where hung a portrait of the lover, one of his own family, who appeared in full panoply of plate-mail, the pommel of his sword standing up under his elbow. The gallant captain then related how this personage of his line wooed the lady fruitlessly; how, after her marriage with another, she and her husband visited the parents of the disappointed lover, the then occupiers of the castle; how, in a fit of desperation at the sight of her, he retired to his room, where he composed some passionate verses, which he wrote with his blood, and after directing them to her, he ran himself through the body with his sword. Too late the lady's heart was touched by his devotion; she was ever after a melancholy woman, and wore his portrait despite her husband's prohibition. "This," continued De Stancy, leading them through the doorway into the hall where the coats of mail were arranged along the wall, and stopping opposite a suit which bore some resemblance to that of the portrait—"this is his armor, as you will perceive by comparing it with the picture, and this is the sword with which he did the rash deed."

"What romantic devotion!" murmured Paula. "And yet how foolish of him! She was not worthy of such a sacrifice."

"He also is a member of the family whom they say you resemble a little in feature, I think," said Charlotte.

"Do they?" replied De Stancy. "I wonder if it's true." He set down the candles, and asking the girls to withdraw for a moment, was inside the upper part of the suit of armor in incredibly quick time. Going then and placing himself in front of a low-hanging painting near the original, so as to be inclosed by the frame while covering the figure, arranging the sword as in the one above, and setting the light that it might fall in the right direction, he recalled them; when he put the question, "Is the resemblance strong?"

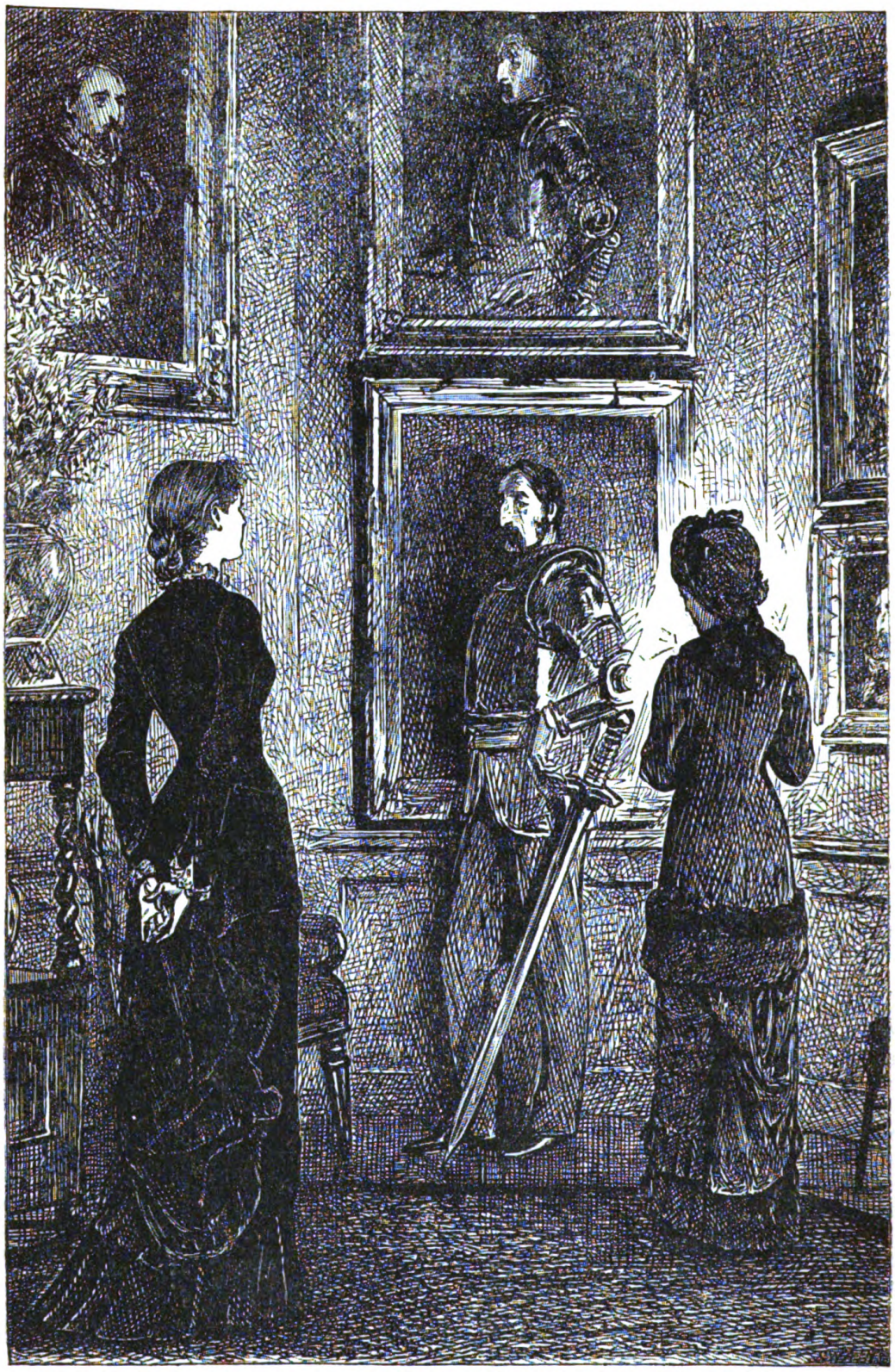
He looked so much like a man of bygone times that neither of them replied, but remained with parted lips gazing at him. His modern and comparatively sallow complexion, as seen through the open visor, lent an ethereal ideality to his appearance which the time-stained countenance of the original warrior totally lacked.

At last Paula spoke, so stilly that it seemed a statue murmuring: "Are the verses known that he wrote with his blood?"

"Oh yes, they have been carefully preserved." Captain De Stancy, with a true wooer's instinct, had committed some of them to memory that morning from the printed copy. "I fear I don't remember them all," he said, "but they begin in this way:

"'From one that dyeth in his discontent,
Dear Faire, receive this greeting to thee sent;
And still as oft as it is read by thee,
Then with some deep sad sigh remember mee.

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"IS THE RESEMBLANCE STRONG?"—DRAWN BY DU MAURIER, AND ENGRAVED IN LONDON.

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"'O 'twas my fortune's error to vow dutie
To one that bears defiance in her beautie!
Sweete poyson, precious wooe, infectious jewell—
Such is a Ladie that is faire and cruell.

"'How well could I with ayre, camelion-like,
Live happie, and still gazeing on thy cheeke,
In which, forsaken man, meethink I see
How goodlie Love doth threaten cares to mee.

"'Why dost thou frowne thus on a kneelinge soule,
Whose faultes in love thou may'st as well controule?—
In love—but O, that word; that word I feare
Is hatefull still both to thy hart and eare.

"'Ladie, in breefe, my fate doth now intend
The period of my daies to have an end:
Waste not on mee thy pittie, pretious Faire:
Rest you in much content; I, in despaire.'"

A solemn silence followed the close of the recital, which De Stancy improved by turning the point of the sword to his breast, resting the pommel upon the floor, and saying,

"After writing that, we may picture him turning this same sword in this same way, and falling on it thus." He inclined his body forward as he spoke.

"Don't, Captain De Stancy!—please don't!" cried Paula, involuntarily.

"No, don't show us any further, William," said his sister. "It is too tragic."

Paula aroused herself as one awaking from an absorbing dream.

This Protean quality of De Stancy's, by means of which he could assume the shape and situation of almost any ancestor at will, had impressed her, and he perceived it with a throb of gratification. But it had done no more than that; for though in delivering the lines he had so fixed his gaze upon her as to suggest, to any maiden practiced in the game of the eyes, a present significance in the words, the idea of any such double-entendre had not once entered the still depths of her soul.

At this time a messenger from Markton barracks arrived at the castle, and wished to speak to Captain De Stancy in the hall. Begging the two ladies to excuse him for a moment, the captain went out.

While De Stancy was talking in the twilight to the messenger at one end of the apartment, some other arrival was shown in by the side door, and in making his way after the conference across the hall to the room he had previously quitted, De Stancy encountered the newcomer. There was just enough light to reveal the countenance to be Dare's; he bore a portfolio under his arm, and still wore the heavy mustache he had fixed on in case the chief constable should meet him anywhere in his rambles, and (which was not likely) be struck by his resemblance to the man in the studio.

"What the devil are you doing here?" said Captain De Stancy, in tones he had never used before to the young man.

Dare started back in surprise, and naturally so. De Stancy, having adopted a new system of living, and relinquished the meagre diet and enervating waters of his past years, was rapidly recovering tone. His voice was firmer, his cheeks were less pallid; and, above all, he was authoritative toward his present companion, whose ingenuity in vamping up a Frankenstein for his ambitious experiments seemed likely to be rewarded by his discomfiture at the hands of his own creature.

"What the devil are you doing here, I say?" repeated De Stancy.

"You can talk to me like that, after my working so hard to get you on in life, and make a rising man of you!" expostulated Dare, like one who felt himself no longer the protagonist in this enterprise.

"But," said the captain, less harshly, "if you let them discover any relations between us here, you will ruin the fairest prospects man ever had."

"All which you owe to me."

"That's too cool, Will."

"No, Captain; what I say is true. However, let that go. So now you are here on a call; but how are you going to get here often enough to win her before the other man comes back? If you don't see her every day—twice, three times a day—you will not capture her in the time."

"I must think of that," said De Stancy.

"There is only one way of being constantly here: you must come to copy the pictures or furniture, something in the way he did."

"I'll think of it," muttered De Stancy, hastily, as he heard the voices of the ladies, whom he hastened to join as they were appearing at the other end of the room. His countenance was gloomy as he recrossed the hall, for Dare's words on the shortness of his opportunities had impressed him. Almost at once he uttered a hope to Paula that he might have further chance of studying, and if possible of copying, some of the ancestral faces with which the building abounded.

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Meanwhile Dare had come forward with his portfolio, which proved to be full of photographs. While Paula and Charlotte were examining them he said to De Stancy, as to a stranger, "Excuse my interruption, sir, but if you should think of copying any of the portraits, as you were stating just now to the ladies, my patent photographic process is at your service, and is, I believe, the only one which would be effectual in the dim in-door lights."

"It is just what I was thinking of," said De Stancy, now so far cooled down from his irritation as to be quite ready to accept Dare's adroitly suggested scheme for frequenting Paula's halls.

On application to Paula, she immediately gave De Stancy permission to photograph to any extent, and told Dare he might bring his instruments as soon as Captain De Stancy required them.

"Don't stare at her in such a brazen way," whispered that officer to the young man, when Paula had withdrawn a few steps. "Say, 'I shall value the privilege highly of assisting Captain De Stancy in such a work.'"

Dare obeyed, and before leaving, De Stancy arranged to begin performing on his venerated forefathers the next morning, the youth so accidentally engaged agreeing to be there at the same time to assist in the technical operations.

CHAPTER III.

As he had promised, De Stancy made use the next day of the coveted permission that had been brought about by the ingenious Dare. Dare's second timely suggestion of tendering assistance himself had the practical result of relieving the other of all necessity for occupying his time with the proceeding further than to bestow a perfunctory superintendence now and then, to give a color to his regular presence in the fortress, the actual work of taking copies being carried on by the younger man.

The weather was frequently wet during these operations, and Paula, Miss De Stancy, and her brother were often in the house whole mornings together. By constant urging and coaxing, the latter would induce his gentle sister, much against her conscience, to leave him opportunities for speaking to Paula alone. It was mostly before some print or painting that these conversations occurred, while De Stancy was ostensibly occupied with its merits, or in giving directions to his photographer how to proceed. As soon as the dialogue began, the latter would withdraw out of ear-shot, leaving Paula to imagine him the most deferential young artist in the world.

"You will soon possess duplicates of the whole gallery," she said, on one of these occasions, examining some curled sheets which Dare had printed off from the negatives.

"No," said the soldier. "I shall not have patience to go on. I get ill-humored, and indifferent, and then leave off."

"Why ill-humored?"

"I scarcely know—more than that I acquire a general sense of my own want of merit through seeing how meritorious the people are around me. I see them happy and thriving without any necessity for me at all; and then I regard these canvas grandfathers and grandmothers, and ask, 'Why was a line so antiquated and out of date prolonged till now?"

She chid him gently for such views. "They will do you an injury," she declared. "Do spare yourself, Captain De Stancy."

De Stancy shook his head, as he turned the painting before him a little further to the light.

"But, do you know," said Paula, eagerly, "that notion of yours of being a family out of date is delightful to some people. I talk to Charlotte about it often. I am never weary of examining those canopied effigies in the church, and almost wish they were those of my relations."

"I will try to see things in the same light for your sake," said De Stancy, fervently.

"Not for my sake; for your own was what I meant, of course," she quickly replied.

Captain De Stancy bowed.

"What are you going to do with your photographs when you have them?" she asked, as if anxious to obliterate the previous sentimental lapse.

"I shall put them into a large album, and carry them with me in my campaigns; and may I ask, now I have an opportunity, that you would extend your permission to copy a little further, and let me photograph one other painting that

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hangs in the castle, to fittingly complete my set?"

"Which?"

"That half-length of a lady which hangs in the morning-room. I remember seeing it in the Academy last year."

Paula involuntarily closed herself up. The picture was her own portrait. "It does not belong to your series," she said, somewhat coldly.

De Stancy's secret thought was, "I hope from my soul it will belong some day!" He answered, with mildness: "There is a sort of connection—you are my sister's friend."

Paula assented.

"And hence, might not your friend's brother photograph your picture?"

Paula demurred.

A gentle sigh rose from the bosom of De Stancy. "What is to become of me?" he said, with a light, distressed laugh. "I am always inconsiderate, and inclined to ask too much. Forgive me. What was in my mind when I asked, I dare not say."

"I quite understand your interest in your family pictures—and all of it," she remarked, more gently, fearing she had hurt the sensitive feelings of a man so full of romance.

"And in that *one!*" he said, looking idolatrously at her. "If I had only been fortunate enough to include it with the rest, my album would indeed have been a treasure to pore over by the bivouac fire!"

"Oh, Captain De Stancy, this is provoking perseverance!" cried Paula, laughing half-crossly. "I expected that after expressing my decision so plainly the first time, I should not have been further urged upon the subject." Saying which, she turned and moved decisively away.

It had not been a productive meeting, thus far. "One word!" said De Stancy, following, and almost dropping on one knee. "I have given offense, I know; but do let it all fall on my own head—don't tell my sister of my misbehavior. She loves you deeply, and it would wound her to the heart."

"You deserve to be told upon," said Paula as she withdrew, with just enough playfulness to show that her anger was not too serious.

Charlotte looked at Paula uneasily when the latter joined her in the drawing-room. She wanted to say, "What is the matter?" but guessing that her brother had something to do with it, forbore to speak at first. But she could not contain her anxiety long. "Were you talking with my brother?" she said.

"Yes," returned Paula, with reservation. However, she soon added: "He not only wants to photograph his ancestors, but *my* portrait too. They are a dreadfully encroaching sex, and perhaps being in the army makes them worse."

"I'll give him a hint, and tell him to be careful."

"Don't say I have definitely complained of him; it is not worth while to do that; the matter is too trifling for repetition. Upon the whole, Charlotte, I would rather you said nothing at all."

De Stancy's hobby of photographing his ancestors seemed to become a perfect mania with him. Almost every morning discovered him in the larger apartments of the castle, taking down and rehanging the dilapidated pictures, with the assistance of the indispensable Dare; his fingers stained black with dust, and his face expressing a busy attention to the work in hand, though always reserving a look askance for the presence of Paula.

Thus much must be said for Captain De Stancy; that though there was something of subterfuge, there was no double subterfuge in all this. It is true that he took no particular interest in his ancestral portraits; but he was furiously devoted to Paula. Perhaps the composition of his love would hardly bear looking into, but it was passionately real and not mercenary. His photographic scheme was nothing worse than a lover's not too scrupulous contrivance. After the refusal of his request to copy her picture, he fumed and fretted at the prospect of Somerset's return before any impression had been made on her heart by himself; he swore at Dare, and asked him hotly why he had dragged him into such a hopeless dilemma as this.

"Hopeless? Somerset must still be kept away, so that it is not hopeless. I will consider how to prolong his stay."

Thereupon Dare considered.

The time was coming—had indeed come—when it was necessary for Paula to make up her mind about her architect, if she meant to begin building in the spring. The two sets of plans, Somerset's and Havill's, were hanging on the walls of the room that had been used by

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Somerset as his studio, and were accessible by anybody. Dare took occasion to go and study both sets, with a view to finding a flaw in Somerset's which might have been passed over unnoticed by the committee of architects, owing to their absence from the actual site. But not a blunder could he find.

He next went to Havill; and here he was met by an amazing state of affairs. Havill's creditors, at last suspecting something mythical in Havill's assurance that the grand commission was his, had lost all patience; his house was turned upside down, and a poster gleamed on the front wall, stating that the excellent modern household furniture was to be sold by auction on Friday next. As an illustration of the truism that troubles come in battalions, Dare was informed by a bystander that Havill's wife was seriously ill also.

Without staying for a moment to enter his friend's house, back went Mr. Dare to the castle, and told Captain De Stancy of the architect's desperate circumstances, begging him to convey the news in some way to Miss Power. Though Dare's object in making this request was purely to bring about that which actually resulted from it, De Stancy, being a simpler character, promised to make representations in the proper quarter without perceiving that he was doing the best possible deed for himself thereby.

De Stancy told Paula of Havill's misfortunes in the presence of his sister, who turned pale. With a woman's quickness she had discerned how this misfortune would bear upon the undecided competition.

"Poor man," murmured Paula. "He was my father's architect, and somehow expected, though I did not promise it, the work of rebuilding the castle."

Then De Stancy saw Dare's aim, and seeing it, concurred: Somerset was his rival, and all was fair. "And is he not to have the work of the castle after expecting it?" he asked, with soft simplicity of tone.

Paula was lost in reflection. "The other architect's design and Mr. Havill's are exactly equal in merit, and we can not decide how to give it to either," explained Charlotte.

"That is our difficulty," Paula murmured. "A bankrupt, and his wife ill—dear me! I wonder what's the cause?"

"He has traded on the expectation of having to execute the castle works, and now he is unable to meet his liabilities."

"It is very sad," said Paula.

"Let me suggest a remedy for this dead-lock," said De Stancy.

"Do," said Paula.

"Do the work of building in two halves or sections. Give Havill the first half, since he is in need; when that is finished, the second half can be given to your London architect. If, as I understand, the plans are identical except in ornamental details, there will be no difficulty about it at all."

Paula sighed—just a little one; and yet the suggestion seemed to satisfy her by its reasonableness. She turned sad, wayward, and yet was impressed by De Stancy's manner and words. She appeared, indeed, to have a smouldering desire to please him. In the afternoon she said to Charlotte, "I mean to do as your brother says."

A note was dispatched to Havill that very day, and in an hour the crest-fallen architect presented himself at the castle. Paula instantly gave him audience, commiserated him, and commissioned him to carry out a first section of the buildings, comprising work to the extent of about twenty thousand pounds expenditure; and then, with a prematureness quite phenomenal among architects' clients, she handed him over a check for five hundred pounds on account.

When he had gone, Paula's bearing showed some sign of her being disquieted at what she had done; but she covered her mood under a cloak of saucy serenity. Perhaps a tender remembrance of a certain thunder-storm in the foregoing August, when she stood with Somerset in the arbor, and did not own that she loved him, was pressing on her memory, and bewildering her. She had not seen quite clearly, in adopting De Stancy's suggestion, that Somerset would now have no professional reason for being at the castle for the next twelve months.

But the captain had, and when Havill entered the castle he rejoiced with great joy. Dare too rejoiced in his cold way, and went on with his photography, saying, "The game progresses, Captain."

"Game! call it Divine Comedy, rather," said the captain, exultingly.

"He is practically banished for a year or more. What can't you do in a year, Captain!"

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Havill, in the mean time, having respectfully withdrawn from the presence of Paula, passed by Dare and De Stancy in the gallery as he had done in entering. He spoke a few words to Dare, who congratulated him. While they were talking, somebody was heard in the hall, inquiring hastily for Mr. Havill.

"What shall I tell him?" demanded the porter.

"His wife is dead," said the messenger.

Editor's Easy Chair.

"NEW YORK has come to be like an imposing foreign city," said the Professor to the Easy Chair, as they walked among the lofty buildings, and looked at the brilliant windows filled with every kind of merchandise, in the upper part of Broadway. The sun was shining, and the street vistas were stately and handsome. Turning into Twenty-third Street, they came to the Venetian building of the Academy of Design; and as they stood in the chief gallery, the South Room, the Easy Chair looked around to mark the general impression as compared with that of the older exhibitions, even at a time so far, far remote as the exhibitions in the ancient Clinton Hall at the head of Beekman Street. The general impression confirmed what the Professor had said, that New York was more and more a foreign city; for if any other venerable visitor of the Academy happens to recall the former days, he will perceive that the essential difference between the old and the new exhibition is the influence of the foreign schools upon our contemporary painting.

In those days Inman and Ingham painted the portraits, and Durand and Cole the landscapes. Inman was the more dashing and forcible artist, Ingham the more careful and finished—finished, indeed, almost to weakness and vapidity. Durand, again, was the more realistic and Cole the more romantic landscapist. Kensett was the more richly developed Durand, and in the present exhibition the pictures of Kensett's friend Casilear recall the works of both the earlier masters. That they were all three trained to engraving explains a common character of their work. The Professor, who has as good a right to speak of pictures as any man living, glanced about the walls, and remarked the immense cleverness of the general impression. But when he looked a little more closely, he was not sure that the general impression was confirmed. Perhaps, after two or three visits, there is some surprise at the small number of pictures that are lodged in the memory because of their excellence. The odd, the grotesque, the extravagant, the inexplicable, and the very bad pictures are not forgotten, indeed, and they haunt the memory like foolish tunes. It is a fortunate eye which can detect the real promise under the imperfect execution, and one of the dangers to the young artist of a public exhibition is the temptation to produce an immediate impression upon the idle and ignorant and superficial spectator. This can seldom be done without a sacrifice of the fidelity and integrity which the true artist in every kind wishes to impart to his work by fostering in himself.

The spectator can hardly loiter through a gallery like that of the Academy without perceiving anew that essential truth to nature and trust in that truth is the only secret of a permanent charm. It is obvious as he moves along that the temptation to seize a single superficial sentiment, and depend upon that, is very strong, and often resistless. That, indeed, may serve the moment, and satisfy the passing eye. But the real question must always be whether it is a picture to live with, to see at all times, to greet every day with fresh pleasure, like the morning landscape from the eastern window—perfectly familiar, and forever new. That landscape must be the artist's teacher. The sincere pictures, painted to express what the artist feels and desires to express, not to produce an impression on a rich and ignorant observer, are the works of lasting value, whose actual price, also, rises from year to year, because honesty is the best policy. Pictures made to sell are not pictures to buy. A sweet and evanescent savor of sentiment, the fashion or trick of the hour, the imitation of the popular painter, whoever he may be, are all strong temptations, which ought to be strongly resisted. There are traces of this tendency all over the walls of exhibitions. The Professor paused before a picture, and wondered to see in the catalogue the name of the artist. "What does it mean?" he asked. "It means," said a Mentor who stood by, "that he has decided to be a pictorial *modiste*, and to paint pictures to sell." "Then dies the man in you," said the Professor, quoting the words of Emerson; "then perish the buds of art and poetry and science, as they have died already in a thousand thousand men."

But how could Raphael and Titian have painted if their works had not been bought? Is it not the answer that they were paid well for doing their best? Milton received ten pounds for "Paradise Lost." If he had written a poem to sell, in the sense of the picture shop, he would not have written "Paradise Lost." An artist is not to be blamed for painting "pot-boilers." He is no more blamable than a photographer taking family groups in photographs. It is a business which, when

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honestly prosecuted, is perfectly honorable and respectable, but it is not art. The advertising rhymes of the clothier's poet are honest work honestly paid for, but there is no poet or poetry in the business. The man who diligently and successfully paints pot-boilers must not assume them to be works of art, nor himself in painting them to be an artist in the higher sense. But it is very different when he is commissioned munificently to please his own genius in executing a work. Then he may reflect with complacency upon Raphael and Titian, and go and do as nearly likewise as possible.

It was pleasant to see the galleries of the Academy thronged, and to learn that it was never more prosperous. The sales within the first fortnight were larger than ever before, and as every picture sold was marked, it was interesting to observe the taste of the buying public. Near by, in the Kurtz Building, was another exhibition, that of the Society of American Artists. Many of the pictures might wisely have been exchanged with many at the Academy. The exchange would have increased both the richness, the variety, and the significance of the Academy exhibition, whose object should be not to display the work of members during the year, but to show the exact condition of American art in every aspect. This year, in order to obtain such a view, it was necessary to see both collections. One warm critic declared the exhibition of the Society of American Artists to be the best ever offered in New York. He was a very generous friend, and he was evidently very unwilling to speak severely of any work upon its list. Some of the contributors in both exhibitions were the same, but some of the most striking in the Artists' Society were unrepresented in the Academy. Surely it is desirable that the Academy should be truly catholic, and welcome every accomplished artist and every excellent work, even if it must exclude some of the least valuable of its offerings. Is there any doubt that a committee of even moderate connoisseurs could have found room upon the Academy walls for the best of the Artists' Society's pictures? We are very sure that a truthful echo would answer, "None whatever."

THE admirable biographical and critical series of "English Men of Letters," of which we have often had occasion to speak, is to be emulated by a similar series of "American Men of Letters." Hawthorne, indeed, has been made the subject of one of the volumes of the English series, and Hawthorne, as estimated by Henry James, Jun., is an exceedingly interesting and felicitous study. We prefer to think of all our greater authors, however, as contributors to English literature, like Scott and Burns and Carlyle. But an American series, if properly restricted—if it is carefully borne in mind that we have not as yet added a great many illustrious and permanent names to the literature of our language—will be very interesting; and the first of the series will be certainly allowed to be in every way fortunate, for it will be a *Life of Washington Irving*, by Charles Dudley Warner.

It is a striking coincidence that the first, certainly one of the very first, most celebrated works of our *belles-lettres* literature, or, as a recent critic calls it, pure literature, should have immediately followed an eloquent prophecy of its coming. On the 31st of August, 1809, the Reverend Joseph Buckminster, one of the most eloquent orators, accomplished scholars, and charming men of his time, delivered the Phi Beta Kappa oration at Harvard College. His subject was the dangers and duties of men of letters, and after describing the intellectual disturbance and, as he thought, malign influence upon literature of the French Revolution, he says: "The men of letters who are to direct our taste, mould our genius, and inspire our emulation—the men, in fact, whose writings are to be the depositories of our national greatness—have not yet shown themselves to the world. But if we are not mistaken in the signs of the times, the genius of our literature begins to show symptoms of vigor, and to meditate a bolder flight; and the generation which is to succeed us will be formed on better models, and leave a brighter track."

This was on the 31st of August, 1809, and on the 9th of October following a notice appeared in the *Evening Post*, headed "Distressing," and stating that "an elderly gentleman, dressed in an old black coat and cocked hat, by the name of Knickerbocker," had disappeared from his lodgings, and "printers of newspapers" were informed that they would be aiding the cause of humanity if they should insert the notice. This was the preliminary touch to arouse public interest—or what the printers of newspapers to-day would call an advertising dodge—which preceded the appearance of the history. On November 6 "A Traveller" wrote to the *Post* that a person answering the description had been seen resting by the road-side a little above Kingsbridge, on the Albany road; and on the 16th of November the imaginary landlord of "the Independent Columbian Hotel, Mulberry Street," wrote that nothing had been heard of the old gentleman, but that a queer manuscript book had been found in his room, which the landlord said he would be obliged to dispose of to settle his account. On the 28th of November, Inskeep and Bradford, 128 Broadway, announced that they would shortly publish the work found in Mr. Diedrich Knickerbocker's room, and called a *History of New York*, in two volumes, duodecimo, price three dollars; and on December 6, 1809, it was published. That this was the kind of bolder flight of American literary genius which Mr. Buckminster anticipated is improbable. But it is none the less a singular verification of his anticipation, for it was a distinctively American work, and of a quality which has given it

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a permanent place in our literature. It was followed, ten years afterward, by Bryant's "Thanatopsis," which seemed to Mr. R. H. Dana, to whom it was offered for the *North American Review*—then more properly a magazine—to be so different from any strain of the American Muse that it could not have been written in this country.

Those who remember Irving as he appeared in New York in his later days must often have recalled this preliminary notice of Diedrich Knickerbocker. Irving was as quaint a figure. Thirty years ago he might have been seen on an autumnal afternoon tripping with an elastic step along Broadway, with "low-quartered" shoes neatly tied, and a Talma cloak—a short garment that hung from the shoulders like the cape of a coat. There was a chirping, cheery, old-school air in his appearance which was undeniably Dutch, and most harmonious with the associations of his writings. He seemed, indeed, to have stepped out of his own books; and the cordial grace and humor of his address, if he stopped for a passing chat, were delightfully characteristic. He was then our most famous man of letters, but he was simply free from all self-consciousness and assumption and dogmatism. One day the Easy Chair met him at his publisher's, the elder Putnam, in Park Place, when *Putnam's Monthly* was just beginning. Irving was very gay and cheerful, full of encouragement, and said, with his twinkling eye and piping voice, "But we old ones had the advantage of you: there are so many of you clever young fellows that you trip each other up." Like Longfellow in the later day, Irving had always the warmest word of cheer and sympathy for every younger brother or sister in letters.

In an article published some time since, Mr. Warner has shown a hand as kindly as Irving's own in treating of Geoffrey Crayon. Already in his books he had shown the true Irving spirit in the airy humor wholly without sting, the pure rollicking touch which belongs to Irving's best moods. Those who think that Irving's vein was very thin, and who wonder how he could have gained and how he retains his hold, have only to take any one of his most characteristic works, and study it by comparison, to discover both his genius and his art. There were many men writing at the same time, some of whose names are at least literary memories. Paulding was one of them, and Robert Sands was another. There was almost a school of them, which Mr. Denny, in the *Nation*, some years ago, felicitously called the Knickerbocker school. They have all virtually gone out of reading, and almost out of allusion, excepting Irving, and he is excepted somewhat like Addison among "the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease." The difference between a little sketch like "The Stout Gentleman" and any similar sketch of Sands's, for instance, or of any other of the school, is the difference between the instinctive apprehension of the method of treatment, the taste and trained skill which make the treatment possible, and the want of such apprehension and skill.

But it is Mr. Warner who is to tell us of these things, and to recall to this generation of readers something of the personality of this charming author. There is a glimpse of him in Carlyle's *Reminiscences* which is amusing for a kindly patronizing air, which would have entertained Irving himself exceedingly. Carlyle was in Paris more than fifty years ago, at the accession of Charles X., and he says: "Washington Irving was said to be in Paris, a kind of lion at that time, whose books I somewhat esteemed. One day the Emerson-Tennant people bragged that they had engaged him to breakfast with us at a certain *café* next morning. We all attended duly, Strachey among the rest, but no Washington came. 'Couldn't rightly come,' said Malcolm to me in a judicious *aside*, as we cheerfully breakfasted without him. I never saw Washington at all, but still have a mild esteem of the good man." Irving fares better than most of the notabilities whom Carlyle commemorates.

MEMOIRS of courts and court life are held to belong to the literature of triviality and gossip, but they have a great historical value. The French politely call them "memoirs to serve," accumulations by valets and other purveyors of the chamber and drawing-room, to be used by the historian in solemn full dress. When Thackeray first read his lecture upon George the First in New York, there was a general disappointment, which he felt deeply. Even intelligent persons in the audience said, "What a pity that he should retail all that old gossip!" Those sketches of the ignorant German retinue of the King, and of the King himself, the pettinesses of Herrenhausen, the dark and piteous tragedy of the unhappy wife, all seemed to the American audience, whose minds were full of delightful memories of the Humorists, of Fielding and Goldsmith, of Addison and Sterne, to be unutterably dismal and gloomy. There was serious apprehension that the great novelist might not be able to hold the attention of his readers through four evenings of such dreary anecdote and reminiscence. But the very next lecture contained the admirable account of Walpole, the third satisfied expectation, and the fourth was in Thackeray's happiest manner.

Despite the disdainful tolerance of memoirs, however, there are no more essentially valuable contributions to history, not only as information, but as suggestion and inference. They are illustrative of the actual situation and of actual character beyond most other works. Thackeray's sketch of George the First, Hervey's memoirs of the court of George the Second, Miss Burney's diary of the court of George the Third, not only tell their own amusing stories, but by curiously emphasizing

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Oxenstiern's observation of the little wisdom with which the world is governed, they show the particular world in question in a singularly vivid light. It is hardly fanciful to say that the England of which Hervey's George the Second was King would be naturally the England of the eighteenth century which Lecky describes. But it would, perhaps, be a violent assertion that the England of the first part of this century was the national expression of the Regency and of that cheap monarch George the Fourth. The penal reforms and political progress of that time were certainly not suggested nor illustrated in anything characteristic of that man, to whom it is singularly difficult to allude without an epithet of contempt. Yet this is true, that nothing could be more consonant with the ignorant and dull spirit of the Regent and King than the long ministries of Perceval and Liverpool.

To the memoirs of the Georges, the *Life* of the fourth George, by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, must be added. It has been recently republished by the Harpers, so that it is universally accessible, and to those who are interested in the distinctively minor morals and manners it will be very entertaining. It is nothing more than a circumstantial detail of his personal career, and has virtually nothing to say of the great events in which during his life England took a great part. The writer has no disposition to make out a case against his hero. He has merely accumulated all the facts and stories he could find in the multitude of books already published, and he suffers them to speak for themselves. It is a book of gossip in the truest sense, and gossip about one of the most utterly worthless of men. But the fact remains, and that is the most significant thing, that the utterly worthless man was accepted by the most accomplished and civilized people in the world at that time, the foremost race and nation in Europe, as its royal head.

If the English people could have seen the petty private life of Windsor and Kew as we see it in Miss Burney's story, or the plain fact of George the Fourth as it has been long known, would it have made no difference in the course of English history? Something of the last was known—his treatment of his wife and daughter, for instance; and popular indifference was significantly shown in his passages through a silent crowd to and from Parliament. But he was the fourth of such a line, stretching over more than a century; and would it not have gone near to snapping could all have been familiarly known as the memoirs reveal it to us?

Bagehot, after all, gives the explanation. It is not the national intelligence, but the national ignorance, which is the strength of a man like George the Fourth. The loyalty which was a romantic sentiment with Walter Scott was a real faith with the mass of Englishmen. There was essentially something sacrosanct to them in the King. The doctrine of divine right had been politically abolished, but it lingered still in the luxuriant ignorance from which all superstition springs. Nevertheless the memoirs of courts and royalty, revelations like Hervey's and Miss Burney's, satirical truth-telling—for truth only is satirical—like Thackeray's, and unsparing pages like Greville's and even these of Fitzgerald, have all helped to scatter regal glamour and illusion. Divine right has become an expedient permanent executive. When the expediency may cease is an open question, pending the decision of which the whole pageant of regality proceeds by sufferance.

The trivial and gossiping "memoirs to serve" have thus served and are serving the most important and vital of historical purposes, namely, profound political changes. Their gay and sparkling pages detach the popular mind from the sentiment of loyalty by exposing the worthlessness or the commonness of the object. Loyalty is a sentiment that can not long survive total disillusion in the mass of a nation. The memoirs have their part in gently shifting political moorings, as the brilliant mockery and chaff of Voltaire imperceptibly loosened the mind of his time from its old theological anchorage. This is the real interest of works apparently so slight as Fitzgerald's *George the Fourth*. They are not merely the vapid amusement of an hour; they add to slowly growing national perceptions and convictions. They are not only bright and glittering wares that decorate a moment with their flash; they are waves of a rising and resistless tide. "The average radical," said the London *Spectator* recently, "regards these elements in the constitution [the throne and the aristocracy] as probably temporary, but still does not regard them as injurious, or dangerous, or objectionable, so long as they do not interfere with the steady progress of measures which he believes to be beneficial to the people."

As you read the *Life* of the fourth George you wonder how high-spirited and intelligent men of our race could have acquiesced in a system which promised an endless succession of George the Fourths rather than of Alfreds or Cromwells. But it is because such men also read and ponder such lives that without rupture or violence great changes are accomplished. Such books are notoriously among the most fascinating in literature. And is not their fascination justified?

THE Easy Chair was not aware, until a correspondent asserted it, that "in the present day stories with plots are unanimously condemned by first-class American periodicals." This correspondent alleges further that such remarks as the following "often occur" in the friendly notes of editors inclosing unavailable offerings: "Your style is good, your subject well handled, but we do not desire stories with so decided a plot," and the writer avers that such notes have come "more than once"

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in his own mail. He then asks whether Scott and Cooper and Poe, Bret Harte and Dickens and George Eliot, were any less artists because they have careful and elaborate plots. Why this editorial jealousy of plots? Why not plots? What, so to speak, have plots done that they should be stigmatized by a conspiracy of editors?

At this point the Easy Chair turned the page in some trepidation lest the indignant writer should answer his own question, and hurl foul scorn at editors by saying that the congress of crows long since resolved that nightingales were unmusical. "Plots have done nothing," the Easy Chair feared to read, "but writers whom plots elude—ha! ha! and again ha! ha!" This conspiracy against plots, however, is so new to us that we are quite at the mercy of our correspondent's wonder. We echo his question, Why should editors be opposed to plots? Would they perhaps decline Scott's and Dickens's and George Eliot's stories, were they now freshly offered, because of this fatal defect of plot? Has the public taste discarded plot, and if so, why? Our observation of editors, indeed, has not persuaded us that they accept or decline contributions because of such extraordinary reasons. Indeed, the Easy Chair ventures to assert, what it certainly believes, that if any writer, known or unknown, will send to any editor of any magazine a story such as Scott, or Dickens, or George Eliot would have written, it will be accepted, even if it were as full of plot as the *Woman in White*, or any other of Mr. Wilkie Collins's plottiest tales.

But a good story may be comparatively free from plot. Thackeray's are the most striking illustrations, and among our own writers those of Henry James, Jun., and Howells. In all of them the main interest is the development of character. Thackeray's are studies of society; the younger men's, studies of individuals; and the universal pleasure which such stories give shows that the reader of to-day is satisfied without an elaborate plot. Such works, also, are an indication of an involuntary tendency which affects every writer, and indeed every artist, of every epoch, and which is called the spirit of the age. The explanation of the apparent distaste of editors for plots undoubtedly is that very many excellent tales are now written without that kind of machinery which has been often thought essential in story-telling, while the deliberate and express editorial refusal to tolerate a plot, which our correspondent alleges, is certainly not general; and if it be urged in any particular case, it can be only because the particular plot is unsatisfactory.

The rule for every artist, whether of the pencil or the pen, is always the same—learn to observe, observe closely, and reproduce faithfully what you see.

THERE has been a tremendous contest in the city of New York, which is very significant and interesting, although it will probably be decided, so far as concerns immediate results, before this Magazine is issued. As we write, the conflict is at its thickest and—dirtiest; for it is the struggle of the citizens to escape the dust, mud, and filth, breeding discomfort and disease, which professional politicians insist upon cherishing for the benefit of their own pockets. The mass-meetings of the citizens, even upon this unsavory subject, have been full of eloquence and enthusiasm. They have recalled the great meetings to break up the Tweed Ring, and it is easy to detect in them the old spirit of the Revolutionary Sons of Liberty. Disease has been rife. Small-pox, scarlet fever, diphtheria, and typhus have been almost epidemic. The death rate has increased, and the physicians have spread the alarm. Meanwhile the streets have been piled and obstructed with filth and reeking with foulness, until a general instinctive consciousness that the whole city machinery for cleanliness, consisting of a gang of the smallest kind of politicians, was absolutely useless, produced a protest and uprising which have been refreshing to those who sometimes half despair of the survival of any public spirit whatever.

There has been the liveliest truth-telling at the meetings, in which party lines have been absolutely ignored, and the city politician has been faithfully and brilliantly portrayed. The city politician is a smart, insolent, vulgar, venal trader in place and politics, who counts upon the good-natured indifference of the public, upon party spirit, and on his own effrontery. His purpose is to get as much of the public money as he can, and to use party, both that which is nominally his own and the opposition, to enable him to do it. He has an absolute contempt for mankind, and an amused incredulity of all generous motives and public spirit. He is "on the make" himself, and he thinks everybody a fool who is not. The word "reform" he finds convenient for any peculiarly daring stroke of unscrupulous knavery. But if he meets a man who is apparently sincere, and earnest to throw light into darkness, to straighten crooked ways, and to abolish abuses, his contempt becomes rage, and he can only splutter what the boys call hifalutin rhetoric. This precious character having received an office, uses it first to help himself, then to help his party, unless he can make more by "selling it out." The old Tweed era was "a deal," "a pool," between politicians of opposite parties. Tweed's "pals" in the other party ran straight party tickets when Tweed could be better helped in that way; and there were the noblest appeals to stand by the grand old party, and to maintain the time-honored principles, and to keep the proud flag of no surrender flying—under which, in the back room, the "swag" was pleasantly divided.

It is this kind of politician which has imposed pestilential streets upon the city, which

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has struck hands with filth and malaria, and which sneers at honest citizens, in Tweed's old phrase, to know what they mean to do about it. Unless all spirit and honor and self-respect have departed from the citizens, they will do something very effectual about it. The present ring-masters are a pale and puny set compared with Tweed's, but the citizens of New York tried conclusions with him with some success, and if the desire of relief in the city is now baffled, we expect to see the issue made at the polls next autumn as distinctly as it was with Tweed, and the trading politicians politically buried in the mire in which they have kept the city.

But to any Easy Chair to which history recalls sometimes the old city of a century ago, the pleasant aspect of this movement, as we have hinted, is that of impatience of a sordid and shiftless rule, and a proud assertion of popular rights and the popular instinct. When the young Hamilton spoke in the city fields, it was to the Sons of Liberty, and the orators of to-day at Cooper Institute and at Steinway Hall speak in the same spirit to children of those Sons of Liberty. The reserve force of intelligence, courage, and conscience, which is the foundation, not only of the republic, but of the hopes of its future, seems often to be so sluggish that it is practically lost. The incessant assertion that New York is a foreign city, that its population is so varied and so largely alien to American traditions that exertion is hopeless, and that nothing is to be done but to submit to self-constituted task-masters with the best grace possible, is refuted by the unanimity and vigor with which this contest has been waged—a contest in which every element of the citizenship of the city has united upon the right side. The meetings have had the clearness, the decision and force, of an old-fashioned town-meeting. It was reported that at one of them one of the chief delinquents was seen idly sauntering in the lobby, smoking a cigar, and contemptuously peering into the crowded and cheering hall. It was typical of the contest. On one side one man, careless, defiant, scornful, relying upon a mercenary machine to thwart the popular will; on the other, the throng of citizens, deliberating upon the situation, eloquently exposing the evils, and demanding redress, representing the character, the substantiality, the public spirit, the courageous purpose, of the city.

Editor's Literary Record.

MANY excellent people worry themselves into a state of chronic disquietude, and even of despondency, by dwelling upon the thought that our day and generation is conspicuous above all others not only for its indifference to sacred things, but for its positive unbelief and skepticism. To them, not the truth, but error, seems in the ascendency, and the future is full of gloom. If all Christians were as easily disconcerted as these faint-hearted whimperers, or stood by their convictions with as little spirit, or rather with as weak faith, as languid hope, and as spiritless endeavor, as they, there would soon be an end of Christianity in the world. Indeed, if Christians had always been as easily discouraged as these religious pessimists, if their zeal, instead of being diminished, had not been stimulated into redoubled activity by their consciousness that a world steeped in wickedness and unbelief waited to be lifted through them to faith and holiness, Christianity would have died with its Divine Author. Fortunately all Christians are not of this limp and nerveless character, as is evinced by the remarkable activity and energy with which the religious thought of our day is pushing its lines into every branch of inquiry and investigation, so that at length even science, which the skeptic had insolently usurped for his special domain, is made tributary to revealed religion. The forms in which the soldiers of the Cross have delivered their attack or stand on the defense are almost countless. The sermon, the lecture, the essay, the metaphysical treatise, the scientific study, the historical inquiry, the æsthetic monograph, the commentary, the critical and doctrinal disquisition, the emotional appeal, and finally the Word itself, with its transcendent power and piercing sharpness, are all pressed into the service of the faith once delivered to the saints, so that "he may run that readeth." These reflections have been invited by the religious works that have rapidly accumulated upon our table, in such unusual numbers as to preclude as full reference to them as we could wish. Some of these are notable for their learning and scholarship, others for the lucidity of their exposition, and others for the powerfulness of their appeals to the conscience, the intellect, the sensibilities, and the emotions; and all of them are instinct with an earnestness, a courage, and a zeal that neither know nor see any cause for discouragement.

For persuasive eloquence, for fervid devotion, for contagious zeal and love, for counsel, for reproof, and for encouragement in all the godly virtues, the fifth and last volume of *Sermons*,[1] by the late F. W. Robertson, can not be too highly prized by devout and contemplative Christians. As a means for reaching the hearts of those who have not yet become experimental Christians, they are invaluable. A number of these sermons are printed from the auto-

[1] *The Human Race, and Other Sermons.* Preached at Cheltenham, Oxford, and Brighton. By the late FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, M.A. 12mo, pp. 336. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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graph manuscript of their eloquent author, and a goodly proportion are in the form of skeleton notes for sermons. Aside from the fine spiritual lessons which they enforce, these last are of substantial value to theological students and young ministers as suggestions toward the structure and preparation of their sermons.

Twenty-three sermons, by Principal Caird, Rev. Dr. John Cunningham, Rev. D. J. Ferguson, Professor William Knight, Rev. Dr. Mackintosh, Rev. William L. McFarlan, Rev. Allan Menzies, Rev. James Nicoll, Rev. Thomas Raine, Rev. Adam Semple, and several other representative Scottish preachers, have been collected, under the title of *Scotch Sermons*,[2] with the purpose of giving specimens of the methods and style of teaching which prevail among the clergy of the Scottish Church, and also of showing the direction which religious thought is taking among them, especially with reference to its bearing upon the essential truths of Christianity.

Christ and His Religion[3] is a series of profoundly impressive essays by Rev. John Reid. The author first contemplates the Saviour in His human and in His divine nature; he then considers the beginning of Christ's religion in the soul, the morality and the religion of Christ as distinguished from each other and from every form of morality and religion, and the ethics of Christ as they characterize His religion; and finally, he severally discusses worship as a central feature in the religion of Christ; the causes of the decay of His religion in the heart, and the means for arresting it; the laws of progress that must be observed in order to the advance of the religion of Christ; and the blessedness that flows from it.

The Creation and the Early Developments of Society[4] is a clear, terse, and popular elementary statement of the processes through which and by which the world was made to assume the form and nature it now has, of the accepted theories of the origin of plant and animal life, of the geological record as revealed by science, of the antiquity of man and the diversity of tongues, and of the problems of society and civilization. The work is conceived in a philosophic but reverent and Christian spirit. The author does not attempt to reconcile Science and Religion, as he does not believe there is any necessary conflict between them, but is of the opinion that each has a realm of its own, and that, clearly interpreted, each may contribute something to the other, without invalidating its own premises or subverting its own conclusions.

Seven eloquent and cogent lectures, delivered at Princeton Theological Seminary by Rev. William M. Taylor, D.D., have been published under the title *The Gospel Miracles in their Relation to Christ and Christianity*.[5] They satisfactorily meet all the difficulties proposed by those modern objectors who assume to represent the advanced thought and the destructive religious criticism of the day. The topics discussed in them with abundant learning and persuasive logic are the nature, the possibility, and the credibility of miracles, the testimony in their behalf, their evidential value, their spiritual significance, and incidentally the supernatural nature of Christ, and the inconsistencies and incongruities of the mythical or legendary theory of the miracles advanced by Strauss, Renan, Kuenen, Oort, and the critics generally of the Tübingen school.

Two volumes, combining instructive exposition and interpretation of Scripture with suggestive helps to personal piety drawn from the example and teachings of the Saviour and His apostles, respectively entitled *Studies in the New Testament*,[6] by Rev. Charles S. Robinson, D.D., and *Studies in the Mountain Instruction*,[7] by Rev. George D. Boardman, D.D., are peculiarly suited, by their simple and familiar treatment of important themes, and their wise lessons for the practical conduct of the religious life, for the guidance of young Christians, and the assistance of those who are teachers of the young.

The Rev. Dr. Cowles has completed another volume of his series of critical, explanatory, and practical notes on the Old and New Testaments, designed for the use of pastors and people. The present volume is devoted to the *Longer Epistles of Paul*,[8] namely, Romans and First and Second Corinthians. Each epistle is supplied with an introductory essay, showing the circumstances under which it was written, the objects St. Paul had in view while writing it, and, in general, all the points essential to be held in mind in order to a full understanding of the subjects treated upon in it. Each chapter is also prefaced by a running synoptical outline of its argument, and is accompanied by clear, condensed, and thoroughly evangelical notes.

In one of the numerous poems, which we are wont to think of as so many stones, various in hue and form and texture, and resonant with strains of holy music, that form the frame-work of George Herbert's unique masterpiece, "The Temple," he tells us that the most commonplace household services, even the lowly office of sweeping a room, may be ennobled if done as if for Christ, and in obedience to His laws; and further, that a servant who is animated by such a spirit and purpose "makes drudgery

[2] *Scotch Sermons.* 1880. 12mo, pp. 345. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[3] *Christ and His Religion.* By Rev. John Reid. 12mo, pp. 331. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[4] *The Creation and the Early Developments of Society.* By James H. Chapin, Ph.D. 12mo, pp. 276. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[5] *The Gospel Miracles in their Relation to Christ and Christianity.* By William M. Taylor, D.D. 12mo, pp. 249. New York: A. D. F. Randolph and Co.

[6] *Studies in the New Testament.* By Charles S. Robinson, D.D. 12mo, pp. 316. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[7] *Studies in the Mountain Instruction.* By George Dana Boardman, D.D. 12mo, pp. 360. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[8] *The Longer Epistles of Paul*, viz., Romans, I. Corinthians, II. Corinthians. By Rev. Henry Cowles, D.D. 12mo, pp. 395. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

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divine." The same idea is the motive and argument of seven lectures to women delivered a few months ago by Rev. R. Heber Newton in the Anthon Memorial Church, and now gathered into a volume with the appropriate title, *Womanhood.*[9] In these lectures the author considers woman's work in the world, as it is and as it ought to be; and he aims to awaken and to guide her aspirations for a larger and worthier field of work by ennobling the ideals of the vocations which lie open to her distinctive powers—not calling her away from every-day duties, or inciting a spirit of discontent in their performance, but seeking to imbue the "common round" and "trivial task" of her ordinary relations in society with the spirit of the life which walks with uplifted head and radiant eyes, as if seeing God in everything. The lecturer first considers woman in respect to her capability for various occupations, with special reference to young women who depend upon their work for a livelihood, and he then dwells, severally, on woman's work as the housekeeper and home-maker, as the lady or loaf-ward ruling the household, as the wife, the mother, the modiste, and the fashioner of manners, morals, and society, and concludes with an eloquent and suggestive essay on the education of our daughters.

The clergy and laity of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country will be deeply interested in Dean Stanley's new work on *Christian Institutions.*[10] It is well known that he holds the latitudinarian, or, as some say, the rationalizing, views of the Broad-Church branch of the Church of England as to the interpretation and authority of the sacred canon, and with relation to the ministry, the sacraments, the liturgy, and Church ordinances generally. These views are in many particulars antagonistic to those which are held on the one hand by the High-Church branch, and on the other by the Low-Church or Evangelical branch, and hence whatever he may advance will be closely scanned, and accepted with reserve by those who adopt the opinions of the two divisions of the Church last named. In the volume under notice, while the Dean does not enter upon a deliberate dogmatic or controversial enforcement of his special views, he states them with sufficient explicitness to make them clearly apparent, and supports them with a calmness and a wealth of scholarly illustration that are very impressive. His chief aim, however, is not so much to obtrude his opinions in these respects, as to describe the origin of Church institutions; the primitive practice that characterized them; the causes that led to their adoption, and to the changes and transformations that have occurred in them; their spiritual significance, and their claims to divine origin; and especially to trace their history, and to ascertain their present relations to the Church and to Christianity on the score of their expediency, their utility, or their indispensability. This treatment is applied successively to the sacraments, incidentally involving an interesting exposition of the eucharistic sacrifice, the real presence, absolution, and regeneration, and to the clergy, ecclesiastical vestments, the papacy, the litany, the creeds, etc. The various essays on these institutions are written in a style of great plainness and simplicity, and they are enriched with abundant historical references and illustrations.

MR. HENRY CABOT LODGE has rendered an acceptable service in an interesting and too much neglected historical field by a comprehensive and judicious digest of our colonial history, in a volume entitled *A Short History of the English Colonies in America.*[11] As the history of the colonies involved thirteen distinct histories, he has wisely chosen to deal with each colony by itself, instead of attempting to group them under a general arrangement. By the plan that he has adopted, without flitting from one colony to the other as the progress of time and events might require under a general arrangement, he is enabled to distinctively outline the history of each from its first settlement until 1765, and to clearly define its own internal affairs and the relations it bore to the others. Mr. Lodge does not perplex his readers with theories, but confines himself with commendable directness to a relation of historical facts, describing the settlement of the colonies, the nature of their governments, the scope and special peculiarities of their charters, the character of their legislation, the disposition, temper, habits, and social condition of their people, their resources and products, and the stages of their material, social, intellectual, and political development, until the period arrived when they were kneaded by external pressure and common grievances into a historical unit, whose homogeneousness, becoming more and more perfect with each passing year, fitted them for the conflict of argument that ushered in the Revolution, and for the concert of action that made it successful. Mr. Lodge gives us a very clear conception of the communities that constituted the "Old Thirteen," and of the character of their people; and he commands respect by the accuracy and reliability of his statements of historical facts and events.

THERE is no episode in history that appeals more powerfully to the imagination, or that more warmly enlists the feelings, than the Crusades; and there are few that are more worthy of or will more amply reward the careful study

[9] *Womanhood.* Lectures on Woman's Work in the World. By Rev. R. HEBER NEWTON. 12mo, pp. 315. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[10] *Christian Institutions.* Essays on Ecclesiastical Subjects. By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D., Dean of Westminster, etc. 12mo, pp. 326. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[11] *A Short History of the English Colonies in America.* By HENRY CABOT LODGE. 8vo, pp. 560. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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of the contemplative philosopher. The awakened conscientiousness that preluded and precipitated the Crusades, and which manifested itself by driving vast crowds of penitents—serfs, vassals, priests, warriors, knights, nobles, and even kings—on pilgrimages to the Holy Land; the religious zeal, commingled with the passion for renown and personal aggrandizement, that animated individuals, and that almost emptied the West upon the East, and brought the two civilizations of the world in a face-to-face conflict; the personal valor, the romantic adventures, and heroic exploits; the brilliant displays of chivalry, the medley of knightly courtesy, gentleness, ferocity, courage, and magnanimity that distinguished the crusaders, are full of fascination to the young, the enthusiastic, and the imaginative, and have inspired minstrel and poet, and been the fruitful themes of legend and chronicle and romance. On the other hand, the effect of the movement to disintegrate the institutions of feudalism, to abolish serfdom, to substitute the authority of a common law for the arbitrary will of individual chiefs, to preserve Europe from the inroads of Saracens and Turks, and perhaps from the dominance of Islamism, and to produce that interchange of thought which has made our modern civilization what it is, has opened a fertile field for historical research and philosophical reflection. There have been countless essays, monographs, treatises, and historical outlines and summaries of the Crusades; but there has been but one history which covers the ground exhaustively, and which has left little in the way of authentic fact to be added. We refer to the standard *History of the Crusades*,[12] by the French poet, critic, and historian Michaud. Originally written in 1814, we are glad to see that the carefully edited edition of this excellent work, translated by Mr. W. Robson, has been reproduced for the use of English-speaking readers. The edition is admirably annotated. The only defects that are noticeable in it are its want of maps and its defaced types. In an appendix is collected a large body of interesting original material, illustrating or enforcing the text, of special value to the antiquarian and the historical student, and very attractive to the general reader. The work is written in a style of pleasing enthusiasm, without any sacrifice of dignity or fidelity to fact.

THE second volume of Mrs. Lamb's *History of the City of New York*[13] embraces the period from the opening of the Revolutionary war, in 1775, until 1880. Naturally the earlier portion of this period of more than a century is dwelt upon more fully in detail than the later portions. Thus, the period from 1775 to the close of the century occupies more than half of the volume; and it is fit that it should do so, since it covers the heroic age as well of the metropolis as of the nation. The period embraces the events of the Revolution, the incidents and associations connected with the war that most nearly affected the people and the city, and the movement of both people and city in matters social, religious, intellectual, mercantile, commercial, and political, including the foundation of many of their philanthropic and educational institutions, from the declaration of peace until the close of Washington's administration. There is scarcely a phase of New York life or an incident connected with its progress and history in this period that Mrs. Lamb has failed to reproduce with attractive fullness. She has pursued the same methods with the later periods, and has invested each with peculiar interest by her large accumulation of personal, social, and political anecdotes and reminiscences, and by the introduction of numerous sketches of well-known families and individuals who laid the foundations of New York society, and gave direction to its public spirit and commercial supremacy. The later period, from 1830 to 1880, is necessarily greatly compressed, and forms a rapid outline sketch merely, in the vein of the reporter rather than of the historian.

So far as the individual man is concerned, there is no personage in history the records of whose personal life are so utterly valueless to the world as those of George the Fourth of England. His life was passed on one low level of baseness, diversified only by transitions from one form of coarse and unsavory vice to another; and his insipid career is worthless for example, or even for warning. There was no relation of life in which he did not prove himself unworthy. An undutiful son, an unfaithful husband, an unnatural and unloving father, he was without natural affection. Perfidious to his friends, disloyal to his party, dishonest, mendacious, a sot, a spendthrift, a gambler, and a debauchee, he showed himself not only to be without a conscience, but also without the vulgar sense of honor that is the exceptional virtue of some knaves. The more closely we scan his life, the more plainly is it revealed that every virtue with which he has been credited by sycophantic admirers was stained with some mean or ignoble vice, and that his vices were unredeemed by any sterling virtue. And yet, from the circumstances that environed the career of this unworthy representative of royalty, from the associations and companionships that were involved in it, from the important political and social events that attended it, and from the relations he bore to eminent statesmen and the affairs of Great Britain, the memoir[14] of his life, for which we

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[12] *The History of the Crusades.* By JOSEPH FRANÇOIS MICHAUD. Translated by W. ROBSON. With Preface and Supplementary Chapter by HAMILTON W. MABIE. In Three Volumes, 12mo, pp. 509, 492, and 558. New York: A. C. Armstrong and Son.

[13] *History of the City of New York:* Its Origin, Rise, and Progress. By MARTHA J. LAMB. Illustrated. Vol. II. Royal 8vo, pp. 820. New York and Chicago: A. S. Barnes and Co.

[14] *The Life of George the Fourth.* Including his Letters

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are indebted to Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's indefatigable industry, is one of the most interesting volumes in that department of literature that has appeared for a century. Mr. Fitzgerald's sources of information have been abundant, and many of them are of exceptional value. His facts are drawn from the private, often the confidential, letters of men and women who, at the time, were eminent in politics and society, and who were personally cognizant of the crises and events they describe; and he has also availed of all the published material relating to George and his times, as well as of a large mass of unpublished remains which have been preserved in the families of those who shared his intimacy, who suffered from or profited by his needs and his perfidies, and who promoted or thwarted his personal, social, and political plans and intrigues. The volume throws a strong and often an unwelcome light on the secret political and social history of the period that covered the career of George as Prince of Wales, as Regent, and as King, and gives a graphic view of the influences that contributed to the formation and fall of cabinets, and that shaped public policy during these eventful years. Glimpses, more or less prolonged, are afforded in its pages of the eminent men of the time—of Burke and Fox, Sheridan and Wellesley, Grey and Grenville, Canning and Castlereagh, Eldon and Lauderdale, among many others; and the social life of the English nobility and of the royal family is chronicled with painful and unflattering minuteness. Large space, of course, is given to the episodes of Queen Caroline, the Princess Charlotte, and Mrs. Fitzherbert. Mr. Fitzgerald's disclosures will convince most readers that George the Fourth had as good a title to be styled the "greatest scoundrel" as he had to be panegyrized as the "first gentleman" in Europe.

IN the volume on *Dryden*,[15] which forms the latest of the "English Men of Letters Series," Mr. Saintsbury rigidly adheres to the formal methods which have been followed in the previous volumes of the series. He gives still less attention than did his predecessors to the personal character, fortunes, and incidents in the life of the man, and confines himself even more exclusively than they to his literary career—its stages of progress, the external circumstances that colored it, and the influence it exerted upon English literature—and to a minute critical analysis of his various productions in prose and verse, in the order of their appearance. Mr. Saintsbury's criticisms of Dryden's performances are minutely verbal, after the manner of the old-fashioned reviewer, but for this reason they will doubtless be all the more useful and acceptable to those who are now first introduced to Dryden. His outlines and analyses of Dryden's chief poems, dramas, and prose compositions, and his estimates of their comparative rank and quality in our literature, are eminently intelligent and just.

THE influence of the example of such a man as the late Dr. Raymond, President of Vassar College, can scarcely be other than wholesome and invigorating to all who, like him, are starting on their career without any phenomenal endowment of genius, but with a fair stock of natural ability, a sound mental and moral nature, and an earnest purpose, not so much to make a noise in the world, and achieve the sort of success the world applauds, as to live purely and righteously, and to advance the welfare of his fellow-men. Dr. Raymond's great virtue was his intense but gentle earnestness. Whatever he did, he did with all his might, but with a sweetness and disinterestedness that disarmed those who were usually excited to pugnacity by a show of spirit and resolution. Profoundly in earnest in his ideas of moral, religious, and political duty, and in his theories of education, he was a remarkable example of the *suaviter in modo* and the *fortiter in re*. He was not what one would call an "uncompromising" man, and yet he never compounded an important principle, and was more successful in carrying out his purposes than most men who are proverbial for inflexibility of will. His life[16] has been related and his letters have been judiciously edited by his eldest daughter, and are valuable for their revelations of a symmetrical life patiently and persistently directed to useful and noble ends and ideals. The volume has a special value to the friends of advanced female education for its full exhibit of the origin, development, and successful establishment of Vassar College, under the inspiration of President Raymond's organizing mind, assisted by his consummate skill in administration and management.

THE most sanguine hopes of those who please themselves with visions of the beneficent results that will flow from the universal diffusion of knowledge among men would seem to be on the verge of being realized, if we are to judge by the activity that is displayed in the cheap publication of books for the million in nearly every department of literature. Works that hitherto have been thought adapted to the tastes of the favored few only, or which by their expensiveness and bulk have been accessible only to the wealthy and the scholarly, are now pouring from the press in forms adjusted to the most attenuated purse, and

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and Opinions. With a View of the Men, Manners, and Politics of his Reign. By PERCY FITZGERALD. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 922. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Same. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 98. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[15] *Dryden.* By G. SAINTSBURY. "English Men of Letters Series." 12mo, pp. 192. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[16] *Life and Letters of John Howard Raymond.* Edited by his Eldest Daughter. 8vo, pp. 738. New York: Fords, Howard, and Hulbert.

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are owned and studied by all "sorts and conditions of men." The humblest apprentice, the poorest mechanic or ploughboy, the most straitened clerk or artisan, may now become the owner in fee-simple of volumes that dignify the libraries of the most learned, the most cultivated, and the most opulent, and that minister to every elegant taste and noble aspiration. Among the works of this high standard which have been recently published in cheap form are two excellent editions of Mr. Froude's brilliant biographical sketch of *Cæsar*,[17] more fully noticed in this Record for August, 1879, in which he depicts with great spirit and vigor one of the most interesting and important episodes in Roman history, and delineates with splendid casuistry and sparkling paradox the characters of two of the greatest men of their own or any age—Cæsar, the man of action, and Cicero, the man of eloquence.—Another of these cheap publications, destined, perhaps, to awaken and educate the tastes of some great diplomatist and negotiator now in embryo, is a "Franklin Square Library" edition of the first volume of the memoirs[18] of the veteran Austrian minister and diplomatist, Prince Metternich. As a full synopsis and review of the work were given in the Record for April, 1880, we remark briefly that the volume now printed comprises an autobiographical memoir of unusual interest, covering the particulars of Metternich's apprenticeship for and entrance into public life, of his various embassages to Berlin, Paris, and St. Petersburg, and of his services and experiences as Austrian Minister for Foreign Affairs during the momentous interval from 1773 to 1815, including a view of all the prominent actors who figured on the stage of Europe during those years, and of their political and military plans, combinations, and intrigues, and a "Gallery of Celebrated Contemporaries," containing characteristic portraits of Napoleon, Alexander, the Emperor of Austria, and other eminent personages, sketched by the veteran statesman. The volume is in reality a history of Europe for a large portion of the above period, and comprises Metternich's private correspondence, and a valuable collection of state papers and other documents illustrating these eventful years. The edition under notice is unabridged, and gives the reader in a single number of sixty-two pages the entire contents of the 430 pages of the octavo edition.—Belonging to a widely different sphere from these, but scarcely inferior to them as a popular educator and refiner, is a thoughtful and entertaining volume on *Social Etiquette and Home Culture*.[19] The aim of the work is to promote ease and refinement of manners at home and in society by imparting a general knowledge of the customs, practices, ceremonials, and amenities that prevail in polite and cultivated society, and contribute to the comfort, convenience, and enjoyment of its members. The author considers etiquette as meaning much more than those conventionalities which are the mere veneering of elegant society, and as embracing the spirit of all true politeness—the moral culture of the individual, his bearing and relations to his fellows at home and in society, and the development of the gentleness, forbearance, graciousness, and courtesy which constitute the genuine gentleman and gentlewoman. The work differs essentially from usual books of etiquette, especially in the absence from it of the hard-and-fast platitudes, pedantries, and formal instructions as to the minutiæ of behavior which generally make such handbooks ridiculous, and which, if observed, would not only render ease of manners impossible, but would stamp those who practice them with the symbols of spurious gentility. Prepared by one who is thoroughly conversant with the subject, and who joins to his large social experience literary qualifications of no mean order, the work is as attractive as it is sensible and suggestive. Specially valuable and interesting are the chapters addressed to house furnishing, decoration, and belongings, and to the etiquette of the home and the household.

A VOLUME of poems[20] by Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly is of a quality that will not admit of its being passed over silently. The burning intensity of expression and hot earnestness that signalize the most of the poems in the collection will compel attention; and the tenderness, pathos, passion, poetic sensibility, and exuberant wealth of apt and ingenious simile with which several of them are freighted must command admiration and applause. Mr. O'Reilly is at his best in the poems of the latter class, notably in his version of that fine episode in Moorish history, the last battle and victory of Muley Malek, and in the finely conceived lines entitled "The Statues in the Block." The other poems exhibit unmistakable power, but it is often unregulated, and lacking in the reposeful calm that accompanies true strength.

MR. PIATT'S *Idyls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley*[21] come to us like a fresh air from the West.

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[17] *Cæsar.* A Sketch. By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 117. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Same. Library Edition. 12mo, pp. 436. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[18] *Memoirs of Prince Metternich.* 1773–1815. Edited by Prince RICHARD METTERNICH. The Papers Classified and Arranged by M. A. DE KLINKOWSTRÖM. Translated by Mrs. ALEXANDER NAPIER. In Four Parts. Part I. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 62. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[19] *Social Etiquette and Home Culture.* The Glass of Fashion: a Universal Hand-Book of Social Etiquette and Home Culture for Ladies and Gentlemen. With Copious and Practical Hints upon the Manners and Ceremonies of every Relation of Life, at Home, in Society, and at Court. Interspersed with Numerous Anecdotes. By the Lounger in Society. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 64. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[20] *The Statues in the Block, and Other Poems.* By JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY. 18mo, pp. 110. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[21] *Idyls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley.* By JOHN JAMES PIATT. 16mo, pp. 188. Cincinnati: W. E. Dibble.

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They are chiefly descriptive and pictorial. Some of them revive rapidly fading historical and traditional memories, others embalm scenes and incidents of the recent past which are now in danger of being effaced by the mighty tread of the oncoming generations, some frame pictures of the rural life and avocations of to-day, and others afford charming glimpses of those sights and sounds and aspects of nature which, like their Divine Author, are "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." Mr. Piatt has the faculty of minute observation, and the power to transmute into ideal and poetic forms the beautiful and picturesque in natural objects, and the tender, the heroic, and the familiar in ordinary or rustic daily life.

THE first impression made upon the reader by an inspection of the *Index to Harper's Magazine*,[22] just published, and including the numbers from June, 1850, to June, 1880, will be that of surprise at its magnitude and the variety of the subjects of which it is the epitome. The inspection will reveal that there is scarcely a branch of literature, outside of the dogmatic and the controversial, but has been touched upon in the Magazine, sometimes lightly, often elaborately, and always tastefully and entertainingly. The poetry embraces nearly every form, and includes some of the best work of contemporaneous poets, written expressly for the Magazine, and numerous reproductions, interpreted by admirable illustrations, of choice specimens from the standard poets of an earlier day. The prose contributions range over the entire field of literature, covering with special fullness the departments of fiction, travel, biography, criticism, natural history, social and political economy, education, the arts and sciences, history, belles-lettres, and descriptions of cities, countries, peoples, natural scenery, commerce, and industries. A more definite idea of the scope and fullness of the Magazine may be had if we say that the volumes now indexed contain, besides many others, 225 historical papers (exclusive of the monthly historical summary by the editor), 682 sketches of travel, 1000 essays, over 1600 stories and tales, 1440 poems, 500 articles on natural history, 5000 critical notices of new publications, 2500 biographical sketches, and 48 complete novels. The amount of information that has been thus dispensed, and the entertainment and delight that have thus been afforded to over half a million of monthly readers, can not be computed.

THE fiction of the month, if still remote from perfection, manifests a decided improvement on that of last month. Miss Mulock contributes a delightful volume, *His Little Mother, and Other Tales and Sketches*,[23] consisting of four tales, written with all the vivacity of her earlier days, and of as many genial essays. Among the essays is a tender and loving appeal to young children for children's hospitals, and a touching memorial of the brief career of the late gifted Sydney Dobell.—*By the Tiber*[24] is the title of a new romance by the author of *Signor Monaldini's Niece*, which, on the whole, betrays a falling off from the high standard of her former work. So far as literary ease and power, and the skill that comes from increased knowledge and experience, are concerned, the new romance has many points of superiority, but as a work of art it is less dramatic, less strong and continuous in its movement, more sensational, and generally less perfect and satisfactory, than its predecessor. Although the publishers style it a novel, it is scarcely deserving of the title, but is rather an interlacing of several romantic and, if the truth must be told, sensational episodes, with descriptions of Italian life and society as seen and participated in by English and American visitors, the whole strung together by a thin thread of narrative, and supplemented somewhat violently as well as tediously by an account of the experiences of one of these visitors, an American authoress, in an Italian lunatic asylum, into which she had been inveigled by the intrigues of envious and false friends, and where, though sane, she wore away her life in fruitless efforts for release. It is understood that this last episode is based upon some recent experiences of the author.—*The Tsar's Window*[25] is a series of spirited letters descriptive of life and society in St. Petersburg, and derives its title from the circumstance that Peter the Great wished to have a *window* from which he could look out into Europe, and therefore founded St. Petersburg. In order to give an appearance of continuity to the sketches of Russian life, manners, recreations, and society, and to invest them with a warmer interest, the author links them together by the medium of a love romance, in which the imaginary writer of the letters is the principal figure, and which results, after a variety of misunderstandings and entanglements, due to a superfluity of lovers, and her uncertainty which of them she loves best, in her being made happy in the usual conventional way.—Nearly a score of Mary Cecil Hay's brief stories, which are as bright as they are brief, have been collected together under the title *Into the Shade, and Other Stories*,[26] and form an agreeable miscellany for after-dinner

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[22] *Index to Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, Alphabetical, Analytical, and Classified. Vols. I. to LX., inclusive, from June, 1850, to June, 1880. Compiled by CHARLES A. DURFEE. 8vo, pp. 721. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[23] *His Little Mother, and Other Tales and Sketches.* By the Author of John Halifax. Library Edition. 12mo, pp. 269. New York: Harper and Brothers.
The Same. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 27. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[24] *By the Tiber.* By the Author of Signor Monaldini's Niece. 16mo, pp. 390. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[25] *The Tsar's Window.* "No Name Series." 16mo, pp. 272. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[26] *Into the Shade, and Other Stories.* By MARY CECIL HAY. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 58. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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reading, or for a solitary hour on the rail or in the country.—We close this department with a simple mention of the remaining works of fiction on our table that may be safely given the freedom of the home circle. These are *A Lazy Man's Work*,[27] a spirited novel of American life, by Frances C. Sparhawk; *Lady Clara de Vere*,[28] a clever prose version of Tennyson's poem of that name, by Friedrich Spielhagen; *Dab Kinzer*,[29] a capital story for boys, by William O. Stoddard; *Electa*,[30] by Jennie M. Drinkwater, and *Outside the Walls*,[31] by Mrs. A. M. M. Payne, two religious novels which are thoughtful and instructive without being sombre or prosy.

As we turn the pages of that bulky modern luxury, the dictionary "unabridged," say of Worcester in the new edition, with its nearly two thousand closely printed quarto pages, and its list of over one hundred and fifteen thousand words, their definition, pronunciation, and etymology, and realize how indispensable it has become to us of this generation, the thought *will* obtrude itself how men ever got along without it. We ask ourselves how did Chaucer, and Spenser, and Sidney, and Shakspeare, and Milton, and all the masters of English poesy, and how did Coke, and Bacon, and Raleigh, and Hugh Latimer, and Jeremy Taylor, and the "judicious" Hooker, and Barrow, and Locke, and Hollinshed, and Burnet, and Clarendon, and Izaak Walton, and John Bunyan, and the translators of the Bible, and the rest of the noble army of our prose builders and artificers, manage before the era of dictionaries? That they did get along, and in a manner, too, which we have not improved upon despite our enlarged vocabularies, is evinced plainly enough by their imperishable writings. Would they have reached greater excellence if they had had a Worcester or a Webster at their elbows? Doubtless the reply that will suggest itself to these queries will be that these were men of exalted genius, or of great and various learning and experience, and of exceptional powers of observation and reflection; that to such men a dictionary is superfluous, since in reality they supply it with its pabulum; and that possibly the vigor, richness, and racy flavor of their style would have been impaired if diluted by our expanded vocabulary. And here the further query arises, whether the men of genius of our own day could get along as well as did their great predecessors if they were restricted to the same limited number of vocables, and whether they are aided or impeded by the enormous increment of words of which the "unabridged" modern dictionary is an example. It will probably be conceded that, so far as elegant literature is concerned, for works of imagination, history, and *belles-lettres*, the vocabulary which sufficed for the great authors of the Elizabethan and Augustan ages of our literature is still ample for the purposes of the great poets, historians, essayists, and novelists of our own day. The dictionary is not so much a necessity to the author as it is a convenience and a necessity combined to the reader. It is not a necessity for purely literary purposes, for its aids to the freedom, grace, or vigor of expression of an author, since the common words of our noble vernacular richly supply all needs. But it is a necessity to *readers* for the proper comprehension of the new technical or semi-technical literature which has sprung up in response to the advances that have been made in philosophy, philology, and the arts and sciences within the last half-century. The terms and expressions used in their writings by distinguished investigators in these branches of knowledge have expanded our vocabulary greatly, and perhaps unnecessarily. Many of these have passed into currency, and many more are now on probation, undergoing the ordeal which will result in the "survival of the fittest," and the relegation of the remainder into the limbo of useless or obsolete forms. In the new edition of *Worcester's Dictionary*[32] the words that science and art have imported into our literature during the last few generations, and which can not yet be said to form a part of the English language, together with numerous archaic forms, the whole comprising some 12,500 words, have not been incorporated into the principal vocabulary, but have been judiciously assigned to a supplement till they prove their right to live. Besides this large addition of vocables awaiting the verdict of final acceptance or rejection, but yet at the present time necessary to a proper understanding of contemporaneous scientific and other technical works, the new edition has a carefully prepared vocabulary of synonyms of words in general use, together with all the other apparatus of illustrations, historical and critical essays, lists of proper, Scripture, and geographical names, names of distinguished men, tables of abbreviations, and collections of words, phrases, and quotations, which have converted the modern dictionary into an encyclopædia of useful or convenient knowledge, indispensable for reference in the household, the counting-room, the school, and the study.

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[27] *A Lazy Man's Work.* A Novel. By FRANCES CAMPBELL SPARHAWK. "Leisure Hour Series." 16mo, pp. 376. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[28] *Lady Clara de Vere.* By FRIEDRICH SPIELHAGEN. "New Handy Volume Series." 16mo, pp. 181. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[29] *Dab Kinzer.* A Story of a Growing Boy. By WILLIAM O. STODDARD. 12mo, pp. 321. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[30] *Electa.* By Mrs. NATHANIEL CONKLIN (Jennie M. Drinkwater). 12mo, pp. 359. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[31] *Outside the Walls.* By Mrs. A. M. M. PAYNE. 12mo, pp. 351. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[32] *A Dictionary of the English Language.* By JOSEPH E. WORCESTER, LL.D. With Supplement containing over 12,500 New Words and Entries. And a Vocabulary of Synonyms of Words in General Use. 4to, pp. 1999. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

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Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 20th of April.—The dead-lock in the United States Senate still continues, both parties refusing to yield on the question of completing the organization, one wishing to elect new officers, and the other insisting upon keeping the old ones.—The President, March 23, sent in a large number of nominations, among which were those of William H. Robertson, of New York, to be Collector of Customs for the Port of New York; William Walter Phelps, of New Jersey, Minister to Austria; Edwin A. Merritt, of New York, Consul-General in London; Adam Badeau, of New York, Chargé d'Affaires to Denmark; Michael J. Cramer, of Kentucky, Chargé d'Affaires to Switzerland; and William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire, Solicitor-General.

The Indiana House, April 7, passed a joint resolution to submit a constitutional amendment giving to women the right to vote at State elections.

The British House of Commons, March 25, rejected Mr. Stanhope's motion of a want of confidence on the Candahar question, by a vote of 336 to 246.—The budget statement submitted by Mr. Gladstone, April 4, showed an estimated surplus for the current year of £1,285,000. A penny will be taken off the income tax, the duty on foreign beer will be reduced, a uniform duty levied on foreign spirits, and the silver-plate tax lowered.—The Duke of Argyll resigned from the cabinet, April 8, because of a difference with his colleagues on some of the provisions of the Irish Land Bill.

The Spanish cabinet has decided to apply the Spanish constitution and press laws to Cuba and Porto Rico.

A new cabinet was formed in Portugal, March 24, under the leadership of Senhor Tampaio, a stanch liberal.

Prince Charles was proclaimed King of Roumania March 26.

The remains of Alexander II., late Czar of Russia, were placed in the imperial vault in the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, in the fortress of that name on the Neva, March 27. On the same day the new Czar issued a manifesto designating his brother as regent in case of his own death before his son comes of age. All the Nihilists, except the woman Hessy Helfmann, condemned to death for connection with the Czar's assassination, namely, Russakoff, Michailoff, Kibaltschitisch, Jeliaboff, and Sophie Pieoffsky, were hanged in St. Petersburg on the morning of April 15. There was an immense concourse of spectators, but no disorder.

A provision has been inserted in the treaties of Austria with Russia, France, Belgium, and Montenegro to the effect that an attempt on the person of a chief of a foreign state or against a member of his family, involving assassination, will not be considered a political offense, or as connected with such offense.

The reply of Greece to the proposal of the ambassadors at Constantinople as to the new boundary line was given April 14, as follows: "In view of the invitation of the powers to accept the new line of frontier, and in view of the present difficulties and future dangers, Greece has asked herself whether her acceptance will lead to a speedy and peaceful solution of the question. As the past leads us to doubt this, the government needs to know whether the new decisions will be executed immediately, or at least within a brief interval to be determined upon beforehand, and to be enlightened as to the guarantees the powers will give it on that point. Greece is desirous for peace, and grateful toward Europe for her efforts to bring about a peaceful solution. She will, moreover, lose no time in entering into the possession of the ceded territory; but decided as she is to proceed in the path of peace, she can not abandon, in their present condition, her children left outside the new frontier, and she appeals on the subject to the sense of justice of the powers."

The difficulty between France and Tunis threatens to lead to an invasion of the latter's territory by the French troops, for the purpose of chastising the Kroumirs for their recent raids across the border. The French emphatically disclaim any intention of annexing Tunis, but assert their determination to compel the Bey to respect their interests, and to put down foreign intrigue.

DISASTERS.

March 23.—Italian Opera-house at Nice burned. One hundred lives lost.

April 3.—Earthquake in the island of Scio, Grecian Archipelago. Forty-five villages destroyed, 7000 persons killed, 10,000 injured, and 40,000 rendered homeless.

OBITUARY.

March 26.—In New York city, William Beach Lawrence, jurist and writer upon international law, in his eighty-first year.

March 27.—In Paris, France, Oscar Thomas Gilbert Motier de Lafayette, Senator of France and grandson of General Lafayette, aged sixty-five years.

March 28.—In New York, the Earl of Caithness, aged sixty years.

April 8.—At Versailles, France, Prince Pierre Napoleon, third son of Lucien Bonaparte, in his sixty-sixth year.

April 14.—At Brixton, England, Rev. W. Morley Punshon, D.D., aged fifty-seven years.

April 19.—In London, England, Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, aged seventy-six years.—In Pekin, one of the empresses regent, known as the Eastern Empress.

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Editor's Drawer.

TWO trifles from *Quaker Anecdotes*, a book just published in England, and not likely to be reprinted here:

A Quaker maiden of sixty accepted an offer from a Presbyterian elder, and being remonstrated with by a delegation of Friends appointed to wait upon her, for marrying out of the meeting, she replied, "Look here! I've been waiting just sixty years for the meeting to marry me; and if the meeting don't want me to marry out of it, why don't the meeting bring along its young men?" The delegation departed in silence.

The elder Booth was at times the victim of strange fancies. Once he took the fancy to be an absolute vegetarian, and while possessed of this idea he was travelling on a Western steamboat, and happened to be placed at table opposite a solemn Quaker, who had been attracted by the eloquent conversation of the great actor. The benevolent old Quaker, observing the lack of viands on Booth's plate, kindly said, "Friend, shall I not help thee to the breast of this chicken?"

"No, I thank you, friend," replied the actor.

"Then shall I not cut thee a slice of the ham?"

"No, friend, not any."

"Then thee must take a piece of the mutton; thy plate is empty," persisted the good old Quaker.

"Friend," said Booth, in those deep, stentorian tones whose volume and power had so often electrified crowded audiences—"friend, I never eat any flesh but human flesh, and I prefer that raw."

The old Quaker was speechless, and his seat was changed to another table at the next meal.

IN a foreign settlement east of the Cape of Good Hope there lived, not many years ago, a person whom the rude public called "the self-made man." They always insisted that he put himself together in the morning—inserted his glass eye and his false teeth (some said added an artificial nose), adjusted his wig, strapped on his wooden leg—and sallied forth. It happened that trouble broke out between the country to which he belonged and the one in which he was living; and it was then and there reported that he had gone to the United States consul and claimed protection. On being asked on what he founded his claim, he was said to have promptly replied that ***his leg was made of Oregon pine, and an American dentist made his teeth.***

A CLERGYMAN of color was expatiating very earnestly to his flock in Jacksonville, Florida, a few Sundays ago, on the words of Paul to Timothy: "Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities." "Now, my breddern," said this apostle of temperance, "this *longer water* was bad stuff. It got into de head and into de heels of young Brudder Timothy, and him did not behave hisself like a Christian oughter, and Paul said Brudder Timothy must stop this right off, and not drink this *longer water* any mo', an' if he must have somethin' for him stomach and him debility, he might take a leetle wine."

FIRST CABLES.

BY BENJAMIN ALVORD.

A VERY suggestive narration was given in conversation by a distinguished orator,* of the mode in which a spider begins to weave one of his immense vertical webs, which can often be seen swaying in the winds between distant posts. It is done by starting with a first or upper cable. How does he get his first cable to commence the process? Judging well of the wind, he swings himself from the top of one post to the top of another, jumping with his first filament into a moderate gale which will carry him to his destination. Thus well started, his ingenious net-work is speedily constructed.

In the Florida war, in the summer of 1836, a light-house keeper named Thomson was brought, wounded by Indians, to the hospital at the post of Key West, then under my command. From his own lips, and other reliable sources, I had the story of his marvellous escape from the Indians and from the jaws of death. He was rescued from the top of the lofty light-house of Key Briscoyne, which had been set on fire by the Indians. They surrounded it and kept shooting at Thomson and his companion, a negro, who had both retreated to its top to be as far as possible from the flames. They expected to be roasted to death, if not killed by the savages. Therefore Thomson remembered with rather a feeling of relief the fact that the flames would soon reach the middle story of the light-house, where the gunpowder was stored. Its explosion, he argued, would surely and suddenly send them to eternity, and relieve them of the fear of an Indian's barbarous torture, tomahawk, or scalping-knife. Was a man ever subjected to the chances of death at the same time from so many sources—the bullet, the flames, or the firing of the magazine? He welcomed the latter as instantaneous, the most humane, and the least tantalizing. The prospect of being cremated alive was the most appalling. Fancy what were the thoughts, years compressed into

* General Garfield, to the Literary Society of Washington, in 1878.

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a moment, of these two men as the flames approached the magazine! But the explosion only operated to reduce the stairway, the woodwork, and flames to the bottom, and actually saved their being roasted to death. I should not say saved the lives of both, for the negro died, either from the heat or the bullets of the Seminoles.

After the explosion of the magazine the Indians did not intermit their attempts to shoot Thomson, now perched beyond their reach, on the summit of those bare walls of the light-house. Fortunately no steps, or lightning-rod, or other means of ascent, could be used by the savages. To cool his toes he would thrust them out over the wall, which only exposed his feet as a target to the enemy. The verity of this statement was thoroughly vouched for by the gunshot wounds in his feet, dressed by the surgeon of the Key West hospital.

For days the Indians howled around that light-house; but Thomson, though inaccessible to them, was threatened with starvation, for he had been able to take but few provisions with him up to his perch.

A detachment of marines from Key West, under Lieutenant Leib, arrived on the island, and soon put the Indians to flight. But it became a very difficult problem how they should get Thomson from the top of the high walls of the light-house. If a line or "first cable" could be got to the top, he could pull up a heavier rope. Several attempts were made in vain by flying kites. At length Lieutenant Leib tied a line to the old-fashioned ramrod of a musket, which, having been put into the barrel before the gun was fired, was carried successfully to the top. With this first cable, Thomson, who was a sailor, pulled up a heavy rope, and rigged a block and tackle so that two marines were hauled up, and were able to lower the beleaguered and wounded light-house keeper to the ground.

The joy and satisfaction of this rescue can well be imagined, which exhibited the value of a first cable, and another example that often "truth is strange, stranger than fiction."

I have another example of the value of a first cable, witnessed in my own experience; and the necessary egotism of my own narrative will be excused, considering that I must give the story as an eye-witness.

In December, 1854, I sailed from San Francisco for the Columbia River on the steam-ship *Southerner*. In a severe and long-continued tempest of several days' continuance we tried to bail out the ship and keep her afloat, making for Puget Sound. Finally the engine would not work, and the captain warned us, about three o'clock one morning, that he must make for land. We were approaching Cape Flattery rocks, thirty miles south of the entrance to the Straits of Fuca. The coast bristled for miles with a large number of tall cone-shaped rocks, which appeared as if old Neptune had sowed the sea-shore with gigantic dragons' teeth.

If we were to go down, in order to make my exit gracefully, having no ladies under my protection, after I had packed my own saddle-bags with my government pay vouchers, I offered my services to a lady who was in the cabin below, who had not been informed of our new peril, and who appeared to have on board no protector. I advised her to pack her carpet-bag with articles most wanted, and I aided her to get it to the upper deck.

We gazed out eagerly toward the land, there being a clear starlight, the wind and breakers still very high, and the dawn just beginning to approach. I told the lady that I was not a very good swimmer, but that if we had to quit the ship I would do all I could for her, and she could rely on my best efforts. She replied, "You have been sick" (I had only been a little seasick); "that gentleman in front, with a broad ribbon on his hat, he is strong: I shall look to him." I did not receive so much as a "thank you." The poor woman was dazed, and it was not a moment for very elaborate courtesies; but precious and portentous as the minutes were then, I could not refrain from the indulgence of silent and inward merriment; for when I informed my friend "with the broad ribbon on his hat," of the wish of the lonely lady to have his aid, he never budged an inch from his solitary position by himself, in front, deeply absorbed in "number one," and not vouchsafing a breath or a whisper of comfort to the disconsolate lady.

For hours we remained on that upper deck, and the crew fortunately ran up to the bow of the steam-ship the iron safe containing eight thousand dollars of my Pay Department funds.

The captain discovered with his glass an island near the coast. Imagining that behind it there might be some shelter, if not a harbor, he steered for it, and beached the ship in the sands, laying it parallel to the shore. The waves and breakers were still high, and the rear of the ship was soon breaking to pieces. All the passengers and crew got near the bow of the vessel. The captain selected a brave sailor who was willing to undertake the task; he tied around his body a small line, or first cable, the other end tied to the ship. Standing on the lee side, nearest the land, he watched the breakers coming in, and jumping into one, he was safely swept ashore. With the small line he pulled ashore a large heavy rope. One end of this heavy rope he tied around the prostrate trunk of a very large tree lying on the beach. The other end was attached to the vessel, and thus a good ferry line was established, by means of which all on board were ferried ashore in a small boat, and the lives of all were saved. It was another example to what good use a first or primary cable can be put. It was equally essential to the spider in his undertaking, and to our brave

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captain in his efforts to secure our rescue from the watery deep.

I will add that we were seventeen days encamped on the high bluff near that spot, when fortunately a small steamer from Puget Sound bravely ventured out to sea in a lull of the winds, and carried us safely to the settlements. But as those settlements were two hundred miles from us in each direction, and we were on that rugged coast among Indians of doubtful friendship, in the month of January, in forty-eight degrees north latitude, we had abundant reasons for gratitude to Divine Providence for our signal escape from imminent perils.

We might add a reference to the first cable, the pioneer submarine Atlantic cable, which stretched from Heart's Content, in Newfoundland, to the coast of Ireland. The results flowing from that first and experimental cable, connecting the two continents by telegraph, would furnish suggestions enough to fill an epic poem. We might dwell upon the seeds and germs of all great enterprises, typified in the corner or first stone of a noble edifice. We might descant upon the skill and genius with which pregnant rudiments and axioms and elementary principles are expanded into a comprehensive branch of science.

There is always a first step, a first day, a first page, an alpha which prepares for the omega, a morning dawn which precedes the glorious sunrise.

Often no one is more astonished at the signal and magnificent consummation than the person who first laid the corner-stone, or who first gave to a measure the initial impulse.

In action the first promptings are often the best: so that we could say with Shakspeare—

> "From this moment
> The very firstlings of my heart shall be
> The firstlings of my hand."

WHAT Mr. Gradgrind admired was not fun, but facts. Humorous exaggeration was quite out of his line. Gradgrind would have been delighted to have met with a clergyman living in Kentucky, of whom a friend sends us the following anecdote:

A well-known minister, by the name of Walsh, living in Kentucky, was noted for making extravagant statements. One pleasant Sunday, while on his way to the sanctuary, he started up a fox, which ran under a tree that had blown down, or, as it is called, the "lap of a tree." When he reached the church, the first man he met was Deacon Nash.

"Brother Nash," said he, "as I was coming to church this morning I started up a fox, and it ran under the lap of a tree. When I came up, I took hold of a limb, and gave it a good shake, and I believe, Brother Nash, that *five hundred* foxes ran out from under that tree."

"Why," replied Deacon Nash, "I believe, Brother Walsh, that if you had given that limb *another* shake, they would have *all* ran out."

THE EMU'S PARTY.

DEDICATED TO THE WRITERS OF CHILDREN'S POETRY.

An ancient maiden Emu
Had a breezy country villa,
With an extensive sea view,
On the south coast of Australia.

This Emu's tastes were social,
And her heart was warm and kindly;
So she gave a children's party,
And sent her cards out blindly

To the Dodos and the Parrots
And the Vultures and the Sea-gulls,
And thoughtlessly included
Six little unfledged Eagles.

Then she called on Madam Duck-bill
At her home beside the water,
And proceeded with effusion
To invite her infant daughter.

"I will take care, my dear madam,
If you will be so good
As to trust us with your Susie,
That she eats the plainest food—

"Some simple vermin chowder,
Or only ants on toast,
With smothered flies in honey,
And a tender larvæ roast;

"Mashed angle-worms and spiders,
Or, if you think it best,
Grub soup with vermicelli,
Which is easy to digest.

"She shall be at home by bed-time—
Or any hour you choose."
Said Mrs. Duck-bill, solemnly,
"Have you asked the Kangaroos?"

"Why, no; the thought, dear madam,
Had not entered in my head:
I have but slight acquaintance with
That fore-shortened quadruped."

"Then I'm afraid, Miss Emu,
That Susie can not go:
Her grandpa was a mammal
Well connected, as you know.

"She can never know wild Pigeons,
Nor those children of the Vulture,
Who seem to be deplorably
Incapable of culture."

"If that's the case, dear madam,
We'll close this interview.
My friends are birds, and so am I,"
Said the dignified Emu.

"I'm sure I know the Eagles,
And many others, who
Move in vastly higher circles
Than that purse-proud Kangaroo.

"Then the Parrots and the Pigeons
Have a regular family tree:
No animals are higher born, nor have
A better pedigree.

"There's my grand-uncle Ostrich
Can hold his head as high
As any wealthy mammal,
And—I wish you, ma'am, good-by."

So little Susie Duck-bill
Was forced to play alone
By the artificial attitude
Of her mother's social tone.

She could see the Parrots swinging,
Hear the Eagles' laughter shrill,
And said, with tears, "I wish we Duck-bills
Weren't so fearfully genteel."

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Tipthorpe, in love with Angelina Smugg, is advised by friends to lay siege to old Mrs. S., to gain her consent to the match.



He follows the advice, and pays tribute at the shrine of Mother Smugg.



He takes Mrs. S. everywhere. Poor Angelina, who cannot understand his little game, has to follow with the children.



Feeling secure at last, he tremblingly asks of Mrs. S. the "object of his affections."

(Our pre-Raphaelite artist has given a realistic view of Tipthorpe trembling.)



Mrs. Smugg naturally believes herself to be the one called and chosen, and freely gives herself to her Tipthorpe,



Who thus becomes a Martyr to Circumstances, while poor Angelina weeps behind a convenient column.

A MARTYR TO CIRCUMSTANCES.

THE following, hitherto unpublished, is sent to us by a Virginia gentleman:

The late General William F. Gordon, of Virginia, long prominent in the political history of that State, was a gentleman of exceptional good taste in literature, and of very extensive acquaintance with the poets. After his retirement from active participation in politics, he devoted himself to agricultural pursuits, which his friend and neighbor the late Governor James Barbour said "were a great resource for broken-down politicians." The acquisition of contiguous territory was in former days a leading desire of the Virginia gentleman, and in obedience to this characteristic of the class to which he belonged, the general became the purchaser of a tract of land adjoining his homestead, a part of which only he desired to retain. The other portion he contracted to sell to a man named Bruce, who had been a manager on the farm of one of his neighbors. When Mr. Bruce came to his residence to perfect the contract, the general inquired of him, "What is your given name, Mr. Bruce?"

"Loudoun, sir," was the reply.

"What, sir!" said the general: "Loudoun, sir—Loudoun!

'Such news o'er Scotland's hills triumphant rode
When 'gainst the invaders turned the battle's scale,
When Bruce's banner had victorious flow'd
O'er Loudoun's mountain and in Ury's vale.'

Why, sir," said he, "if your name is Loudoun Bruce, you must be a relation of King Robert."

"Yes, sir," said Bruce; "I believe he was my grandfather."

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCLXXIV.—JULY, 1881.—Vol. LXIII.

A NEGLECTED CORNER OF EUROPE.



II.—A GLASS OF PORT.

"OPORTO is as a wine-glass; there is nossing in him as port. When it is not ze vine season, he is empty, he is viped out, he is turn upside down. You can do nossing wid him; better you shut him up in ze sideboard."

There was no mistaking the familiar voice and accent, the foppish attire so scrupulously arranged, the gray curls gummed into place above his ears just where most Portuguese tuck their cigarettes, and the weighty importance which he had attached to the exact angle at which his bottle must be tilted on its journey from the butler's pantry to the table. What had brought him again to a country which he loved so heartily to abuse we could not imagine, but it was undoubtedly our friend the Raven, demonstrating by a not inapt metaphor the absurdity of visiting Oporto during any season excepting that of the vintage.

"Oporto *is* a wine-glass," we assented; "but some of us have a passion for finely engraved glass other than that of kissing its rim in honor of Bacchus; especially if the specimen be of elegant form, of flashing crystal, delicately tinted and gem-beaded in old Venetian style, or scrolled and blossomed in Bohemian amber."

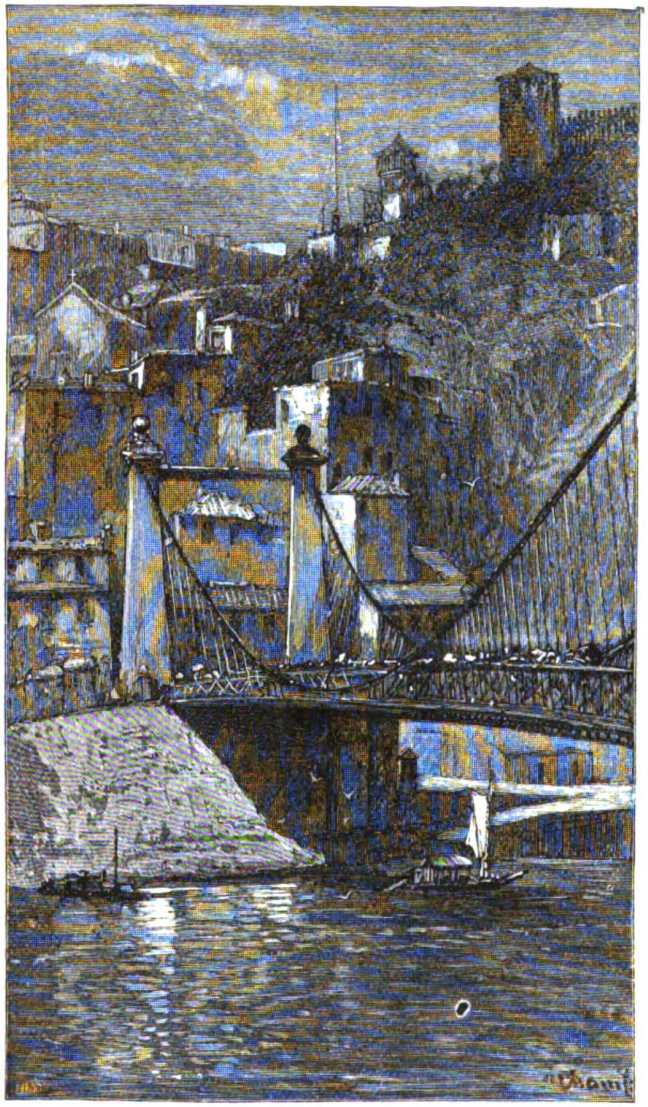
The charm of a distant view of Lisbon is in the highest sense poetical; that of Oporto is rather artistic. Seen from across the Douro, from the heights of the Serra Convent, the irregular line of its river frontage comes sharply into view. Oddly gabled and balconied façades, bizarre in coloring, incongruous in form, stretch before us as far as the eye can reach; high narrow houses shouldering each other steeply up the hill, crowding, overhanging, and grudging every foot of the tortuous streets that zigzag amongst them or plunge precipitately like turbid torrents into the river. It is a city of contrasts. Rickety, toppling structures swarming with life look enviously into the spacious arched corridors and shaded gardens of a handsome palacio; smart modern buildings ablaze with gaudily colored tiles press the crenellated wall of a time-blackened line of fortifications. In the background towers the slender campanile of the Clerigos, and the pretentious dome of the Crystal Palace. The suspension-bridge throws its delicate arch across the gorge of the Douro, and the shipping fills in the mouth of the river. Crowds of gayly dressed peasants swarm the quay, and form splashes and glints of bright color as they press to and from the little boats that ply from either shore. It is a scene of infinite variety and animation, a

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SUSPENSION-BRIDGE.

kaleidoscope of changing light and interest.

Oporto is essentially a commercial city. Its palaces are those of merchants, and have an air of newness and of modern improvement. Enterprise is the order of the day, and paint and whitewash are not absolutely unknown. New buildings are constantly springing up, and we can scarcely find a quarter where the clink of the trowel and sharp blow of the hammer are not heard. The citizens have a busier and more energetic air than those of Lisbon. The spirit of trade pervades all classes; the children barter their toys, and boast of their good bargains; the old women haggle and wrangle over the exchange of a piece of salt cod-fish for a handful of plums. The beggars will defer the enjoyment of a pinch of snuff already half way to an appreciative nostril, or pause in the midst of a mumbled Ave Maria, to follow you down the church steps and across the square, insisting on a reward for their trouble with far more persistency than their lazier brotherhood of the south.

A "quaint old town of toil and traffic," it attracts the sympathies of the average American more than the proud idleness and languid elegance of the capital.

The markets of Oporto have far more of a provincial character than those of Lisbon. We found one within a stone's-throw of our hotel which was a never-failing source of amusement. We wandered amongst its booths and tables admiring the types of magnificent womanhood continually presented. There was one handsome matron of about forty, straight as a reed, with a refined, intelligent face. Her costume was Roman in character, a flowered kerchief bound loosely over her black hair, while another of dark blue was tucked into her dark bodice, and her ample white sleeves, rolled to the elbow, displayed her finely modelled arms. She was holding a skein of yarn which her daughter, a young girl of sixteen, lovely of face as one of Correggio's models, was winding. The faces were not only beautiful, they were distinguished, and yet the setting of the picture was commonplace, and even repugnant, for they were seated behind a butcher's stand piled with huge joints, greasy hams, and sanguinary pieces of liver, festooned with sausages. The rusty scales beside the matron's elbow held a pile of black copper coin in one of its basins, and showed that her business was a thriving one. All through the market we found the busy women filling in the intervals of trade with some other employment. One venerable grandame, a basket-seller, whose wares were piled high around her, was busy with distaff and spindle, forming, as her crooked fingers

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nimbly twirled the thread, a perfect embodiment of one of the three dread sisters. Spin on, good mother, we said to ourselves, and may your own life-thread be many more winters long before Atropos comes with the fateful shears! Spinning and weaving were evidently alike common employments for the peasants of this neighborhood, for heavy pieces of homespun sheetings were displayed for sale at several tables. As a contrast to the wrinkled crone with the distaff, one of the flower women had placed as a centre piece to the row of bright bouquets in the shallow tray-like basket (which she brought to market upon her head) her own rosy sleeping baby. The still-life at this market was almost as interesting as the portraits. Each booth framed a picture worthy of the early Dutch painters, who loved to place their figures behind such foregrounds.



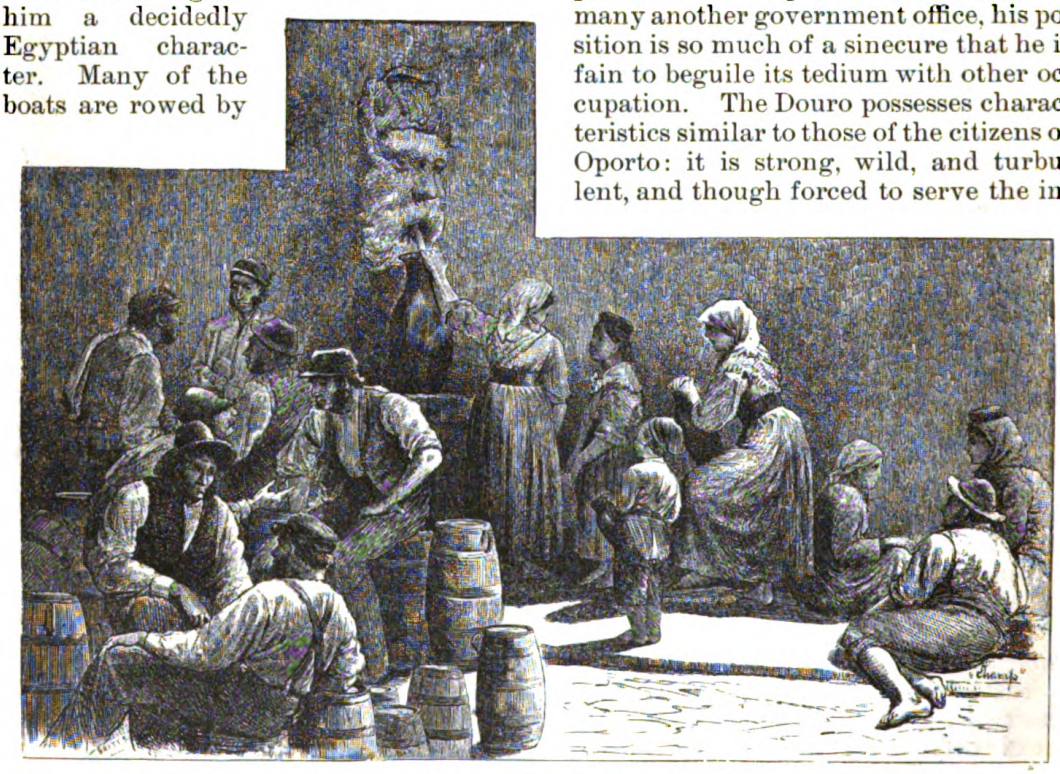
MARKET SCENE.

Here were the poultry-sellers, with pigeons and partridges in rustic cages formed of sticks thrust into two round pieces of cork, and noisy ducks protruding their necks through the wire netting stretched across their baskets. One old gentleman with a magisterial air was bargaining for a small chicken, feeling it over with critical phrenological fingers, while the thrifty huckster-women were busily plucking a goose which had already been purchased, and whose plumage they evidently thought "worth saving to make a feather-bed." The onion booth, with its braided clusters of enormous red bulbs, presented all the rich metallic tones and reflections of burnished copper; while the rows of coarsely but gayly painted faience spread upon the ground before a merchant too poor to rent a booth would have been eagerly welcomed upon the walls of many a wealthy china maniac. Skirting the principal market, like an outlying line of fortifications, stand the ox-carts which have brought in the fruits and vegetables of the farmers. The ornamental carved yokes of the oxen—a flat board pierced with a tracery, often reminding one of Moorish lattice-work, and often colored in the same Oriental fashion—form a striking feature in the scene.

The Douro is the principal thoroughfare of Oporto. We enjoyed almost the hours we spent upon it in a bizarre gondola-like boat, with two stout oarsmen to row us in whatever direction we fancied, and to rest most obligingly whenever a tempting effect demanded a sketch. We glided in and out amongst more important craft—steamers and sailing vessels bound for Brazil, or just in with cod-fish from the Banks, queer fishing craft from the coast, feluccas with lateen-sails, flat caïques from the bar, and galleys from the vine lands. They waited at the foot of the Queen's Stairs, with idle, flapping sails, while the procession of market-women ready for home trooped down the broad flight of stone steps, with nests of empty crates forming high columns upon their heads. Some less successful in disposing of their wares carried (still on their heads) baskets of potted plants, bundles formed of sheets filled to their utmost capacity, coops of poultry, and in one in-

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stance a squealing pig held securely under the arm. Women engaged in coaling the ships trotted briskly up and down with sooty baskets. As we rowed up the river, we met a galley rowed in ancient style by double banks of oarsmen, and were passed by great schooners with huge double-breasted sails swelling proudly as they bore up the river their boat-loads of hogsheads and casks for the approaching vintage. These boats had immensely long rudders, managed by a man whose darkly bronzed face, red cap, and white shirt sleeves gave him a decidedly Egyptian character. Many of the boats are rowed by



A WATER-FOUNTAIN.

sinewy-armed women, who give their brother oarsmen a close race, and often pass them, laughing loudly and mockingly. The Serra Convent,

> "Half church of God,
> Half castle 'gainst the Moor,"

looks down on us from its high eyrie. We climbed to the summit the other day, and found the peasants preparing for a fête in the ruinous unoccupied building. In spite of the flowers with which they were decking the altars, the place had a grim fortress-like aspect. A huge cannon, which was probably dragged up the hill in Wellington's time, lies half buried in the tall grass, and there are great fissures and hollows in the massive stone wall where the French shell struck and splintered when Soult held Oporto, just across the river. The Serra Convent was Wellington's point of vantage, and it was under its defense that he made his brilliant passage of the Douro, and sat down to the dinner which Napoleon's marshal had ordered.

Further up the river we pass a soldier peacefully fishing. He eyes us keenly as we pass, for he is a custom-house officer, placed here to inspect the boats; but, like many another government office, his position is so much of a sinecure that he is fain to beguile its tedium with other occupation. The Douro possesses characteristics similar to those of the citizens of Oporto: it is strong, wild, and turbulent, and though forced to serve the interests of commerce and manufacture, its riotous disposition shows itself in sudden freshets as destructive of life and property as expressions of political opinion by the factory operatives and lower orders of the city. We pass pretty villas and more stately palaces on the water's edge, for Oporto is behind us now, and we are rowing up between vine-terraced banks toward the famous port vineyards. They are too far away for us to reach them to-night, but somewhere farther up this wild river the grapes are growing hot in the Quinta do Vesuvio. We heard the resonant blows of the coopers as we walked through the streets of Oporto, beating down the strong

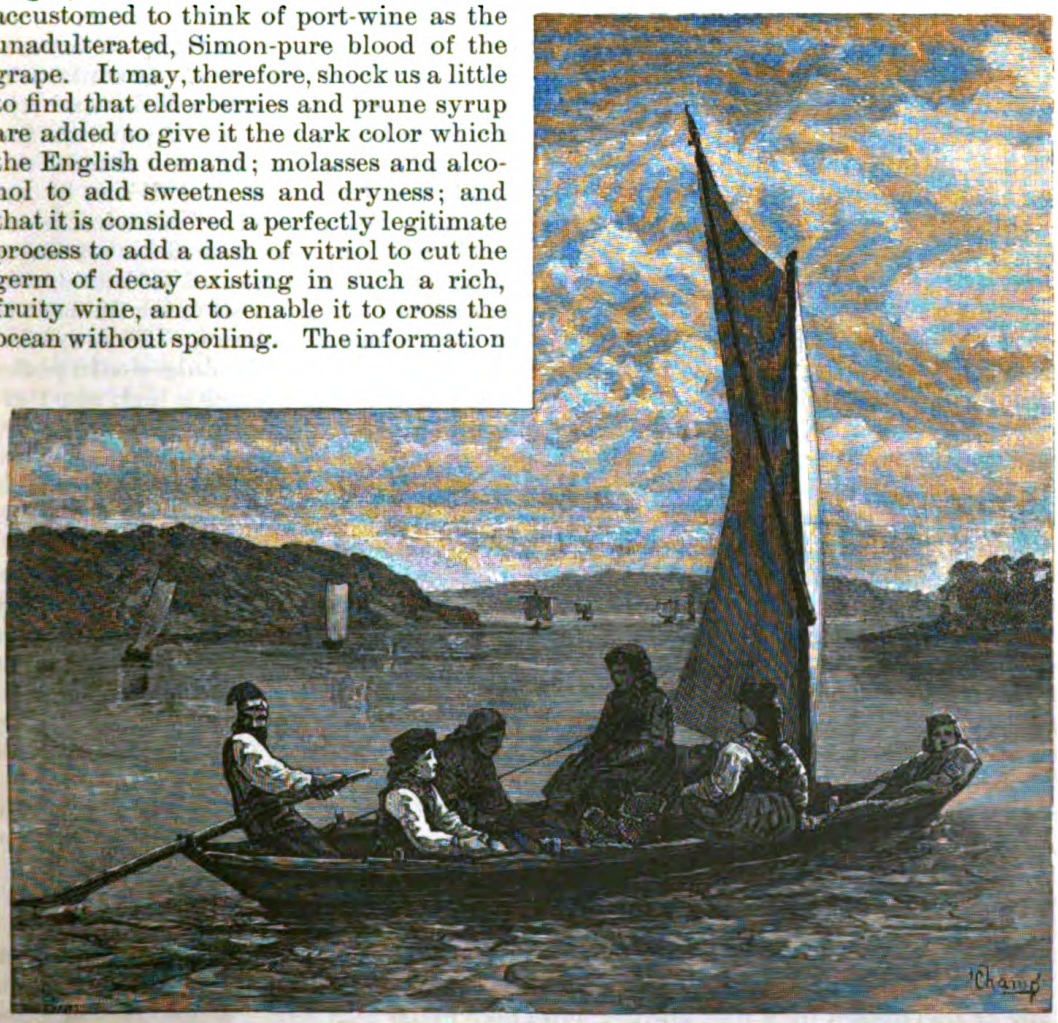
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iron hoops that are to girdle ribs of oak and heart of fire; and if we should follow far enough that schooner of casks, we would reach the Alto Douro, and find ourselves surrounded on all sides by

> "The vine, boys, the vine!
> A roamer is she
> O'er wall and tree,
> And sometimes very good company."

Such a visit in the time of the vintage, when the peasants troop down the terraces bearing upon their heads baskets overflowing with the purple clusters, would be well worth the trouble; but now we will row down the river instead, and landing at Villa Nova de Gaia, visit the warehouses of the wine-merchants, where we will find port of any required date, ripening and changing from dark red to the brown madder esteemed by amateurs. Here, too, we will find the white wines Dedo de Dama, or lady's-finger, and Muscatel de Jesus. We are accustomed to think of port-wine as the unadulterated, Simon-pure blood of the grape. It may, therefore, shock us a little to find that elderberries and prune syrup are added to give it the dark color which the English demand; molasses and alcohol to add sweetness and dryness; and that it is considered a perfectly legitimate process to add a dash of vitriol to cut the germ of decay existing in such a rich, fruity wine, and to enable it to cross the ocean without spoiling. The information is disenchanting; it is like a glimpse at Cette, near Marseilles, where any desired wine is manufactured to order, with the appropriate tint, flavor, bouquet, and counterfeited label, correct stamp on the inside of the cork, and cobwebs on the exterior, and all so cleverly as to deceive a connoisseur. From forty to fifty thousand pipes of port-wine are annually exported from Oporto, and over two-thirds of this goes to England.

It might be interesting to inquire into the political principles of different kinds of wine. Certain it is that port-wine would not have been so popular in England had it not been that the British hatred for Bonaparte was so intense as to extend to everything French, and to cause claret to materially interfere with their digestion. Coffee-houses could not be maintained with coffee alone, and so portly Dr. Johnson sipped with gusto his



PEASANTS RETURNING FROM MARKET.

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round bumpers of Portuguese wine, and Addison daintily fingered his glass of Madeira, and Dick Steele emptied bottle after bottle of hot Spanish sherry, though Champagne would have been more to his taste, while they united with sweet accord in drinking destruction to the French.

Oporto is abundantly supplied with water by means of public fountains, around which, as at Lisbon, interesting groups are formed of picturesque women and brawny men, who gossip and wrangle while awaiting the slow filling of their water-pots and casks.

We made an excursion early this morning with the Raven to Foz, the Oporto *bain de mer*. Our friend did not enjoy it, and could not see what we could find to amuse us in this frolicking, rollicking crowd of men and women floundering and leaping in the water like a school of porpoises. The bathing suits shocked his sense of decorum. "One might so well be as the man one," he said, intending by the term "man one" to indicate our first father, Adam. We walked along the beach, noticing the sign-boards labelled with attractive names, Theresa, Rosario, indicating that such and such favorite bathing-women had charge of the bath-houses in that locality, and would rent costumes and wait upon the bathers. On the sands of another and quieter little beach the nets of the fishermen were drying, and just opposite us was the treacherous bar of the Douro, which is such a blockade to commerce, and where so many lives have been lost. A party of engineers, who had come out to report on the subject, were examining the coast with a view to building a breakwater and forming a harbor near Foz, which should be connected with Oporto by a railway.

The gate of the grim old castle of Foz stood invitingly open, and we entered, joining for a moment the devout peasants who were hearing mass in the chapel, and then coming out over the draw-bridge to look down at the street cars running, by some absurd anachronism, in the moat below.

Oporto streets we found as interesting in their way as those of Lisbon. There was not so much elegant sauntering, but the people seemed to have acquired the art of blending enjoyment with business. We saw a lame beggar driving about in a queer little chaise drawn by a tiny donkey, fiddling as he went, and stopping not infrequently to receive the alms of pedestrians. A snuffy old servitor of the Church was carrying about a crucifix, which he offered for kisses, laying it upon the heads of such as accompanied the kiss with a copper, and mumbling a benediction or indulgence. At night we visited the grounds of the Crystal Palace, where bands and fire-works rend the heavens with imitation thunder and lightning. We found a charming seat apart from the artificial typhoon—a natural rocky balcony overhanging the river, and shut in by a screen of myrtle thicket—where we could watch the lights in the city and the reflected stars glancing in the river. The Crystal Palace itself—a fine building for its purpose—was constructed by a company of Portuguese and Brazilian merchants for the International Exhibition of 1865, on the site of the old Torre da Marca, which was so named because, when seen on a line with the Tower of the Clerigos, it *marked* the channel for vessels crossing the bar. The building is used now for fairs and amusements of varied character. It contains a little theatre, where the nobility and upper classes give amateur theatricals for various charitable purposes. A farce entitled *The Effects of New Wine*, by an "Excellentissimo Senhor" (who in Lisbon would probably have turned his attention to bull-fighting instead of to literature), was acted during our stay, for the benefit of a firemen's association. This exhibit of the consequences of indulgence in *vinho verde*, written in a place which must afford abundant opportunity for its study, might serve as a tract for our temperance societies for distribution amongst the class who contend that there is no drunkenness in the vine-bearing regions of Europe.

Our wanderings one day brought us to a queer little refreshment garden hung around with the arms of the different cities of Portugal. One of these represented a saint rising, with folded hands, from a goblet, with a lion and dragon as her heraldic supporters. The Raven, at sight of this escutcheon, dipped gravely into poetry:

"Ze lion and ze dracon green
Ware viting for ze cup;
St. Ildefonso he step between,
An ze oder beasts gift it op."

Characteristic evening spectacles at Oporto are the funerals, which always take place at night. Attendants run beside the hearse, carrying links, forming a

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ghastly and insufficient torch-light procession. The custom of carrying the link was anciently practiced in England, and is mentioned by some of the older poets. At the church the coffin is laid upon a bier in the centre of the nave, and draped with a heavy velvet pall. Where the funeral is that of a person of wealth, tall waxen tapers are handed by the beadle to every one who enters the church, and the interior is filled with mourners standing reverentially and holding the flaring tapers, while lines of choir boys extending from the altar to the main entrance chant with their clear youthful voices the service for the dead.

The cathedral of Oporto is a crazy but not unpicturesque jumble of architectural styles; ugly serpents, griffins, and other Gothic hobgoblins climb and leer from every available cranny, while the interior is quite as strange. Extraordinary blue tiles face the walls of the cloister from the pavement to the upper story, and depict panoramic scenes from the Song of Solomon which must have an edifying effect on the good priests who pace by, breviary in hand. Within the church a garrulous sexton showed us an image of São Pacificus reposing in a plate-glass coffin, and robed in a fantastic ballet costume.

"They are the authentic relics of the saint," he explained; "it is real flesh and blood."

"Indeed!" we exclaimed, with astonishment; "but the face has a very wooden appearance."

"Ah, yes, the face is—composed; but the rest is most undoubtedly—"

"Decomposed," whispered J——, turning aside with his face in his handkerchief.

While we were in the sacristy a procession of priests and altar boys came in from the church. One of the latter, taken up with gazing at the visitors, tripped on the threshold and fell, with the gilded candlestick and taper which he was carrying tightly grasped in his hand, and was picked up by a smiling priest, more abashed than hurt.

We had reached the part of Portugal where religion is most credulous and most sincere. The daily papers, with their announcements of festivities for the different holy-days, showed this. Here was one which promised to be representative:



KISSING THE CRUCIFIX.

On Sunday next, at 5 P.M., a solemn procession, and one as magnificent as possible, will set out, at the expense of the Brothers of the Society of the Sacrament and Senhor Jesus, from the parish church of Sao Ildefonso, and will pass through the following streets: São Antonio, Formosa, Bom-Jardim, etc. The worthy inhabitants of the above-mentioned streets are requested to adorn their balconies with damask and green, in order to give the pageant a brilliant setting, and are requested not to throw flowers upon the dais.

PROGRAMME OF PROCESSION.

1. Band.
2. Brotherhood of the Society of the Sacrament and Senhor Jesus, with flambeaux.

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3. The Angel Gabriel in the attitude of the Annunciation.

4. The Sedan-chair of São Ildefonso.

5. Group of Zouaves.

6. Litter bearing the venerated image of St. Peter.

7. Two little angels conducting the Ave Maria.

8. Car bearing tableau, Humility (composed of one figure and four angels).

9. Sedan-chair with an image of Our Lady of Prosperous Journeys.

10. The Angel of the Sun, "Electra ut Sol."

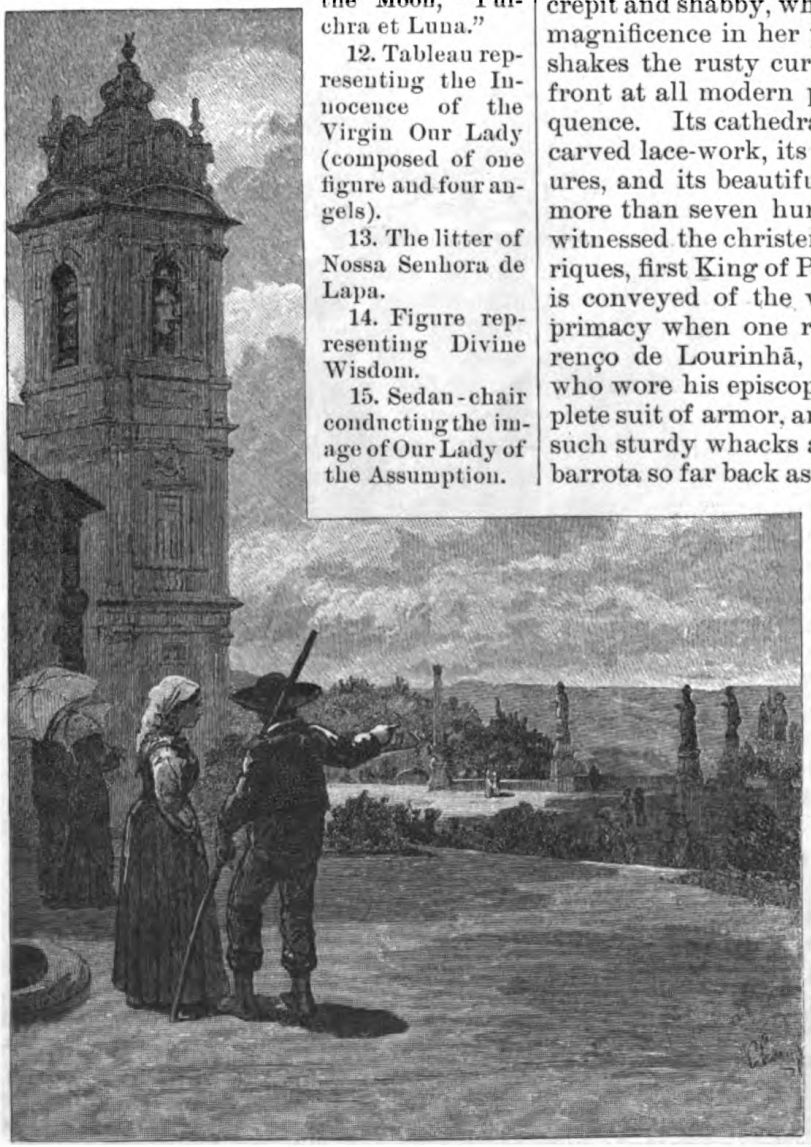
11. Another with the Moon, "Pulchra et Luna."

12. Tableau representing the Innocence of the Virgin Our Lady (composed of one figure and four angels).

13. The litter of Nossa Senhora de Lapa.

14. Figure representing Divine Wisdom.

15. Sedan-chair conducting the image of Our Lady of the Assumption.



VIEW FROM BOM-JESUS.

16. Choir of virgins.

17. Tableau, the Glory of Our Lady, with five angels.

"If you are interested in such spectacles," said our host, "you must go further up into the Minho. It is at Bom-Jesus, near Braga, that the Romaria, or pilgrimage fair, is to be seen to the best advantage."

And to Braga, the quaint old episcopal city, we accordingly went. Since the closing of the monasteries the glory of Braga has signally departed. It is a very, very old city, confessing to over two thousand years, and fully looking its age. It has a general air of decay and desolation, and reminds one of a very aged dame, decrepit and shabby, who talks of her former magnificence in her present poverty, and shakes the rusty curls of her false black front at all modern pretensions to consequence. Its cathedral, with its old stone-carved lace-work, its hideous wooden figures, and its beautiful *coro alto*, is itself more than seven hundred years old. It witnessed the christening of Affonso Henriques, first King of Portugal; and an idea is conveyed of the venerable age of the primacy when one reads that Dom Lourenço de Lourinhã, the warlike prelate who wore his episcopal robes over a complete suit of armor, and gave and received such sturdy whacks at the battle of Aljubarrota so far back as 1385, was the *eighty-sixth* archbishop of the see. It was one of the archbishops of Braga, Rodrigo de Moura Zelles, who conceived the happy idea of founding a pilgrimage shrine in the mountains near Braga, a religious summer resort, a site for unending camp-meetings for the devout, the fashionable, the mercenary, the lover of nature, and the beggar, from all of whom the mother Church should collect her legitimate tithes. The Bom-Jesus do Monte is the most whimsical, most charming, and most delightfully absurd place in all the world. The carriage-road leading to its summit winds through a grove of cypress, cork,

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and olive trees; but the Via Crucis, or Pilgrim's Staircase, is the more travelled route. It consists of a series of terraces and of zigzag ramps, bordered by giant cypresses and walls of ancient box, with here and there a chapel and a fountain. There are fourteen of the chapels which represent scenes from the passion and death of our Lord. They are small stone and plaster structures, with grated doors through which we look at a group of carved and painted wooden figures of life size forming a sort of tableau. The first is that of the Last Supper; the company is served not to simple bread and wine, but to a variety of dishes which servants bring in upon waiters and in covered tureens. Just opposite is that of the Garden of Gethsemane, Peter and James are sleeping comfortably, and an angel of the ballet flutters in mid-air upon wires. A tiny cascade leaps down the hill from one sculptured basin to another, changing its name at each new appearance. Just here we have the fountains of the Sun and Moon, and a little further on we find successively those of Diana, Mars, Mercury, Saturn, and Jupiter. This mingling of heathen mythology with the history of Jesus strikes us as somewhat preposterous, but the trickle of the fountains is refreshing to ear and eye, and they have afforded cooling draughts to many a thirsty pilgrim. The Kiss of Judas occupies the third chapel, where the most prominent figure is the young man of the linen garment making his hasty and unceremonious exit. The chapels of the Flagellation, the Crown of Thorns, and of Ecce Homo next follow; in the last, Pilate exhibits Jesus to the multitude from his balcony. Next we have Veronica obtaining the miraculous napkin portrait. Here the pathway loses its rustic character, changing to a grand double staircase with balustrades ornamented by a profusion of statues and fountains, beginning with that of the Five Wounds of Jesus, and followed by a fantastic series, the fountains of the Five Senses, where the water flows from each of the appropriate organs. In that of Sight it gushes from the eyes of a little weeping figure, who, far from awakening sympathetic grief on the part of the beholder, moves him rather to unseemly laughter. In the fountain of Hearing the water spouts from either ear. In that of Smell it trickles in a disgusting manner from the nose.

After the fountains of the senses follows a series based on the three virtues Faith, Hope, and Charity. Faith flows from the cross, Hope from Noah's ark, and Charity from a heart held by two children. After this we have a cascade starting from a spot where a statue of Moses strikes the rock; and all the way up, mingled with the fountains and bearing some mystical significance to their subjects, are statues of Old Testament worthies—David, Esdras, Jonathan, Joseph, Isaiah, Solomon, with such allegorical characters as Confession and Docility attendant on the fountain of Faith, Confidence and Glory on that of Hope, and Peace and Benignity on that of Charity. We admire the ingenuity of the old archbishop. What an imagination he must have had, and how cleverly he could have managed plot and characters in a three-volume novel or a five-act drama! Indeed, the place is a drama with many plots, the leading one being the Divine tragedy. At the head of the staircase we find the tableau of the Crucifixion, and the temple, or principal church, with its mirth-provoking Chapel of the Founders, a picture-gallery containing the portraits of all the benefactors of the enterprise, a collection of paintings only less amusing than the Art Gallery at Lisbon because it is less extensive. Leaving the church, we pass the remaining chapels—the Descent from the Cross, the Unction (anointing for burial), the Resurrection (where Mary Magdalene talks with Christ at the door of the tomb, and where Christ holds a spade—a conceit suggested by the words, "she supposing him to be the gardener"), the Appearance of Christ at Emmaus, and the Ascension. We have now reached the top of the mountain. An exquisite view of distant mountain ranges, of misty valley, of quiet lakes, and distant Braga is spread before us; and the mountain-top is so roomy that we have wood and dell, park, and little cluster of hospedarias, or inns and hermitages, with a lake, and many charming nooks to explore for days to come.

On our way up we have been partly shocked and partly amused by the grotesque wax-work show of the chapels, but little by little the spirit of devotion with which they are regarded by the simple peasants who visit them impresses us, and we begin to understand how such coarse and even painful representations may im-

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THE LITTLE SHEPHERDESS.

press the tragic story of the sufferings and death of Christ most vividly on the uncritical, child-like minds of the devotees. It must be very interesting to be here at Whitsuntide, when the great annual pilgrimage occurs. Then the camp grounds are filled with tents and booths, and the great ovens, which stand lonely and black and tall, like chimneys of burned homesteads, disgorge balls of brown bread round and large as bomb-shells. Then the band stands keep up the bombardment of sound, and fashionable idlers from the cities give to the promenade gardens the appearance of an urban park.

Now a delicious quiet broods over the mountain, and as we watch the sunset, flushing the beautiful Gerez chain from the extreme height of Bom-Jesus, the only sound which reaches us is the wolf-scaring shriek of the ox-cart toiling homeward with ungreased axles in the valley below. We do not wonder that the wild animals fly from this sound, for it is excruciating in the extreme, quite enough to make a wolf of ordinary sensibilities stuff cotton in his ears and fly to the most inaccessible depths of the forest.

On the hill-side under the cork-trees we see a child tending her flock, and spinning with distaff and spindle. Such a sight is very common: little girls have much to do with the domestic animals; they run fearlessly between the long horns of the great tawny oxen, and guide them in the way they should go with a shower of blows on their long-suffering foreheads and muzzles. They milk the goats and herd the swine, and grow lithe and strong of limb and nut-brown of face in the warm sun. The herdsmen and shepherdesses beguile their lonely watch with the peculiar antiphonal songs of the country, which often display remarkable wit in repartee on the part of the improvisatores, as well as a ready talent for rhyming. These songs are composed as well in Spain as in Portugal. One shepherd challenges another to a tournament in verse, and begins by singing a stanza which is to serve as a key-note for the whole production, as well in the kind of measure to be used as in tune. In one of these lyrical ballads, which, so far as I know, has never crept into print, a man begins the song half in banter, half in earnest:

"It is better to love a dog than to love a woman,
For for a piece of gold a woman will leave you to grief,
But the affection of a dog is endless."

A woman, who perhaps has had some experience of the improvidence as well as of the voracity of mankind, replies, in ready caricature of the other:

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"It is better to feed a dog than to feed a man,
For with a piece of meat a dog will leave you in peace,
But the hunger of a man will last forever."

And the keen sharp-shooting is kept up through a long range of topics, the ball tossed back and forward from one skillful composer to another, and when improvisation fails, traditional badinage is remembered and sung with equal gusto.

From Bom-Jesus we turned our faces northward, penetrating at each step further into the heart of the Minho, the Tyrol of Portugal. Nowhere among the peasants of any nation that we have seen in person or in picture have we met more barbaric brilliancy of costume than at a meeting of Minho country girls in holiday attire. The flashing colors of the very full many-pleated stuff petticoats, the immaculate white sleeves and dark bodice with its embroidered border, the gay kerchiefs over the dark locks and about the neck, and the profusion of filigree jewelry, a little gold being hammered out so as to go a great way, and expanding itself into cobwebs of delicate tracery, waffle-iron ear-rings as large as the palm of a man's hand, and several pairs worn at once, the entire corsage covered with a cuirass of chains, hearts, crosses, and other ornaments, make up a *tout ensemble* which even Solomon in all his glory would have found it hard to rival.

We ride through a beautiful farming country: little market gardens cultivated laboriously by hand, but well cultivated, green and lush with the watering of the huge lumbering *nora*, the water-wheel left as a legacy from the Moor, and worked by a slow-treading patient ox, driven by an impertinent little boy, who twists its tail in true *forçado* style. While the donkey is the characteristic beast of burden of the south of Portugal, the ox is the more common servitor of man in the Minho; he is the universal patent threshing-machine of the country, and the Biblical injunction, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn," is most flagrantly disregarded. Stout sullen mules of vindictive spirit abound. They are given to expressing their minds forcibly through the medium of their heels, and before doing so utter a shrill, angry note of warning, which has given rise to the proverb,



THE LITTLE OX-DRIVER.

"Do macho que diz im
E da mulher que sabe Latim,
Libera nos, Domine!"

The translation is sufficiently apparent, but the resemblance of learned ladies to emphatic-hoofed mules is not equally clear.

This northern country is the grain-pro-

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ducing region. We have left behind us the long hedges of tropical aloes, which reminded us of processions bearing tall golden candlesticks carelessly aslant, and the date-palm, which is scattered through

praised. The poor have one dish, the *olha*. The recipe for the preparation of this horrible dish would seem to be something like the following: 1st. Sardine, or a piece of cod-fish, or a cube of salt pork, or a



MINHO PEASANT GIRL.

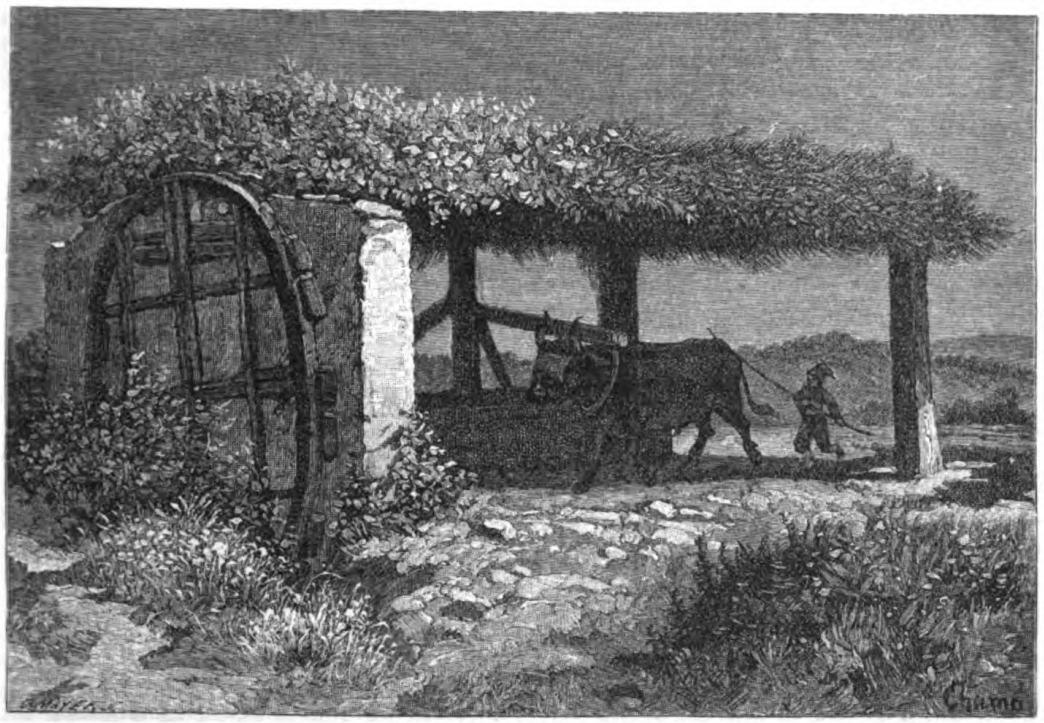
Alemtejo and Algarve, like monuments to the fallen African warriors. We find here the mulberry, with its little servant of luxury, the silk-worm. Rows of beehives copy in little the architecture of the chalets. There are cheese-presses in the dairies, and primitive looms in the principal room. The olive fattens the sod and the swine beneath it, and the almond, fig, and other fruits add to a bill of fare which else would be almost unbearable.

The Portuguese cuisine is not to be

ham rind, or a rabbit, or some other much the same kind of little beast. 2d. Herbs—whatever there happens to be in the garden. N.B.—Be sure to have two or three onions. N.B.—Don't forget the garlic, *nor the red pepper*. 3d. Bread broken in bits. 4th. Plenty of olive-oil. Put it into a saucepan, but *don't* stir; be very careful to let it stand until it burns, or the peculiar appetizing national flavor will be lost.

Most delicious preserves and candied

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A NORA, OR MOORISH WATER-WHEEL.

fruits are prepared and exported near Lisbon. The marmalades and candied oranges of Setubal are deservedly famous. Indeed, it would be very easy to ruin one's digestion from over-abstinence in the presence of the ragouts of the country inns, and indulgence in the tempting sweets which find so ready a market at the capital.

And so we journeyed through this fascinating region, finding a comfortable climate in midsummer, and scenery which has been already so highly praised that we can only add that the description has not been overdrawn. We reached the northern limit of our trip at the mouth of the river Lima, the most memorable stage in the whole itinerary; for the Romaria, which we were not permitted to see at Bom-Jesus, we were lucky enough to find at Vianna do Castello. This is a little town built in ancient times upon the beautiful river Lima, and christened for its patron goddess Diana, the lazy lips of the Portuguese softening in time the D to V. The Lima is justly esteemed the most lovely of Portuguese rivers. Tranquil as a lake, it mirrors the most entrancing scenery of the Minho, its clear reflection forming the rhyming line to the exquisite stanza of the landscape.

The old castle slumbers peacefully at its mouth, half covered by its sand-dune blanket, its guns, long dismantled, serving only as a hereditary boast of the degenerate little town, whose tortuous and dirty alleys grovel unworthily beneath the glorious sky and beside the loveliest of rivers. Repulsive as the town itself is, there is a wide and breezy parade-ground between it and the sea, flanked on the one hand by the sleepy castle, and upon the other by a church-crowned knoll, which is the favorite fair-ground for all the country round. In Southern Portugal such a spot would be chosen as the site for a bull-ring, but in the Minho that institution would be almost as much out of place as in a Quaker settlement. The peasants are deeply religious, and even their social merry-makings have a pious pretext. From the sea-shore, from the villages, from the mountains of the entire surrounding district, they flock to-day to the Romaria—sordid men, hoping for a market for their bullocks or donkeys; fanatical or calmly earnest women, who come on pilgrimage as an exercise of devotion; saucy, laughing girls, who look forward to the Romaria as the grand society event of the year, and trust, through the grace of São Antonio, to find a husband ere it closes; sturdy young mountaineers, in gallooned jackets ornamented with silver clasps and chains, who dash

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recklessly about the open space on their shaggy ponies, which give to their side of the encampment the appearance of a horse fair; wide-eyed children, who stare curiously from out the gypsy tent formed by the ox-cart, half frightened and thoroughly bewildered by the confusion about them; old women, who crouch over a pan of sardines frying in olive-oil over a flaring brazier, and gossip together of gayer Romarias in 1820 or thereabouts; and most noticeable of all, troops and squadrons of beggars, who come to reap their grand yearly harvest. Thousands of people fill the parade-ground, jostling each other, and surging backward and forward like breakers tumbling in and out of a little bay, and all, or the greater part, singing, talking vociferously, and laughing as loudly as they are able. We climb the church tower in order to gain a vantage-ground which will dominate this tumult. Here, too, is another riot of sound, for a bell-ringer is performing upon the chimes, which clang and crash and jangle as if all the blacksmiths and coppersmiths in Christendom were battling with their work. We escape to the slender balcony which runs around the upper story of the campanile, and gain a bird's-eye view of the crowd below. From this distance a certain order is discernible in the confusion, and we can trace the plan of the bazar, the encampment, and the race-course as upon a map.

In the foreground, directly below us, glistens the freshly whitewashed roof of the church, as dazzling as though spread with newly fallen snow. In front of the church stretches a terrace, upon which two brass bands are stationed. The more devout of the peasants are constantly entering and leaving the church. Below the terrace, and diverging from it as a centre, stretch the avenues of booths, spreading their allurements before thrifty or improvident peasants whose ample petticoat pockets now disgorge their hoarded mines of copper in exchange for trifles or necessaries. Outside the last line of shops spreads the encampment—a huge half-circle of ox-carts, so arranged that over each two or three a *tolda*, or great canvas, spreads its tent-like awning, while the carts themselves, filled with straw, make comfortable beds for the sleepers, the carved ox-yoke forming a very ornamental head-board to the queer bedstead. Back of the encampment in the wide open campo the huge oxen lie chewing the cud of philosophic reflection, the donkeys add their unmelodious voice to the hubbub, and the cow-boys and young rángers gallop about in some aboriginal game of polo. Beyond this race-course the castle lifts an ineffectual bastion, half covered by the encroaching yellow sand, where one pepper-pot turret keeps a slumbrous watch seaward, with no fear of other invader than the saucy buccaneer wind, which showers the look-out with broadsides of sand and spray. The calm mirroring river and the sunset-flushed sea form the rim of the map to the south and west, while the white walls of Vianna, washed clean by distance, glitter in the east, and the sublime staircase of the mountains climbs the blue northern sky.

A nearer view of the business centre presents all the merriment and racket of a Donnybrook fair, with the rich color and artistic qualities of a bazar at Cairo or Damascus. At the foot of the terrace a Turk, or clever actor in Turkish costume, sells articles from Jerusalem, rosaries of coral, carvings of olive-wood, mother-of-pearl crucifixes, pipes, sashes, and enamelled jewelry. At the adjoining booth a silversmith from Oporto displays modern articles in plated ware, the country people gazing with the same wonder at foreign curiosities and the luxuries of city life. The most attractive spot for the old gentlemen appears to be the umbrella stand. They unfold here with untiring admiration the huge structures of whalebone and gay cotton, haggling over the price with the proprietor, and discussing among themselves the relative merits of a claret-colored cover with white stripes, or a dark blue one with a wreath of yellow leaves. The old women find magnets as powerful in the brass and copper kitchen utensils, and at the handkerchief booth, which displays all the barbaric coloring of an Afghan carpet bazar. The young girls cluster where the jewellers display immense filigree hearts and heavy gold chains, and the spectacle of these young girls loaded down by their accumulated golden heirlooms must be the despair of the shop-keepers, for it would be difficult to find one who is not liberally supplied with every ornament which they display. Laughing and singing, they wander in bevies among the booths, examining curiously the gaudy chromos and the modiste's stand with its Parisian fashions,

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PROCESSION OF THE ROMARIA.

which have found their way even here, and are destined in time to drive out the national costume. These unsophisticated children of nature pause in unfeigned astonishment before two great tin bath-tubs, of whose intended use they can not even guess. And it is necessary for them to stop at each round before the stand where musical instruments are sold, to try in turn the accordions, violas, and little guitars. They disappear for a time on the arm of some enamored swain behind the folds of the tent devoted to the wax-work show and the learned dog, or patronize the peep-show illustrative of the "Life of Christ from the Nativity to the Ascension," or the shooting-gallery, where the target is a magnificent metallic peacock with expanded plumage. There want not entertainments of a more public character for the impecunious. The ballad-singer, a degenerate descendant of the troubadours, keeps a circle of laughing listeners about him while he drawls, to the accompaniment of a cracked fiddle, his ditties of love and adventure, seasoned with liberal dashes of broad humor. Sets of dancers form on the terrace, and a rude bolero, called a *foffa*, is performed here and there amongst the crowd by a varying number of couples, who snap their fingers loudly to mark the time, and execute the figures with much emphasis and enjoyment, if with little grace. A shabby ecclesiastic, in a faded crimson gown, passes about a dish of rose leaves, consecrated by having lain upon the altar of the Virgin, and sells them for a penny each to the dancers, who kiss them, drop them in their bosoms, and return to their hilarious and earnest trampling. An enthusiastic circle of spectators has gathered about the dancing bear, who has a natural aptitude for the dance of the country, while bands of amateur musicians tooting hideous clay trumpets remind the hearer of the Roman celebration of Epiphany.

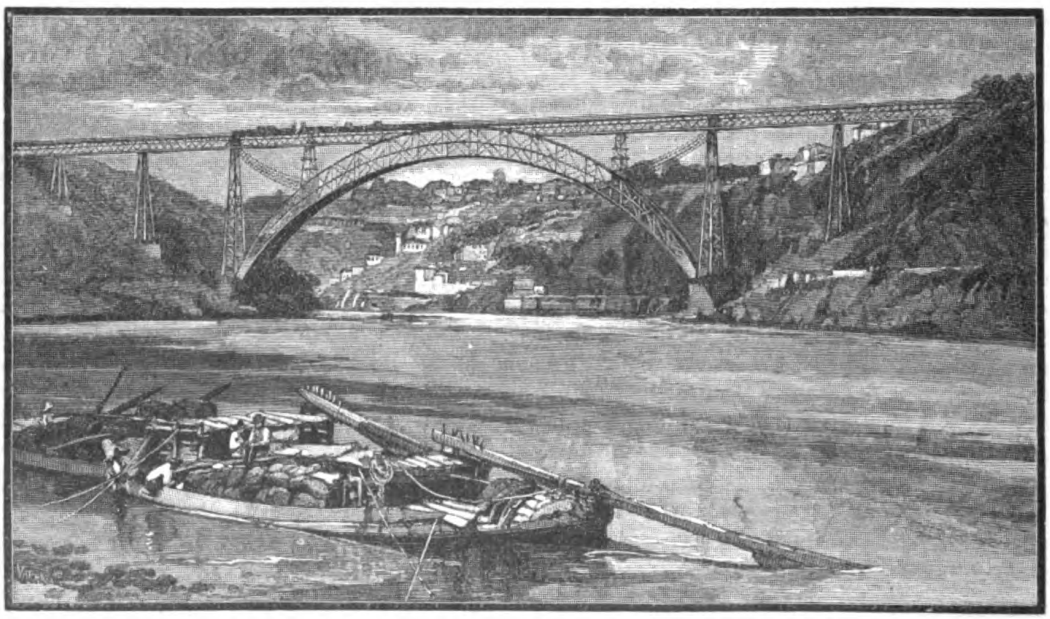
As twilight deepens into night, the front of the church is illuminated by arabesques formed of multitudes of tiny green and red lanterns, and later, bouquets of rockets are exhibited upon the sea-shore. The stars come out and look calmly down upon all this carnival, increasing the feeling of phantasmagoria; for the most massive objects lose all appearance of solidity; the mountains are only theatrical side wings; the castle, pasteboard. The never-weary bands playing "Oh, so fair," add to the illusion, and the church terrace, which we overlook from our proscenium box formed by the steps leading to the bell tower, becomes a stage on which some fair of the opera, *Faust* or *Martha*, is being acted. A love scene is progressing on the steps below us, Mephistopheles is busy in the crowd, and we wait expectant for the prompter's bell, the falling of the curtain, and the sudden extinguishing of the lights.

But all this is the mere stage furniture, the real acting of the Romaria takes place to-morrow. The morning finds us

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early at the bell tower to witness the procession, the religious pilgrimage which is the Hill Difficulty and Valley of Humiliation to this Vanity Fair. We are the only Americans present. It is a rather disappointing pageant after all. There are no *passeos* or devotional images carried by attendants in angelic livery of spangles and soiled satin. The peasants issue from the church, where mass has been celebrated, and march around the building as long as their zeal or physical strength will sustain them. The road is by no means an easy one, consisting as it does a great part of the way of steep stone steps, up and down which the more devout clamber upon their knees. We are struck more by the deep earnestness of the participants than by the oddity of the scene. Only a few mumbling ecclesiastics in tawdry robes, but numbers of poverty-stricken old men who hobble by with waxen tapers nearly as tall as themselves, which they carry aloft tied beside long canes to prevent their breaking. Girls follow, bearing crucifixes or garlands; weary, sad-faced women toil along upon their knees, aided a little by a husband or friend who walks beside them holding a hand. Old women bend over prayer-book or rosary mumbling their Ave Marias. Young men walk reverentially, hat in hand, and children carry flowers. Many times they compassed the church, struggling, stumbling along the rocky way. Those who had snapped their fingers most gayly and leaped the highest in the bolero the night before are the penitents who are now apparently most sincere. There are doubtless some present who gain spiritual lessons of self-abnegation, penitence, upward-striving, and the perseverance of the saints from their bruised knees and wearied limbs; and if it is only severe gymnastic exercise for the rest, where is the harm?

We returned to Oporto the next day, and the whole Romaria went back to the days of Peter the Hermit. It was a bit of the Middle Ages that Chaucer might have chronicled, and belonged with the time when João I. had his court at Oporto, and the city had walls "three thousand paces in circumference," and thirty feet high. It had nothing to do with American sewing-machines for sale in the Rua Nova dos Inglezes; or with the beautiful suspension-bridge, a triumph of modern engineering skill, which throws its delicate arch of wire across the gorge of the Douro, and over which we spin now in an express train bound southward. But in spite of this, the scallop-shell, the symbol of pilgrimage, will henceforth bring to our minds, not Mecca or Jerusalem, but the yellow sands slowly creeping over the slumbrous fortress, and the Minho peasants at the Romaria of Vianna do Castello.



RAILWAY SUSPENSION-BRIDGE.

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GERARD DOUW.

VI.—GERARD DOUW.

CHARLES BLANC, visiting one day in company with Diaz a gallery of paintings, ordered a picture of Douw's to be taken down, in order that they might examine it more closely. "When, the inspection over, the attendant undertook to rehang it, he very nearly let it fall, and every visitor present trembled when reflecting on what serious damage might have been done to the 'bijou,' as they termed it, and on the consternation of the fortunate possessor of the gem. 'There is a picture,' said Diaz, ironically, 'which could be broken into a thousand pieces by a fall, just as might happen to a china plate. For my part, I would not care to have by me pictures so "fragile."' The other visitors apparently did not understand the jest; but, spite of its exaggeration, the epithet was well deserved. The extreme finish of Douw is often as fatiguing to the spectator as it must have been to the painter. Whoever aims to please ought to do so without visible effort—such is the unreasonable claim of our admiration. The last effort an artist should make should be to conceal the efforts he has made. In painting, 'tis by the handling of the brush that the excess of finish is concealed, and

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insipidity corrected. Painting can be very fine without being labored, and show the workings of the master's mind whilst keeping the most precious benefits of his labor, as in Gabriel Metzu and Gerard Terburg, and in our own days in the works of Meissonier, whose elaboration is never painful, and who knows by vivid and sure touches how to polish the facets of his diamonds." From this it will be seen that Blanc does not write in unqualified praise of the famous Dutch painter; indeed, is inclined to be much more critical than Kugler, who declares "that a peculiar cluster of masters belonging to the Dutch school is formed by the minute painters, at the head of whom is Gerard Douw."

Douw was a fellow-townsman of Rembrandt, born at Leyden in the year 1613, and was the first pupil of the great master. His father was a glazier, or rather a glass-stainer, and intending his son to follow his profession, placed him, when only nine years of age, with Bartholomew Dolendo, an engraver, to learn the art of designing, and afterward with the painter Rouwhoorn. When still a lad, Douw entered Rembrandt's studio; his biographers differ as to the year, some giving the date as 1628, others 1630, but all agree in the fact that he remained a pupil for three years; and as no pupil was allowed to sign his name to a painting, if it could be accurately determined what was the first signed picture of Douw, the date of his entrance into Rembrandt's studio could be settled.

It would probably be difficult to find a master and pupil with less sympathy than these two, the master having genius and fire, the pupil inexhaustible patience. For though Rembrandt "finished" his early pictures, and was particular to accurately paint drapery, the slightest wrinkle in the face, the folds of the skin (as see the hands in his early works), in fact, everything that was significant, he never aimed at the excess of finish that always seemed to be Douw's desire. "A truly great artist, Rembrandt, even when he 'finished,' knew how to neglect such an accessory, sacrifice such a detail, to the essential expression of his subject, and thus make all that addressed itself to the imagination of importance. Douw, on the contrary, thinking only of what he considered the crowning glory of his picture, gave an equal importance to every detail, committing none of those negligences which are often happy artifices, and bestowing as much pains in painting a broken tin pot as in portraying the 'sentiments' in a woman's face, or the thought in a man's countenance. Thus the natural tendency of Douw, instead of being modified by his stay with Rembrandt, was only intensified. In proportion as the master broadened his touch, and acquired a strong and accentuated execution, he drew farther and farther away from him, and clung to his own style, dainty and polished to excess."

When he first left Rembrandt's studio to start one for himself, Douw intended to choose portrait painting as his specialty, and would no doubt have achieved fame in that line, judging from his portraits of himself and those supposed to be of his mother and aunt, rendered familiar by the engravings of them by Wille, and known as "The Reader" and "The Knitter"; but his slowness, his excessive painstaking, disgusted his sitters, for even strong personal vanity was not potent enough to persuade a model to give the painter the number and length of sittings he desired. Madame Spierings, a famous beauty of that day, was kept posing by him, for as long a time as she could give, for five days, while he painted one hand, and her patience finally gave way.

His precautions to preserve perfect cleanliness both of paints and paintings were wonderful. On entering the studio both painter and model waited until the former thought the dust caused by their entrance had settled, and in order to avoid as much of that inevitable nuisance as possible, he chose for his studio a room whose outlook was on a ditch of stagnant water; he ground his paints himself on a crystal table; manufactured his own brushes, which he was said to be able to make of wonderful suppleness and delicacy; superintended the priming of his canvases and panels, and spent much time in compounding varnishes proof against cracking; and the admirable preservation of his pictures perhaps justifies his extreme care. Yet spite of his finish and his truthfulness—for he was no flatterer—his sitters abandoned him, and he accordingly abandoned portrait painting for genre painting, wherein he could find ample scope for his love of minute detail. He painted what fell under his own immediate observation, and,

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according to Kugler, "with a technical finish which rendered the smallest detail with the most marvellous truth. Subjects of animated action lay beyond his sphere; nay, his pictures seldom attain even an animated moral import, and may be said to be limited usually to a certain kindliness of sentiment. On the other hand, he possessed in full measure his master's feeling for the picturesque, and for the most refined charms of *chiar-oscuro*, in many cases also for power and transparency of warm coloring, combining with these qualities a rare truth to nature, with a marvellous distinctness of eye, and almost unexampled precision of hand. Notwithstanding the incalculable minuteness of his execution, the touch of his brush is free and soft, and his *impasto* admirable." Sandrart says that visiting Douw one day in company with Van Laar, they admired the care with which he had painted a broom-handle, on which he said he had still three days work to do ere it would be finished to his mind; and Blanc, commenting on this, writes: "Is the pleasure that the perfect imitation of a broom-handle would give worth three working days of the life of a man? I very much doubt it, and it seems to me that the more the artist finishes his work, the more careful he should be to sustain the charm of execution by the interest of his theme, to redeem by the quality of his works the monotony to which he condemns himself. If an artist, by way of relaxation from more serious labors, studies still-life, and amuses himself by painting his coffee-pot, there is no harm in it; but to choose for his favorite occupation, for work, what should only be the recreation of a few minutes—to have so little sentiment concerning the labor one ought to take as to confound it with the pleasure one wishes to take—is to commit an unpardonable fault, certainly if one has a soul capable of rising to noble conceptions."

Yet so famous was Douw considered even during his lifetime, and his works so eagerly sought after, that President Von Spierings, of the Hague, offered him a thousand florins yearly for the right of being the first to choose of his pictures, this sum, of course, exclusive of the price charged by the artist. One of his most noted pictures is "The Dropsical Woman," which one critic declares to be "unquestionably the *chef-d'œuvre* of the master; and when one remembers the artist was sixty-five years of age when he executed it, the finish is marvellous." This picture is regarded as one of the great treasures of the Louvre, and is in the grand salon. It was formerly covered by two doors, upon which were painted a ewer and a napkin. It was bought by the Elector for 30,000 florins, and given by him to Prince Eugène, at whose death it became the property of the house of Savoy, and was placed in the royal gallery at Turin. During the Napoleonic wars it fell into the hands of General Clausel, who made it a present to the Louvre; but in 1815, when France had to account for its many art-treasures taken from other nations, Sardinia claimed the picture, and the French government, rather than part with what it justly considered one of "the" treasures of the Louvre, paid 100,000 francs for it, which was 20,000 less than the experts had pronounced to be its value in 1810. The picture has been well engraved by Claessens.

Blanc gives as his opinion that this picture "is one of the most superb pieces of genre painting, and Douw never but twice in his life was so inspired," the second time being when he painted the "Reading of the Bible," also in the Louvre, and engraved in the Musée Laurent. This last has often been pronounced by experts "a picture unequalled by any other Dutch artist."

But little is known of Douw's life save that he was a hard-working artist, and when the time necessarily required to attain such "finish" is considered, it is remarkable, even granting him to be an indefatigable worker, that he could have painted the two hundred pictures he is credited with. Descamps asserts he was in the habit of using a sort of screen attached to his foot, wherein he placed a concave mirror, just at the height of his eye when he was seated, and this was between the object and himself. The model was thus reflected in little in the glass, and he had only to catch its outline and color. His composition arranged, he divided his canvas into parts corresponding to the objects he intended to paint, this division was repeated on a frame which was the size of the circumference of the mirror, so that when he put the frame around the glass it represented a square inscribed in a circle; thus he saved himself much trouble and time. It must be remembered that

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"THE FLORIST."—[GERARD DOUW.]

a great many of Descamps's statements are to be taken with grains of allowance, and *perhaps* this is one.

Douw rarely painted in the open air, though his famous picture of "The Charlatan" (selling his wares at a country gathering), in the Munich gallery, was an exception to his general rule. Sir Joshua Reynolds criticises this picture severely, declaring, "There is no character in the picture; the faces are destitute of expression, and the whole thing lacks interest; and, upon the whole, the single figure of the woman holding a hare, in Mr. Hope's collection, is worth more than this large picture, in which, perhaps, there is ten times the quantity of work."

During Douw's lifetime the desire for his pictures kept him always busy, and large prices were paid him for his works; for when Charles II. returned to England, the directors of the East India Company, wishing to make him a welcome and valuable present, bought from M. De Bie, for

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4000 florins, a picture of Douw's. The picture represents a Dutch interior: a woman seated, sewing, near a cradle, where a child is sleeping, and a young girl is kissing the child. King William afterward made the picture a present to Holland, and placed it in the Château of Loo. From there it was taken by the French when they rifled the galleries of the Continent, and adorned the Louvre, from whence in 1815 it was again returned to Holland, and is now at the Hague. The sum paid by the company shows that Douw's pictures were certainly not undervalued.

As Douw in his portraits of himself is apt to represent a violin, one may conclude that music may have been one of the relaxations of his quiet, uneventful life. He lived to be sixty-seven, dying at Leyden in 1680. He had, however, from excessive use, so impaired his eyesight that when only thirty he was obliged to use a magnifying-glass in painting, and in order to appreciate the exquisite finish of his pictures, they should be so examined. He had many pupils. The most famous were Metzu—whom Blanc considers his superior in some respects—and Mieris. At any rate, these three are the most celebrated "miniaturist" painters of the Dutch school.

The greater number of Douw's pictures not in the national galleries are in England, for he is a favorite with English collectors. At the Buckingham Palace there are eight fine specimens of his works. There is hardly any private collection of note, however, where there are not one or more samples of his style. On the Continent the Munich gallery is the richest in Douws, owning sixteen of his pictures. At Amsterdam is his "Hermit at Prayer." But his imaginative compositions are rarely fine; he lacked force when he abandoned his genre painting, though French critics praise his "Reading the Bible," as has been noticed. In the Grosvenor Gallery is "The Nurse"—almost a duplicate of the picture given to Charles II. by the East India Company. At the Praslin sale, in 1793, it was sold to Choiseul Praslin for 33,500 francs, and in 1808 was bought for the Grosvenor Gallery for 18,000—very nearly half of what it had sold for fifteen years before.

VII.—GABRIEL METZU.

Of Metzu, the man, there is absolutely nothing known, save that he was born at Leyden in 1615, was married (time not known), for there is a fine picture by Steen of Metzu and his wife, and died at Amsterdam, not in 1658, as early biographers assert, because there are pictures by him bearing later dates (that of the "Vegetable Market at Amsterdam" is signed 1664), but probably about 1669, which is the year given as that of his death by Alexandre in his manual published at Brussels in 1806.



GABRIEL METZU.

As an artist there are many notices of him, almost always in a tone of eulogy, very rarely in the spirit of criticism. One writer declares that by studying carefully Metzu's and Terburg's pictures, one would know more of the habits of the Holland burghers, their dress, their faces, their breeding, life, almost their thoughts, than could be gleaned from reading any number of books of travel, geography, or historical descriptions. Metzu certainly does show us the rich, order-loving, self-indulgent Hollander, whose house was to him

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the world, wherein he had gathered from all quarters all that could tend to family comfort, and "serve to dissipate the melancholy that during those long Northern winters must penetrate into every heart."

Metzu, however, in his interiors, never falls into the error common to so many genre painters, that of accumulating details so that the interior seems like a bazar of bric-à-brac. With him his figures are the central point, and he only gives enough of their surroundings to impart a home-like aspect, a *vraisemblance*, to the room wherein is carried on the conversation, the music lesson, the letter-writing, or whatever may be the occupation of his personages. His pictures, after the lapse of two hundred years, would enable one to refurnish the abode of the well-to-do burgher of that time, and he has the art of making interesting the most simple scenes of domestic life, and he painted every-day people in every-day circumstances.

Fromentin, in his essays on the Dutch school of art, writes: "It was the last of the great schools, perhaps the most original, certainly the most local. Dutch art could be nothing but the portrait of Holland, her external image, faithful, exact, complete, with no embellishments. Portraits of men and places, bourgeois habits, streets, country, the sea, the sky, such as they were, reduced to their primitive elements—this was the programme followed by the Dutch school from the first day to its decline. Instead of poetic ideals, choice of studies, style and method, viewing art from a high stand-point, embellishing and purifying, living in the absolute rather than the relative, seeing nature as she is, but portraying her as she should be, the Dutch not only saw her, but painted her, as she was. It was art for the multitude, for the worker, and by the worker."

Yet as we see the difference between Brauwer, Steen, and Ostade in their pictures of the same scenes—tavern life—so the miniaturists Douw, Metzu, and Mieris, though they give us bourgeois life, differ in the representation. There is no imagination in any of them; but while Douw's figures, particularly his women, are all ugly, stolid, and common, Metzu and Mieris show us a more refined circle, the cream of the burgher aristocracy. They show us more interesting persons engaged in less homely occupations. Blanc declares: "The expression of Metzu's figures is so delicate that it often can not be appreciated on the first inspection. The Dutch face seems to have a desperate tranquillity, an unalterable phlegm; it would appear to be an utter impossibility that it should gleam with even the suspicion of a smile, or express any emotion. Still, if Metzu's pictures are scrutinized with care, there is not one of his figures which, under the apparent impassiveness, has not a play of feature. I speak here of the pictures as they came from the master's hand, for in the engravings after his works, no matter who the engraver, nor the excellence of the work done, there are always shadows which defy the skill of the graver, fugitive lights which give the sentiment, the soul of the touch—the steady light in the pupil of the eye, the wrinkle in the flesh—which, if left out from where the artist placed them, alter the expression, and impart a totally different character to the picture. These fresh burgher wives of Metzu's have a placidity of feature which indicates not indifference or languor, but the serenity of soul and restful ease which the fortunate ones of life enjoy."

It is interesting to examine among the details, always well executed, with which Metzu adorns his interiors, the pictures he places on the walls. It was evidently then the fashion in Holland to decorate the frames of pictures with ornamentation apparently in keeping with the subject and importance of the picture. In the fine specimen of Metzu in Mr. Hope's collection, in London, "The Friendly Letter," there is on the wall a picture of animals, of which the frame is singularly ornamented. There are large scrolls, shells, marine plants, birds, and the decorations are so curiously mixed that they force themselves on the attention. Whether they are the invention of the painter, or are copied from some picture which served him as a model, which is very probable, they give an excellent idea of the frames of pictures of that time, and suggest that perhaps it would be well if artists nowadays had the framing of their pictures; perhaps then they would be more conformable to the size, style, and subject of the picture.

Waagen claims two different styles for Metzu—one where there is a prevalence of the "golden tint," and, later in his life, a style where cool coloring and more silvery tones predominate; but the French critic asserts that the "difference between

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A DUTCH SPORTSMAN.—[GABRIEL METZU.]

a silvery tone and cool coloring, or warmer golden hues, is hardly enough to characterize as two styles. But it is true, and what Waagen has not noticed, that Metzu in early life was probably much more under the irresistible influence of Rembrandt, and the constant study of the great master's works led him to copy his style; but when more assured of himself, he softened his tones and colors."

Under this influence he adopted, or tried to adopt, a broad style, a harder, more decided touch, as in some of his Biblical pictures; but he had not the requisite imagination for such works. Though he composed them in the style of Rembrandt, they show only the defects of that genius —the bizarreness of dress and pettiness of detail (such as Vanden Eckout and Flinek copied)—none of his sublime qualities by which the imagination is moved. Metzu did well to confine, later in life, his brush

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to painting daily life; he was not qualified to portray dramatic events, or interpret Biblical scenes. "Such flights were beyond his soaring."

Metzu's pictures are to be found in all public galleries, and many of his finest works are in private collections in England, for the Dutch painters are favorites with the English. If one can judge from the prices paid, Metzu is more highly prized by connoisseurs even than Douw or Mieris, for at the sale of Cardinal Fesch's gallery in 1849, "The Sleeping Chasseur" brought 74,790 francs, and the "Crucifixion," not one of his best works, was bought by the banker Torlonia for 5670 francs. The number of authentic pictures by Metzu is estimated at from 125 to 130, and the collection of the Louvre is considered the richest.

VIII.—FRANZ MIERIS, THE ELDER.

A warm affection existed between Douw and Mieris, whom the former called the "prince of his scholars," and in



FRANZ MIERIS.

delicacy of execution the master and pupil are on a par; yet Mieris attained the "summit of his art," according to Kugler, when he painted "The Doctor Feeling the Pulse of a Sick Girl" (at Vienna), at which time he was only twenty-one years of age, for Mieris was born at Leyden April 16, 1635. His father was a lapidary, but seeing his child's fondness for pictures, instead of trying to make him follow in his footsteps, he put him, while

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"THE KNITTER."—[F. MIERIS.]

still a mere lad, under the tutelage of Abraham Torenvliet, a then celebrated painter of glass, and a fine draughtsman.

He soon, however, passed to Douw's studio, and so strong was the feeling Mieris felt for his master that when his father wished him to finish his artistic training under Abraham van Tempel, the famous historical painter of that day, the young artist, after a short stay with his new teacher, left him, to return to his old haunt, declaring he preferred Douw as a master, as he did also his style of painting, and contentedly worked as a pupil, his modesty not allowing him to perceive that he was in no way Douw's inferior.

Long after he was earning his support by his brush, he continued to work in Douw's studio, and crave his criticisms, for his famous picture of "The Sick Girl"

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bears date 1656, and no mere pupil was allowed to sign a picture. Many of his friends constantly urged him to open a studio of his own, but without success, until one of them, Professor Silvius, remonstrating seriously with him for his lack of self-confidence, finally told him he wished his consent to a proposition that he, Silvius, should be allowed the first choice of his pictures when he did begin his career.

Such a flattering proposition from a well-known amateur like Silvius at last convinced Mieris he might safely cease his quasi-pupilage, and he soon after had a convincing proof of the esteem in which his pictures were held. The Archduke Leopold William was an ardent art-lover, and Silvius persuaded him to give Mieris an order, assuring him that he would have a *chef-d'œuvre* in the picture. Mieris was not overrated by his partial friend, for the picture he painted for the archduke is the beautiful one, "The Silk-Merchant," now in the Belvedere at Vienna, bearing date 1660—showing he was twenty-five years of age ere he realized his standing as an artist. Mieris knew well, thanks to his training under Douw, how to paint rich stuffs in all their varieties of color and lustre—taffetas, satins, and velvets. He was a consummate artist in the arrangement of light, and better than Douw could subordinate details. The picture represents the interior of a shop tended by a pretty woman. A nobleman, wearing a sword by his side and plumes in his hat, has entered to make some purchase, but seeing the beautiful figure at the counter, has stopped, and negligently stroking his chin with the ineffable impertinence of the lord who can imagine his admiration to be naught but flattering, seems less occupied with the goods that he is supposed to be examining than with the pretty seller, who, somewhat embarrassed, yet tries smilingly to display and extol her wares. At the back of the store is seated a man, doubtless the husband of the fair beauty, if one may judge from his face and gesture. He has caught the expression of the gallant, but unable to rout such a noble customer, he contents himself with menacing with his finger his pretty wife, by a "gesture which promises a future scene." The archduke was so charmed with this gem that he gave Mieris for it a 1000 florins, and offered a pension of a 1000 rix-dollars if he would come to Vienna and be the court painter, assuring him his pictures would be eagerly sought after. But the artist refused the offer, giving as a reason that his wife, whose wishes he always followed, did not like the idea of the change. This statement in regard to his wife is all we know of that lady, but judging from his career, Mieris can hardly be credited with always consulting her wishes, and his own disinclination to part with friends doubtless had more to do with his refusal than her dislike of change.

From this time Mieris's future was assured, provided he would work; for amateurs struggled to be first in ordering pictures, and he named his own price. The elder Cornelius Praats, whose son, sheriff of Leyden, had taken lessons in painting from Mieris, made an agreement that he should paint for him at his (Praats's) house a picture, "A Young Girl Fainting"—now in the Pinacothek, at Munich, which is the richest gallery in Mieris, having no less than sixteen of his pictures—for which he should be paid at the rate of a gold ducat an hour. Mieris finished this picture with exquisite care, and received for it the sum of 1500 florins. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, then on a visit to Leyden, saw the picture, and offered Praats 3000 florins for that, or the portrait of Madame Praats, also painted by Mieris; but the fortunate owner of both refused the offers. It was a great compliment to the artist that though Madame Praats was still living, and the Grand Duke had no personal interest in her, her portrait was considered by him such an exquisite work of art that he was eager to become its possessor. Praats was desired to set his own price on it, if he did not consider the offer made liberal enough; but he declined to part with it on any terms. Failing in his efforts to induce owners of Mieris's pictures to sell them, even at double their cost, the Grand Duke went to visit the artist, whom he found engaged in making his sketch of the picture "The Meeting of Ladies." Delighted with the sketch, he asked Mieris to finish the picture for him, and let him have it as soon as possible. It was criticising this picture, in which are several figures of ladies and gallants richly dressed, and with luxurious surroundings, that Houbraken called Mieris "the painter of the fashions." Perhaps the title is not badly chosen. Though Houbraken may have meant it in a disparaging sense, it

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should not be so applied; for Mieris, though he gives us gay cavaliers and fashionable ladies with all harmonious details, yet still there is a subtle "spiritual" quality about his pictures which raises them above being merely accurate representations of stuffs and ornaments, and his pictures now are, if anything, more highly esteemed than during his life; "for among all the Dutch painters who faithfully copied nature, it is refreshing to find one who has dared to pick and choose among his models, who preferred grace to awkwardness, who loved to paint pretty women appropriately costumed rather than to always copy *magots*." The Grand Duke was so entirely satisfied with his picture that he paid the artist 100 rix-dollars, and desired not only his portrait from the hand of Mieris, but also the artist's likeness. Mieris consented to do both, and painted himself showing one of his pictures—a young girl taking a lesson on the harpsichord. As this work was not only a portrait of himself as a man, but as an artist showing his style and quality of work, Mieris regarded this picture as one of his best efforts; but when it was sent to the Grand Duke, he—instigated, it is reported, by some of his courtiers, who, failing to obtain from Mieris a specimen of his work, determined to decry him to their sovereign—sent such a very small remuneration that Mieris, deeply wounded, swore never again to paint anything for the Tuscan court, and kept his word.

This is the explanation of the rupture, as given by Houbraken and Weyermans, but Gerard de Lairesse on this point writes: "Those who have done great work can, when they choose, condescend to the little, while those who paint only trifling details can only with difficulty grasp a truly fine subject. Mieris, so justly celebrated for his pictures of detail, lost entirely the approval of the Grand Duke when he tried to paint portraits in their natural grand proportions." Every one can decide for himself whether by this enigmatical sentence Lairesse blames Mieris or the Grand Duke for the difference between the two. Lairesse probably knew the rights of the matter, for he was a warm friend of Mieris, who had asked him to take care of the education of his son Jan, whom, however, he afterward removed, and sent to Italy, though it was not positively known why, although there were conjectures. With Mieris, as with many, his principles and actions were at variance; and though himself a hard drinker, and the boon companion of Steen, he had a horror of his son's acquiring habits of intemperance, and it has been shrewdly suspected that he found that Lairesse, staid in his writings, was very lax in his daily life. Mieris's life and the subjects he loved to paint, his principles and his conduct, his tastes and his associates, were diametrically opposed one to the other. He painted beauties in luxurious, well-ordered homes; his interiors are those of high life; but he himself must be classed with the ne'er-do-weels. He and Steen were the closest friends. It has been asserted that Mieris often would touch up a picture for Steen, and, together with Lievens and Aug. de Vos, they often passed the night in drinking at Steen's tavern; and when the host's ruin came, the friends transferred their meetings and conviviality to the nearest beer-house.

One of these midnight revels nearly cost Mieris his life, for, separating very late, and a good deal under the influence of the liquor they had drunk, the friends started on their different ways. Mieris, passing over one of the bridges, fell into the open sewer, and being too much intoxicated to help himself intelligently, being able to do nothing but call for aid, came very near suffocating. It so happened that in the immediate neighborhood there lived a cobbler, who was even at that late hour working, and his wife was dutifully keeping watch with him. She thought she heard cries of distress, and bade her husband stop his hammering and singing that they might listen, when, the sounds becoming more distinct, the good couple took their lamp and went into the street to see who wanted aid. When they discovered Mieris in his perilous position, they speedily rescued him; and though wondering that a man so finely dressed, with silver buttons on his coat, should be choking in the mud, they asked no questions, but carried him to their home, and when they had revived him, started him on his homeward way. Mieris, when he realized what his danger had been, was ashamed both of his adventure and the cause that led to it, and forbore to tell his preservers his name. He, however, wished to show them some proof of his gratitude for their timely aid, and began to

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paint for them a picture; but as the time he could give to the work was only his absolutely unoccupied hours, his progress was slow, and it was full two years before his labor was finished. Taking the picture, carefully concealed under his cloak, he sought the cobbler's house, where he found only the wife at home, who evidently did not recognize her visitor.

By dint of skillful questions he discovered that though remembering the circumstances of his accident, the worthy couple had no idea of whom they had been the rescuers. Placing the picture on the table, he said in his gracious manner: "Here, madam, accept this as a small token of gratitude from the unknown you so kindly assisted. If you would rather, at any time, turn the picture into money, you have only to take it to Mr. Praats," and giving the direction, he vanished, without having told his name. The cobbler and his wife showed the picture to several of their neighbors, and even they, unlearned in art, declared it must be worth a good sum. The woman's curiosity was excited, and she carried the picture to the burgomaster, Jacob Vandermaas, in whose family she had previously lived. He instantly recognized Mieris's hand; and wondering at finding such a gem in the possession of his old servant, questioned her as to how she had obtained it, and heard her singular story. He said he himself would give a hundred ducatoons for the picture, but added, generously, "Perhaps you had better take it to"--naming a well-known amateur--"and ask him eight hundred florins for the picture; he will give them." The cobbler's wife found this valuation was the correct one. Tradition does not tell us what the picture was which owed its existence to the unlucky consequences of a midnight revel.

Mieris, as a general rule, ranks a trifle lower than Metzu, for his touch is sometimes hard and too much labored, when compared with the delicate accentuated manipulation of Metzu.

If one can judge by the portraits Mieris painted of himself, he was a handsome man, gay, sensual-looking, with brilliant eyes, a heavy mouth slightly accentuated by a mustache such as was worn by the gallants of the time of Louis XIII. He has painted his portraits frequently. Sometimes as a burgher, sometimes as a military man, more often as an artist; but whatever his costume or position, he has always luxurious surroundings, and when he represents himself as an artist, there is almost always a violoncello near, showing that he probably was a musician as well as painter. It can readily be understood that if Mieris was as fond of elegance in his home as in his pictures, notwithstanding the high valuation he put upon his pictures (and obtained, for his works never waited for purchasers), he could not long support such a style of living. Add to his extravagance the facts that being a pupil of Douw, he painted as slowly as his master, also that he was the ally of Steen and other pleasure-seekers, and burned the candle at both ends, and it can well be believed that Gersaint wrote without exaggeration: "His life was ill regulated; he was extravagant, lived beyond his means, and accumulated large debts, for which he was many times imprisoned. There was one creditor who kept him confined a long time, and when it was suggested to Mieris that he should paint in order to gain a release, he answered that the sight of bars and the sound of bolts prevented his exercising his imagination."

As Gersaint visited Holland a great deal, and was the friend of many of the painters, he doubtless knew what he was writing about. It is beyond doubt certain that Mieris by his fast living shortened his life; he died while yet in his prime, in 1681, at the age of forty-six. When his early death and his finish are taken into consideration, it is not surprising that the authentic catalogue of his pictures numbers only 156. His sketches are very rare, are finely drawn, and are generally of heads done in black and white with great care, occasionally finished in India ink, and the texture of the skin and the various draperies are as faithfully rendered as in his paintings. As an artist, Mieris had a love for beautiful surroundings; as a man, a leaning toward low life; he loved distinction and praise, yet passed much of his time at a tavern; he loved elegance, but could not refrain from dissipation, and soon learned, like his friend Jan Steen, to be indifferent to debts, and the disagreeable results which in those days followed in the train of debt. Yet, spite of his unfortunate proclivities, he always sought for his pictures beautiful models, with delicate features, clear skins, graceful figures, and elegantly dressed.

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He was a more brilliant colorist than Douw, and more refined in his artistic tastes, yet in his pictures one would like "more sentiment, less satin." There is very little inequality in his pictures; inspiration evidently had no influence on his work. He perfectly understood how to subordinate accessories, and to make the personages the most important objects; was a master of the *clair-obscur*, but an eminent critic thinks "in respect to touch Metzu is superior to Mieris. Without question his works are precious, charming; he gives its proper character to every object; he reproduces silk, ermine, velvet, marble, ebony, all stuffs and substances, so exquisitely that sometimes he seems perfection itself, though if one compares Mieris with Metzu, one will perceive the latter is a degree more perfect. For to finish a finish means to disguise the finish, to take away that *fade propriété*, that sameness, which oftentimes wearies the spectator, and in this crowning excellence Metzu is the superior of all the miniaturists of Holland."

Mieris is called "the elder" to distinguish him from his son William, who was also a painter of some merit, though far inferior to his father, whose pupil he was. His grandson was also somewhat of an artist, but more of an author, and early in the eighteenth century published many volumes enriched with engravings illustrative of Dutch life and manners. Mieris painted on copper, canvas, and wood. The famous "Woman with Paroquet," known also as "Le Corset Rouge," in Sir Robert Peel's collection, is on copper; this picture was sold at the Gaignat sale, in 1768, to the Duke of Praslin, for 3100 livres; afterward to Sir Robert Peel for 305 guineas.

A KISS.

A kiss! a kiss! what is a kiss?
A something light as air or thought;
Too rare for touch, for sound too soft,
And yet with more than words 'tis fraught.

O delicate, exquisite thing,
Subtle thou art as radiant light;
A sweet, unsatisfying myth,
Thou mocking, tantalizing sprite.

I know not why it is we kiss:
Some things there are we never know,
Nor care to know, if only true,
That ever it shall just be so.

'Tis love's own language, low and sweet.
Friendship's content with other bliss—
The clasp of hand, the greeting eye;
But only if we love we kiss.

A moment trembling into life,
A thrill bewildering, and 'tis done:
Like all things fair and lovely here,
Almost before it is, 'tis gone.

One instant lingering on the lip,
A spell it sweeps through heart and eyes,
Pervades the soul's ethereal self,
And then in sweetest mystery dies.

But touch of immortality
Sure hath this sweet mysteriousness,
In which our souls run forth to greet
And blend together in a kiss.

Fit cradled on the sentient lip.
'Tis with the lips we pray or bless,
Breathe friendship's vow or kindly smile,
Or offer love's divine caress.

The eye, it wanders here or there,
Careless to friend or foe may rove;
The hand a dubious language owns;
But lips are sacred still to love.

The kiss on brow beloved in death,
So deep it e'en might wake dead eyes,
Whoever gave, nor felt its power
To hush awhile the soul's dark cries?

O sorrowing kiss, O sacred kiss,
That links us with the lost again,
Almost our souls float out in thee
To join them in the fadeless plain.

Thou wand'rest from some happier sphere,
Thou thing that can so much express
Or sacred grief or tenderest joy:
O tell me, is it strange we kiss?

Sweet spirit, all too transient here,
Await us in the realms of bliss:
Life's season past, from death's cold sleep
Awake us, angels, with a kiss.

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CARTER NOTCH, FROM THORN HILL.

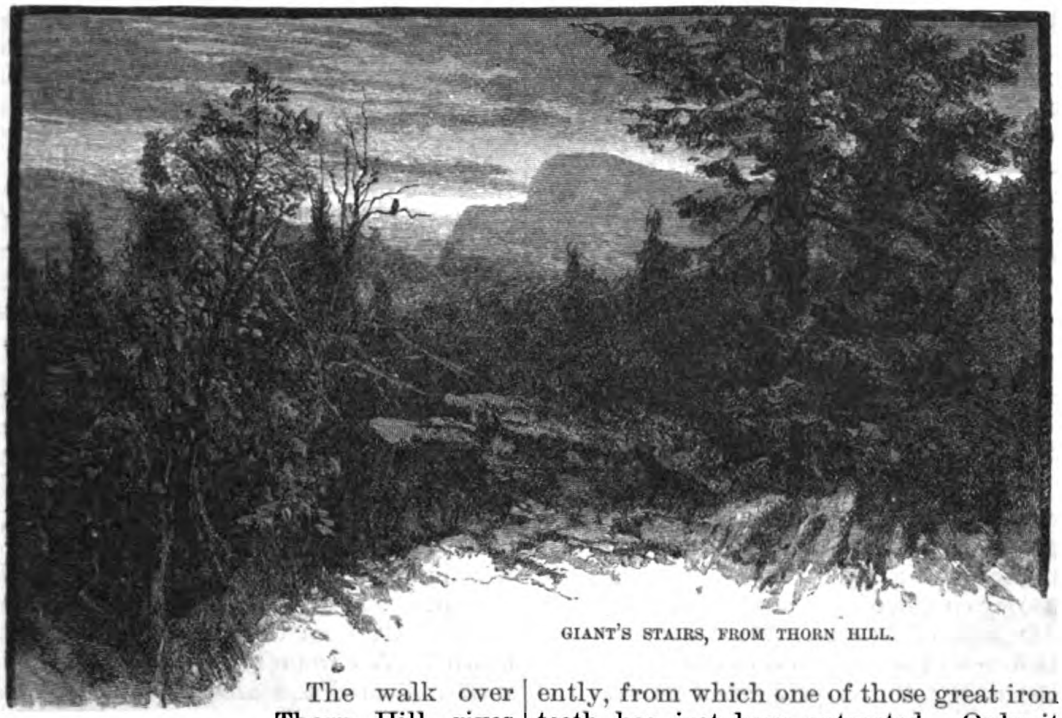
THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

PART II.

IT is Petrarch who says, "A journey on foot hath most pleasant commodities: a man may go at his pleasure; none shall stay him; none shall carry him beyond his wish; none shall trouble him; he hath but one labor, the labor of nature, to go." Here is a creed every true pedestrian may embrace with enthusiasm; and should he, too, chance to have his Laura, he will see her somewhere, or everywhere, I promise him.

Our first journey terminated at the summit of the great White Mountain Notch. A second and equally romantic tour leads us through a region into which railways have not yet penetrated, and where, even now, there are solitudes as inviolate as were ever the abiding-place of the silences of ages. From North Conway, then, we once more turn our faces to the north. It is our purpose to ascend slowly the valleys conducting to the summit of the Carter and the Pinkham passes, pushing investigation into and beyond these interesting defiles, which distribute with impartial hand the melted snows arrested in their swift descent from the mountain-tops.

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GIANT'S STAIRS, FROM THORN HILL.

The walk over Thorn Hill gives ravishing backward glimpses, opening gradually to a full and broad panorama of the Saco meadows. Then, advancing to the summit, full upon the charmed eye comes that glorious vision of the great mountains elevated to an immense height, and seeming, in their benevolence, to say, "Approach, mortals."

Underneath us, at the bottom of a deep vale, with mountains all around, we look down upon a handful of white houses huddled about one little church spire, like a congregation sitting at their pastor's feet. So completely is this vale shut in that you perceive neither entrance nor exit. The streams that make two veins of silver in its green floor seem vainly seeking a way out. Nature, one would think, had locked the door and thrown away the key. This is the village of Jackson. This is the valley of the Ellis.

What traveller can pass beyond the crest of Thorn Hill without paying his tribute of silent admiration to the splendid pageant of mountains visible from this charmed spot? But admiration gives way to astonishment when he sees this immense wall pierced through its centre by the deep hollow of the Carter Notch. Right before him the mighty rampart, bristling with its countless towers, is breached as cleanly as if a cannon-ball had just crashed through it. It is an enormous hole. It is the cavity, apparently, from which one of those great iron teeth has just been extracted. Only it does not disfigure the landscape: it really exalts the surrounding mountains. They are immensely aggrandized by it.

One of the streams we see is the Ellis, the other the Wildcat, which unites with it at the edge of the village. The Wildcat cuts the village in two. It is a perfect highwayman of a stream. The very air is tremulous with its rush and roar. Halting on the bridge that spans it, and looking down the long pathway it makes, we enjoy a fine retrospect of the Moats, and looking up, see the torrent come bounding toward us. Here it makes a swift descent over granite ledges, clean and fresh from constant scrubbing as the face of a country urchin, and as freckled. Every rod of its course is beset by huge humpbacked bowlders: a river in fetters! Every step it takes is a headlong rush: a tempest of waters! For half a mile the ledges forming its bed look as if an earthquake had ripped them up, not to make a channel, but to waylay, entrap, and cut the stream hopelessly in pieces.

Conspicuous from the village rise in the north the two massive steps of the Giant's Stairs, which we have already seen from the Saco Valley.

This little river, tumbling step by step down its broken ledges into Jackson, comes direct from the Notch, and its stream is the thread which conducts through the labyrinth of thick woods.

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I dearly love the companionship of these mountain streams. They are the voices of the wilderness singing high or low, softly humming a melodious refrain to your thoughts, or joining innumerable cascades in one grand chorus, they salute the ear with a gush of sound that robs the forest of its loneliness and awe. But that is not all the river signifies. It has a deeper meaning.

"Stranger, if thou hast learned a truth which needs
No school of long experience, that the world
Is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes, and cares
To tire thee of it, enter this wild wood,
And view the haunts of nature."

For five miles the road skirts the western slopes of the Wildcat Valley, which grows continually deeper, narrower, and higher. We catch for a moment the snowy cupola of Washington and the slender peak of Adams. Then they vanish. Before us the grand downward curves of Carter Notch open wider and wider.

We pick up *en route* the guide of the locality, who lives on the side of the mountain near where the road is left for the woods. While he is strapping on his knapsack we have leisure to observe the manner of man he is.

The guide, whose Christian name is Jonathan, is known to all the country round as "Jock" Davis. He is a medium-sized, muscular man, whiskered like a Cossack, with a pair of bare arms the color of unglazed earthenware, and a step like a panther. Having built a cabin there, cut a path to it, and having conducted in and out about all who have ever visited it, this decidedly queer but singularly alert figure, leaning on an alpenstock before us, is entitled to be considered the tutelary genius of the Notch. When not engaged as a guide, he hunts, traps, and "gums" for a living—a scanty and precarious one, it must be confessed, and full of hardship; but sympathy may well be spared when the man himself laughs or shrugs his broad shoulders at the word "hardship" as a thing to be expected, and as a matter of course overcome. This Davis reminds me of a boy in a strange house. He has been on top of everything.

Seeing me ready, Davis whistled to his dog, and we entered the path in Indian file. In ten steps the forest closed over our heads. A brisk pace brought us in a short time to the edge of an ancient clearing, now badly overgrown with bramble and coppice, and showing how easily nature obliterates the mark of civilization when left alone. In this clearing an old cellar told its sad story but too plainly. Those pioneers who first struck the axe into the noble pines here are all gone. They abandoned in consternation the effort to wring a scanty subsistence from this inhospitable and unfruitful region. Even the poor farms I had seen encroaching upon the skirts of this wilderness seemed fighting in retreat.

We quickly came to a second clearing, where the axe of God had smote the forest even more ruthlessly than that of man. The ground was encumbered with half-burned trees, among which the gaudy fire-weed grew rank and tall. Divining my thought, the guide explained, in his quaint, sententious way, "Fire went through it; then the wind harricaned it down." A comprehensive sweep of his staff indicated the area traversed by the whirlwind of fire and the tornado. This opening disclosed at our left the gray cliffs and yawning aperture of the Notch—by far the most satisfactory view yet obtained, and the nearest.

An hour and a half of pretty rapid walking found us at the bottom of a steep rise. We were at length come to close quarters with the formidable outworks of Wildcat Mountain. The brook has for some distance poured a stream of the purest water over moss of the richest green, but it now most mysteriously vanishes from sight. From this point the singular rock called the Pulpit is seen overhanging the upper crags of Carter Dome. We had now attained an altitude of 2250 feet above the village of Jackson; we were then a thousand higher than the renowned Crawford Notch.

On every side the ground was loaded down with huge gray bowlders, so ponderous that it seemed as if the solid earth must give way under them. Some looked as if the merest touch would send them crashing down the mountain. Undermined by the slow action of time, these fragments have fallen one by one from the high cliffs, and accumulated at the base. Among these the path serpentined for half a mile more, bringing us at last to the summit of the spur we had been climbing, and to the broad entrance of the Notch. We passed quickly over the level ground we were now upon, stopped by the

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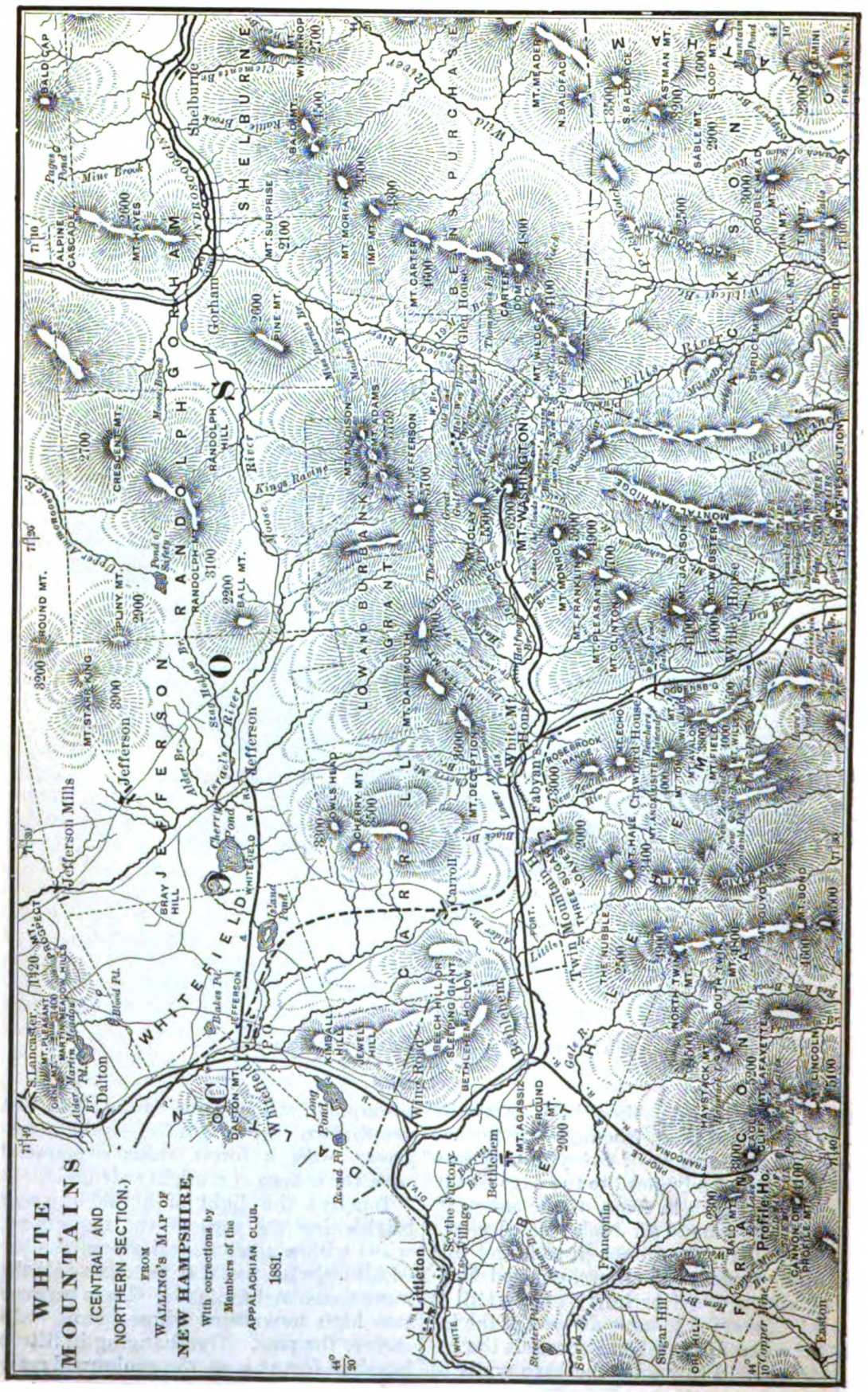
MOAT MOUNTAIN, FROM THE WILDCAT, NEAR JACKSON.

side of a well-built cabin of bark, threw off our loads, and then, fascinated by the exceeding strangeness of everything I saw around me, I advanced to the edge of the scrubby growth in front of the camp, in order to command an unobstructed view.

Shall I live long enough to forget this sublime tragedy of nature, enacted Heaven knows when or how? How still it was! I seemed to have arrived at the instant a death-like silence succeeds the catastrophe. I saw only the bare walls of a temple of which some Samson had just overthrown the columns — walls overgrown with a forest, ruins overspread with the tokens of a mighty struggle.

Imagine the light of a mid-day sun brightening the tops of the mountains, while within a sepulchral gloom rendered all objects—rocks, trees, cliffs—all the more weird and fantastic. I was between two high mountains whose gaunt walls inclose the pass. Overhanging it, fifteen hundred feet at least, the sunburned crags

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of the dome towered above the highest precipices of the mountain behind me. Impossible to conceive anything more enduring than this imperishable rock. So long as the world stands, these mountains will stand. They look so strong, so incapable of change.

But what, then, is this dusky gray mass, stretching huge and irregular across the chasm from mountain to mountain, completely filling the space between, and so effectually blockading the entrance that we were compelled to pick our way up the steep side of the mountain in order to turn it?

Picture to yourself acres upon acres of naked granite split and splintered in every conceivable form, of enormous size and weight, yet pitched, piled, and tumbled about like playthings, tilted or so poised and balanced as to open numberless caves which sprinkled the whole area with a thousand shadows—figure this, I repeat, to yourself, and the mind will then but faintly grasp the idea of this colossal barricade, seemingly built by the giants of old to guard their last stronghold from all intrusion.

Whence came this colossal débris? I had at first the idea that the great arch springing from peak to peak, supported on the Atlantean shoulders of the two mountains, had fallen into ruins. I even tried to imagine the terrific crash with which heaven and earth came together in the fall. Easy to realize here Schiller's graphic description of the Jungfrau: "One walks there between life and death. Two threatening peaks shut in the solitary way. Pass over this place of terror without noise; dread lest you awake the sleeping avalanche."

It is evident, however, as soon as the eye attaches itself to the side of the dome, that one of its loftiest precipices, originally measuring an altitude as great as any yet remaining, has precipitated itself in a crushed and broken mass into the abyss. The track of the convulsion is easily traced. From top to bottom the side of the mountain is hollowed out, exposing a shallow ravine in which nothing but dwarf spruces will grow, and in which the erratic rocks, arrested here and there in their fall, seem endeavoring to regain their ancient position on the summit. There is no trace whatever of the rubbish ordinarily accompanying a slide; only these rocks.

But besides all this wreck and ruin, which is so astounding when first seen, nature plays here one of those pranks constituting the really remarkable episode of the spectacle before us, and diverting the mind from the somewhat depressing influences of such irremediable chaos—a chaos which seems to prefigure the death of the mountain, and of which we are unable to divine the object. From a flat rock pushed above the mass of the barricade we saw two little lakes lying beneath us in the hollow opening between this natural intrenchment and the little mountain constituting the head, and true summit, of the Notch.

No incident of the whole excursion is more curiously inexplicable than the total disappearance of the brook at the mountain's foot. Notice that it was last seen gushing from the side we ascended, half a mile below the camp. Whence does it come? When we are on top of the bowlders, looking down into the black water of the little lakes, we ask ourselves in wonder, "Where does it go? how does it get out?" The mystery is, however, solved by the certainty that their waters flow out underneath the barrier; but notwithstanding one or the other of us was continually dropping out of sight into the caverns with which it is filled, we could neither hear nor see anything to indicate the route by which the stream contrives its escape. It is buried out of sight and sound.

Descending the spur upon which the hut is situated, we were in a few moments at the bottom of the deep cavity between the Giant's Barricade and the little mountain forming the northern portal. We had now taken a position between the lakes. Looking backward, the barricade lifted a black and frowning wall a hundred and fifty feet over our heads. Looking down, the water of the lakes seemed "an image of the Dead Sea at the foot of Jerusalem destroyed."

Here I parted from my guide, and after threading the woods two hours longer, came out into the stony pastures above the Glen House.

The Glen House is one of the last strongholds of the old ways of mountain travel. The nearest railway station is eight miles off, at Gorham. The nearest steam-whistle is there. So much for its seclusion.

Situated at the base of Carter Mount-

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ain, on a terrace rising above the Peabody River, which it overlooks, it has only the valley of this stream—a half-mile of level meadow here—between it and the base of Mount Washington. The carriage-road to the summit, which in 1861 superseded the old bridle-path, is seen crossing this meadow. The road occupied six years in building, and is eight miles long.

Respecting the appearance of Mount Washington from the Glen House itself, it is a received truth that neither the height nor the proportions of a high mountain are properly appreciated when the spectator is placed exactly at the base. The same is true here of Mount Washington, which is too much foreshortened for a favorable estimate of its grandeur or its elevation. The dome looks flat, elongated, obese. But it is only a step to more eligible posts of observation in the immediate vicinity.

Still, Mount Washington is surveyed with more astonishment, perhaps, from this point than from any other. The lower zone is covered with a dense forest, out of which rise the successive and stupendous undulations, culminating at last in the absolutely barren summit, which the nearer swells almost conceal. The true peak stands well to the left, indicated by a white building when the sun is shining, and a dark one when it is not. Seen from this spot, the peculiar conformation of the mountain gives the impression strongly of a semi-fluid mass, first cooled to hardness, then receiving successive additions, which, although eternally united with its bulk, have left the point of contact visible forever. When the first mass cooled, it received a second, afterward a third, and then a fourth. One believes certain intervals to have elapsed in the process of solidifying these masses, which seem, to me at least, not risen out of the earth, but poured down upon it.

It is related that an Englishman, seated on the balcony of his hotel at Chamouni, after having conscientiously followed the peripatetics of a sunset, remarked, "Very fine, very fine indeed! but it is a pity Mont Blanc hides the view." In this sense Mount Washington hides the view to the west. No peak dares show his head in this direction.

But we are still a long way from comprehending what is before us until we look down the valley, open throughout nearly its whole length, and fully exposing the magnificent sweep of the great northern peaks, here bending majestically round to the northeast, exhibiting their titanic props, deep hollows, soaring peaks, to the admiring scrutiny of every wayfarer. It is impossible to appreciate this view all at once. No one can pretend to analyze the sensations produced by looking at high mountains. The bare thought of them creates a flutter of enthusiasm wherever we may be. At such moments one lays down the pen to revel in the recollection.

Go with me now up to the summit of the Pinkham Pass in order to gain some knowledge, not so much of what it shows as of what it hides from the traveller.

The four miles of highway back through the Pinkham forest deserve to be called the Avenue of Cascades. Not less than four drop from the mountain-tops or leap down the confined gorges. Two miles from the hotel we meet a sprightly and vigorous brook coming down from Wildcat Mountain to swell the Peabody. A short walk up this stream brings us to Thompson's Falls, which are several pretty cascades slipping down a bed of granite. The ledges over which they glide afford a practicable road to the top of the falls, from which is a most full and interesting view of Tuckerman's Ravine and of the summit of Mount Washington.

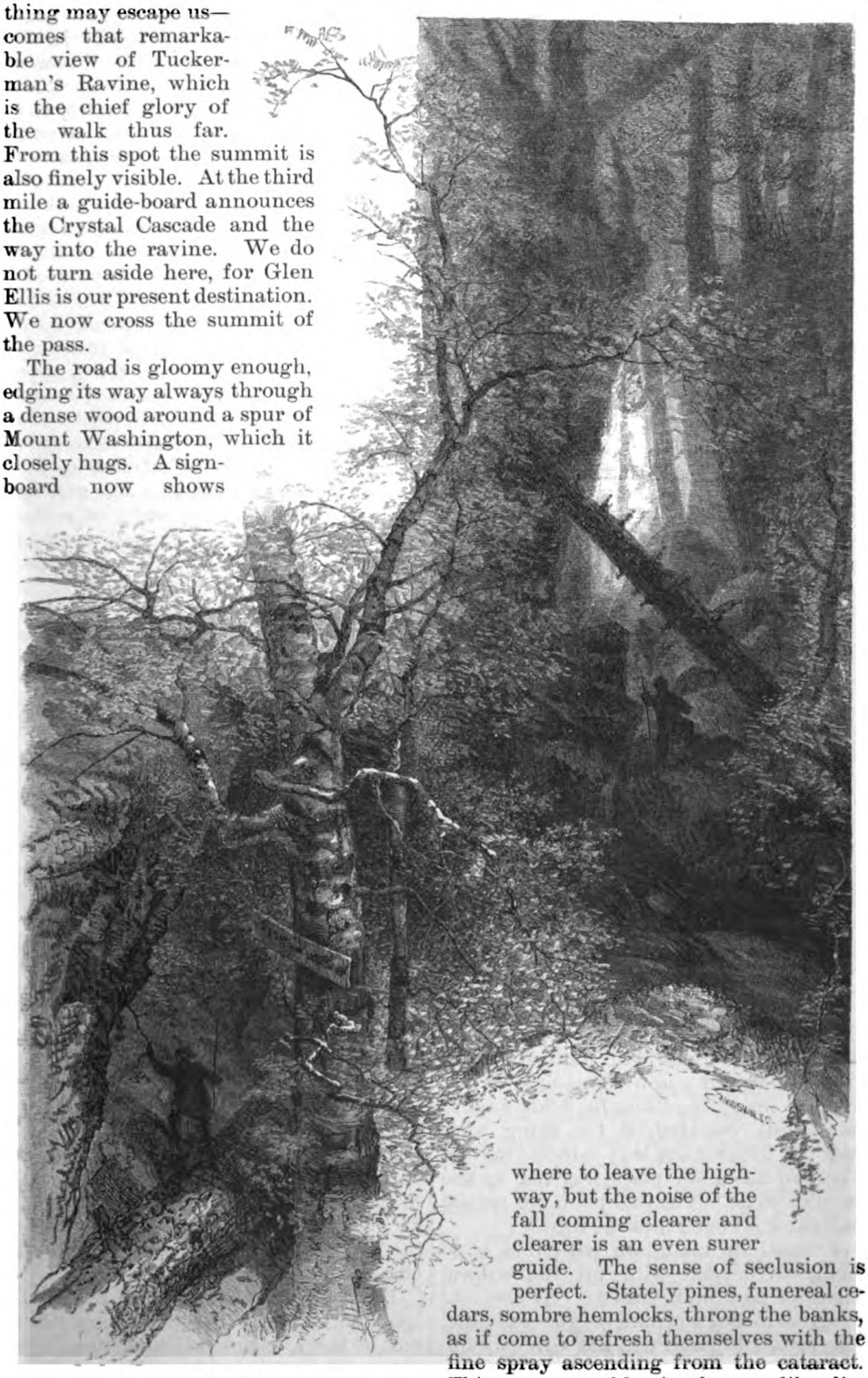
Near these falls a well-trod path leads from the road to the Emerald Pool, which Bierstadt's painting has rendered famous. At first one sees only a deep hollow, with a glassy pool at the bottom, and a cool light coming down through the high tree-tops. Two large rocks tightly compress the stream which fills it, so that the water gushes out with sufficient force to whiten a little without disturbing the placid repose of the still basin. This gives the effect of milk poured upon ink. Above these rocks we look up the stony bed of the frantic stream, and meet the humid blue of a distant mountain. Large rocks are picturesquely posed about the margin. Upon one side a birch leans out over the pool, which reflects brilliantly from its polished surface the white light of the satin bark. One sees the print of foliage on this black water like that of ferns and grasses upon coal, or rather like the most beautiful Italian mosaics—black marble inlaid with arabesques of color.

Just beyond here—for we are now back in the road, and keenly alert lest some-

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thing may escape us—comes that remarkable view of Tuckerman's Ravine, which is the chief glory of the walk thus far. From this spot the summit is also finely visible. At the third mile a guide-board announces the Crystal Cascade and the way into the ravine. We do not turn aside here, for Glen Ellis is our present destination. We now cross the summit of the pass.

The road is gloomy enough, edging its way always through a dense wood around a spur of Mount Washington, which it closely hugs. A sign-board now shows



TO TUCKERMAN'S RAVINE.

where to leave the highway, but the noise of the fall coming clearer and clearer is an even surer guide. The sense of seclusion is perfect. Stately pines, funereal cedars, sombre hemlocks, throng the banks, as if come to refresh themselves with the fine spray ascending from the cataract. This spray sparkles in the sun like dia-

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mond-dust. Through the thickset, clean-limbed tree trunks jets of foam can be seen in mad riot along the rocky gorge. Backward up the stream, downward beyond the fall, we see the same tumult of waters in the midst of this statuesque immobility; we hear the roar of the fall echoing in the tops of the pines; we feel the dull earth throb with the superabundant energy of the wild river.

Descending slippery stairs to the pool beneath the fall, I saw, eighty feet above me, the whole stream force its way through a narrow cleft, and stand in one unbroken column, superbly erect, upon the level surface of the pool. The sheet was as white as marble, the pool as green as malachite. As if stunned by the fall, it turns slowly round; then, recovering, precipitates itself down the rocky gorge with greater passion than ever.

On its upper edge the curling sheet of the fall was shot with sunlight, and shone with enchanting brilliancy. All below was one white feathery mass, gliding down with the swift and noiseless movement of an avalanche of fresh snow. No sound until the moment of contact with the submerged rocks beneath; then it finds a voice that shakes the hoary forest to its centre. How this exquisite white thing fascinates! One has almost to tear himself from the spot. From the tender dalliance of a sunbeam with the glittering mists constantly ascending is born a pale Iris. Exquisitely its floating scarf of green, crimson, and gold decorates the virgin drapery of the fall.

Our plan includes a trip in and out of Tuckerman's Ravine: in by the old Thompson Path, out by the Crystal Cascade.

Before the Mountain Club smoothed the way this was no holiday promenade, but a rude encounter with nature in arms. One day myself and a companion, a veteran of many hard-fought fields among mountains, resolved, if the thing were possible, to force our way into the ravine. For two miles our plain way led up the summit road, but at this point we turned aside and plunged into the forest.

I recall no mountain path that is so richly diversified with all the wildest forms of mountain beauty. At first our progress through primitive groves of pine, hemlock, and birch was not seriously impeded, but we advanced to find the way continually and effectually barred by giant trees, fallen from sheer old age, or uprooted by storms while still in the prime of a vigorous growth. These exasperating windfalls, and their thick abatis of branches, forced us alternately to go down on our hands and knees, creeping underneath, and to mount and dismount, like recruits on the wooden horse of a cavalry school.

But the woods, those countless gray and black and white trunks and outspread frames of branches, supported a canopy of thick foliage filled with voices innumerable. Something stirred in the top of a dead pine, and then, like an alguazil on a watch-tower, a crow, apparent sentinel of all the feathered colony, rose clumsily on his talons, flapped two sable wings, and thrice hoarsely challenged, "Caw! caw! caw!" What clamor! what a Lilliputian Babel ensued! Our ears fairly tingled with the calls, outcries, and objurgations apparently flung down at us by the multitudinous populace overhead. Hark to the woodpecker's rat-tat-tat, the partridge's muffled drum! List to the bugle-note of the wood-thrush, sweet and clear. Now sounds the cat-bird's shrill alarm, the owl's hoot of indignant surprise. Then the squirrels, those little monkeys of our Northern woods, grated their teeth sharply at us, and let fall nuts on our heads as we passed underneath.

We now began to thread a region where the forest was more open. The moss we trampled under foot, and which here replaces the grass of the valleys, was beating the tallest trees in the race for the mountain-top. It was the old story of tortoise and hare over again. But these mosses, enveloping rocks, trees, roots, everything, in one universal decoration, have you ever looked at them before your heel bruised the perfumed flowers springing from their velvet? Here are tufts daintily brilliant with coral lichens; here the violet and anemone nestle lovingly together; here it has crept by stealth up the gray trunks, and there it covers the bared roots, so that they look like huge fingers of a gloved hand. Tread softly. This is the abode of elves and fairies. Step lightly. You expect to hear the crushed flowers cry out with pain.

From here the ground rose rapidly for half a mile more, when we suddenly came out of the low firs full upon the Lion's Head crag, rising above Hermit Lake. To be thus unexpectedly confronted by

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this wall of imperishable rock stirs one very deeply. For the moment it dominates *us* even as it dominates the little pool so unconsciously slumbering at its feet. It is horribly gashed and defaced. Its sides are thickly sowed with stunted trees that bury their roots in its cracks with a gripe of iron. Crouched underneath, by the shores of the lake, is a matted forest of firs and spruces dwindled to half their usual size, grizzled with long lichens, and



HERMIT LAKE.

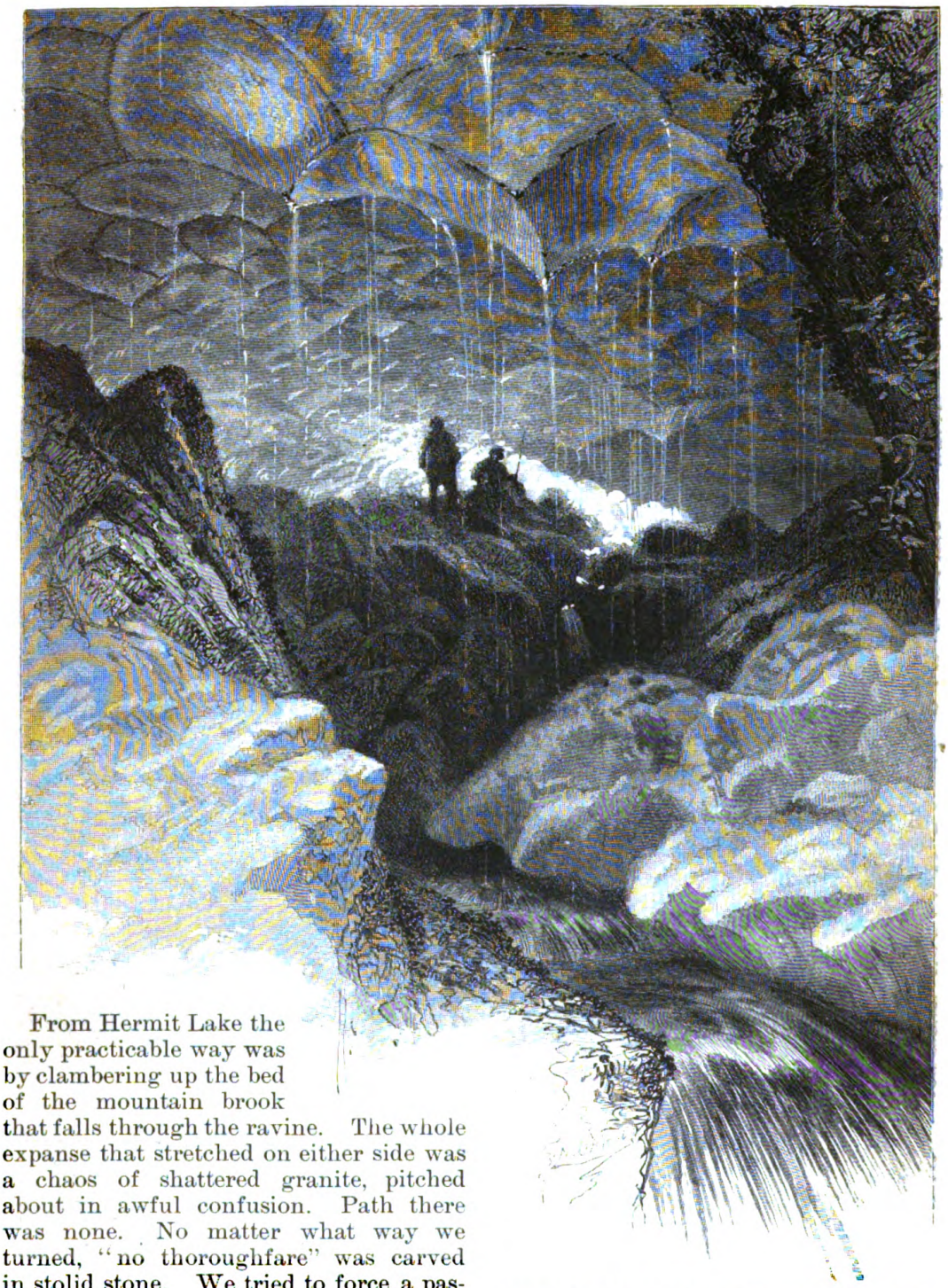
occupying, as if by stealth, the debatable ground between life and death. It is, in fact, more dead than alive.

Deeply sunk beneath is the lake. Its solitary state, its waters green and profound, and the thick shades by which it is surrounded, seem strangely at variance with the intense activity of the foaming torrents we had seen and could still hear rushing down the mountain. It was too small for a lake, or else it was dwarfed by the immense mass of overshadowing rock towering above it, whose reflected light streamed across its still and glossy surface.

We had now gained a commanding post of observation, though we had yet rough work to do. We saw the whole magnificent sweep of the ravine, to where it terminates in a semicircle of stupendous cliffs that seem hewn perpendicularly a thousand feet down. Lying against the western wall we distinguished patches of snow, but they appeared of trifling extent. Great wooded mountain-slopes stretched away from the depths of the gorge on either side, making the iron lineaments of the giant cliffs seem harder by their own softness and delicacy. Here and there these exquisite draperies were torn in long rents by land-slides. In the west arose the shattered peak of Monroe, a mass of splintered granite, conspicuous at every point for its irreclaimable deformity. Everywhere was a Dantesque grandeur and solemnity.

We watched the bellying sails of a stray cloud which intercepted our view of the great summit; but it soon floated away, discovering the whitish-gray ledges to the very cap-stone of the dome itself. We then pushed on into the ravine.

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UNDER THE SNOW ARCH IN TUCKERMAN'S RAVINE.

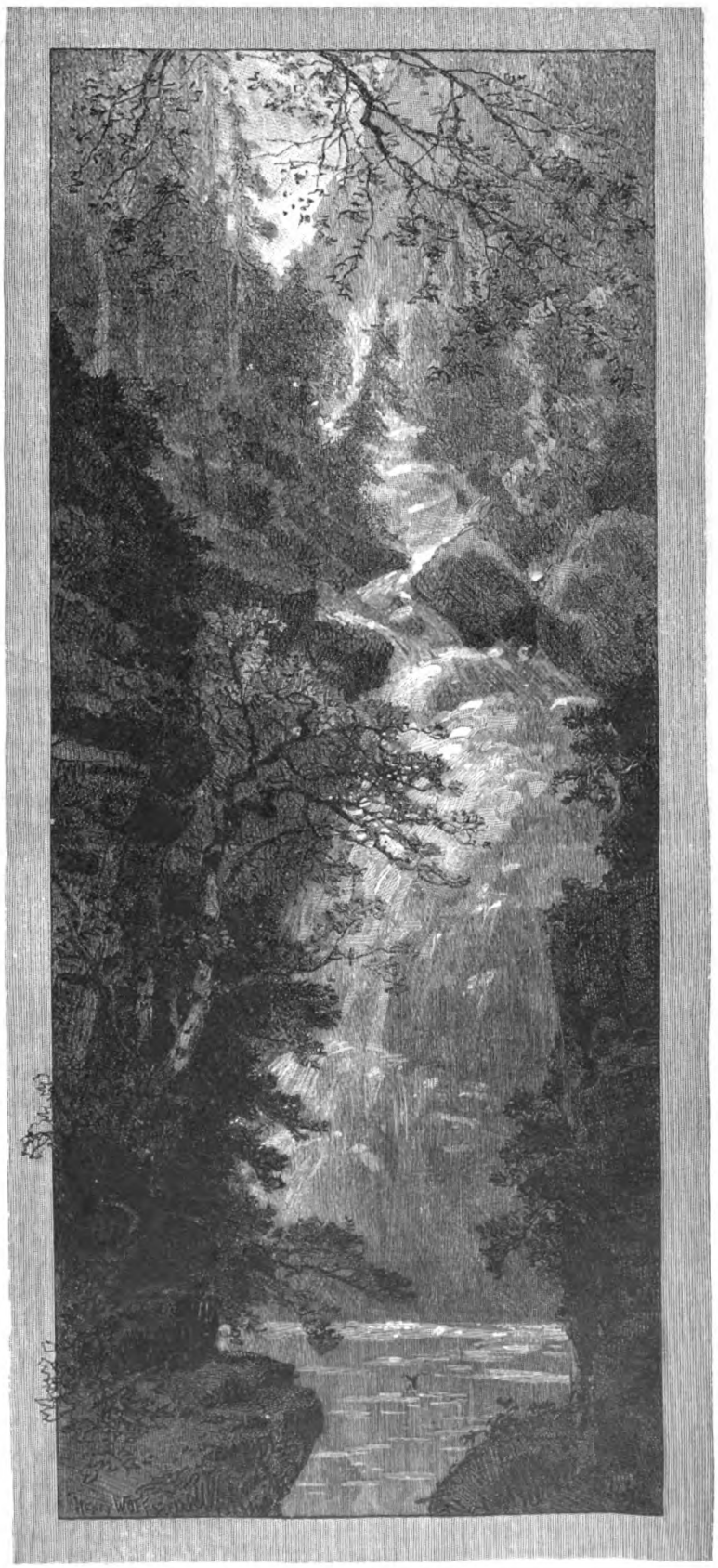
From Hermit Lake the only practicable way was by clambering up the bed of the mountain brook that falls through the ravine. The whole expanse that stretched on either side was a chaos of shattered granite, pitched about in awful confusion. Path there was none. No matter what way we turned, "no thoroughfare" was carved in stolid stone. We tried to force a passage through the stunted cedars that are mistaken a mile away for patches of grass, but were beaten back, torn and bleeding, to the brook. We then turned to the great bowlders, to be equally buffeted and abused, and finally repulsed upon the brook, which seemed all the while mocking our efforts. Once, while forcing a route inch by inch through the scrub, I was caught and held suspended over a deep crevice, until extricated by my companion. At another time he disappeared suddenly in a hole, from which I drew him like a blade from its scabbard. At this moment we were actually unable either to advance or retreat. The dwarf

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trees squeezed us like a vise. Who would have thought there was so much life in them? At our wits' end, we looked first at our bleeding hands, then at each other. The brook was the only clew to such a labyrinth, and to it, as from Scylla to Charybdis, we turned as soon as we recovered breath. But to reach it was no easy matter; we had literally to cut our way out of the jungle.

After this rude initiation into the mysteries of the ravine, we advanced directly up the bed of the brook. But the brook is for half a mile nothing but a succession of leaps and plunges, its course choked with bowlders. We, however, toiled on from rock to rock, first boosting, then hoisting, each other up; one moment splashing in a pool, the next halting dismayed under a cascade which we must either mount like a chamois or ascend like a trout. At length the stream grew narrower, suddenly divided, and we stood at the mouth of the Snow Arch, confronted by the vertical upper wall of the ravine.

We were within an arena "more majestic than the circus of a Titus or a Vespasian." The scene was one of awful desolation. A little way below us the gorge was heaped with the ruins of some unrecorded convul-



CRYSTAL CASCADE.

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IMP MOUNTAIN.

sion by which the precipice had been cloven from base to summit, and the enormous fragments heaved into the chasm with a force the imagination is powerless to conceive. In the interstices among these blocks rose thickets of dwarf cedars as stiff and unyielding as the livid rock itself. It was truly an arena which might have witnessed the gladiatorial combats of immortals.

We did not at first look at the Snow Arch. The eye was irresistibly fascinated by the tremendous mass of the precipice above. From top to bottom its tawny front was streaked with countless little streams that clung to its polished wall without once quitting their hold. Twining and twisting in their downward course like a brood of young serpents escaping from their lair, the cliff resembled the ghastly head of a Gorgon clothed with tresses of serpents. A poetic imagination has named this tangled mass of mountain rills "The Fall of a Thousand Streams." At the foot of the cliff the scattered waters unite before entering the Snow Arch in a single stream. Turning now to the right, the narrowing gorge, ascending by a steep slope as high as the upper edge of the precipice, points out the only practicable route to the summit of Mount Washington in this direction.

This forgotten fragment of winter, the Snow Arch, had never been seen to greater advantage. We estimated its width at above two hundred feet, where it threw a solid bridge of ice over the stream, and not far from three hundred in its greatest length, where it lay along the slope of the gorge. Summer and winter met on this neutral ground. Entering the Arch was joining January and May with a single step. Flowers blossomed at the threshold, icicles hung from the roof. We caught water as it dripped ice-cold from the vaulted ceiling, and pledged old Winter in his own cellarage. The brook foamed at

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our feet. Looking up, there was a pretty picture of a water-fall pouring in at the upper end, and out at the ragged portal of the grotto. But I think we were most charmed with the remarkable sculpture of the roof, which was a groined arch, fashioned as featly as was ever done by human hands. What the stream had begun in secret the warm vapors of returning spring had chiselled with a bolder hand, but not altered. As it was formed, so it remained, a veritable chapel of the hills, the brook droning its low monotonous chant and the dripping roof telling its beads unceasingly. Thus under a cold exterior is nourished the principle of undying love, which the aged mountain yields in order that earth may forever renew her fairest youth.

The Crystal Cascade is formed where the mountain torrent flowing out of Tuckerman's Ravine makes its début at the summit of the Pinkham Notch. It divides with Glen Ellis the honor of being the most beautiful cascade of the White Mountains. In fact, they are as unlike as two human countenances. Every one is astonished at the changes effected by simple combinations of rocks, trees, and water. I have attempted a description of Glen Ellis, but one should possess the language of a Ruskin, the imagination of a Dumas, the poetry of a Longfellow or a Tennyson, the pencil of a Turner or a Church, to do justice to this pre-eminently beautiful of cascades.

Look around. On the right bank of the stream, where a tall birch leans out over the pool below, a jutting rock embraces in one glance the greater part of the fall. The cliffs rising upon either side make a most wild and impressive setting. The trees which shade or partially screen it exclude the light. The sides of the mountains, receding into impenetrable shades, seem set with innumerable dusky columns. All this combines to produce the effect of standing under the vault of some old, dimly lighted cathedral—a subdued, a softened feeling. A voice seems whispering, "God is here."

Through the sombre shades the cascade comes like a gleam of light. It redeems the solitude. High up, hundreds of feet up the mountain-side, it boils and foams. It can hardly be said to run. How it turns and tosses and writhes on its hard bed! The green leaves quiver at its struggles. Birds fly silently by. Down, down, and still down over its shattered stairs falls the doomed flood, until, beaten and broken into a mere feathery cloud, it reaches a narrow gorge between abrupt cliffs of granite. A little pellucid basin, half white, half black water, receives it in full career. It then flows out by a pretty water-fall of twenty feet more. But here again the sharp, wedge-shaped cliff, advancing from the opposite side, compresses its whole volume within a deep and narrow trough, through which it flies with the rapidity of light, makes a right angle, and goes down the mountain uttering loud complaints. Behind the keen-edged, jagged cliff is a rock perfectly black, and smooth as polished ebony, over which the surplus water of the fall spreads a web of antique lace.

We will now proceed awhile down the valley in the direction of Gorham, turning our backs upon the Glen House for the purpose. In three miles we cross the Peabody by a bridge, and arrive in front of the old Copp farm-house, snugly ensconced at the foot of Mount Madison. The reader has now to make a singular acquaintance. Without further ceremony or preamble, I present him to the Imp.

Directly opposite the farm-house the inclined ridge of the mountain range is broken down perpendicularly some two hundred feet, leaving a ragged cliff resembling an immense step facing up the valley. Upon this cliff, or this step, is the distorted human profile which gives the mountain its name of Imp Mountain. A strong, clear light behind it is necessary to bring all the features, the mouth especially, into bold relief against the sky, when the expression is certainly almost diabolical. One imagines that some goblin, imprisoned for ages within the mountain, like the malignant genii of the *Thousand and One Nights*, and suddenly liberated by an earthquake, thus exhibits his hideous face, still wearing the same look it wore at the moment it was entombed in the granite. The forenoon is the best time, and the road, a few rods back from the house, the best point from which to see this natural curiosity. The coal-black countenance is then in shadow.

The Copps have lived here about half a century, and the house, as we see by Mistress Dolly Copp's register, has been known to many generations of tourists. The picture of the old weather-stained roof nestling among the sleeping giants around it

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MOUNT WASHINGTON, FROM SHELBURNE.

revives in fullest vigor our preconceived idea of life in the mountains, already shaken by the balls, routs, and grand toilets of the hotels. One is dropped here into the easy-going, methodical, and uneventful ways of the primitive inhabitants, and is astonished to observe how little the bustle and excitements borne past its door on the current of pleasure-travel from year to year have affected the absolute tranquillity of the old farm-house, or disturbed the fixed habits of its occupants. We all agree, I think, that there is something strangely inconsistent in the appearance of a huge white barrack of a hotel in the midst of our mountains. We would not have it there. But when we see one of these dingy red cottages, and hear the bleating of sheep up the mountain-side, instead of experiencing the feeling of discordance, we at once brighten up, and say: "This is right; this belongs here. It has not bought or pushed its way among these old grandees, but lies in humble dependence and trustfulness at their feet. It might always have been there."

Within two miles of Gorham we again cross the river, and ascending the hill above it, see the village before us, with the long slopes of Mount Hayes meeting in a regular pyramid behind it. Against the dusky wall of this mountain one white spire is cut in sharp relief. At our right is a cluster of saw-mills, sheds, and shanties; beyond, an irregular line of forest conceals the village, all except the steeple; beyond that is the mountain. As we enter the skirts the shrill scream of a locomotive pierces the still air, and, like the horn of Ernani, breaks our dream of forgetfulness with its fatal blast. We cross the line of the Grand Trunk Railway. Adieu, illusory dreams; we are once more manacled with the city.

Dismissing the village, which contains little of interest, but is beautifully placed on the shores of the swift Androscoggin, abandoning the idea even of a *résumé* of its surroundings, which are highly interesting and attractive, we may appropriately epitomize the whole by taking a rapid *coup d'œil* from one of the favorable points of observation a few miles down the river valley. For whether we go up or down this valley, it is always the same objects, under different aspects, that we see.

Some enticing views may be had from the Shelburne intervales, embracing Washington on the left and Madison on the right. It is therefore permitted to steal an occasional look back until we reach the Lead Mine Bridge, so called, and stand over the middle of the flashing Androscoggin.

The dimpled river, broad here, and showing tufts of foliage on its satin sur-

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face, recedes between wooded banks to the middle distance, where it disappears. Swaying to and fro, without noise, the lithe and slender willows on the margin continually dip their budding twigs in the stream, as if to show its clear transparency while letting fall drop by drop its crystal globules. They gently nod their green heads, keeping time to the music of the river.

Beyond the river, over gently meeting slopes of the valley, two magnificent shapes, Washington and Madison, rise grandly. These truly regal peaks still wear their winter ermine. They are drawn so widely apart as to exhibit the familiar summits of Mount Clay protruding between. It is hardly possible to imagine a more beautiful picture of mountain scenery. Noble river, hoary summits, blanched precipices, over which a little color is beginning to steal, eloquently appeal to every perception of the beautiful and the sublime.

We loiter along the river road, hoping, as the sky is clear, to see the sun go down on the great summits. Nor are we disappointed. Soon the highest precipices of Mount Moriah are kindled with a ruddy glow, while a wonderful white light rests like a halo on the august brow of the monarch. Of a sudden the crest of Moriah pales, then grows dark. Night rises from the black glen, twilight falls from the dusky heavens. For an instant the bold humps of Clay redden in the after-glow. Then the light goes out, and we see only the towering forms of the giant mountains dimly traced upon the sky. A star falls. At this signal the great dome sparkles with myriad lights. Night has ascended her mountain throne.

Having served our apprenticeship, and having observed, as it were, all those formalities which the royal state of the monarch demands of all who approach his presence, and which are indispensable to a proper appreciation of his greatness, we will now venture to ascend the steps of the throne itself. But before being announced, it is proper and expedient to consult a friend who has already gone through with the ceremony of presentation.

The first days of May, 1877, found me again at the Glen House, prepared to put in execution the long-deferred purpose of ascending Mount Washington in early spring. Before separating for the night, my young Jehu, who drove me from Gorham in an hour, said, with a grin, "You are going where they cut their butter with a chisel, and their meat with a handsaw."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, you will learn to-morrow."

"Till to-morrow, then."

"Good-night."

"Good-night."

At six in the morning I stood in the road in front of the Glen House. The morning was glorious. Everything announced a beautiful day. In ten minutes I was alone in the forest with the squirrels, the partridges, the woodpeckers, and my own thoughts.

A steady tramp of four miles through the forest—long and weary ones if you are on foot, desirable to get over with all possible expedition—brought me to the Half-way House, built nearly upon the line of demarkation between forest and naked rock. It is only when emerging upon the bare crags above this spot that the wonders of the ascent begin, and the succession of views, dimly visible to our eyes, challenges the attention at every step.

Years ago it was no uncommon thing for a bear to be seen along this road, but the war of extermination waged against poor Bruin now renders a visit from him to these parts an extremely rare thing.

One of the old drivers once related to me that while going up this road with a heavy load, his horses suddenly stopped, showing unmistakable signs of terror. The place was a dangerous one, where the road had been wholly excavated from the steep side of the mountain; so, keeping one eye upon his fractious team, he threw quick glances right and left with the other, while the passengers, alarmed by the sudden stop, the driver's shouts to his animals, and the still more alarming backward movement of the coach, thrust their heads out of the windows, and with white faces demanded what was the matter.

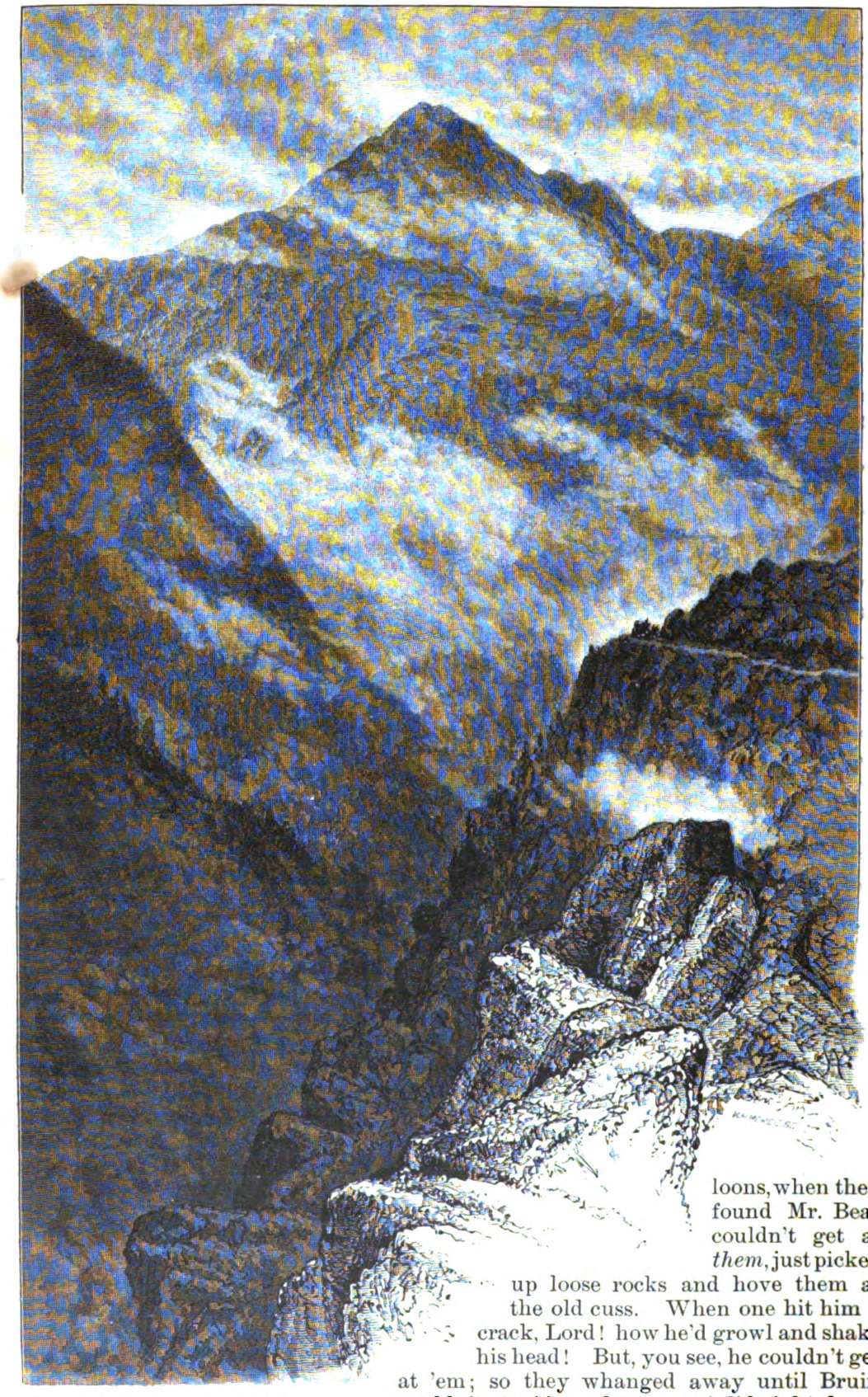
"What was it?"

"A big black bear, would weigh six hunderd, all huddled up in a bunch, a-takin' his mornin' observations on the scenery from the top of a dead sycamore clost to the road."

"What did you do?"

"Dew?" echoed the driver, laughing—"dew?" he repeated. "Why, them crazy

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MOUNT ADAMS AND GREAT GULF.

loons, when they found Mr. Bear couldn't get at *them*, just picked up loose rocks and hove them at the old cuss. When one hit him a crack, Lord! how he'd growl and shake his head! But, you see, he couldn't get at 'em; so they whanged away until Bruin couldn't stan' it no longer, an' slid right down

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the tree as slick as grease, an' mad as Old Nick. It tickled me so to see him a-makin' tooth-picks fly from that ar tree."

The high sun poured down with dazzling brilliancy upon the ghastly white ledges, which, rising like a wall above the solitary cabin before me, thrust out their jagged edges as if to forbid further progress. Out of this glittering precipice dead trees stretched huge antlers. This formless mass, overhanging the Half-way House, is one of the most terrific sights of the march.

But what a frightful silence! Not a murmur, not a rustling leaf, but all as still as death. I was half afraid.

At my feet yawned the measureless void of the Great Gulf, torn from the entrails of the mountain by Titanic hands. Crevassed with wide splits, encompassed round by lofty mountain walls, the gorge was at once fascinating and forbidding, grand yet terrible. The high encircling steeps of Clay and Jefferson, Adams and Madison, inclosing the ravine in one mighty sweep, ascended out of its depths, and stretched along the sky, which really seemed receding before their daring advance. Peering over into the abyss, where the tallest pines were shrubs, and the stark trunks needles, the earth seemed split to its centre, and the feet of these mountains rooted in the midst. Above my head, forming the nearer wall of the gulf, leaped up the endless pile of the great dome.

From my next halting-place I perceived that I had been traversing a promontory of the mountain, jutting out into the Great Gulf; and on looking down over the parapet wall, a mile or more of the road uncoiled its huge folds, turning hither and thither, doubling upon itself like a bewildered serpent, but always gaining a little upon the mountain. This is one of the strangest sights of this strange journey; but in order to appreciate it at its full value, one should be descending by the stage-coach, when the danger, more apparent than real, is intensified by the swift descent of the mountain into the gulf below, over which the traveller sees himself suspended, with feelings more poignant than agreeable. But, as one of the most experienced drivers said to me before the lamentable accident of last year, "there should be no fooling, no chaffing, and no drinking on that road."

Thus far I had encountered little snow, though the rocks were crusted with ice from the time I stepped out of the forest upon the waste of granite, into a colder region. But now a sudden turning brought me full upon an enormous bank, completely blocking the roadway, which here skirted the edge of a high precipice. Had a sentinel suddenly barred my way with his bayonet, I could not have been more astonished. I was brought to a dead stand.

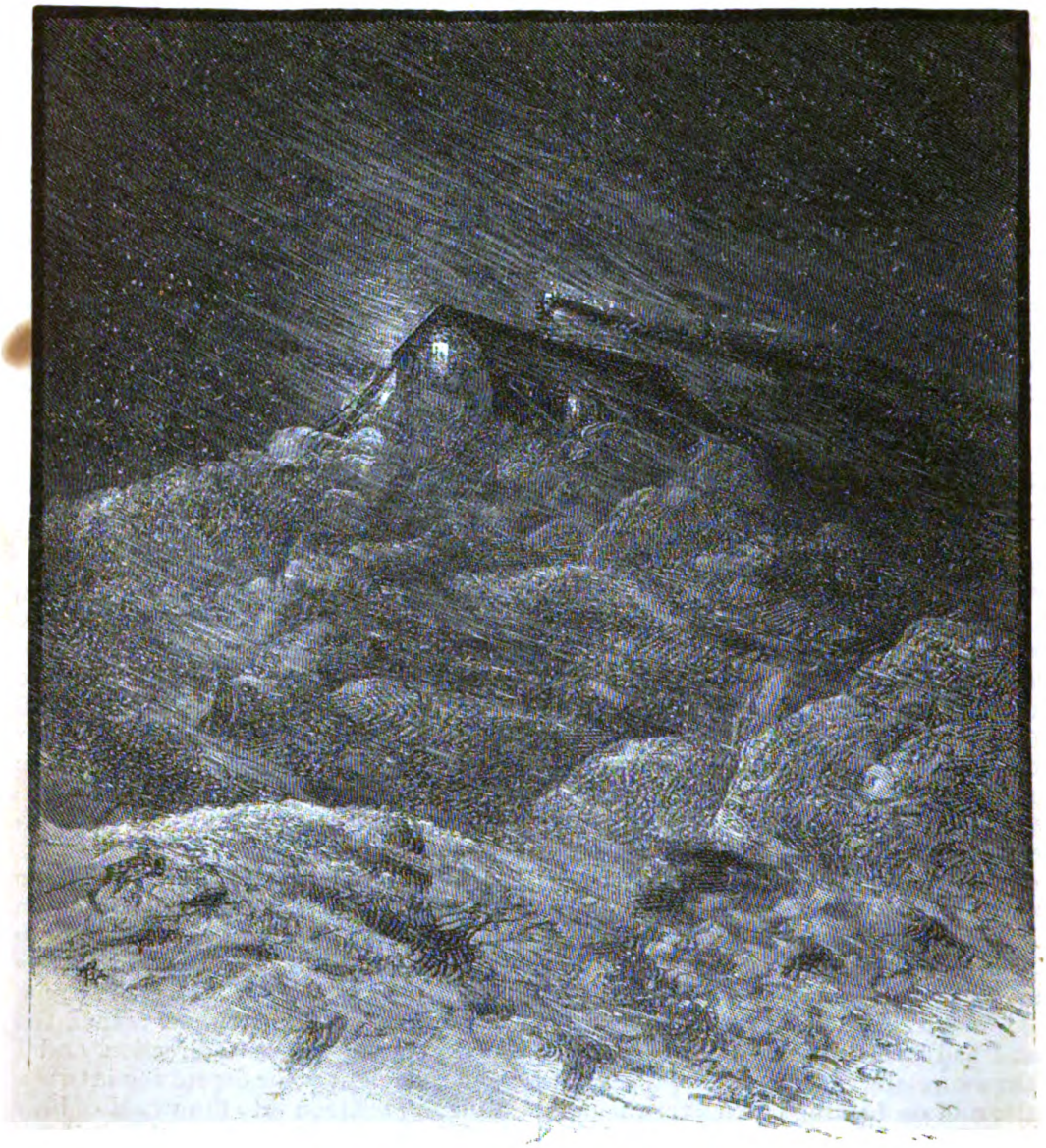
I looked over the parapet, then at the snow-bank, then at the mountain against which it had lodged, and which here was only a continuation of the precipice, being slightly back from the perpendicular, and ascending several hundred feet higher. The first look made me shudder; the second made me thoughtful; the third gave me the headache.

When a thing is to be done, the best way is to do it. I therefore tried the snow, and finding a solid foot-hold, resolved to venture. Had it been soft, I should not have dared. Using my umbrella as an alpenstock, I crossed the parapet where the declivity was the least, without accident, but slowly and breathlessly until near the opposite side, when I passed the intervening space in two bounds, alighting in the road with the blood tingling to my finger-ends.

A sharp turn around a ledge, and the southeast wall of Tuckerman's Ravine rose up like a wraith out of the forest. Here is a most enchanting view of the valleys of the Ellis and the Saco. Turning now my back upon these familiar scenes, the way led in the opposite direction, and I began to look over the depression between Clay and Jefferson into the world of blue peaks beyond. From here the striking spectacle of the four great northern peaks, their naked summits, their sides ploughed by old and new crevasses, and flecked with snow, towering above the ravine, confronted me. The terrible rents in the side of Clay; the blasted firs leaning over the abyss, and clutching the rocks with a death-gripe; the rocks themselves, tormented, formidable, impending—astound by their vivid portrayal of the formless, their suggestions of the agony in which these mountains were brought forth.

I was now fairly upon the broad grass-grown slope at the foot of the pinnacle. The low peak of black rocks rising upon its limits is a monument to the fatal temerity of a traveller who, having climbed, as he supposed, to the top of the mountain, died from hunger or exposure, or both,

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SIGNAL SERVICE STATION, MOUNT WASHINGTON.

at this inhospitable spot. A skeleton in rags was found at the end of a year huddled under some rocks. Farther down, Dr. Ball, of Boston, was rescued, after having passed two nights upon the mountain without food, shelter, or fire, and after as many days of fruitless wandering up and down. More dead than alive, he was supported down the mountain as far as the Ledge. His re-appearance at the Glen House had the effect of one risen from the dead. In reality, the rescuing party took up with them materials for a rude bier, expecting to find a dead body stiffening in the snow.

While traversing the plateau, with the Summit House in full view, my eye caught, far above me, the figure of a man pacing up and down before the building, like a sentinel on his post. I swung my hat—again—but he did not see me. Nevertheless, I experienced a thrill of pleasure at seeing this man, so acutely had the feeling of loneliness come over me in these awful solitudes.

In half an hour I crossed the last rise, when the solitary pedestrian, making an about-face at the end of his beat, suddenly discovered a strange form and figure emerging from the rocks before him. He stopped short, took the pipe from his teeth, and then, as I continued to ap-

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proach, he hastened toward me, met me half way, and between rapid questions and answers led the way into the signal station.

While I was resting, my host bustled about the two or three apartments constituting this swallow's nest. He put the kettle on the stove, gave the fire a stir, spread a cloth upon the table, took some plates, cups, and saucers from a locker, some canned meats from a cupboard, I, meanwhile, following all these movements with an interest easily imagined. His preparations completed, my host first ran his eye over them approvingly, then, with perfect politeness, begged me to draw my chair to the table and fall to. I did not refuse. While he poured out the tea, I asked, "Whom have I the pleasure of addressing?"

And he modestly replied: "Private Doyle, sir, of the United States Signal Service. Have another bit of deviled ham? No? Try these peaches."

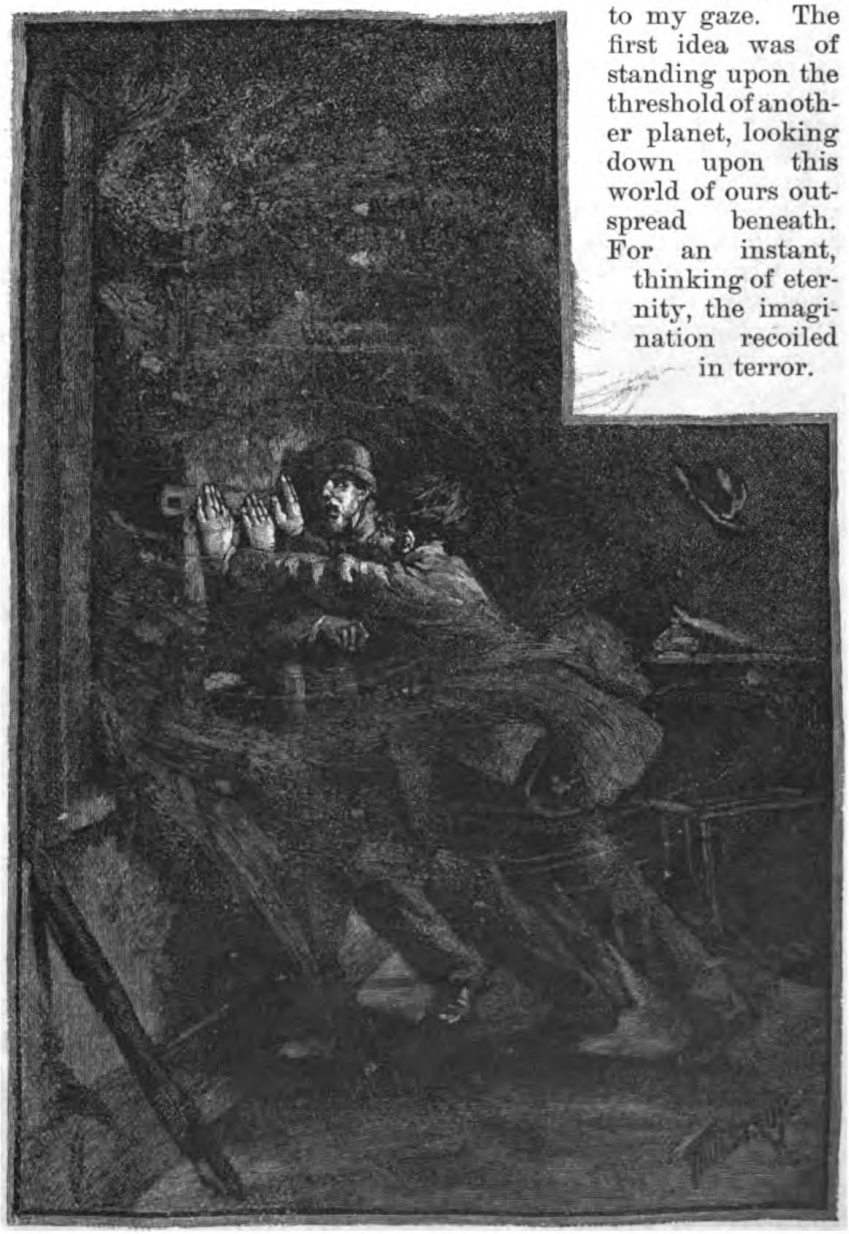
"Thank you. At least Uncle Sam renders your exile tolerable. Is this your ordinary fare?"

"Oh! as to that, you should see us in the dead of winter, chopping our frozen meat with a hatchet, and our lard with a chisel."

This, then, was what my young Jehu had meant. Where was I? I glanced out of the window. Nothing but sky; nothing but rocks. Immensity and desolation. I disposed my ideas to hear my companion ask, "What is the news from the other world?"

After the repast we walked out upon the narrow platform behind the house. According to every appearance I had reached Ultima Thule.

All seemed chaos. On every side the great mountains fell away like mists of the morning, dispersing, receding to an endless distance, diminishing, growing more and more vague, and finally vanishing in a limitless horizon, neither earth nor sky. Never before had such a spectacle offered itself to my gaze. The first idea was of standing upon the threshold of another planet, looking down upon this world of ours outspread beneath. For an instant, thinking of eternity, the imagination recoiled in terror.



INTERIOR OF SIGNAL SERVICE STATION DURING A STORM.

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LAKE OF THE CLOUDS AND PEAK OF MONROE.

But by degrees order came out of this chaos. The bewildering throng of mountains arranged itself in chains, clusters, or families. Hills drew apart, valleys opened, streams twinkled in the sun, towns and villages clung to the skirts of the mountains or dotted the rich meadows; but all was mysterious, all as yet unreal.

Comprehending at last that all New England was under my feet, I began to search out certain landmarks. But this investigation is fatiguing. Besides, it conducts to nothing, absolutely nothing. Pointing to a scrap of blue haze in the west, my companion observed, "That is Mount Mansfield," and I mechanically

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repeated, "Ah, is that Mount Mansfield?" It sufficed for me, God knows, to be admitted near the person of the great autocrat of New England, while under skies so fair and radiant he gave audience to his imposing and splendid retinue of mountains.

I consider this first introduction to what the peak of Mount Washington looks down upon an epoch in any man's life. I saw the whole noble company of mountains from highest to lowest. I saw the deep depressions through which the Connecticut, the Merrimac, the Saco, and the Androscoggin wind toward the lowlands. I saw the lakes which nurse the infant tributaries of these streams. I saw the great Northern forests, the notched wall of the Green Mountains, the wide expanse of level land, flat and heavy like the ocean, and finally the ocean itself. And all this was mingled in one mighty scene.

While looking down from this eagle's nest upon the southern peaks to where the bridle-path could be distinctly traced across the plateau, and still winding on around the peaked crest of Monroe, my eye caught the sparkle of water underneath this mountain.

What a sight for the rock-wearied eye was this little alpine tarn, this Lake of the Clouds, cuddled close to the hairy breast of the granite peak! On the instant the prevailing gloom was lighted, as if by magic, by this dainty nursling of the clouds, which seemed innocently smiling in the face of the hideous mountain. And the stooping monster seemed to regard the little waif, lying there in its rocky cradle, with astonishment, and to forego his first impulse to strangle it where it lay. Lion and lamb were lying down together.

Noticing that the sides of the summit were strewed with boards, beams, and débris of all sorts, my guide explained that what I saw was the result of the great January gale, which had demolished the large shed used as an engine-house, scattering the loose fragments far and wide. I begged him to give me his recollection of it.

"During the forenoon preceding the gale we observed nothing very unusual; but the clouds kept sinking and sinking until the summit was quite above them. Late in the afternoon my comrade, Sergeant M——, came to where I was lying abed sick, and said, 'There is going to be the devil to pay, so I guess I'll make everything snug.'

"By nine in the evening the wind had increased to one hundred miles an hour, with heavy sleet. At midnight the velocity of the storm was one hundred and twenty miles, and the exposed thermometer recorded twenty-four degrees below zero. With the stove red, we could hardly get it above freezing inside the house. Water froze within three feet of the fire—in fact, where you are now sitting.

"At this time the noise outside was deafening. About one o'clock the wind rose to one hundred and fifty miles. It was now blowing a hurricane. The wind, gathering up all the loose ice of the mountain, dashed it against the house with one continued roar. I lay wondering how long the building would stand this, when all at once came a crash. M—— shouted to me to get up; but I had tumbled out in a hurry on hearing the glass go. You see, I was dressed, to keep myself warm, in bed.

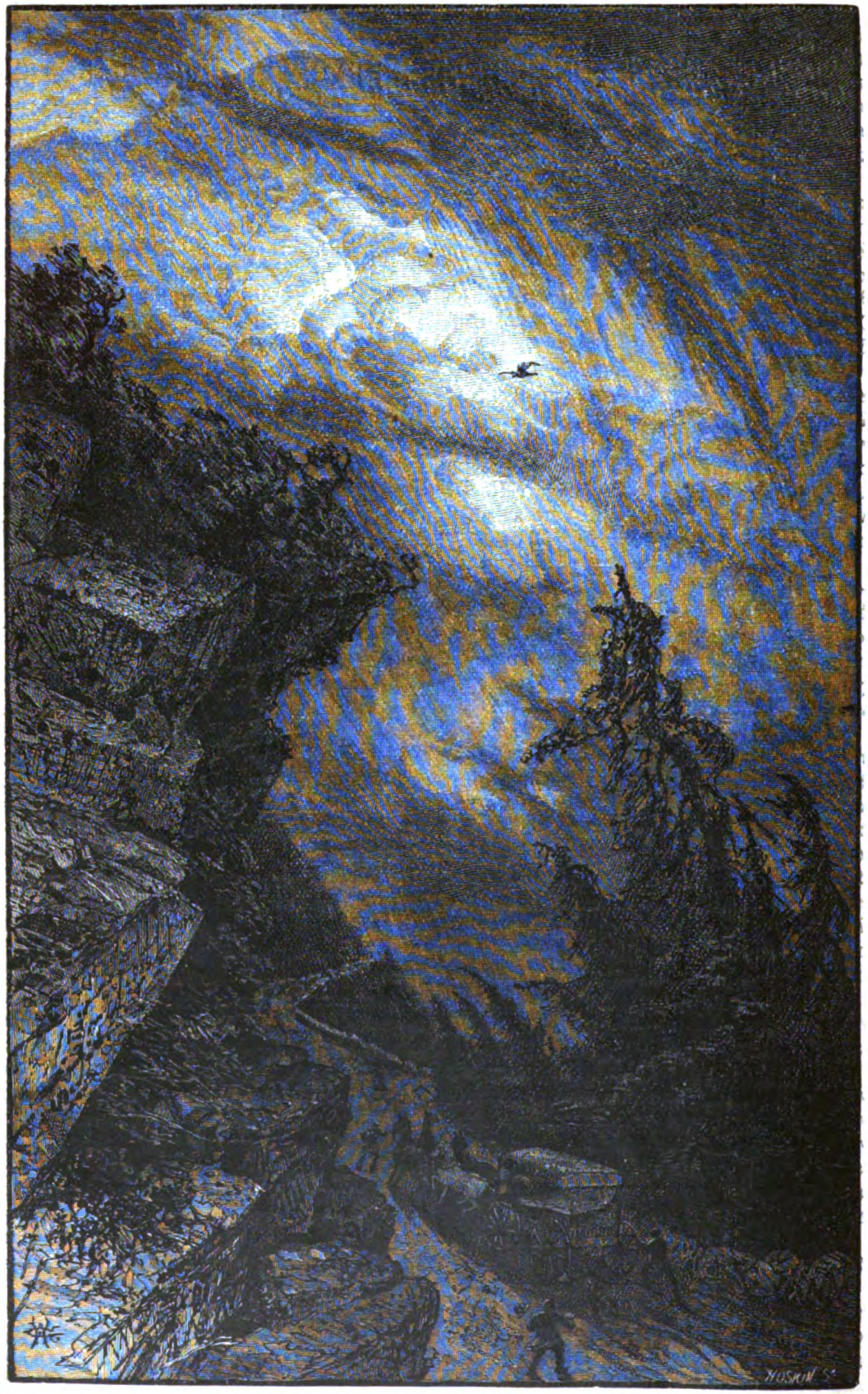
"Our united efforts were hardly equal to closing the storm shutters from the inside, but we finally succeeded, though the lights went out when the wind came in, and we worked in the dark."

He rose to show me how the shutters, of thick oak, were first secured by an iron bar, and secondly by strong wooden buttons firmly screwed in the window-frame.

"We had scarcely done this," resumed Doyle, "and were shivering over the fire, when a heavy grist of wind again burst open the shutters, as easily as if they had never been fastened at all. We sprang to our feet. After a hard tussle we again secured the windows, by nailing a cleat to the floor, against which one end of a board was fixed, using the other end as a lever. You understand?" I nodded. "Well, even then it was all we could do to force the shutters back into place. But we did it. We *had* to do it.

"The rest of the night was passed in momentary expectation that the building would be blown into Tuckerman's, and we with it. At four in the morning the wind registered one hundred and eighty-six miles. It had shifted then from east to northeast. From this time it steadily fell to ten miles, at nine o'clock. This was the biggest blow ever experienced on the mountain."

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STORM ON MOUNT WASHINGTON.

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"Suppose the house had gone, and the hotel stood fast, could you have effected an entrance into the hotel?" I asked.

"We could not have faced the gale."

"Not for a hundred feet? not in a matter of life and death?"

"Impossible. The wind would have lifted us from our feet like bags of wool. We would have been dashed against the rocks, and smashed like egg-shells," was the quiet reply.

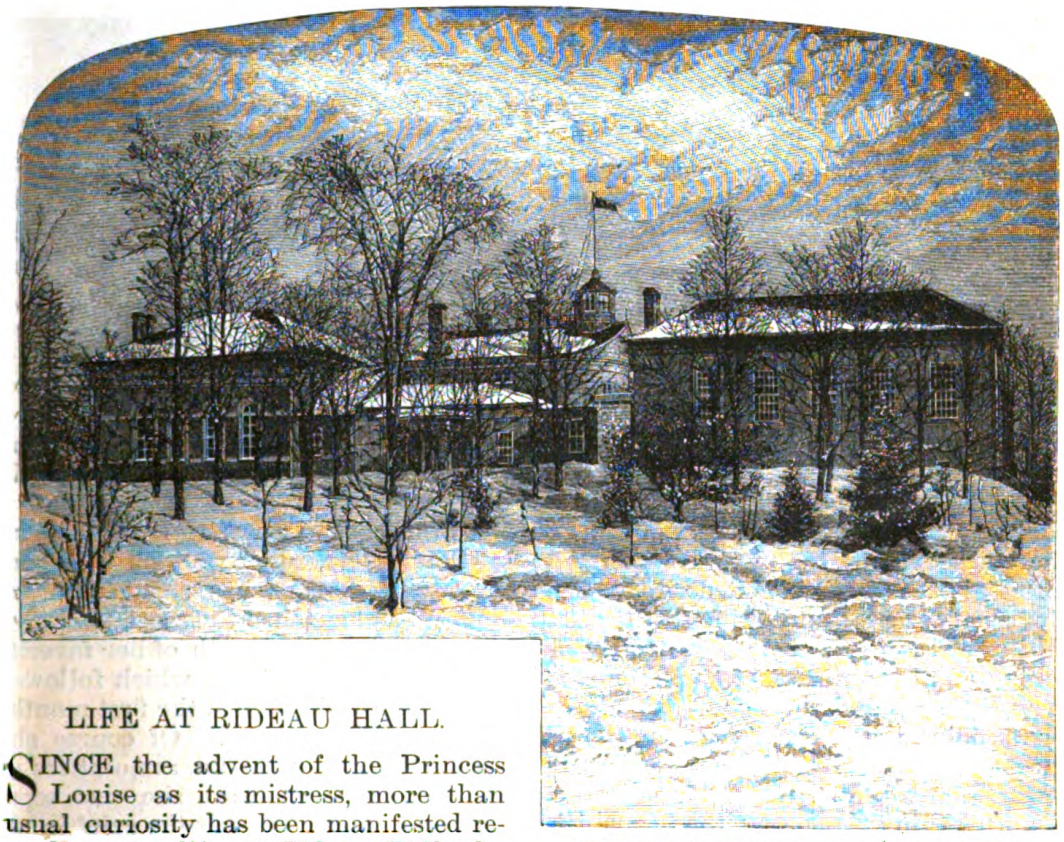
"And so for some hours you expected to be swept into eternity?"

"We did what we could. Each wrapped himself in blankets and quilts, binding these tightly around him with ropes, to which were attached bars of iron, so that if the house went by the board, we might stand a chance—a slim one—of anchoring somewhere, somehow."

Somewhere, indeed!

When, on the following morning, I busied myself getting ready to go down the mountain, I heard a profound sigh, followed by some half-audible words, proceeding from the adjoining room. These words rang in my ears all that day:

"Ah, this horrible solitude!"



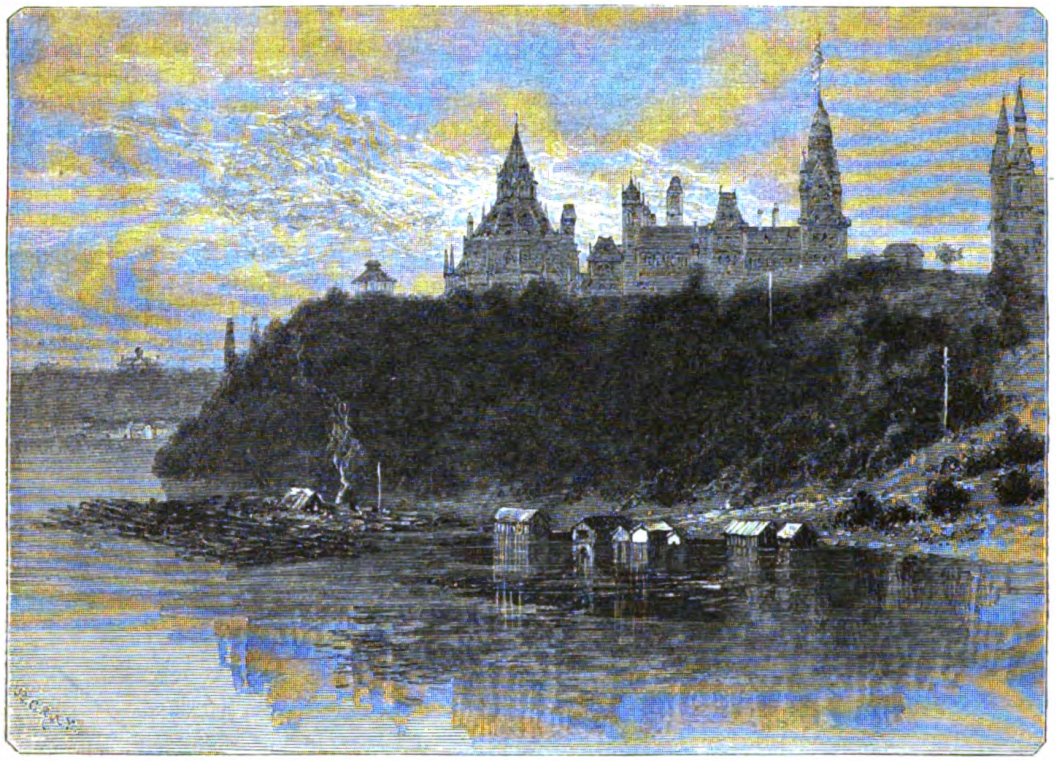
GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA—WINTER SCENE.

LIFE AT RIDEAU HALL.

SINCE the advent of the Princess Louise as its mistress, more than usual curiosity has been manifested regarding the life at Rideau Hall, the "White House" of Canada. Before that time, if it was thought of at all, it was only as the Government House; but since a Princess dwells there, a new interest attaches itself to the place, and it is not strange if every little American "sovereign in her own right" should exercise her national prerogative, and ask all the questions she likes about "court life" at Ottawa. Much of this curiosity has already been satisfied, for from the day the Marquis of Lorne and his royal wife landed upon Canadian soil, very little of the slightest interest concerning them has passed unnoted by the press.

So popular were their predecessors, Lord and Lady Dufferin, that the places which they left were difficult to fill. Indeed, I am sure there are people in Canada to-day who believe that they took their places with them, instead of leaving them to be filled. The Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne took the wisest and easiest way—they retained their individuality, and *created* new places for themselves.

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HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

So unaffected is the life at Rideau Hall that it shows almost a republican simplicity when compared with the ceremony and parade kept up in many of the great country houses in England. No court etiquette is observed, and only the rules of good manners are adhered to. It is the very evident desire of the Governor-General and Princess to make all those who enter their home feel welcome and at their ease. The public sees very little beyond the usual formalities surrounding the two chief personages of the Dominion. Their home life is jealously guarded from the world.

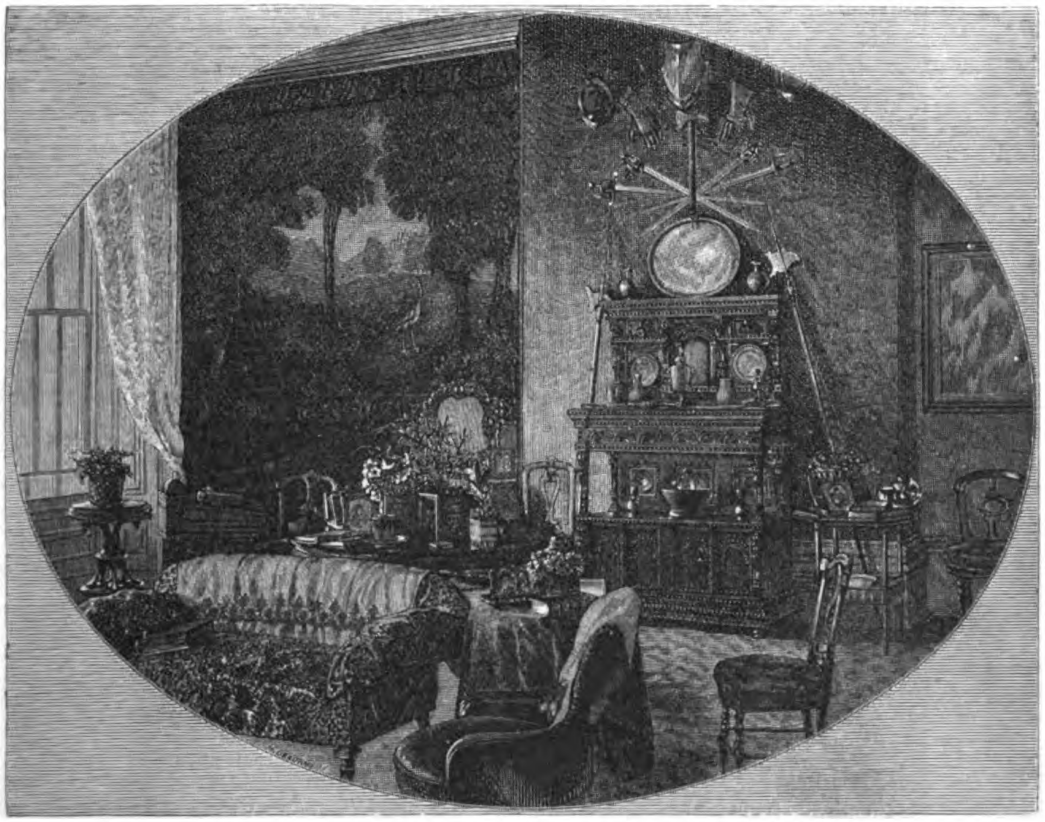
I often think, when I see the flag which always floats over Rideau Hall when the Princess is there, what a change has come into her life. "Piccadilly and green pastures"—London and Ottawa. Brilliancy, art, culture, and caste—and a crude little city, struggling in the chaos of newness and the doubt of permanency. And I fall to wondering what her feelings were that bleak November day, when she drove, just at night-fall, under the dripping and leafless trees, up to the door of Rideau Hall. Velvet lawns had been exchanged for a soaked meadow turf, and a palace for a comfortable, roomy, old-fashioned home. The life she was leaving behind her had filled her æsthetic nature, and the one to which she was coming could only have as its greatest merit, in her eyes, novelty.

It would not be very strange if she were not happy here, for if we look back over the two years she has spent with us, enough has happened to associate sorrow with Canada. The death of her favorite sister, the Princess Alice, which followed closely her coming, filled the first months of her stay with grief. Of course she was surrounded with an atmosphere of sympathy, but, after all, she was separated from those who felt the grief in all its bitterness with her. But even this was only allowed to very briefly interrupt the gayeties at the Government House. She assumed these duties, and bravely performed them in spite of the mourning of which her face attested the sincerity. Then came the shocking accident which almost cost her her life, and which has left her in a state against which a continual struggle must be made to prevent her sinking into confirmed invalidism. Of late she has been trying the effect of travel. During her absence Lord Lorne has to a great extent supported her rôle as

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well as his own, and during the winter just passed society has not wanted for entertainment at the Hall.

Royalty is so hedged in by etiquette, that you can only approach it through certain openings, and in Ottawa, as elsewhere, these openings do not frequently occur. Since her Royal Highness has presided at Rideau Hall, even that society which the popular voice calls "the best," has not had as free access there as formerly. In Lady Dufferin's time the doors swung open easily and often. Of course then, as now, there was always the intimate circle of friends. This, Lady Dufferin chose from Ottawa society. Now it is chosen from England, and comprises the ladies of her household and transient guests. These, almost without an exception, have been artists. Amongst these has been the gifted Miss Montalba, who is making such an enviable reputation in England, and, indeed, throughout Europe. She left as a souvenir of her visit a bust of Lord Lorne, which is strong and masterly. It has been put into bronze, and now stands in the main corridor.



THE DRAWING-ROOM, RIDEAU HALL.

The hospitalities of Rideau Hall which are extended to the general public may be enjoyed by observing the following rules. In Ottawa the political, judiciary, military, and clerical dignitaries have official precedence, while, under the head of "prominent citizens," clergymen, lawyers, doctors, bankers, and heads of large business firms, lumbering and mining interests, take rank with the officers of the civil service in society, and amongst these the chiefs of departments take the lead.

To enjoy the hospitalities of Rideau Hall—that is, to get your name upon the lists—you must go and register your name in one book for the Princess Louise, and in another for the Governor-General, and you will do well to leave a separate card for each lady and gentleman making up the Governor's family. In acknowledgment of this civility, you will have your call returned by card by those for whom you have left yours, and from the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne you will receive invitations to the various entertainments as they occur.

These entertainments have one pecul-

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iarity which would impress an American observer: they are nearly all out-of-doors, perchance lawn tennis inaugurating the season. Some softly bright October day, such as comes in perfection in our Northern climate, the gardens and lawns surrounding the Hall are brilliant with gay people in afternoon dress. Even the usual gloom of male attire does not stand out *en bloc*, as it is broken into by the uniforms of the Governor's aides-de-camp, which gleam here and there through the crowd. At such a time, and upon such a day, I can imagine with what delight an artist—Raimend de Madrazo, for instance—would study the scene. Detail and accessories are all there. Imagine this: Vaguely showing through the autumnal glow, over a mile away, is the background formed by the beautiful pile of government buildings resting upon the bold bluff which overhangs the Ottawa River. Nearer, the fringe of trees bordering the grounds, and looking like a procession with triumphal banners floating in the hazy atmosphere. Beneath these, across the lawn, and amid the richest and last floral offering of summer, promenade the guests. The band of the Governor-General's Foot-Guards is stationed near the house, and their red coats and flashing instruments harmonize with the whole. On the broad gallery stand groups of visitors, while through the open windows you see a few irrepressible dancers in the parlor.



PRINCESS LOUISE, MARCHIONESS OF LORNE.

After it is too late for lawn tennis and croquet, the skating and toboggan parties come, and at these young Canada is in its element. Then the daring of Canadian attire reaches its climax. No color is too brilliant and no garment too fantastic to

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THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

be worn. The toboggan slide and vicinity fairly blossoms with the merry, romping company. Surplus dignity is thrown to the winds, along with streamers of ribbons, tassels, and bright-hued scarfs. A pretty Canadian girl never looks prettier than when clad in her cloak made of a fleecy white blanket (its gay border carefully reserved as a trimming), a red or blue *tuque* perched coquettishly upon her abundant hair, its saucy-looking tassel bobbing about at its own sweet will, and a bright-colored skirt just showing between her cloak and moccasined feet. Put now a toboggan and two or three beaux at her disposal, and she is happy. She will slide all afternoon, leaving, perhaps, just a margin for a skim over the ice, and then scamper into the house, replace her moccasins, or skating boots, with slippers, throw aside her cloak, and dance until the stern law of etiquette, or the equally stern command of her chaperon, who, although kind and discreet as a chaperon should be, feels at last the *ennui* and the interest in the approaching dinner hour natural to her age. These afternoon parties never last later than six o'clock, and a few minutes before that time the last guest is usually gone.

"And does the Princess Louise take part in these sliding parties?"

Yes, to a certain extent, though, know-

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ing her character, you can readily understand that she only does so *à la princesse*. *I* have never seen her guide her own toboggan, a feat seemingly easy enough of accomplishment when you see it done by a Canadian girl, but which, after a trial or two, the lately arrived Briton or American is very shy of undertaking.

Lately there has been built a little log-cabin under the tall natural growth of pines, well off to one side of the Hall. It overlooks the skating rink, and is divided into two rooms, into which the skaters can retire for rest, warmth, or preparation. It is very comfortable, and doubtless serves the purpose for which it was designed, if that purpose was not picturesqueness. It is so hopelessly unlike the genuine log-cabin that one expects to see a stage peasant step out from its door and soliloquize upon its platform. On this platform chairs are arranged for the Princess and distinguished guests to rest and watch the skaters when they do not care to be of them.

For the amusement of the Governor-General and his gentlemen friends there is a fine curling rink, where the lovers of "the roarin' game" very often congregate. Likewise there is a foot-ball and cricket ground for them; but as this is a pre-eminently feminine piece of literature, I decline to go outside of my province, and so say nothing about the entertainments intended only for gentlemen.

Balls are not of very frequent occurrence, but I can assure those who are interested upon that point, that when they are given, they are "perfectly lovely." You are bidden to one two weeks in advance by a card of impressive dimensions, bearing the monogram of the house, and which reads as follows:

The Aide-de-Camp in waiting is commanded by
His Excellency
The Governor-General and Her Royal Highness the
Princess Louise
to invite
Mr. and Mrs. —— ——
to a Ball on —— ——,
the — ——, at 9 o'clock.
An answer is requested to the A.D.C. in waiting.

On the appointed night the road to New Edinburgh is lined with sleighs, and by the time the gate is reached, so dense is the crowd of vehicles that the remainder of your drive is likely to occupy more time than did that part of it from the city out. Once inside the Hall, the scene which greets you is indeed charming. Up and down the stairs, along the brilliantly lighted corridors, into the leafy shade of the conservatory, in and out of the several handsome rooms thrown open for the occasion, throng the elegantly dressed guests. The ball-room is packed to suffocation, and it is a terrible pilgrimage to make to the further end, where the Governor-General and the Princess Louise are receiving their guests. When the dancing begins, the pilgrimage becomes an impossibility, and the only thing left for you to do is to gaze hopelessly in their direction. The dressing at one of these grand balls is elegant, and, as a rule, graceful, but when compared with that seen upon a similar occasion at the White House, for instance, is inexpensive. There are handsome silks, satins, and velvets, and a few costly laces, but very few diamonds are to be seen. As a rule, the ladies are *décollétées*, but there are amongst them a good many who are dressed in "the American fashion," as the high-necked full dress is here described.

The ball-room is a large and handsome apartment, occupying the wing to the left of the entrance. The walls are tinted in a soft dark shade, which shows off a brilliantly dressed company to the best advantage. The wood is finished in white and gold, and the window drapery is crimson. On ball nights the tennis-court, in the wing to the right of the entrance, is used for a supper-room. Its walls and ceilings are lined with red and white bunting to simulate a tent. It, as well as the ball-room, was added in Lord Dufferin's administration, and at his request. About midnight the piper is heard piping along the corridor, and the supper-room is thrown open. Into it the vice-regal party lead the way, followed by five or six hundred of their guests, as only about that number can conveniently be served at once. The vice-regal party sit, and the rest stand.

Dinners are far fewer than formerly, and the diners are chosen rather more exclusively. Of course these dinners are the most ceremonious entertainments which take place. The guests enter the reception-room with the right hand bare, although they are not received by the Princess before dinner. She enters just as dinner is announced, and is escorted to the table by the gentleman who takes rank amongst the guests, the Marquis of-

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fering his arm to one of the ladies. If they are thus in company with French Canadians, they enter into conversation in French, as both speak it well and fluently. After dinner, when the company returns to the drawing-room, the Princess passes about amongst her guests, speaking to all. It is not proper to sit when the Princess does not, and whenever she has occasion to rise, the entire company does the same, and remains standing until she is again seated.

that it can easily be converted into a theatre. The platform upon which the musicians have sat for the one occasion is now, by an ingenious contrivance for enlarging it, turned into an exquisitely appointed stage. Of late years Rideau Hall has been fortunate in having within its walls most excellent amateur talent. Lady Dufferin was a most charming actress, and in the present household one of the aides-de-camp has the reputation of being the finest amateur actor in England.



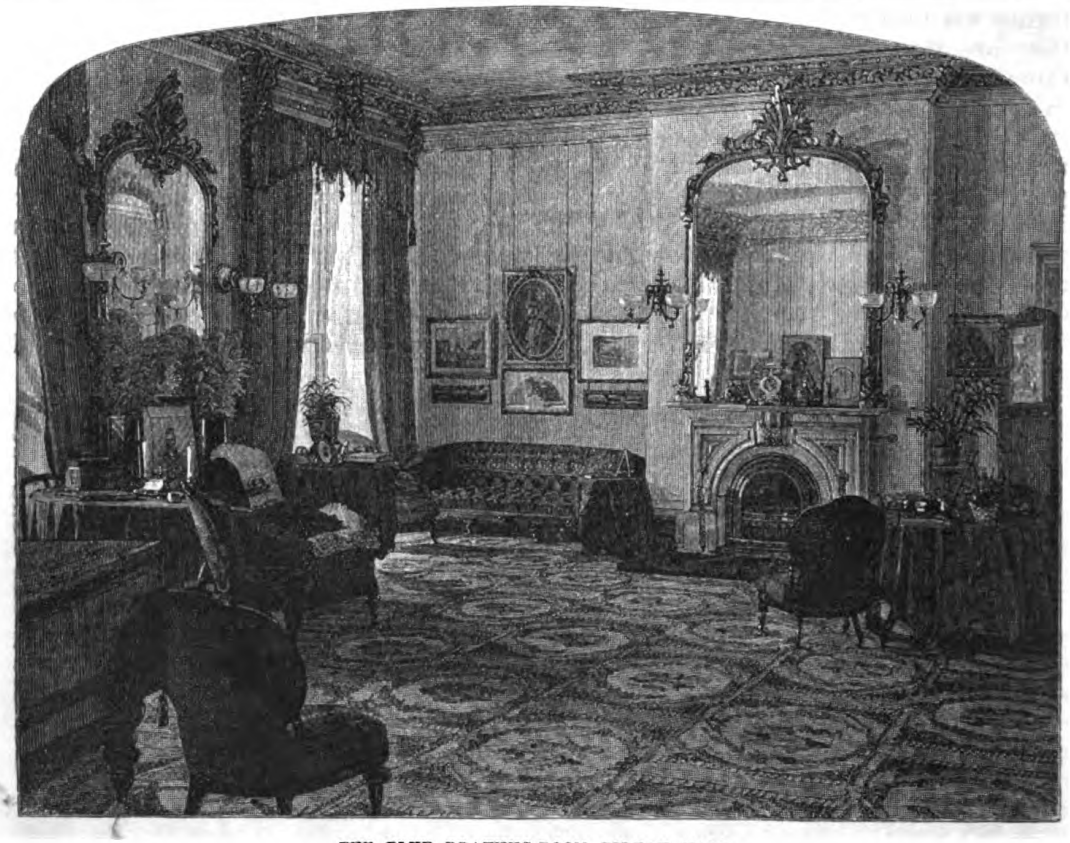
SKATING RINK AND CABIN.

In these days of ceramic achievements it is quite allowable to peep into other people's china closets, so I may say something of the china displayed at Rideau Hall. Much of it is beautiful, but by no means exceptionally rare. Neither is the plate of unusual magnificence, though rich and handsome, and gold enters freely into the furnishing of the table. Of course the family plate of Argyll is not yet inherited, still, so abundant is the supply that it is hardly missed.

Of all the entertainments given at the Government House none are more popular or more enjoyed than the theatricals, and invitations to them are eagerly sought. The ball-room is so constructed

He certainly plays to perfection—that is, non-professional perfection. The ladies and gentlemen taking part in the theatricals are usually from Ottawa, and the Princess does not act. And just here I am reminded to say that the announcement that the Princess has written a play founded upon scenes and amongst the fishermen of Gaspé Bay is quite untrue. No such play has been written, or, at least, not by her Royal Highness. The theatricals are full-dress occasions, and the ball-room on these nights presents a brilliant appearance. The plays are always put upon the stage with all the elegance of which they admit, or taste or money can supply. Flowers are used in profusion,

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THE BLUE DRAWING-ROOM, RIDEAU HALL.

and their arrangement calls forth the greatest admiration. New scenery has been painted, under the supervision of the Princess, and altogether the stage is a little gem.

The most public appearance of the Princess in Ottawa society is upon the evening after the opening of Parliament, when she holds a "Drawing-room" in the Senate-chamber. This reception is also a full-dress affair, and whoever wishes may attend. The Governor-General and his wife stand upon the dais at one end of the chamber, and the guests approach and are introduced by one aide-de-camp, who has had the name read to him by another from the card with which each guest is provided. As the name is pronounced, the Princess and Marquis simply bow, unless it should belong to some person of sufficient distinction, when they offer their hands and speak a few words with him. After the introduction the guests pass out by a door to the right of the dais, and so can quit the apartment without turning their backs upon royalty—a thing which is, of course, never done. The "Drawing-room" is usually over by ten o'clock. Formerly there were afternoon receptions, somewhat similar to those at the White House, which could be attended by any one who wished. These have been discontinued, and all parties are now formed of invited guests. This change is solely owing to the increasing numbers who now yearly come to Ottawa.

Some idea of the number of guests entertained in various ways at Rideau Hall since Lord Lorne has been Governor-General may be gained by the following figures:

At dinner parties in 1879	904
" " " 1880	688
" " " 1881	627
At balls in 1879	1000
" " 1881	1600
At "At Homes" each year	900
At skating and tobogganing parties, each year	2000
At theatricals, each year	1300

On New-Year's Day the Governor-General follows the custom of his predecessors in receiving all who come to wish him a happy New Year, and these receptions are quite as informal as those of the President at the White House. He is also always willing to see any one who asks to see

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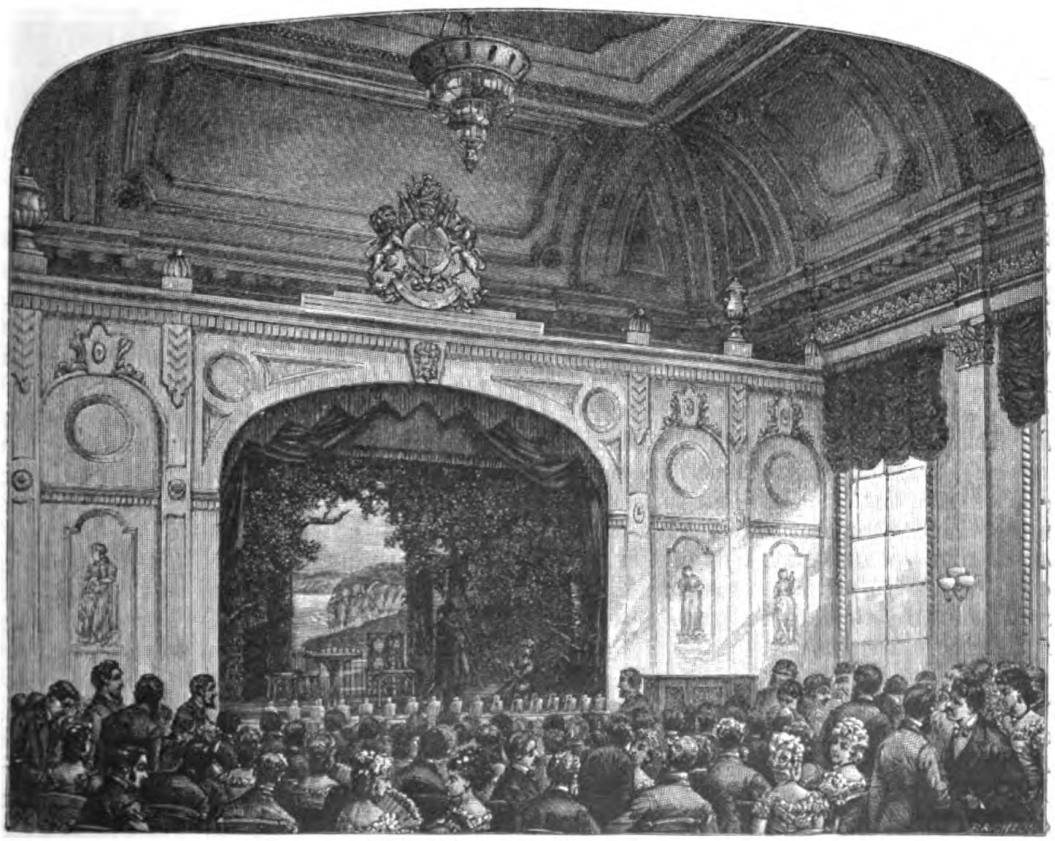
him on business at any time, and so cordial is his manner in these interviews, and so delightful a talker is he, that occasionally his caller loses sight of business in friendly chat.

While Parliament is sitting, the Princess often occupies a chair near the Speaker on the floor of the House of Commons, an interested listener to the debate upon some important bill. At such times she offers her hand and chats cordially with those members who approach to speak to her. She is always attended by a lady in waiting and an aide-de-camp.

She is, like so many English women, a good walker and a fair rider, and during her first winter here she could be met almost any day miles away from her home. She "did" much of the vicinity of Ottawa on foot, always *sensibly* shod and dressed, and in slippery weather carrying a cane. Almost invariably she wears a veil. It has been the subject of much comment, and the curious often complain that the public never sees her face. Her reason for wearing it probably lies as much in the fact that she suffers terribly from neuralgia as from any wish to thwart the curious gaze. Both the Princess and Marquis readily adopted winter sports, and many a merry snow-shoe tramp was organized from the Government House; and when the spring opened, and the rafts from the Upper Ottawa began to come down by hundreds, they enjoyed the grand and exciting fun of running the rapids above the Chaudière Falls, and coming down through the "slides" upon these log rafts.

From this slight glimpse into it you see that Rideau Hall is by no means a Castle of Indolence. The Princess is a busy woman, and her range of duties is a very wide one. Her artistic pursuits are, without doubt, nearest her heart, and you often see her abroad with her sketch-book, filling it with souvenirs of her Canadian home. She has a snug little sketching box, which can be whisked about from place to place as she desires it. Fortunately for one of her artistic nature she lives in a region surrounded by loveliest views, and whichever way the eye turns, it is gladdened by some picture never to be forgotten.

The Princess is a communicant at St. Bartholomew's, the little English church



THEATRICALS IN THE BALL-ROOM.

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PRINCESS LOUISE'S SKETCHING BOX.

at New Edinburgh, which stands near the grounds (the rector of which is chaplain for Rideau Hall), while the Marquis of Lorne comes into the city, and is a regular attendant at "the kirk." Her Royal Highness has always taken an active interest in church affairs, and to her the little church is indebted for a fine chime of bells. The children of the Sunday-school are regularly entertained at the Hall with a Christmas tree and party. She visits hospitals, schools, and convents, and carries on all the work of a charitable lady in private life. Much of her good work is done in a quiet, unostentatious manner, which fully carries out the Biblical injunction; but a princess can not hide from the public the work of one hand, even if she can keep it a secret from the other, and so we from time to time catch a glimpse of her true, kind heart.

All of these public duties do not interfere with those of a more domestic character. She, of course, has a small army of servants. There is a *chef*, and *un garçon de chef*, and I would be afraid to say how many more *pour faire la cuisine;* there are maid-servants and men-servants for each particular kind of work, and a housekeeper to oversee them all. But, in spite of much aid, the Marchioness of Lorne is at the head of her establishment. She does not think it beneath her dignity to go into the laundry and instruct the maids concerning their duties, or to give an occasional eye to the marketing when it is brought in. A story I have just heard about her makes her quite rival in housewifely attainments the queen of good King Stephen, who, from the "peck o' barley meal," concocted that historical pudding so well known to the student of Mother Goose. A friend of mine was lately dining at Rideau Hall, and during the dinner she remarked upon the excellence of the oyster *pâtés* to one of the ladies in waiting to the Princess. "Yes," she replied; "they were made by her Royal Highness."

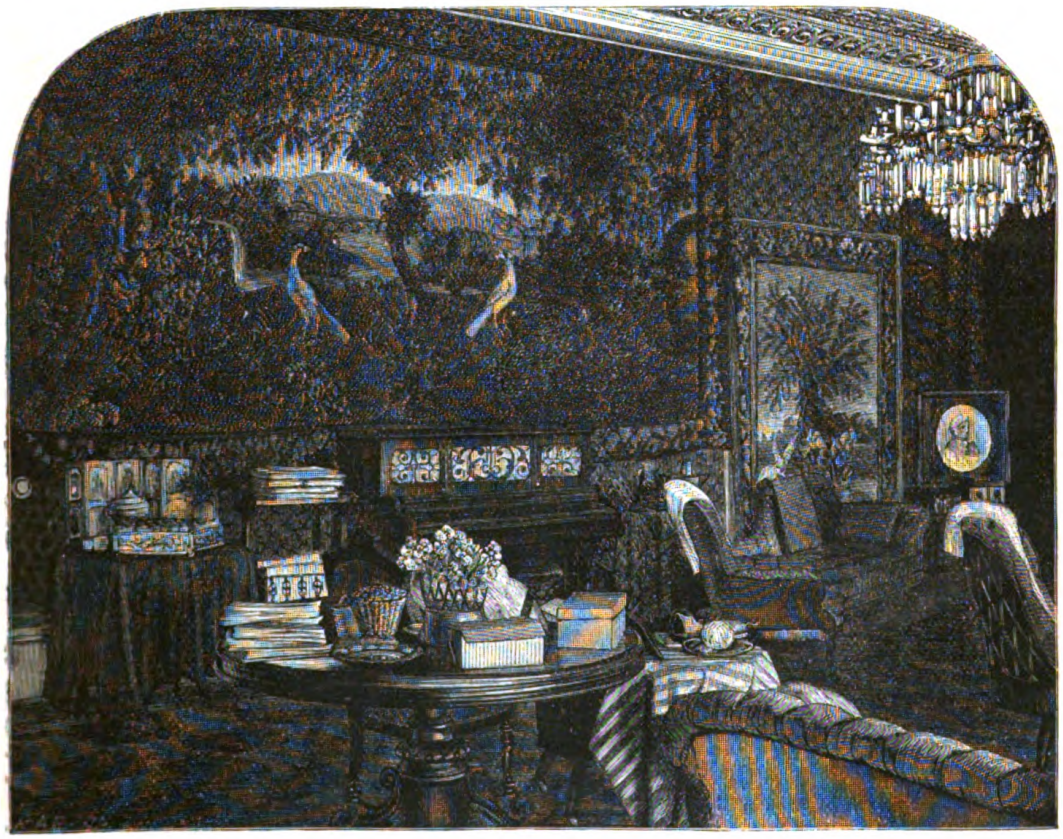
The immediate household at Government House consists of two or three ladies in waiting and several aides-de-camp. The military secretary and his wife occupy a handsome house near by, where the Princess often calls informally, or takes a five-o'clock "school-room tea" with the secretary's children.

Rideau Hall in every part shows itself to be the home of an artist and a poet. An air of culture and refinement pervades it, and whichever way you turn you are delighted by some pretty conceit, or tasteful fancy successfully carried out. Here are old tapestry hangings, as rich with history and associations as color and skill. Exquisite ornaments are scattered about in profusion, but not with that riotous plenty which simply suggests money. The "blue parlor" is, to my taste, one of the most charming rooms I can recall. It is a large and handsome apartment, and is furnished upon the happy meeting ground of classical severity and elegant luxuriousness. It is essentially feminine in its taste, and you at once say to yourself, "It is the expression of the *artist*." About you you feel much of its presiding genius. Here is a panel of flowers, and here a door decorated by her brush; an unfinished study hangs in one corner, and rare paintings glow upon the walls. Sitting before the bright coal fire on a winter day, you can look out through the warmly draped windows upon a driving snow-storm, or, if you turn slightly, you can look into the fairy-land of flowers, for the conservatory opens from this room.

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Next to the blue parlor is the library, a snug and rather surprising library, with none of the conventional solidity of furnishing which one naturally associates with books. It is pretty and simple, in white and green.

With the exception of perhaps these two rooms, the color throughout the Hall is crimson. Perhaps no better could be chosen. It is a stately color, and glows with a perpetual warmth which our long Canadian winters make acceptable.

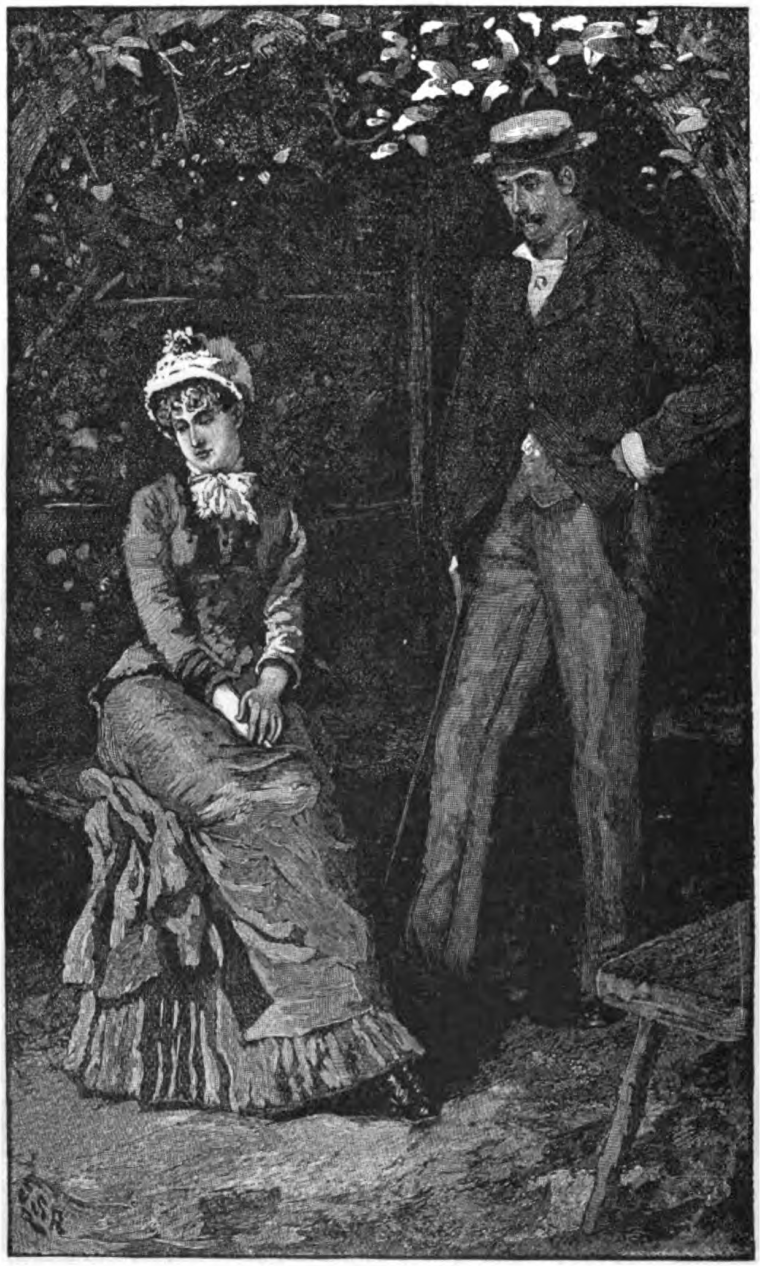


PRINCESS LOUISE'S BOUDOIR.

I have only written of that life in which the gay world is interested; but there is another and higher life lived at Rideau Hall, and I doubt if either the Marquis of Lorne or her Royal Highness knows how wide-spread its influence is. Its spirit does more toward awakening a desire for mental improvement than anything else could. Years ago we knew our present Governor-General as a writer who did not have to call his rank to his aid to gain admittance to the literary world, and before him we had learned the character of the house of Argyll. While the Princess Louise we knew better as a clever artist than as a princess. So we were prepared, in anticipating their coming, for a more exalted and refined life than Canadian society had yet known, and our anticipations have not been disappointed.

Two years is a short time, but it has been long enough to establish upon a substantial foundation a national academy of arts and several art schools in Canada, and what is, perhaps, still more to the point, to implant a respect for mental superiority in all departments. Like all people who are true to their tastes, and who are happy enough to have the means, they have opened and smoothed ways in which to advance those who are less fortunately placed. They have sent young artists abroad, generously patronized those already before the public, and fostered education in many ways. With this kindly spirit and good work the present Governor-General and his wife will have marked their stay in Canada with a characteristic influence which will be felt for many years to come.

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"SHE STARTED SLIGHTLY."—[SEE PAGE 233.]

CHAPTER XIV.

"From beginning to end it was all undeniable nonsense; but not necessarily the worse for that."—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

HEATHCOTE was sitting under a tree by the brook-side, as though he had never been anywhere else.

"When did you come?" said Anne, looking down from her perch.

"Fifteen minutes or so ago," he answered, looking up from his couch.

"*Why* did you come?"

"To see you, of course."

"No; I can not believe that. The day is too warm."

"You, at any rate, look cool enough."

"It is cool up here among the rocks; but it must be intense out on the high-road."

"I did not come by the high-road."

"How, then, did you come?"

"Across the fields."

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"Why?"

"Miss Douglas, were you born in New Hampshire? As I can not call all this information you require up hill, I shall be obliged to come up myself."

As he rose, Anne saw that he was laden with her dinner basket and shawl, her plant case and trowel, and her straw hat and its contents, which he balanced with exaggerated care. "Oh, leave them all there," she called down, laughingly, the color rising in her cheeks.

But no, Heathcote would not; he preferred to bring them all with him. When he reached her rock, he gravely delivered them into her hands, and took a seat beside her, fanning himself with his hat.

"And now, how does it happen that you are here?" repeated Anne, placing her possessions in different niches.

"You insist? Why not let it pass for chance? No? Well, then, by horseback to Powell's; horse loses shoe; blacksmith's shop. Blacksmith talkative; second customer that morning; old coupé, fat old coachman, and fat brown horse, who also loses shoe. Coachman talkative; tells all about it; blacksmith tells *me;* young lady left at saw-mill to be taken up on return. I, being acquainted with said saw-mill and young lady, come across by lane through the fields. Find a dinner basket; look in; conclude to bring it on. Find a small tin coffin, and bring that too. Find a hat, ditto. Hat contains—"

"Never mind," said Anne, laughing. "But where is your horse?"

"Tied to a tree."

"And what are you going to do?"

"At present, nothing. By-and-by, if you will permit it, I *may*—smoke a cigar."

"I have no idea what time it is," said Anne, after a pause, while Heathcote, finding a comfortable place with his back against the rocks, seemed disposed to enjoy one of his seasons of silence.

He drew out his watch, and without looking at it held it toward her. "You need not tell; *I* do not want to know," he said.

"In spite of that, I feel it to be my duty to announce that it is nearly half past twelve; you may still reach home in time for dinner."

"Thanks. I know what I shall have for dinner."

"What?"

"One small biscuit, three slices of cake, one long corpulent pickle, and an apple."

"You have left nothing for me," said Anne, laughing over this disclosure of the contents of her basket.

"On the contrary, I have brought you something," said Heathcote, gravely producing two potatoes uncooked, a pinch of salt in paper, and a quarter of a loaf of bread, from the pockets of his blue flannel coat.

Anne burst into a peal of laughter, and the last shadow of timidity vanished. Heathcote seemed for the moment as young as Rast himself.

"Where have you been foraging?" she said.

"Foraging? I beg your pardon; nothing of the kind. I bought these supplies regularly from a farmer's wife, and paid for them in the coin of the land. I remarked to her that I should be out all day, and hated hunger; it was so inartistic."

"But you will not be out all day."

"Until eight minutes of six, precisely; that is the time I have selected for my return." Then, seeing that she looked grave, he dropped into his usual manner, and added, "Of course, Miss Douglas, I shall only remain a little while—until the noon heat is over. You are looking for a rare flower, I believe?"

"A fern."

"What is the color of its flower?"

Anne laughed again. "A fern has no flower," she explained. "See, it is like this." And plucking a slender leaf, she described the wished-for plant minutely. "It stretches out its long tip—so; touches the earth—so; puts down a new little root from the leaf's end—so; and then starts on again—so."

"In a series of little green leaps?"

"Yes."

Heathcote knew as much of ferns as he did of saurians; but no subject was too remote for him when he chose to appear interested. He now chose to appear so, and they talked of ferns for some time. Then Anne said that she must finish the remaining quarter of the ravine. Heathcote decided to smoke a cigar where he was first; then he would join her.

But when, half an hour later, she came into view again beside the brook below him, apparently he had not stirred. "Found it?" he said.

"No."

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"There is a sort of thin, consumptive, beggarly little leaf up here which looks something like your description. Shall I bring him down?"

"No, no; do not touch it," she answered, springing up the rocks toward him. "If it should be! But—I don't believe you know."

But he did know; for it was there. Very small and slender, creeping close to the rocks in the shyest way, half lost in the deep moss; but there! Heathcote had not moved; but the shrinking little plant happened to have placed itself exactly on a line with his idle eyes.

"It is unfair that you should find it without stirring, while I have had such a hard climb all in vain," said Anne, carefully taking up the little plant, with sufficient earth and moss to keep it comfortable.

"It is ever so," replied her companion, lazily, watching the spirals of cigar smoke above his head: "wait, and in time everything will come to you. If not in this world, then certainly in the next, which is the world I have selected for my own best efforts."

When the fern was properly bedded in the tin case, and the cover closed, Anne sat down for a moment to rest.

"When shall we have dinner?" asked the smoker.

"*You?*"

"Yes; I am bitterly hungry."

"But you said you were only going to stay a short time."

"Half an hour longer."

"What time is it now?"

"I have no idea."

"You can look."

"I refuse to look. Amiability has its limit."

"I had intended to walk home, if I found the fern in time," said Anne.

"Ah? But I think we are going to have a storm. Probably a thunder-storm," said Heathcote, languidly.

"How do you know? And—what shall we do?"

"I know because I have been watching that little patch of sky up there. As to what we shall do—we can try the mill."

They rose as he spoke. Anne took the plant case. "I will carry this," she said; "the walking-leaf must be humored."

"So long as I have the dinner basket I remain sweet-tempered," answered Heathcote.

She put on her hat, but her neck-tie and cuffs were gone.

"I have them safe," he said. "They are with the potatoes."

Reaching the mill, they tried the door, but found it securely fastened. They tried the house door and windows, with the same result. Unless they broke several panes of glass they could not gain entrance, and even then it was a question whether Heathcote would be able to thrust inward the strong oaken stick above, which held the sash down.

"Do mount your horse and ride home," urged Anne. "I shall be safe here, and in danger of nothing worse than a summer shower. I will go back in the ravine and find a beech-tree. Its close, strong little leaves will keep off the rain almost entirely. Why should both of us be drenched?"

"Neither of us shall be. Come with me, and quickly, for the storm is close upon us. There is a little cave, or rather hollow in the rock, not far above the road; I think it will shelter us. I, for one, have no desire to be out in your 'summer shower,' and ride home to Caryl's afterward in a limp, blue-stained condition."

"How long will it take us to reach this cave?" said Anne, hesitating.

"Three minutes, perhaps."

"I suppose we had better go, then," she said, slowly. "But pray do not take those things. They will all have to be brought down again."

"They shall be," said Heathcote, leading the way toward the road.

It was not a long climb, but in some places the ascent was steep. A little path was their guide to the "cave"—a hollow in the ledge, which the boys of the neighborhood considered quite a fortress, a bandit's retreat. A rude ladder formed the front steps of their rock nest, and Anne was soon ensconced within, her gray shawl making a carpet for them both. The cave was about seven feet in depth, and four or five in breadth; the rock roof was high above their heads. Behind there was a dark, deep little recess, blackened with smoke, which the boys had evidently used as an oven. The side of the hill jutted out slightly above them, and this, rather than the seven feet of depth possessed by the niche, made it possible that they would escape the rain.

The cave was in an angle of the hill. From Heathcote's side part of the main

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road could be seen, and the saw-mill; but Anne, facing the other way, saw only the fields and forest, the sparkle of the little mill-stream, and the calmer gleam of the river. One half of the sky was of the deepest blue, one half of the expanse of field and forest golden in the sunshine. Over the other half hung a cloud and a shadow of deep purple-black, which were advancing rapidly, although there was not, where the two gazers sat, so much as a breath of stirred air.

"It will soon be here," said Heathcote. "See that white line across the forest? That is the wind turning over the leaves. In the fields it makes the grain look suddenly gray as it is bent forward."

"I should not have known it was the wind," said Anne. "I have only seen storms on the water."

"That yellow line is the Mellport plank-road; all the dust is whirling. Are you afraid of lightning?"

"Shall we have it?"

"Yes; here it is." And, with a flash, the wind was upon them. A cloud of dust rose from the road below; they bent their heads until the whirlwind had passed by on its wild career down the valley. When, laughing and breathless, Anne opened her eyes again, her hair, swept out of its loose braids, was in a wild mass around her shoulders, and she barely saved her straw hat, which was starting out to follow the whirlwind. And now the lightning was vivid and beautiful, cutting the blue-black clouds with fierce golden darts, while the thunder followed, peal after peal, until the hill itself seemed to tremble. A moment later came the rain, hiding both the valley and sky with its thick gray veil: they were shut in.

As Heathcote had thought, the drops only grazed their doorway. They moved slightly back from the entrance; he took off his hat, hung it on a rock knob, and inquired meekly if they might not *now* have dinner. Anne, who, between the peals, had been endeavoring to recapture her hair, and had now one long thick braid in comparative order, smiled, and advised him to stay his hunger with the provisions in his own pockets. He took them out and looked at them.

"If the boys who use this hole for an oven have left us some wood, we will roast and toast these, and have a hot dinner yet," he said, stretching back to search. Lighting a match, he examined the hole; the draught that blew the flame proved that it had an outlet above. "Boys know something, after all. And here is their wood-pile," he said, showing Anne, by the light of a second match, a cranny in the rock at one side neatly filled with small sticks and twigs. The rain fell in a thick dark sheet outside straight down from the sky to the ground with a low rushing sound. In a minute or two a tiny blue flame flickered on their miniature hearth, went out, started again, turned golden, caught at the twigs, and grew at last into a brisk little fire. Heathcote, leaning on his elbow, his hands and cuffs grimed, watched and tended it carefully. He next cut his quarter loaf into slices, and toasted—or rather heated—them on the point of his knife-blade; he put his two potatoes under hot ashes, like two Indian mounds, arranged his pinch of salt ceremoniously upon a stone, and then announced that he had prepared a dinner to which all persons present were generously invited, with a polite unconsciousness as to any covered baskets they might have in their possession, or the supposed contents of said receptacles. Anne, having finished the other long braid and thrown it behind her, was now endeavoring to wash her hands in the rain. In this attempt Heathcote joined her, but only succeeded in broadening the grimy spots. The girl's neck-tie and cuffs were still confiscated. She was aware that a linen collar, fastened only with a white pin, is not what custom requires at the base of a chin, and that wrists bare for three inches above the hand are considered indecorous. At least in the morning, certain qualities in evening air making the same exposure, even to a much greater extent, quite different. But she was not much troubled; island life had made her indifferent even to these enormities.

The rain did not swerve from its work; it came down steadily; they could not see through the swift lead-colored drops. But, within, the little cave was cheery in the fire-light, and the toasted bread had an appetizing fragrance. At least Heathcote said so; Anne thought it was burned. She opened her basket, and they divided the contents impartially—half a biscuit, half a pickle, half an apple, and a slice and a half of cake for each. The potatoes were hardly warmed through, but Heathcote insisted that they should be tasted, "in order not to wickedly waste the salt."

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Being really hungry, they finished everything, he stoutly refusing to give up even a crumb of his last half-slice of cake, which Anne begged for on the plea of being still in school. By this time they were full of merriment, laughing and paying no attention to what they said, talking nonsense and enjoying it. Anne's cheeks glowed, her eyes were bright as stars, her brown hair, more loosely fastened than usual, lay in little waves around her face; her beautiful arched lips were half the time parted in laughter, and her rounded arms and hands seemed to fall into charming poses of their own, whichever way she turned.

About three o'clock the veil of rain grew less dense; they could see the fields again; from where he sat, Heathcote could see the road and the mill.

"Can we not go now?" said Anne.

"By no means, unless you covet the drenching we have taken so much care to escape. But by four I think it will be over." He lit a cigar, and leaning back against the rock, said, "Tell me some more about that island; about the dogs and the ice."

"No," said Anne, coloring a little; "you are laughing at me. I shall tell you no more."

Then he demanded autocratically that she should sing. "I choose the song you sang on New-Year's night; the ballad."

And Anne sang the little chanson, sang it softly and clearly, the low sound of the rain forming an accompaniment.

"Do you know any Italian songs?"

"Yes."

"Please sing me one."

She sang one of Belzini's selections, and remembered to sing it as Tante had directed.

"You do not sing that as well as the other; there is no expression. However, that could hardly be expected, I suppose."

"Yes, it could, and I know how. Only Tante told me not to do it," said the girl, with a touch of annoyance.

"Tante not being here, I propose that you disobey."

And Anne, not unwillingly, began; it had always been hard for her to follow Tante's little rule. She had heard the song more than once in the opera to which it belonged, and she knew the Italian words. She put her whole heart into it, and when she ended, her eyes were dimmed with emotion.

Heathcote looked at her now, and guardedly. This was not the school-girl of the hour before. But it was, and he soon discovered that it was. Anne's emotion had been impersonal; she had identified herself for the time being with the song, but once ended, its love and grief were no more to her—her own personality as Anne Douglas—than the opera itself.

"Curious!" thought the man beside her.

And then his attention was diverted by a moving object advancing along the main road below. Through the rain he distinguished the light buggy of Gregory Dexter and his pair of fine black horses. They had evidently been under shelter during the heaviest rain-fall, and had now ventured forth again. Heathcote made no sign, but watched. Anne could not see the road. Dexter stopped at the mill, tied his horses to a post, and then tried the doors, and also the door of the miller's little cottage, peering through the windows as they had done. Then he went up the ravine out of sight, as if searching for some one. After five minutes he returned, and waited, hesitating, under a tree, which partially protected him from the still falling drops. Heathcote was now roused to amusement. Dexter was evidently searching for Anne. He lit another cigar, leaned back against the rock in a comfortable position, and began a desultory conversation, at the same time watching the movements of his rival below. A sudden after-shower had now come up—one of those short but heavy bursts of rain on the departing edge of a thunder-storm, by which the unwary are often overtaken. Dexter, leaving his tree, and seizing the cushions of the buggy, hurried up the tramway to the mill door again, intending to force an entrance. But the solid oak stood firm in spite of his efforts, and the rain poured fiercely down. Heathcote could see him look upward to the sky, still holding the heavy cushions, and his sense of enjoyment was so great that he leaned forward and warmly shook hands with Anne.

"Why do you do that?" she asked, in surprise.

"I remembered that I had not shaken hands with you all day. If we neglect our privileges, the gods take them from us," he answered. And then he had the exquisite pleasure of seeing the man below attempt to climb up to one of the small mill windows, slip down twice, and

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at last succeed so far as to find footing on a projecting edge, and endeavor to open the stubborn sash, which plainly would not yield. He was exerting all his strength. But without avail. It was a true dog-day afternoon, the rain having made the air more close and lifeless than before. The strong draught up the chimney of their cave had taken the heat of the small fire away from them; yet even there among the cool rocks they had found it necessary to put out the little blaze, as making their niche too warm. Down below in the open valley the heat was unbroken; and to be wet and warm, and obliged to exert all one's strength at the same time, is hard for a large man like Gregory Dexter. The rain dripped from the roof directly down upon his hat, and probably, the looker-on thought with glee, was stealing down his back also. At any rate he was becoming impatient, for he broke a pane of glass and put his hand through to try and reach the sash-spring. But the spring was broken; it would not move. And now he must be growing angry, for he shivered all the panes, broke the frame, and then tried to clamber in; the cushions were already sacrificed down on the wet boards below. But it is difficult for a broad-shouldered heavy man to climb through a small window, especially if he have no firm foot-hold as a beginning. Heathcote laughed out aloud now, and Anne leaned forward to look also.

"Who is it?" she said, as she caught sight of the struggling figure. At this moment Dexter had one knee on the sill and his head inside, but he was too broad for the space.

"He is caught! He can neither get in nor out," said Heathcote, in an ecstasy of mirth.

"Who is it?" said Anne again.

"Dexter, of course; he is here looking for you. There! he has slipped—he is in real danger! No; he has firm hold with his hands. See him try to find the edge with his feet. Oh, this is too good!" And throwing back his head, Heathcote laughed until his brown eyes shone.

But Anne, really alarmed, held her breath; then, when the struggling figure at last found its former foot-hold, she gave a sigh of relief. "We must go down," she said.

"And why, Miss Douglas?"

"Did you not say he had come for me?"

"That was a supposition merely. And did not I come for you too?"

"But as he is there, would it not be better for us to go down?"

"Have we not done well enough by ourselves so far? And besides, at this late hour, I see no object in getting a wetting merely for his sake."

"It is not raining hard now."

"But it is still raining."

She leaned forward and looked down at Dexter again; he was standing under a tree wiping his hat with his handkerchief.

"Please let me go down," she said, entreatingly, like a child.

"No," said Heathcote, smiling back, and taking her hand as if to make sure. "Do you remember the evening after the quarry affair, Anne? and that I took your hand, and held it as I am doing now? Did you think me impertinent?"

"I thought you very kind. After that I did not mind what grandaunt had said."

"And what had she said? But no matter; something disagreeable, without doubt. Even the boys who frequent this retreat could not well have grimier hands than we have now: look at them. No, you can not be released, unless you promise."

"What?"

"Not to go down until I give you leave: I will give it soon."

"I promise."

With a quiet pressure, and one rather long look, he relinquished her hand, and leaned back against the rock again.

"I wonder how Dexter knew that you were here?"

"Perhaps he met grandaunt. I heard him say that he was going to Mellport to-day."

"That is it. The roads cross, and he must have met her. Probably, then, he has her permission to take you home. Miss Douglas, will you accept advice?"

"I will at least listen to it," said Anne, smiling.

"When the rain stops, as it will in a few minutes, go down alone. And say nothing to Mr. Dexter about me. Now do not begin to batter me with that aggressive truthfulness of yours. You can, of course, tell Miss Vanhorn the whole; but certainly you are not accountable to Gregory Dexter."

"But why should I not tell him?"

"Because it is as well that he should not know I have been here with you all

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day," said Heathcote, quietly, but curious to hear what she would answer.

"Was it wrong?"

"It was a chance. But he would think I planned it. Of course I supposed the miller and his family were here."

"But if it was wrong for you to be here when you found them absent, why did you stay?" said Anne, looking at him gravely.

"The storm came up, you know; of course I could not leave you. Do not look so serious; all is well if we keep it to ourselves. And Miss Vanhorn's first command to you will be the same. She will look blackly at me for a day or two, but I shall be able to bear that. Take my advice; to Dexter, at least, say nothing." Then, seeing her still unconvinced, he added, "On my own account, too, I wish you would not tell him."

"You mean it?"

"Yes."

"Then I will not," she answered, raising her sincere eyes to his.

Heathcote laughed, lightly lifted her hand, and touched the blue-veined wrist with his lips. "You true-hearted little girl!" he said. "I was only joking. As far as I am concerned, you may tell Dexter and the whole world. But seriously, on your own account, I beg you to refrain. Promise me not to tell him until you have seen Miss Vanhorn."

"Very well; I promise that," said Anne.

"Good-by, then. The rain is over, and he will be going. I will not show myself until I see you drive away. What good fortune that my horse was tied out of sight! Must you carry all those things, basket, tin case, and all? Why not let me try to smuggle some of them home on horseback? You would rather not? I submit. There, your hat has fallen off; I will tie it on."

"But the strings do not belong there," said Anne, laughing merrily as he knotted the two blue ribbons with great strength and precision (as a man always ties a ribbon) under her chin.

"Never mind; they look charming."

"And my cuffs?"

"You can not have them; I shall keep them as souvenirs. And now—have you had a pleasant day, Anne?"

"Very," replied the girl, frankly.

They shook hands in farewell, and then she went down the ladder, her shawl, plant case, and basket on her arm. Heathcote remained in the cave. When she had reached the ground, and was turning to descend the hill, a low voice above said, "Anne."

She glanced up; Heathcote was lying on the floor of the cave with his eyes looking over the edge. "Shake hands," he said, cautiously stretching down an arm.

"But I did."

"Once more."

She put down her shawl, plant case, and basket, and, climbing one round of the ladder, extended her hand; their finger-tips touched.

"Thanks," said the voice above, and the head was withdrawn.

Dexter, after doing what he could to make the buggy dry, was on the point of driving away, when he saw a figure coming toward him, and recognized Anne. He jumped lightly out over the wheel (he could be light on occasion), and came to meet her. It was as they had thought; he had met Miss Vanhorn, and learning where Anne was, had received permission to take her home.

"I shall not be disappointed after all," he said, his white teeth gleaming as he smiled, and his gray eyes resting upon her with cordial pleasure. He certainly was a fine-looking man. But—too large for a mill window: fortunately mill windows are not standards of comparison.

"It has been raining a long time; where did you find shelter?" he asked, as the spirited horses, fretted by standing, started down the moist brown road at a swift pace.

"In a little cave in the hill-side above us," answered Anne, conscious that at that very moment Heathcote was probably watching them. She hesitated, and then, in spite of a distinct determination not to do it, could not help turning her head and glancing backward and upward for a second behind her companion's broad shoulders. In answer, a handkerchief fluttered from above; he was watching, then. A bright flush rose in her cheeks, and she talked gayly to Dexter during the six-mile drive between the glistening fields, over the wet dark bridge, and up to the piazza of Caryl's, where almost every one was sitting enjoying the coolness after the rain, and the fresh fragrance of the grateful earth. Rachel Bannert came forward as they alighted, and resting her hand caressingly on

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Anne's shoulder, hoped that she was not tired—and were they caught in the rain?—and did they observe the peculiar color of the clouds?—and so forth, and so forth. Rachel was dressed for the evening in black lace over black velvet, with a crimson rose in her hair; the rich drapery trailed around her in royal length, yet in some way failed to conceal entirely the little foot in its black slipper. Anne did not hurry away; she stood contentedly where she was while Rachel asked all her little questions. Dexter had stepped back into the buggy with the intention of driving around himself to the stables; he had no desire to expose the wrinkled condition of his attire to the groups on the piazza. But in that short interval he noted (as Rachel had intended he should note) every detail of her appearance. Her only failure was that he failed to note also, by comparison, the deficiencies of Anne.

When he was gone, being released, Anne ran up to her room, placed the fern in water, and then, happening to think of it, looked at herself in the glass. The result was not cheering. Like all women, she judged herself by the order of her hair and dress; they were both frightful.

Miss Vanhorn, also caught in the storm, did not return until late twilight. Anne, not knowing what she would decree when she heard the story of the day, had attired herself in the thick white school-girl dress which had been selected on another occasion of penance—the evening after the adventure at the quarry. It was an inconvenient time to tell the story. Miss Vanhorn was tired and cross, tea had been sent up to the room, and Bessmer was waiting to arrange her hair. "What have you been doing now?" she said. "Climbing trees? Or breaking in colts?"

Anne told her tale briefly. The old woman listened, without comment, but watching her closely all the time.

"And he said to tell you," said Anne, in conclusion, "but not to tell Mr. Dexter, unless you gave me permission."

"Mr. Dexter alone?"

"Mr. Dexter or—any one, I suppose."

"Very well; that will do. And Mr. Heathcote is right; you are not to breathe a word of this adventure to any one. But what fascination it is, Anne Douglas, which induces you to hang yourself over rocks, and climb up into caves, I can not imagine! Luckily this time you had not a crowd of spectators. Bring me the fern, and— But what, in the name of wonder, are you wearing? Go to your room immediately and put on the lavender silk."

"Oh, grandaunt, *that*?"

"Do as I bid you. Bessmer, you come in now. I suppose it is ordered for the best that young girls should be such hopeless simpletons!"

CHAPTER XV.

"No summer ever came back, and no two summers ever were alike. Times change, and people change; and if our hearts do not change as readily, so much the worse for us."—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

"But, ah! who ever shunn'd by precedent
The destined ills she must herself assay?"
—SHAKSPEARE.

WHEN Miss Vanhorn and her niece entered the ball-room, late in the evening, heads were turned to look at them; for the old woman wore all her diamonds, fine stones in old-fashioned settings, and shone like a little squat-figured East Indian god. Anne was beside her, clad in pale lavender—an evening costume simply made, but more like full dress than anything she had yet worn. Dexter came forward instantly, and asked her to dance. He thought he had never seen her look so well—so much like the other ladies; for heretofore there had been a marked difference—a difference which he had neither comprehended nor admired. Anne danced. New invitations came, and she accepted them. She was enjoying it all frankly, when through a window she caught sight of Heathcote on the piazza looking in. She happened to be dancing with Mr. Dexter, and at once she felt nervous in the thought that he might at any moment ask her some question about the day which she would find difficulty in answering. But she had not thought of this until her eyes fell on Heathcote.

Dexter had seen Heathcote too, and he had also seen her sudden nervousness. He was intensely vexed. Could Ward Heathcote, simply by looking through a window, make a girl grow nervous in that way, and a girl with whom he, Dexter, was dancing? With inward angry determination, he immediately asked her to dance again. But he need not have feared interference; Heathcote did not enter the room during the evening.

From the moment Miss Vanhorn heard the story of that day her method regard-

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ing her niece changed entirely; for Mr. Heathcote would never have remained with her, storm or no storm, through four or five hours, unless he either admired her, had been entertained by her, or liked her for herself alone, as men will like occasionally a frank, natural young girl.

According to old Katharine, Anne was not beautiful enough to excite his admiration, not amusing enough to entertain him; it must be, therefore, that he liked her to a certain degree for herself alone. Mr. Heathcote was not a favorite of old Katharine's, yet none the less was his approval worth having, and none the less, also, was he an excellent subject to arouse the jealousy of Gregory Dexter. For Dexter was not coming forward as rapidly as old Katharine had decreed he should come. Old Katharine had decided that Anne was to marry Dexter; but if in the mean time her girlish fancy was attracted toward Heathcote, so much the better. It would all the more surely eliminate the memory of that fatal name, Pronando. Of course Heathcote was only amusing himself, but he must now be encouraged to continue to amuse himself. She ceased taking Anne to the woods every day; she made her sit among the groups of ladies on the piazza in the morning, with worsted, canvas, and a pattern, which puzzled poor Anne deeply, since she had not the gift of fancy-work, nor a talent for tidies. She asked Heathcote to teach her niece to play billiards, and she sent her to stroll on the river-bank at sunset with him under a white silk parasol. At the same time, however, she continued to summon Mr. Dexter to her side with the same dictatorial manner she had assumed toward him from the first, and to talk to him, and encourage him to talk to her through long half-hours of afternoon and evening. The old woman, with her airs of patronage, her half-closed eyes, and frank impertinence, amused him more than any one at Caryl's. With his own wide, far-reaching plans and cares and enterprises all the time pushing each other forward in his mind, it was like coming from a world of giants to one of Lilliputians to sit down and talk with limited, prejudiced, narrow old Katharine. She knew that he was amused; she was even capable of understanding it, viewed from his own stand-point. That made no difference with her own.

After three or four days of the chaperon's open arrangement, it grew into a custom for Heathcote to meet Anne at sunset in the garden, and stroll up and down with her for half an hour. She was always there, because she was sent there. Heathcote never said he would come again; it was supposed to be by chance. But one evening Anne remarked frankly that she was very glad he came; her grandaunt sent her out whether she wished to come or not, and the resources of the small garden were soon exhausted. They were sitting in an arbor at the end of the serpentine walk. Heathcote, his straw hat on the ground, was braiding three spears of grass with elaborate care.

"You pay rather doubtful compliments," he said.

"I only mean that it is very kind to come so regularly."

"You will not let even that remain a chance?"

"But it is not, is it?"

"Well, no," he answered, after a short silence, "I can not say that it is." He dropped the grass blades, leaned back against the rustic seat, and looked at her. It was a great temptation; he was a finished adept in the art of flirtation at its highest grade, and enjoyed the pastime. But he had not really opened that game with this young girl, and he said to himself that he would not now. He leaned over, found his three spears of grass, and went on braiding. But although he thus restrained himself, he still continued to meet her, as Miss Vanhorn, with equal pertinacity, continued to send her niece to meet him. They were not alone in the garden, but their conversation was unheard.

One evening tableaux were given: Isabel, Rachel, and others had been admired in many varieties of costume and attitude, and Dexter had been everything from Richard the Lion-hearted to Aladdin. Heathcote had refused to take part. And now came a tableau in which Anne, as the Goddess of Liberty, was poised on a barrel mounted on three tables, one above the other. This airy elevation was considered necessary for the goddess, and the three tables were occupied by symbolical groups of the Seasons, the Virtues, and the Nations, all gathered together under the protection of Liberty on her barrel. Liberty, being in this case a finely poised young person, kept her position easily, flag in hand, while the merry groups were

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arranged on the tables below. When all was ready, the curtain was raised, lowered, then raised again for a second view, Anne looking like a goddess indeed (although a very young one), her white-robed form outlined against a dark background, one arm extended, her head thrown back, and her eyes fixed upon the outspread flag. But at the instant the curtain began to rise for this second view, she had felt the barrel broaden slightly under her, and knew that a hoop had parted. At the same second came the feeling that her best course was to stand perfectly motionless, in the hope that the staves would still support her until she could be assisted down from her isolated height. For she was fifteen feet above the stage, and there was nothing within reach which she could grasp. A chill ran over her; she tried not to breathe. At the same moment, however, when the sensation of falling was coming upon her, two firm hands were placed upon each side of her waist from behind, very slightly lifting her, as if to show her that she was safe even if the support did give way beneath her. It was Heathcote, standing on the table below. He had been detailed as scene-shifter (Rachel, being behind the scenes herself, had arranged this), had noticed the barrel as it moved, and had sprung up unseen behind the draperied pyramid to assist the goddess. No one saw him. When the curtain reached the foot-lights again he was assisting all the allegorical personages to descend from their heights, and first of all Liberty, who was trembling. No one knew this, however, save himself. Rachel, gorgeous as Autumn, drew him away almost immediately, and Anne had no opportunity to thank him until the next afternoon.

"You do not know how frightful it was for the moment," she said. "I had never felt dizzy in my life before. I had nothing with which I could save myself, and I could not jump down on the tables below, because there was no footing: I should only have thrown down the others. How quick you were, and how kind! But you are always kind."

"Few would agree with you there, Miss Douglas. Mr. Dexter has far more of what is called kindness than I have," said Heathcote, carelessly.

They were sitting in the same arbor. Anne was silent a moment, as if pondering. "Yes," she said, thoughtfully, "I believe you are right. You are kind to a few; he is kind to all. It would be better if you were more like him."

"Thanks. But it is too late, I fear, to make a Dexter of me. I have always been, if not exactly a grief to my friends, still by no means their pride. Fortunately I have no father or mother to be disturbed by my lacks; one does not mind being a grief to second cousins." He paused; then added, in another tone, "But life is lonely enough sometimes."

Two violet eyes met his as he spoke, gazing at him so earnestly, sincerely, and almost wistfully that for an instant he lost himself. He began to speculate as to the best way of retaining that wistful interest; and then, suddenly, as a dam gives way in the night and lets out the flood, all his good resolutions crumbled, and his vagrant fancy, long indulged, asserted its command, and took its own way again. He knew that he could not approach her to the ordinary degree and in the ordinary way of flirtation; she would not understand or allow it. With the intuition which was his most dangerous gift he also knew that there was a way of another kind. And he used it.

His sudden change of purpose had taken but a moment. "Lonely enough," he repeated, "and bad enough. Do you think there is any use in trying to be better?" He spoke as if half in earnest.

"We must all try," said the girl, gravely.

"But one needs help."

"It will be given."

He rose, walked to the door of the arbor, as if hesitating, then came back abruptly. "*You* could help me," he said, standing in front of her, with his eyes fixed upon her face.

She started slightly, and turned her eyes away, but did not speak. Nor did he. At last, as the silence grew oppressive, she said, in a low voice: "You are mistaken, I think. I can not."

He sat down again, and began slowly to excavate a hole in the sand with the end of his cane, to the consternation of a colony of ants who lived in a thriving village under the opposite bench, but still in dangerous proximity to the approaching tunnel.

"I have never pretended to be anything but an idle, useless fellow," he said, his eyes intent upon his work. "But my life does not satisfy me always, and at

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times I am seized by a horrible loneliness. I am not all bad, I hope. If any one cared enough—but no one has ever cared."

"You have many friends," said Anne, her eyes fixed upon the hues of the western sky.

"As you see them. The people here are examples of my friends."

"You must have others who are nearer."

"No, no one. I have never had a home." He looked up as he said this, and met her eyes, withdrawn for a moment from the sunset; they expressed so much pity that he felt ashamed of himself. For his entire freedom from home ties was almost the only thing for which he had felt profoundly grateful in his idle life. Other boys had been obliged to bend to the paternal will; other fellows had not been able to wander over the world and enjoy themselves as he had wandered and enjoyed. But—he could not help going on now.

"I pretend to be indifferent, and all that. No doubt I succeed in appearing so—that is, to the outside world. But there come moments when I would give anything for some firm belief to anchor myself to, something higher and better than I am." (The tunnel was very near the ants now.) "I believe, Miss Douglas, I can not help believing, that *you* could tell me what that is."

"Oh no; I am very ignorant," said Anne, hurriedly, returning to the sunset with heightened color.

"But you believe. I will never make a spectacle of myself; I will never ask the conventional questions of conventional good people, whom I hate. *You* might influence me— But what right have I to ask you, Anne? Why should I think that you would care?"

"I do care," said the low voice, after a moment, as if forced to answer.

"Then help me."

"How can I help you?"

"Tell me what you believe. And make me believe it also."

"Surely, Mr. Heathcote, you believe in God?"

"I am not sure that I do."

She clasped her hands in distress. "How *can* you live!" she cried, almost in tears.

Again Heathcote felt a touch of compunction. But he could not make himself stop now; he was too sincerely interested.

"There is no use; I can not argue," Anne was saying. "If you do not *feel* God, I can not make you believe in him."

"Tell me how *you* feel; perhaps I can learn from you."

Poor Anne! she did not know how she felt, and had no words ready. Undeveloped, unused to analysis, she was asked to unfold her inmost soul in the broad garish light of day.

"I—I can not," she murmured, in deep trouble.

"Never mind, then," said Heathcote, with an excellent little assumption of disappointment masked by affected carelessness. "Forget what I have said; it is of small consequence at best. Shall we go back to the house, Miss Douglas?"

But Anne was struggling with herself, making a desperate effort to conquer what seemed to her a selfish and unworthy timidity. "I will do anything I can," she said, hurriedly, in a low voice.

They had both risen. "Let me see you to-morrow, then."

"Yes."

"It is a beginning," he said. He offered his arm gravely, almost reverently, and in silence they returned to the house. It seemed to Anne that many long minutes passed as they walked through the garden, brushed by the roses on each side: in reality the minutes were three.

For that evening meteors had been appointed by the astronomers and the newspapers. They were, when they came, few and faint; but they afforded a pretext for being out on the hill. Anne was there with Mr. Dexter, and other star-gazers were near. Heathcote and Rachel, however, were not visible, and this disturbed Dexter. In spite of himself, he could never be quite content unless he knew where that dark-eyed woman was. But his inward annoyance did not affect either his memory or the fine tones of his voice. No one on the hill that night quoted so well or so aptly grand star-like sentences, or verses appropriate to the occasion.

"When standing alone on a hill-top during a clear night such as this, Miss Douglas," he said, "the roll of the earth eastward is almost a palpable movement. The sensation may be caused by the panoramic glide of the stars past earthly objects, or by the wind, or by the solitude; but whatever be its origin, the impression

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of riding along is vivid and abiding. We are now watching our own stately progress through the stars."

"Hear Dexter quote," said Heathcote, in his lowest under-tone, to Rachel. They were near the others, but, instead of standing, were sitting on the grass, with a large bush for background; in its shadow their figures were concealed, and the rustle of its leaves drowned their whispers.

"Hush! I like Mr. Dexter," said Rachel.

"I know you do. You will marry that man some day."

"Do *you* say that, Ward?"

An hour later, Anne, in her own room, was timidly adding the same name to her own petitions before she slept.

The next day, and the next, they met in the garden at sunset as before, and each time when they parted she was flushed and excited by the effort she was making, and he was calm and content. On the third afternoon they did not meet, for there was another picnic. But as the sun sank below the horizon, and the rich colors rose in the sky, Heathcote turned, and, across all the merry throng, looked at her as if in remembrance. After that he did not see her alone for several days: chance obstacles stood in the way, and he never forced anything. Then there was another unmolested hour in the arbor; then another. Anne was now deeply interested. How could she help being so, when the education of a soul was placed in her hands? And Heathcote began to be fascinated too.

By his own conversion?

August was nearly over. The nights were cool, and the early mornings veiled in mist. The city idlers awakened reluctantly to the realization that summer was drawing to its close; and there was the same old surprise over the dampness of the yellow moonlight, the dull look of the forest; the same old discovery that the golden-rods and asters were becoming prominent in the departure of the more delicate blossoms. The last four days of that August Anne remembered all her life.

On the 28th there occurred, by unexpected self-arrangement of small events, a long conversation of three hours with Heathcote.

On the 29th he quarrelled with her, and hotly, leaving her overwhelmed with grief and surprise.

On the 30th he came back to her. They had but three minutes together on the piazza, and then Mr. Dexter joined them. But in those minutes he had asked forgiveness, and seemed also to yield all at once the points over which heretofore he had been immovable.

On the 31st Helen came.

It was late. Anne had gone to her room. She had not seen Heathcote that day. She had extinguished the candle, and was looking at the brassy moon slowly rising above the trees, when a light tap sounded on her door.

"Who is it?" she said.

"Helen, of course," answered a sweet voice she knew. She drew back the bolt swiftly, and Mrs. Lorrington came in, dressed in travelling attire. She had just arrived. She kissed Anne, saying, gayly: "Are you not glad to see me? Grandfather has again recovered, and dismissed me. I spend my life on the road. Are you well, Crystal? And how do you like Caryl's? No, do not light the candle; I can see you in the moonlight, all draped in white. I shall stay half an hour—no longer. My maid is waiting, and I must not lose my beauty-sleep. But I wanted to see you first of all. Tell me about yourself, and everything. Did you put down what happened in a note-book, as I asked you?"

"Yes; here it is. But the record is brief—only names and dates. How glad I am to see you, Helen! How very, very glad! It seemed as if you would never come." She took Helen's hands, and held them as she spoke. She was very deeply attached to her brilliant friend.

Helen laughed, kissed her again, and began asking questions. She was full of plans. "Heretofore they have not staid at Caryl's in the autumn," she said, "but this year I shall make them. September and part of October would be pleasant here, I know. Has any one spoken of going?"

"Mrs. Bannert has, I think."

"You mean my dearest friend Rachel. But she will stay now that *I* have come; that is, if I succeed in keeping—somebody else. The Bishop has been devoted to her, of course, and likewise the Tenor; the Haunted Man and others skirmish on her borders. Even the Knight-errant is not, I am sorry to say, above suspicion. Who has it especially been?"

"I do not know; every one seems to

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admire her. I think she has not favored one more than another."

"Oh, has she not?" said Mrs. Lorrington, laughing. "It is well I have come, Crystal. You are too innocent to live." She tapped her cheek as she spoke, and then turned her face to the moonlight. "And whom do you like best?" she said. "Mr. Dexter?"

"Yes," said Anne; "I like him sincerely. And you will find his name very often there," she added, looking at the notebook by Helen's side.

"Yes, but the others too, I hope. What *I* want to know, of course, is the wicked career of the Knight-errant."

"But is not Mr. Dexter the Knight-errant?"

"By no means. Mr. Dexter is the Bishop; have you not discovered that? The Knight-errant is very decidedly some one else. And, by-the-way, how do you like Some One Else—that is, Mr. Heathcote?"

"Mr. Heathcote!"

"It is not polite to repeat one's words, Crystal. But—I suppose you do *not* like him; and half the time, I confess, he is detestable. However, now that I have come, he shall behave better, and I shall make you like each other, for my sake. There is just one question I wish to ask here: has he been much with Rachel?"

"No—yes—yes, I suppose he has," murmured Anne, sitting still as a statue in the shadow. The brassy moon had gone slowly and coldly behind a cloud, and the room was dim.

"You suppose? Do you not know?"

"Yes, I know he has." She stopped abruptly. She had never before thought whether Heathcote was or was not with Rachel more than with others; but now she began to recall. "Yes, he *has* been with her," she said again, struck by a sudden pang.

"Very well; I shall see to it, now that I am here," said Helen, with a sharp tone in her voice. "He will perhaps be sorry that I have arrived just at the end of the season—the time for grand climaxes, you know; but he will have to yield. My half-hour is over; I must go. How is the Grand Llama? Endurable?"

"She is helping the children; I am grateful to her," replied Anne's voice, mechanically.

"Which means that she is worse than ever. What a dead-alive voice you said it in! Now that I am here, I will do battle for you, Crystal, never fear. I must go. You shall see my triumphal entrance to-morrow at breakfast. Our rooms are not far from yours. Good-night."

She was gone. The door was closed. Anne was alone.

THAT FADED BRAID.

A RAILWAY PHANTASY.

THE railway train was ready for Pockamoc and way-stations. I had taken my ticket for Battle-Axe. As I entered the car I stood so long admiring the effects of the horizontal rays of a bright afternoon sun in December on the women's hats and the men's whiskers, that all the seats were seized before me. Yet not all the seats: there was one unoccupied, except by a heavy bundle of contract clothing in the rough, and ready for the needle. The poor sewing-woman to whom the parcel appertained showed the usual disproportion in size to the weight she had to carry. Why sewing-women, as a class, are so small and light, and their bundles are so huge and heavy, is a question in social science not hard to solve. None but women reduced will attempt such burdens. The simple reduction becomes double when they have assumed the load. If it were less in quantity, the work would not yield even the present scanty subsistence.

Only the one seat, and several passengers standing. The conductor looked at the woman inquiringly. She looked up imploringly. She could not have taken the bale on her own knees. That would have been to complete summarily what the slower process of the needle must eventually accomplish gradually—her extinction. I came to the rescue, and said, "I will hold it." The conductor was relieved; the poor woman was half pleased, half perplexed. But I manfully assumed the burden. Charity hides a multitude of sins: the bundle hid me, sins and all, as it was placed "on end" and towered above my head.

"Perhaps we can share it," said the owner. Hers was a sweet voice, but suggestive of scanty food and little strength. And so we arranged it. For the music of that voice I took the heavy end. It was rather a hinderance to freedom of motion, but tended, as it afterward proved, to freedom of thought.

I stole a side glance at my neighbor.

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She delicately rewarded me with a smile, and then looked forward, or turned her face to the window. She was pretending to be unconscious of the stolen glances, which I was soon emboldened to convert into a steady gaze—not a rude gaze, but a respectful study. It did not annoy her, for she had read in my countenance that I was not an ogre to be propitiated or a man to be distrusted.

I would have dropped the car blinds—for we were on the sunny side—but to move was impossible, as we agreed in pantomime; and she contented herself with the dropping of her eyelids as a protection against the light. And I gave myself up, with all assurance, to the study of the companion to whom I was fast bound, and, so to say, Siamesed. Her features were not regular, perhaps, but her appearance was suggestive of a soul which had endured, and could endure still. Her face, though so wasted that I did imagine that I saw the red light of the setting sun through her transparent nostrils, still bore indication of the power to love and to hope. She was a person of refinement, serene in her innocence and self-reliance. There is a dress which expresses defiant, deserved, and careless poverty. And there are poor toilets, cloth worn threadbare, textures faded, the memorials of what has been and is no more, yet carefully attended to and conserved, as if in the tokens of better days comfort could still be taken. I took in all these circumstances, and as my neighbor's feigned sleep grew real, and her guard over herself diminished, her shawl falling open showed a braided jacket. And under her chin was a well-worn ruffle of a sort of domestic lace which some of the ladies used to weave—perhaps they do now—with their own fair fingers.

I received it as a compliment that she had fallen asleep. Whatever her fatigue in bargaining and walking in the city may have had to do with her drowsiness, it was an evidence of her confidence in the gentleman who volunteered inconvenience—yes, absolute discomfort—for a *poor* woman. A woman without bracelets or ear-rings, or a beetle or a lizard in her hair, or a purse in her hand, or a seal-skin sacque, or an Ulster, which, under all-enveloping ugliness, hides all other, should not, and does not, count on man's gallantry on a railway train. He is a gentleman, and much more, who accords it; and as such, I am sure, she thought of me. And so in confidence she slept; but that she did not dream of *me*, I happen to know.

A broken glove had exposed on her finger the marks of needle and coarse colored thread—marks to be aggravated and renewed by the bundle which began to press upon me like the nightmare. When that faded finery was new, the face of that woman could not have been so wan, the cheeks so hollow. When she wove that lace, hers were nimble fairy fingers. But those days were past. Her comeliness was waning, and as the freshness had worn away from braid and edging, so had faded out of her life all but the memory of hope and beauty.

The short winter twilight was over, and night had fallen. Railway lights are not brilliant, but they cast deep shadows. And here in the shadows we were rolling along, a freight of humanity liable at any moment to be collided with, or run off the track, or telescoped. The lack of faith in railroad safety no doubt makes the sharers of a common danger trust each other. But my friend and I were held by more than that usual bond. The bundle of dry-goods pressed heavier and heavier upon me, and of course upon her. We were certainly *en rapport* with each other, as people used to phrase it before mesmerism was renamed spiritualism. No magnetic pass could have bound us so firmly as did that pile of dry-goods. And as she slept on, the confiding sleep of the just, I too began to fall into the night side of nature, if that, as I presume, means magnetic sleep. My senses and perceptions, however, acquired new activity; and though my body was oppressed, my mental faculties wildly danced in the freedom of supernatural vividness. I heard voices in conversation. One I recognized as that of my fellow-passenger, though more full and sweet, yet still subdued, than in the few words she had spoken to me. There were expressions of affection in a tone which she would not address to a stranger. They were made to some happy Charley. And my name is not Charles, but Arthur. The dimly lighted car had faded away out of my vision, and instead I saw a cozy room. It was not, to be sure, much better lighted than the car; but everybody knows that when a third person is one too many, light is superfluous. Yet there was light enough for nimble fingers to be plied, near

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the lamp, if Charley would let them alone, and the pattern they were weaving was identical with that around my neighbor's neck. My own place in the room I could not fix. I seemed to be there, and yet not there. That I was not, was the evident presumption of Charley and Minnie. Minnie was what he called her. I need not say that she was a vision of maidenly beauty, such as I knew my travelling companion, restored and rejuvenated, would be.

There was no harm in what they said to each other, and none in their caresses. But I could readily understand that the words were not for other ears, or the acts for other eyes, than their own. I tried to speak, but could not. I tried to h'm; it was of no use. I tried to move, but being in a state of double limbo, magnetic and materialistic (clothing-shop materials), that effort was fruitless. Under a consciousness of not very agreeable detention, I heard the old, old story, and witnessed, what no grown man needs to witness, the rehearsal of how a wooing may be wooed, and a maid (foregone conclusion) may be won. It is to be presumed when one has passed the years of adolescence and bread-and-butter, experience has been gained in that direction. There is no more need of a second-hand repetition than there is of the stale scraps of an old feast.

The light in the room flashed up, and I heard a door slam, and a step, and the railway car and the room seemed mixed, and the conductor's regulation cap appeared to change to a woman's. But whether he were she, or she were he, I could not tell. Just then Minnie's voice said, as she lifted up her work, "See, mother, how fast I am getting along with my tatting!" Then I plainly discerned Minnie's mother, with a light in her hand. The railway official's form and face had vanished like a dissolving view, though it must have been he who slammed the door, conductor fashion. It was his step I heard, and his lantern which had refreshed the light; and yet he had given way to Minnie's mother, whose face wore a half-suppressed frown. It fitted upon her like a customary habit. Charley looked red, and Minnie just a little abashed, and the old lady pointed significantly to the dial of the clock in the corner. It was a family piece, with a ship at the top, which moved with the pendulum, laboring forever, as if in a head-beat sea. I congratulated myself that Charley and Minnie had made better progress than that plunging ship, which pitched bows under at every even clock-tick, and lifted itself at every odd one. My fellow-passenger gave me a push, gentle but effectual. "I do believe we were both asleep," she said, "and I have had *such* a dream! Your heavy breathing" (anybody but a lady would have said *snoring*) "awakened me."

I did not tell her that I had been pitching with that ship; nor did I ask her to tell me her dream. Being *en rapport*, I knew all about it. As one often does when, fancying he is awake, he tries to recall his dreams, I fell off again, car and parlor getting intermixed till nothing was left of either of them.

I was at the sea-side. Charley and Minnie were on the pier. Where I stood I can not say; but nobody seemed to mind *me*. Minnie wore a tidy jacket (beg her pardon—corselet), which looked as my travelling companion's did when that old braid was new. Somehow that nautical clock came into the vision again; but the ship launched itself from the clock case into the sea, and Charley appeared on board, waving his hat, while Minnie, on shore, waved her handkerchief. Her mother led her away sobbing. The mother's crabbed style of consolation so angered me that I would have interfered if I could. But a smell of indigo seemed to stifle me, and I found my nose buried in that horrible bundle of blue jackets. Crash! went the ship against the pier, and there arose a horrid scream.

"All out for Wampum Station!" shouted the conductor. The crash, then, was the car brakes, the scream was the steam-whistle.

"Wampum Station!" I said. "Why, I was to get off at Battle-Axe."

"We passed that an hour ago," said the man, sharply.

"What am I to do, then?"

"Why, stay here for the next train down, I suppose," was the answer. "All out for Wampum!" he cried out again. My sewing-woman stopped at Wampum, and I helped her to alight. Landed on the platform, with her bundle she looked like Atlas distressed with the world to carry.

"When is the next train down?" I asked.

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"In about three hours."

"And that means past midnight, and the railroad office light is out already. Where is the hotel?"

"Hotel at Wampum Station there is none. But if you will come home with me, mother, I am sure, will give you shelter."

"I do not like to intrude—"

"If it were your own act and intention, it would be an intrusion. But it is not. You can not stay out-of-doors in the cold and the snow; and I owe you something for your considerate politeness."

Politeness—well, there was something in that, as the numbness of my limbs, from the weight of the bundle, testified. And as to my respectful consideration, she must have meant my silence. So I continued considerate, took her parcel, and we trudged out into the night, she leading, and neither of us saying a word.

Ushered into the house, I was fairly taken all aback. There was the identical clock in the corner, and the same old ship laboring against a head-beat sea. My fellow-passenger had turned on the stove draughts, the room warmed up, and I sat down in the chair she offered me. She had lighted a lamp with a neat paper spill, and gone for her mother. The pretty receiver which held her paper lighters would have caught my eye at any time. It was the centre of a bouquet of tropical vegetable snowy plumes and native autumn leaves and grasses—such a trifle as speaks the model woman and housekeeper. But the thing had a greater wonder for me. It was precisely like what I had seen in my—trance, shall I call it? I put my hands on my knees to find *that* bundle, and could hardly understand why it was not there still, for the weight was there; and I curiously associated it with all the articles in the room, as they came out, one by one, like acquaintances of a time gone by. I could even perceive that they were older than when I saw them before, or seemed to see them. In spite of care—or, perhaps, in consequence of it—they had gathered the marks of age. They had been brushed and rubbed into premature decay, though the effort was evident to keep them as they were forever.

I pinched my ear to ascertain whether I was in the body, and I stretched out my legs to the stove to make sure that awful bundle of dry-goods was not still cramping my limbs. Just then I saw it, resting upright against the wall, where I myself had placed it. It was sailor's clothing, and seemed to take the shape of a man, with Charley's head on it. This was too much. I sprang to the spot, and discovered that on the wall above the parcel hung a life-sized photograph of the features of that very Charley whom I had seen in this room when I was dreaming in the railway car. "Fudge!" I snorted, and rubbed my eyes and thrashed my limbs, to work myself, if possible, out of my mystification.

It was not to be. I should not be awakened from my cloudiness so readily. The door opened, and my fellow-traveller returned, preceding her mother. And that mother was the mother whom I had already seen. She had the same dissatisfied look with which she disturbed the tête-à-tête of Charley and Minnie. But the lines in her face had deepened, and the discontent of time had palpably worked into her features. I could have counted the years in the indurated wrinkles which had stereotyped her frown since I saw her dismiss poor Charley from that room. You will observe that I speak of the railway experience as of an actual one of many years ago. I can not help it, and have no other mode of expressing the idea as it impressed my mind.

I bowed, in deprecation of her ill-humor, and turning to the daughter, said, "Minnie, I will go away on the next train. I—"

"Minnie indeed!" the old lady broke in—"Minnie indeed! You have grown wonderfully familiar on a short acquaintance. My daughter told me that she had never seen you before, and I can not tell whether she has brought home a tramp, or a burglar, or a forger, or what."

Poor Minnie's face put on a look of wondering confusion. So, I suppose, did mine. The old lady continued:

"And, Mary, you must have become quite confidential in your ride, when this man—this *gentleman*—knows you by a pet name never heard out of this house."

It was a quandary, more for Minnie than for me, and yet sufficiently mysterious even to myself. Just then I heard a railway whistle. Eager to escape, I said, "There's my train, and I'll go at once."

"It is the eleven-o'clock *up* train," said Minnie; and her mother's brow darkened, if possible, still more. "Your train down will not be here for an hour yet."

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What more might have been said or done in the fog we were all in—Minnie even more perplexed than I, and the mother wrathful besides—will never be known. For there came a knock at the door, at which mother and daughter started and stared aghast. Only a birth or a death should cause a summons like that, at near midnight, in the village at Wampum Station. The knock being unanswered, there came a tap upon the window—a trembling, nervous tap. The mother reluctantly went to the door. Scarce had we heard her challenge, and the sound of the bolt withdrawn, when she came flying back, screaming in terror, and rushing as far as the narrow limits of the room would allow, her hands to her head, and her face in a corner. Following her, entered a stout good-looking sailor fellow, who stood for an instant by the roll of goods and the portrait, presenting to my confused eyes and my departing wits *two Charleys!*

An instant he stood—it was only an instant. Minnie threw herself upon the living Charley, who, nowise loath, seconded her hug with ardor. And I? Why, I naturally looked round to see what part the old woman took in this chapter of accidents. There she lay, dropped down in a confused tangle on the floor.

"Charley?" I said.

"You seem to have got my name and the number of my mess, shipmate," he answered, gruffly.

"Look there!" said I, and pointed to the mingled mass of woman and night shawls.

"Avast hugging for a bit, Minnie, while we uncoil your mother. She's like a bunch of foul hawse there in the corner."

And forthwith Charley took the old lady by the head and shoulders and straightened her out on the floor. I beckoned him away, and, with Minnie, chafed (I slapped) her hands, and bathed her temples with water. (Minnie bathed; I confess that I doused.) As she opened her eyes at length, she stammered,

"Where—where is—where is the—The Ghost?"

But, not to multiply words, the old lady finally kissed Charley with her two lips and all her heart—which she did not do when I first saw her at that other distant time—and declaring that she was "clean tuckered out and done over," she tottered out of the room.

"There is my train now," I said, catching up my hat.

"Hold on there, and belay all!" said Charley. "You don't go yet."

"No," said Minnie, laying one hand on my arm, while she clung to Charley's waist with the other. "Wait till morning."

So I did. Meanwhile the mother, finding her wits in the kitchen, was soon joined by Minnie, on hospitable thoughts intent. While the women were out I told Charley my story, with the frequent interruption of Minnie's face at the door, and now and then a rush in to seize the supposititious ghost round the neck, and be sure of his existence in the flesh.

The reader knows all I could tell Charley, and what he told me will bear compression. They had been married, Minnie and he, seven years. From his first voyage, after his marriage, he returned in safety. On his second his vessel was lost, and he had this night on that "up train" brought the earliest tidings of his survival. Sorrow and poverty are twin sisters. Heart-sick with hope deferred, Minnie had been put to the sad straits in which I met her.

A cup of hot coffee somewhat restored my mental poise; and a tough doughnut convinced me, not in spite of my teeth, but by the aid of my molars and incisors, that I was possessed of my normal strength. I did not again that night dream one note of a dream. Perhaps that was because it takes two to dream such a dream as this. The morning sun awakened me at its earliest convenience—not so very early on a December day. When I came down to breakfast a little voice piped out,

"Mamma! gran'ma! here comes another papa!"

We all tried to compare notes. But the impalpable affords no positive basis of comparison. I commenced, very oracularly, at last—having read about odic forces, and subtle sympathies, and spiritual cognitions, and unconscious cerebration, and mental physiology, and phonographs, and all that scientific sort of thing—I commenced to say, "The solution of all this—"

"Oh! bother the solution!" said Charley. So said they all. And so say I. You have the story of *that faded braid*, and may make the most of it.

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A DAY IN AFRICA.

Part First.

I.

I AM not immodest enough to assume to speak for other readers, but for my own part I have become rather tired of African travellers. One always knows beforehand what they have in their pack, and precisely the way in which they will spread out their wares. The victorious struggle with the lion, and the hair-breadth escape from death at the hands of the native chiefs, are matters easily anticipated; and that romantic young savage who attaches himself body and soul to the person of the adventurer, and invariably returns with him to civilization—what a threadbare figure that is! How well we know him under his various guttural aliases! Yet what would six months in Africa amount to without this lineal descendant of Robinson Crusoe's man Friday?

I may seem to display a want of tact in disparaging African travellers, being, in a humble fashion, an African traveller myself, but I have a rare advantage over everybody who has ever visited that country, and written about it—I remained there only one day. The stand-point from which I view the dark continent is thus unique. If I had remained a year, or even a fortnight, I should have ceased to be original. I should naturally have killed my lion, tempted the appetite of the anthropophagite, and brought home a little negro boy. I did none of these things, and instead of obscurely falling in at the tail end of a long line of African explorers, I claim to stand quite alone, and in an attitude so

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wholly unconventional as to entitle it to copyright. So far as I am aware, the idea never before entered the head of any man to travel five thousand miles to Africa, and then to stay there only twenty-four hours!

I must admit, however, that this idea did not take quite that definite form in my mind in the first instance. A visit to Tangier was not down in my itinerary at all, but on reaching Gibraltar, after prolonged wandering through the interior of Spain, Africa threw itself in my way, so to speak. There, just across the narrow straits, lay the tawny barbaric shore. Standing at an embrasure of one of those marvellous subterranean batteries which render Gibraltar impregnable—long galleries tunnelled in the solid rock, and winding up to the very summit of the vast pile—I almost fancied I could make out the lion-colored line of the Barbary coast. A magical sea-haze that morning, together with a strip of dun cloud lying low against the horizon, encouraged the illusion. It was purely an illusion, for it is three good hours and a half by steamer from the boat-landing at the foot of Waterport Street to the dismantled, God-forsaken mole at Tangier.

II.

I do not believe there is a dirtier little steamer in the world than the one that plies between Gibraltar and Morocco, and I am positive that since Noah's ark no vessel ever put to sea with a more variegated and incongruous lot of passengers than saluted my eyes as I stepped on board the *Jackal* one April afternoon. The instant I set foot on deck I had passed out of Europe. Here were the squalor and the glitter of the Orient—the solemn dusky faces that look out on the reader from the pages of the *Arabian Nights*, and the thousand and one disagreeable odors of which that fascinating chronicle makes no mention. Such a chattering in Spanish, Portuguese, Hebrew, and Arabic! Such queer brown-legged figures in pointed hoods and yellow slippers! Though there were first and second class fares, there appeared to be no distinction in the matter of accommodation. From stem to stern the long narrow deck was crowded with Moors, Arabs, negroes, Jews, and half-breeds, inextricably mixing themselves up with empty fruit crates, bamboo baskets, and bales of merchandise. I speculated as to what would become of all that loose luggage if we were to encounter a blow outside; for this placid-looking summer sea has a way of lashing itself into an ungovernable rage without any perceptible provocation. In case of wet weather there was no shelter except a stifling cabin between-decks, where the thirsty were waited upon by a fez-crowned man carved out of ebony, who dispensed a thin sour wine from a goat-skin, which he carried under his arm like a bagpipe. Not liking the look of the water-tank 'midships, I tested this wine early in the voyage, and came to the conclusion that death by thirst was not without its advantages.

The steamer had slipped her moorings and was gliding out of the bay before I noticed the movement, so absorbed had I been in studying the costumes and manners of my fellow-voyagers. What a gayly colored, shabby, picturesque crowd! It was as if some mad masquerade party had burst the bounds of a ball-room and run away to sea. Here was a Tangier merchant in sky-blue gaberdine, with a Persian shawl twisted around his waist, and a black velvet cap set on the back of his head; there a Moor, in snowy turban and fleecy caftan, with a jewel-hilted, crescent-bladed knife at his girdle. Tall slim Arabs, in dingy white robes like those worn by Dominicans, stalked up and down between the heaps of luggage, or leaned over the taffrail in the pitiless sunshine, gazing listlessly into the distance. Others stowed themselves among the freight, and went to sleep. If you seated yourself by chance on what appeared to be a bit of old sail, something stirred protestingly under you, and a bronze visage slowly unshelled itself from the hood of a burnoose. Everywhere was some strange shape. In the bow of the vessel a fat negro from the Soudan sat cross-legged, counting his money, which he arranged in piles on a rug, the silver on one side and the copper on the other. He looked like a Hindoo idol, with his heavy-lidded orbs and baggy cheeks, the latter sagging almost down to the folds of flesh that marked his triple chin, those rings of the human oak. Near him, but not watching him, and evidently not caring for anything, stood a bare-headed, emaciated old man. His cranium, as polished and yellow as ancient ivory, was covered with a delicate tracery of blue veins, and resembled a geographical globe. At his girdle hung a leather pouch, appar-

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ently containing a few coins. Both this person and the negro, as well as the majority of their companions, were returning from a commercial visit to Gibraltar. The chief trade of Tangier and the outlying districts consists in supplying the English garrison and the cities of Cadiz and Lisbon with cattle, fowls, fruits, and green stuff. I saw none of these people on the streets of Gibraltar, however. They probably hugged the water-front, where the markets are, and did not venture into the upper town. With their graceful dress they would not have been out of place among the Highland kilts and scarlet coats that light up the *alameda* of a pleasant afternoon.

Already the huge rock of Gibraltar, which is looked upon with such envious and hopeless eyes by the Spaniards, had shrunk to half its proportions. It lay there, gray, grim, and fantastic, like some necromancer's castle on the edge of the sea. Before us was nothing but twinkling sunshine and salt-water. At our right were vague purple peaks and capes, beyond the point of one of which stood the Trafalgar light-house, invisible to us; but who can pass within twenty leagues of it and not think of England's great admiral? The sea was crisped by a refreshing westerly breeze; over us the sky sprung its pale cerulean arch, festooned here and there with shapeless silvery clouds like cobwebs. Fitful odors blown from unseen groves of palm and orange sweetened the air.

"O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!"

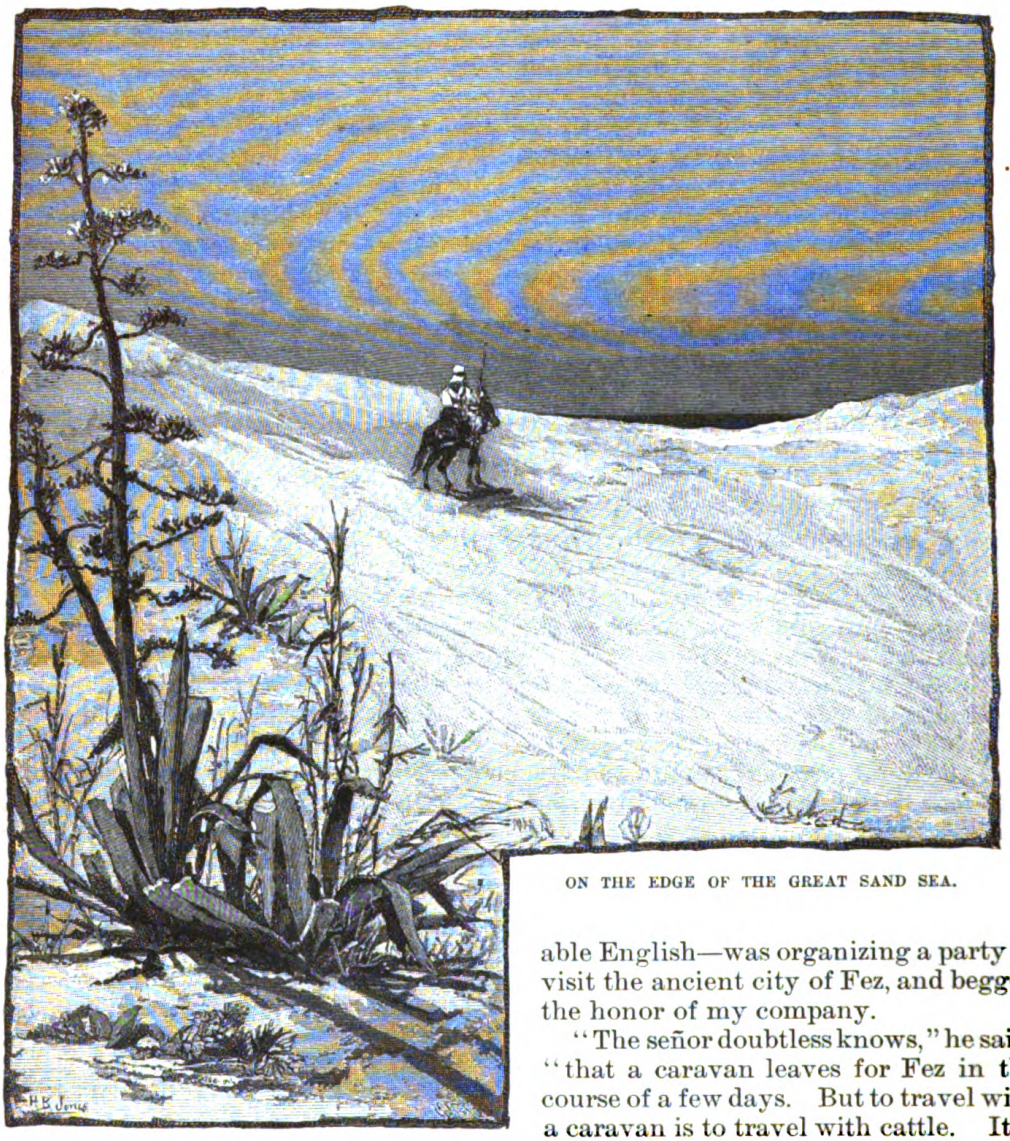
The heat of the sun was no longer intolerable. The man at the wheel had thrown back his capote, and was smoking a cigarette. The noisy group of Arabs huddled together round the capstan had ceased their chatter. The fat negro, his pitiful coins counted and laid away, was leaning his head against a coil of rope, and staring with glazed eyes at nothing. A hush, a calm that was not lethargy—for it partook of the nature of a dream—seemed to have fallen upon all.

There were several Europeans aboard besides myself, if I may pass for a European—a Marseillaise gentleman about to join his wife, the guest of her brother, the French consul at Tangier; an Italian gentleman travelling for pleasure (not that the other was not); a Dutch painter from Antwerp, with an amazing porcelain pipe; and last, but not least, a Briton, among whose luggage was a circular tin bath-tub, concerning which the Mohammedan mind had swamped itself in vain conjecture. Was it a piece of defensive armor—a shield, for example—or was it a gigantic frying-pan? These Christian dogs, they have such outlandish fashions! No Arab passed it without a curious glance, and at intervals quite a little crowd would gather about it. Now and then a Jew, who knew what the article was, though he had never used it, smiled superciliously.

We had been under way an hour or more, when I observed the Englishman in deep converse with a personage who had greatly impressed me as I caught a glimpse of him on the gangway at Gibraltar before the boat started. I had lost him a moment afterward, and reluctantly concluded that he had gone ashore again. But there he was, wherever he came from. By the gracious dignity of his manner and the richness of his dress, he might have been Haroun-al-Raschid himself. He was Moorish, but clearly of finer material than the rest. His burnoose, of some soft indigo stuff, was edged with gold, liquid threads of which also ran through the gossamer *caic* bound about his turban. The two ends of this scarf flowed over his shoulders, and crossed themselves on his breast, forming an effective frame for his handsome features. His legs were bare, but the half-slippers covering his feet were of costly make. If he was not a person of consequence, he looked it. I was wondering whether he was a cadi or a pasha, and what he was doing without attendants, when he quitted the Englishman and went to the water-tank, where the loungers respectfully made room for him. He then performed an act which suggested unutterable things touching that water-tank. Instead of helping himself brutally, as the others had done, he gracefully covered his mouth with one of the ends of his caic, and drank through that. I had been drinking this water unfiltered, making an aquarium of myself.

A few minutes later I was surprised to see the man approaching the rear deck, where I occupied a camp-stool, captured and retained after unheard-of struggles. It was plainly his intention to address me. I rose from my seat to receive the card which he held out politely. I here print it in full, for the benefit of future explor-

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ON THE EDGE OF THE GREAT SAND SEA.

ers, to whom I heartily commend the Hadji Caddor Sahta,* dragoman, king's courier, and gentleman at large:

HADJI CADDOR SAHTA.

GUIDE AND INTERPRETER.

Fully conversant with the French, English, Italian, Spanish, and Arabic languages.

Is likewise disposed to accompany travellers to the interior of

MOROCCO.

FULLY SECURITY OFFERED.

TANGIER.

The Hadji Caddor—who was better than his prospectus, for he spoke unexceptionable English—was organizing a party to visit the ancient city of Fez, and begged the honor of my company.

"The señor doubtless knows," he said, "that a caravan leaves for Fez in the course of a few days. But to travel with a caravan is to travel with cattle. It is not so with me; we have our own tents and slaves and armed escort, and go as gentlemen and princes, thanks be to God and my personal supervision!"

I explained to the Hadji that my modest purpose was simply to spend a day in Africa, and that Tangier was the limit of my desire. Upon this he remarked that his preparations would detain him in the town until the end of the week, and that he laid his services at my feet. I metaphorically picked them up on the spot, and engaged him to show me sights in Tangier.

While this brief dialogue was passing, an ill-begotten Moor in a dirty turban made off with my camp-stool. He was sitting upon it stolidly a few paces distant. I advanced a step to assert my claims, when the Hadji checked me.

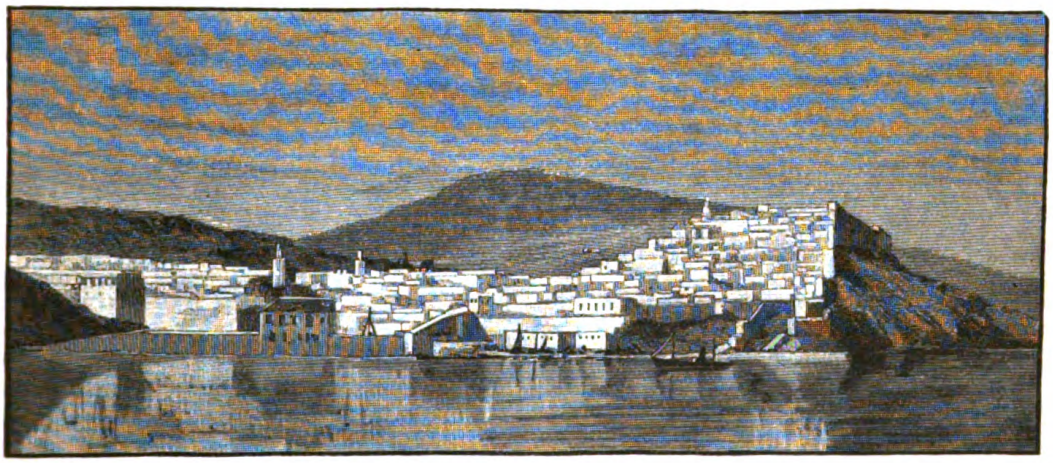
* The title of *hadji* indicates that the bearer has made the pilgrimage to Mecca.

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"It is useless," he said, laying one finger softly on the back of my hand. "He's a bad man—Ayoub, the tailor. I know him. Leave him alone. Our Spanish friends have a good proverb, 'It is a waste of lather to shave an ass.' I will get you another seat, señor."

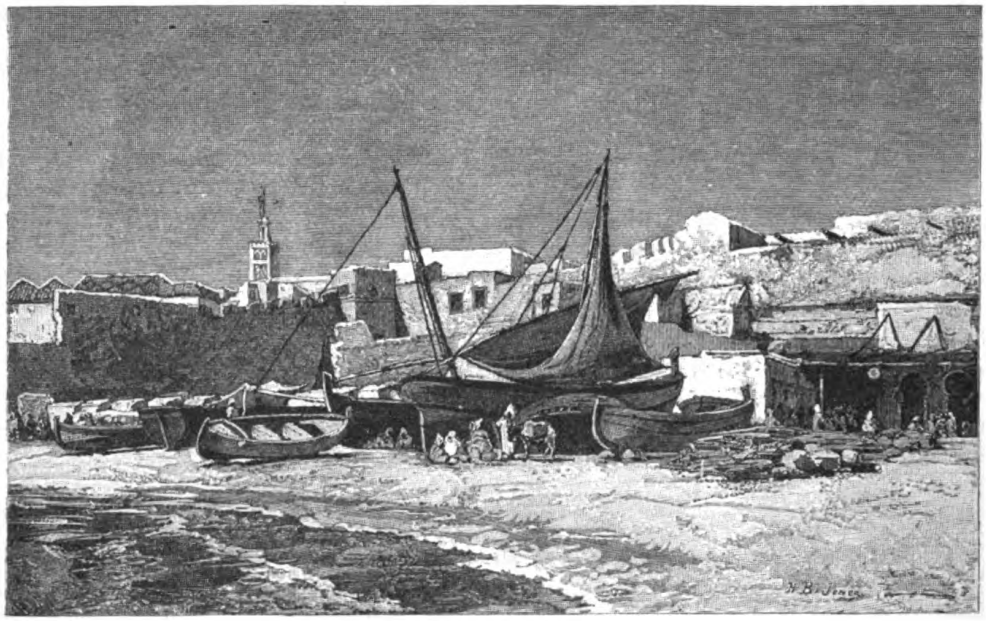
The Hadji Caddor was a philosopher; but, like a great many philosophers, he was philosophical chiefly for other people. If the case had been his, I am sure he would not have borne it patiently. After all, one can not ask more of a stoic than not to cry out at another man's toothache. The Hadji was really a character, and if I were painting a figure-piece instead of a landscape, I would draw him life-size. He had travelled far and wide, even to the steppes of Tartary. He spoke several Continental tongues with singular fluency; Arabic and half a dozen polyglot dialects were, of course, his by nature. He was very wise, and, as the Orientals have it, he had plucked his wisdom from the stem of experience. I never met a more intelligent man, black or white. His remarks had often a pith of great originality, as when, for instance, in describing a certain Jew of Algesiras, who had played him a scurvy trick, he observed, "But he's nothing, señor, less than nothing—a cipher with the rim removed!"

We fell to talking on the condition of Morocco. Was the young Sultan, Muley el Hassen, popular? Though the Hadji was somewhat guarded in his comments on the imperial government, he gave me a clear idea of the degradation and wretchedness of the people. The territory known as Morocco is inclosed by the Mediterranean, Algeria, the desert of Sahara, and the Atlantic, and is inhabited by a mongrel population of about 800,000 souls. The agriculturists are mostly Arabs and Shelloohs, dwelling on the rich plains; they are poor cultivators, and are taxed to death. The wild Berber tribes, in a chronic state of revolt, occupy the perilous heights and passes of the Atlas chain. The Moors, the Jews, and the blacks crowd themselves into the towns and villages. From the blacks the bulk of the emperor's army is recruited. The Moors, descended principally from the Moors driven out of Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella, are a degenerate race, contaminated by intermarriages with the Arabs; the Jews are precisely what they were in Europe in the Middle Ages—thrifty, crafty, persecuted, uncomplaining, taking it out of their oppressors in the way of profits. Neither their lot nor their nature has been changed by exile. The notable towns are Morocco, the capital, El-Araish, Tafilet, Agadir, Mogadore, Fez, and Tangier. They are all ground into dust under the heel of the emperor. Tangier, the outer breached wall of Islamism, is regarded with particular disfavor, her commerce harassed, and her trade strangled by whimsical restrictions. No man there dares own himself rich; if suspected of secreted wealth, he is tortured until he reveals the hiding-place; then both his head and his money are removed. The emperor's idea of taxation is the simplest possible: he takes what he wants. There is no appeal. He alters weights, measures, and prices at will; the



TANGIER, FROM THE SEA.

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THE LANDING-PLACE.

multiplication table goes down before him. The sword, the cord, the bastinado, and the branding-iron are ever ready to enforce his caprice. It is no hyperbole when the court poet assures this monster that he holds life and death in the hollow of his hand. He is the only full-blown despot whose dominions lie contiguous to civilization. The Czar of all the Russias is not so much his own master; the Sultan at Constantinople is not so absolute. The great despot breeds a host of lesser ones, and it is these that bleed Morocco unmercifully. The nomadic tribes have their sheik, the cities their cadi, the provinces their pasha—and the head devil at Fez has them all. "But there is no God but God," said the Hadji Caddor, resignedly.

Just then there was a hubbub in the forward part of the ship. Three or four mulatto sailors were dragging a slightly built young man aft, and the slightly built young man was stoutly resisting. I forgot to state that shortly after leaving port a person of insinuating amiability and politeness distributed himself among the passengers and collected their tickets. It now appeared that this person was merely an intoxicated passenger, with no authority whatever to act in the matter, and they were dragging him before the captain. This episode created great merriment. I do not know what became of the amateur ticket-gatherer—he was a born humorist, and I trust no harm befell him—for the cry of "land" lured me to the bows of the vessel. The chalky fortress and town of Ceuta—the Spanish convict station—were fading out on our left. Presently we rounded Cape Malabar, and, yes, there was Tangier—an indistinguishable mass of white that momentarily shaped itself into crenellated battlements and mosques and huddled house-tops.

As we dropped anchor within gunshot of the white-walled town, it lay in the golden mist of the approaching sunset. Here and there a projecting piece of snowy stone-work took a transient rosy tinge, and here and there a patch of black shadow etched itself against some indentation. At one or two points along the zigzag wall a number of heavy cannon thrust their noses over the parapet, and seemed irresolutely holding their sullen breath as they stared seaward. At the right, the flat-roofed houses stretched like a gigantic marble staircase up the flank of a hill crowned with a citadel (the Kasba, or castle) that commanded the whole of the lower town, the most prominent feature of which was a slender square tower set with richly glazed tiles. These bits of porcelain sparkled like jewels as the lingering sunlight touched them one by one. Behind all this rose a bleak, arid mountain, draped now in delicate violet tints. If Tangier had nothing more to offer than that exquisite view of herself, I should still have been paid for my pilgrimage.

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Our anchor had scarcely taken its plunge when a fleet of *barquillos* put out from a strip of beach that fringed the base of the sea-wall, in the shelter of which lay several larger craft drying their canvas after yesterday's rain. I was noting the good effect of the cinnamon-colored lateen-sails against the dazzling white masonry, when the small boats came dashing alongside like pandemonium broken loose. Each of these boats was manned by two or three vociferating half-naked maniacs, who stood ready to dismember a passenger rather than not get him at all. One could imagine a lot of Algerine pirates about to attack a helpless merchantman. As soon as the quarantine officer gave the signal of permission, the yelling horde clambered up the ship's side and sprang among their victims. It would require a Dantean pen to describe the tumult and confusion that followed. I will only state that I and my impedimenta went ashore in three boats. That the whole of me went in a single conveyance was owing to the coolness and energy of the Hadji Caddor, who made his way through the crowd to my side by quietly and systematically strangling everybody that opposed him.



A MOORISH HOTEL.

As we pushed off from the steamer, the babel of voices rose higher and higher, and above it all I caught the deep ringing intonations of the Englishman—"Come, now, you black rascal, you cawn't be knocking that tub abäut, don't you know!" My Arab captor, a magnificent animal, with biceps like a gladiator, disdainfully tossed his head, and taking a long oar-sweep, remarked, "Aha! Mister Goddam, he have plenty trouble with him dam tub!"

The Hadji smiled gravely on the young barbarian airing his English.

To run a little ahead of my narrative, a Moorish armorer, with three assistants, was summoned to the hotel the next morning to straighten out the Briton's bath-tub, which had been bent almost double, and otherwise banged beyond recognition. The rough boatmen of Malaga and Cadiz are insipid angels compared with those fellows at Tangier.

"A *peseta* for you if you get in first," cried the Hadji.

III.

Two other boats reached the landing simultaneously with our own, and a pair of salaming rascals, who appeared to re-

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gard me as deeply in their debt as if they had saved my life, approached with my missing personal effects. The Hadji unceremoniously snatched the coat and bag from their hands, and led the way up to the city gate, the fellows following on, gesticulating, and tearing their hair in despair. We were about to pass under a massive horseshoe archway, when the great cedar-wood doors were suddenly closed on our noses—a stratagem of the guards to wrest a bribe from the unlucky sea-farer. The Hadji glanced quickly at the sun, and saw that it yet lacked a few minutes of the lawful hour for closing the gates; then, receiving no response to his summons, he picked up a big fragment of rock, and began to hammer on the iron-clamped portals, accompanying himself with some very vigorous Arabic, which my ignorance of the language did not prevent me from recognizing as oaths of the first magnitude. After considerable hesitation, the bolts were reluctantly drawn, the doors thrown open, and we passed in on the double-quick, taking our way through a dismal walled alley to the hotel. I call it an alley, but it was, in fact, the principal street. It extended from the sea-front to the gate of the Soc-de-Barra, or outside market, and bisected in its course the only public square in Tangier. I learned to know the street very well afterward, for it was the street of the bazars.

The exterior architecture and the interior topography of the hotel to which the Hadji shortly conducted me rather defy description. It was a large rambling building, which somehow included a part of the city fortifications. You stepped directly from the cobble-stone footway into a spacious chamber, or hall, paved with blood-red tiles in the Moorish fashion; variegated tiles and plaques were set in the walls; a lamp of cut brass hung from the ceiling; in one corner stood three or four slim-barrelled Moorish rifles, with stocks curiously carved and inlaid. There were two doors hung with bright tapestry, one leading into a kitchen, and the other into a dining-hall. The *rez-de-chaussée* was at least comprehensible; the rest was mystery. I do not know now whether the sleeping apartment assigned me was on the second or the fifth floor, or if there were any fifth floor. I mounted a steep staircase, traversed several corridors, descended a flight of stone steps, and found myself out-of-doors. Passing along a rampart originally pierced for cannon, I turned two or three sharp angles, climbed up some more stone steps, and stood in a square whitewashed room. From the window I had a lovely view of sea and town, and close by the minaret of the Mohammedan mosque lifted itself into the warm evening sky. At a small opening high up in the minaret the muezzin, with outspread arms, was calling the faithful to prayer, and casting the names of Allah and Mohammed to the four points of the compass. I would fain have lingered a while to look on a scene which, realizing some old and half-forgotten dreams of mine, now seemed itself a dream, but the Hadji was waiting outside on the battlements to pilot me down to dinner.

I pass over the tedious ceremony of the table d'hôte. I did not go to Tangier to eat; and perhaps it was well I did not, for neither the favorite national dish called *cúscússú* nor the small coppery oyster that has the assurance to propagate itself on this coast was much to my taste. The guests at table, at the head of which sat the French consul, were all Europeans, and all in evening dress, except my acquaintance the Dutch painter, who performed miracles with some red mullet. After dinner I betook myself to the hotel entrance to finish a cigarette. Several Moors, muffled in white mantles, and carrying long guns, lounged in the doorway. Outside, crouched on the cobble-stones, were three musicians, with theorbo, mandolin, and triangle, making music like that of the piper of Bujalance, who charged a maravedi for playing, and ten for leaving off.

The Hadji had planned to take me to an Arab café—not the café in the square, usually visited by strangers, but to an unadulterated Arab place of entertainment, seldom profaned by the presence of giaours. The Antwerp artist and the Englishman were to accompany us. Just as the edge of a new moon had begun to cut the dark, the Hadji appeared with a lantern fastened to the end of a staff, and we sallied forth.

Save for this lantern and that moon—which did not seem half so good a moon as we have at home—we should have been in Stygian darkness as we stumbled along the unlighted streets. On either hand stretched a high wall, pierced at intervals with a door shaped like a clover leaf, or

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INTERIOR OF A MOORISH CAFÉ.

with a barred casement, divided in the centre by a slender pillar, like the windows in the Alcazar at Seville. There were few persons stirring. Now and then a sheeted figure flitted past us and vanished through an inky archway—possibly some belated slave bearing a scented missive to Fatima or Noureddin. Now and then a fugitive perfume told us we were near a garden, and a stiff palm-tree shot up from behind a wall, and nicked the blue-blackness of the sky. On we pressed through the shadows, ourselves shadowy and spectral and silent. The Hadji, haughty and grave, with his scabbard clinking along the stones, seemed like the caliph in the old story-book, and we his attendants, on some nocturnal ramble through the streets of Bagdad.

Suddenly our guide halted at a low mean door. Above it was a dimly lighted lattice, from which came a murmuring, melancholy sound of voices, accented by the twanging of guitar strings. The flame of the lantern showed us a black hand painted on the masonry at the left of the entrance. That hand appears at the door-side of many of the houses in Tangier, and is a charm to keep off the evil spirits.

Passing up a flight of well-worn stone steps, we entered the café—a long narrow chamber, separated in the centre by the ever-recurring horseshoe arch. The white-washed walls were bare of ornament, save a scarlet vine running round the room just above the mop-board. In the first compartment a negro was making coffee at a shelf suspended from the ceiling. In the other section were the guests. Sharp-faced Arab youths and full-bearded, vicious-looking old men squatted on the matting. There was not a piece of furniture anywhere, not even one of those dwarf tables frequently to be seen in Moorish houses.

We took our places on the floor like the others, and after a few words from

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the Hadji, the negro served us with coffee. Each cup was prepared separately, and you were supposed to drink the grounds, which constituted a third of the allowance. Nevertheless, it was a delicious beverage. Then four small metal pipes, charged with Turkish tobacco and a grain or two of mild opium, were brought to us. Meanwhile the musicians, seated at the upper end of the hall, never ceased their monotonous, whining strains. Nobody spoke. The younger fellows lolled back against the wall, motionless, with half-shut eyes; the blue smoke slowly floated up from the pipe-bowls, and curled itself into arabesque patterns over the solemn, turbaned heads of the old Mussulmans—

"Viziers nodding together in some Arabian night!"

After a while a man of fabulous leanness arose, and began a kind of dance. He danced only from the hips upward, swaying his arms in the air as he contorted his body, and accompanying himself with a crooning chant. By-and-by his eyes closed ecstatically, his head leaned far back, an epileptic foam came to his lips. From time to time one of the spectators jerked out a sharp "Jaleo!" to encourage him; others of the audience beat the measure on the palms of their hands, and the tambourines kept up a dull thud. It was in every respect the same dance which the *gitanos* execute less passionately in Granada. The man ended his performance abruptly, and sat down, and all was silent again, except that the doleful, strident music went on and on, with pitiless reiteration of the same notes.

Looking at it on the surface, it struck me that Moorish enjoyment was composed of very simple ingredients; but looking closer, I suspected there were depths and qualities in this profound and nearly austere repose, in this smouldering passion, with its capricious fiery gleams, which I had not penetrated. Perhaps it was the drug in the tobacco, or perhaps it was a pungent property in the coffee, that sharpened my sense, but presently I began to detect in the music, which had rather irritated mé at first, an under-current of meaning, vague and perplexing. The slow dragging andante and the sudden wailing falsetto seemed half to assist and half to baffle some inarticulate spirit that strove to distill its secret into the ear. Something that was not the music itself was struggling to find expression through it—the pride, the rage, the inertia, the unutterable despair, of an ancient and once mighty people passing away.

THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

"Ho! ho!" he cried, as up and down
He rode through the streets of Windham town—
"Ho! ho! for the day of peace is done,
And the day of wrath too well begun!
Bring forth the grain from your barns and mills;
Drive down the cattle from off your hills;
For Boston lieth in sore distress,
Pallid with hunger and long duress:
Her children starve, while she hears the beat
And the tramp of the red-coats in every street!"

"What, ho! What, ho!" Like a storm unspent,
Over the hill-sides he came and went;
And Parson White, from his open door
Leaning bare-headed that August day,
While the sun beat down on his temples gray,
Watched him until he could see no more.
Then straight he strode to the church, and flung
His whole soul into the peal he rung;
Pulling the bell-rope till the tower
Seemed to rock in the sudden shower.

The shower of sound the farmers heard,
Rending the air like a living word!
Then swift they gathered with right good-will

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"IT IS ALL I HAVE."

From field and anvil and shop and mill,
To hear what the parson had to say
That would not keep till the Sabbath-day.
For only the women and children knew
The tale of the horseman galloping through—
The message he bore as up and down
He rode through the streets of Windham town.

That night, as the parson sat at ease
In the porch, with his Bible on his knees
(Thanking God that at break of day
Frederic Manning would take his way.

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With cattle and sheep from off the hills,
And a load of grain from the barns and mills,
To the starving city where General Gage
Waited unholy war to wage),
His little daughter beside him stood,
Hiding her face in her muslin hood.

In her arms her own pet lamb she bore,
As it struggled down to the oaken floor:
"It must go; I must give my lamb," she said,
"To the children that cry for meat and bread,"
Then lifted to his her holy eyes,
Wet with the tears of sacrifice.
"Nay, nay," he answered, "there is no need
That the hearts of babes should ache and bleed.
Run away to your bed, and to-morrow play,
You and your pet, through the livelong day."

He laid his hand on her shining hair,
And smiled as he blessed her, standing there,
With kerchief folded across her breast,
And her small brown hands together pressed,
A quaint little maiden, shy and sweet,
With her lambkin crouched at her dainty feet.
Away to its place the lamb she led,
Then climbed the stairs to her own white bed,
While the moon rose up, and the stars looked down
On the silent streets of Windham town.

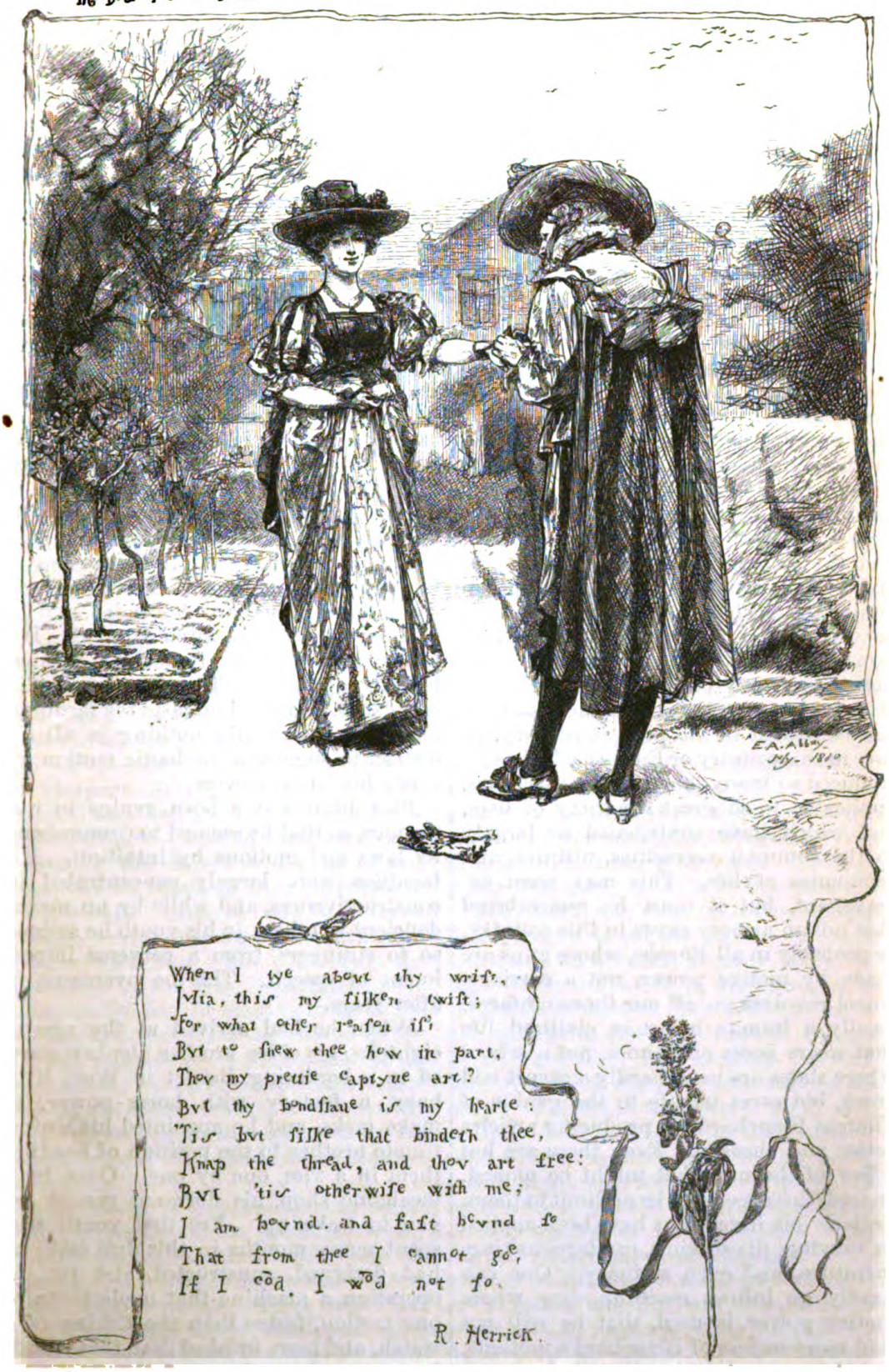
But when the heralds of morning came,
Flushing the east with rosy flame,
With low of cattle and scurry of feet,
Driving his herd down the village street,
Young Manning heard from a low stone wall
A child's voice clearly yet softly call,
And saw in the gray dusk standing there
A little maiden with shining hair,
While crowding close to her tender side
Was a snow-white lamb to her apron tied.

"Oh, wait!" she cried, "for my lamb must go
To the children crying in want and woe.
It is all I have." And her tears fell fast
As she gave it one eager kiss—the last.
"The road will be long to its feet. I pray
Let your arms be its bed a part of the way;
And give it cool water and tender grass
Whenever a way-side brook you pass."
Then away she flew like a startled deer,
Nor waited the bleat of her lamb to hear.

Young Manning lifted his steel-blue eyes
One moment up to the morning skies,
Then, raising the lamb to his breast, he strode
Sturdily down the lengthening road.
"Now God be my helper," he cried, "and lead
Me safe with my charge to the souls in need!
Through fire and flood, through dearth and dole,
Though foes assail me and war-clouds roll,
To the city in want and woe that lies
I will bear this lamb as a sacrifice!"

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The Bracelet to Julia



When I tye about thy wrist,
Julia, this my silken twist;
For what other reason is't,
But to shew thee how in part,
Thou my prettie captyue art?
But thy bondslaue is my heart:
'Tis but silke that bindeth thee,
Knap the thread, and thou art free:
But 'tis otherwise with me;
I am bound. and fast bound so
That from thee I cannot go,
If I cõd. I wõd not so.

R. Herrick.

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THOMAS BLANCHARD, THE INVENTOR.

THE expulsion of the Huguenots from France, while it gave a vital blow to the prosperity of that nation, causing the loss of vantage-ground never to be regained, proved, like the overflow of the Nile, a special blessing to every land the wandering exiles reached.

In founding American institutions, next in importance to the English Pilgrims who landed at Plymouth, must be regarded the French Protestants, or Huguenots as called in France, and while due honors have been paid to those distinguished in civil life, such as Faneuil, the donor of the "Cradle of Liberty" bearing his name, Henry Laurens, first President of the first National Congress, John Jay, the first Chief Justice of the United States, and many others, the services of those in the humbler walks of industrial life remain for the most part unwritten and unknown. To explore that field would exceed the limits of a magazine article, and the writer must confine himself to one of Huguenot descent whose special genius for mechanics has rarely been surpassed. Others have made single inventions that have, perhaps, attracted more notice than any *one* of Blanchard's, but it may be questioned whether another can be named in the present century, either in this country or Europe, who has introduced so many labor-saving machines, applicable to so great a variety of uses, and which have contributed so largely to the common necessities, utilities, and economies of life. This may seem extravagant, but it must be remembered that not an armory exists in this country, or probably in all Europe, where guns are made by motive power, not a carriage-wheel revolves on all our thoroughfares, hardly a human being in civilized life that wears boots and shoes, not a school where slates are used, hardly a carpet laid down, but owes tribute to the genius of Thomas Blanchard for producing articles better and cheaper. Even these are but a few of the uses that might be named. Indeed, there seems to be no limit to them. Latterly his inventions have been applied to carving, die-sinking, carriage-making, furniture, and even statuary. One can hardly go into a machine shop where motive power is used, that he will not find more or less of Blanchard's motions, or of his methods of bending timber.

In 1686, the year of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, a colony of thirty Huguenot families came direct from Rochelle, France, to Boston. Poor and destitute, they were given by Governor Dudley a tract of land in Oxford, Worcester County, Massachusetts, then a howling wilderness inhabited only by Indians. After a residence of some twenty years, one of the families was massacred by the savages, and their house, with all it contained, burned to the ground. Terror-stricken by this calamity, the infant colony, after a sorrowful and prayerful leave-taking of their church, their cemetery, and their homes, returned in sadness to Boston. Years later, after the Indians had been suppressed, they with others of their kin returned to this region of hallowed memories, and settled, some in Oxford and some in the neighboring town of Sutton, where to-day their descendants may be found among the most prominent citizens. Among those in Sutton was a family named Blanchard. From this family Thomas Blanchard descended, and he was born in Sutton, June 24, 1788. His father, Samuel, was a respectable farmer, but no mechanic. Thomas was wholly misplaced. He had no taste for farming, and there was really nothing in all his district to suggest a mechanic motion, or excite his latent powers.

Blanchard was a born genius in mechanics, so that he seemed to comprehend its laws and motions by intuition. His faculties were largely concentrated in constructiveness, and while by no means deficient in others, in his youth he seemed so to strangers, from a perverse impediment of speech. This he overcame in after-years.

When he had arrived at the age of eighteen, his elder brother Stephen started in a bordering district in West Millbury, a factory with horse-power, to make tacks, and he appointed his unfortunate brother to the position of heading them in a vise, one by one. Once in a mechanic shop, his dormant genius began to wake up. Ere that youth had spent many months in this dull task, he had designed, constructed, and put in operation a machine that made tacks at one motion, faster than the ticking of a watch, and more finished than those made by hand. So perfect in design and con-

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struction, it was operated over twenty years, and experts who have seen it say no essential improvement has ever been made upon it. The neighbors could not at first be made to believe that that stammering youth ever invented it, but when they found he had hardly been out of the school district, they were constrained to give him the credit.

In the same town of Millbury, a few miles below his shop, on the Blackstone River, were extensive armory works, engaged in manufacturing guns for the United States. The proprietor was then intent upon improving on the English mode of making gun-barrels, which was to weld them by hand, and grind them down before a revolving stone. He had invented a process of welding them under trip-hammers, by which the work was done better, quicker, and cheaper, and it was adopted at the national and other armories in this country and Europe. Finding that the grinding process left the barrels of unequal thickness around the calibre, and made them liable to explode, his next aim was to turn them in a lathe. In this he succeeded, by a lathe patented December 19, 1818, so far as the barrel was round, but to turn the irregular shape of the butt baffled all his efforts, and not his alone, but of all the most ingenious mechanics in all the armories, of which there were eight—two national, at Springfield and Harper's Ferry, and six private in United States service, for supplying the different States. Most of them succeeded in turning the barrel so far as it was round, but all failed in their attempts to turn the butt. It could only be reduced to shape by hand-filing, and that cost a dollar on each gun. The prices paid the contractors by the War Department were limited to the cost of making arms at the national armories, and the reason given was that as necessity is the mother of invention, they would be compelled to make labor-saving improvements to secure their profits, while the mechanics in those armories, being paid by the day, had no such motive.

The wisdom of this policy was abundantly verified, and the public of to-day are little aware how much they are indebted to the private armories for mechanic improvements. Guns were formerly made entirely by hand, and most iron-work was reduced to shape by hand-filing, which a large class of mechanics followed as a profession. It has now become nearly obsolete, the work being done by machinery. The contractors having labored a year or more in fruitless attempts to solve the problem of reducing the butt by a machine, at length the proprietor of the armory works at Millbury, in sheer desperation, hearing of a budding genius in a border farming district, sent for him to come to his armory. When he came, he seemed a stranger to all present, diffident, had a stammering tongue, and not much was expected of him. Being told what was wanted, he glanced his eye over the machine, began a low monotonous whistle, as was his wont through life when in deep study, and ere long suggested an additional, very simple, but wholly original cam motion, which upon being applied relieved the difficulty at once, and proved a perfect success. The proprietor was delighted, and turning to him said: "Well, Thomas, I don't know what you won't do next. I would not be surprised if you turned a gun-stock!" naming that as the most impossible feat in mechanics he could conceive, it being neither round nor straight in any part. Thomas began his peculiar whistle again, and then stammered, "We-we-well, I'll t-try that." Whereupon the workmen who had gathered round burst into a loud laugh at the absurdity of the idea. The germ of the stocking machine lay in that cam motion, and it was then and there, as he afterward said, that the idea of his world-renowned machine for working out irregular forms first flashed through his mind, although it required many months to elaborate it.

Blanchard was soon called to Springfield armory to adjust similar cam motions, and on a return journey, when riding solitary and alone in his carriage, he suddenly exclaimed, like Archimedes of old, with great glee, "I've got it! I've got it! I've got it!" Two men by the wayside overheard him, and one said to the other, "I guess that man is crazy!"

He sold his tack machine for five thousand dollars—a mere trifle for its worth, but a great fortune to him then. He built a shop, filled it with tools, and kept himself locked in for about two years. At last he emerged, and brought to the armory at Millbury a miniature model of his stocking machine, and it operated so well that a full-sized working machine was decided upon. The aid of other mechanics was called in, and Blanchard's first ec-

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THOMAS BLANCHARD.

centric lathe was built in Millbury. In the mean time the fame of it had reached Washington, and the Ordnance Department were desirous of having it launched into notice from the National Armory at Springfield. Blanchard, feeling a just pride in this recognition of his great invention, ordered it sent there. It remained long enough to build a new one, was then returned to Millbury, and set up in the armory, where it was continued in operation about twenty years.

When the news was first proclaimed from Springfield, of a machine running there which turned gun-stocks, it was generally discredited. But mechanics came flocking from far and near to see the mechanic phenomenon. Among others attracted were two members of the British Parliament, then travelling in this country. When they returned to England, they reported the wonderful invention of Blanchard, by which the Americans were getting greatly in advance of them in gun manufacture, and moved a resolution for the purchase of similar machines. A true John Bull member rose, and ridiculed them unmercifully for being so badly played upon by the cunning Yankees. "The very idea of turning a gun-stock is absurd on the face of it, as all must know who ever saw one." Finding the resolution would fail, the two members withdrew it, and moved for a committee to go to the United States Armory, and report upon the facts. The committee came over, examined the workings of the machine, and reported the facts to be as first stated. The doubting Thomas then rose, and said the Americans might have got up something to work their soft woods—pine and poplar—but it would never stand the test of "our tough English oak and hickory." Upon this doubting Thomas himself was chosen a committee to go over and examine. *He* was not to be imposed upon; *he* would ex-

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pose this humbug. Selecting three rough stocks of the hardest, toughest timber he could find, he went to Springfield armory *incognito*, brought his stocks to the stocking-room, and asked the overseer if he would do him the favor of turning them. "Certainly, sir. Take a seat."

Without making the least alteration of the machine, he run the stocks through in a few minutes, and then went on with his work as though nothing unusual had happened. The Englishman examined the stocks, found they were turned all the better for being of hard wood, and he was astonished. After musing a while, and watching the operations, he frankly confessed who he was, why he came, and his thorough conviction of the utility of the machine.

Before he left the city he gave an order, in behalf of the British government, for this and the accompanying machines, some eight or ten, which amounted to forty thousand dollars. They were built at Chicopee, shipped to England, and have been running there from that day to this.

This public recognition of Blanchard's genius is an honor not often conferred by the British government on American mechanics.

Blanchard was soon requested by the War Department to take the whole supervision of stocking the guns in Springfield armory. He proceeded to make contrivances for morticing into the stock each part of the gun. To mortice in the lock by a machine, the old stockers declared, was impossible. The contrivance he made was a marvel of ingenuity, especially the cutter. This was mounted on a movable frame, would cut on a straight line, bore a round hole, cut down and round in any direction, so that when the mortice was completed no kid glove could be fitted to the human hand so closely as was the lock to the stock. He had great difficulty in contriving this instrument until he observed the clean cut of a borer in an oak log. Splitting open the log, he examined the borer with a microscope, and thus obtained his design—or, rather, a design of the Great Architect himself. A pious elder, upon first witnessing his machines, exclaimed, "Thomas, you are inspired; God has inspired you."

The uses now made of this contrivance in making impressions to any given model in die-sinking, etc., is legion.

His lathe was soon brought into requisition for shoe lasts, which were difficult to make by hand, seldom uniform in shape, and expensive. They are now made in millions by this lathe, made perfectly, rights and lefts, and at trifling cost.

It was next applied to tackle blocks, spokes, ox-yokes, and so on, for all irregular forms, *ad infinitum*, from that day to this. Its latest application is the pantagraph recently introduced into London for reproducing the celebrated statues in the British Museum, and regarded as a new marvel.

Blanchard performed the same feat at the Exposition Universelle, in Paris, in 1857, to which he carried one of his lathes. He obtained plaster casts of Napoleon, Eugénie, Thiers, and other notabilities, and so contrived the lathe it would turn out marble busts of life-size, or any size, down to miniatures. Nothing in the Exposition excited more surprise. Sculptors especially were greatly excited, fearing their vocation was gone, and they supplanted by a *machine*.

M. Coquerel, chairman of the Board of Judges, in his report made prominent mention of this lathe, and it concluded in these words: "This wonderful machine was invented by a *Frenchman*, named Blanchard, who is now living in America!"

For this great invention, whose worth to this country and Europe can only be computed in millions, Blanchard himself received but a meagre compensation. For the first two terms of his patent he was continually harassed by infringements and lawsuits; and even in the few years while busy at the armory more than fifty violators had pirated his invention, and started up lathes in various parts of the country for making lasts, spokes, etc.

Combined and repeated efforts were made to break down his patent. Eminent counsel were employed, and all Europe scoured, to find some evidence of a similar motion. But in no age, in no country, could a trace be found of a revolving cutter working to any given model like Blanchard's.

In the lower courts, before juries, he sometimes, though rarely, lost a case; but in the final appeal to the highest court at Washington he always prevailed, so that his claim to originality is now founded on a rock which naught can move.

Beaten in court, the last-makers re-

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treated to the forests of Maine, and there pursued their illicit trade. Blanchard at last ferreted them out of their hiding-places, and they fled over the line into Canada. Here they run their machines fearlessly, made lasts by the million, and exported them to the United States free of duty. He appealed to Congress, and after much delay got heavy duties imposed, and thus effectually stopped that leak. When the second term of his patent had nearly expired, Blanchard said he had expended a hundred thousand dollars in defending his right, and realized but little himself. A third term was unprecedented on any patent. Knowing great opposition would be made to another renewal, he resorted to a little stratagem. He fitted up a lathe for turning busts from marble blocks, took it to Washington, obtained plaster casts of the heads of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and others, and exhibited the busts in the Rotunda of the Capitol. The members were quite astonished when they found these busts had been wrought out by a *machine*, and were more exactly like the originals than any human hand could make them. It produced a sensation. They all supposed it a new invention. Blanchard said, "No, not a new invention, but a new application of an old one of mine, from which I have never realized much, and I want the patent renewed." A resolution was introduced into the Senate by Webster to renew it for a term of years—some proposed for life—and it was rushed through without delay. Choate, who had been retained as opposing counsel, wittily remarked, "Blanchard has 'turned the heads' of Congress, and gained his point."

Having mastered the job of stocking guns wholly by machinery, he left the armory, and devoted himself to other projects with which his mind was teeming.

He invented a new construction of steamboats to tide over rapids and shallow waters, by means of which our Western rivers were made navigable hundreds of miles further up, and thus a great national advantage obtained. When he had completed this and other new designs he removed to Boston, purchased a house, and there spent his remaining days. But his genius was not idle; it was always on the alert for some new discovery. Having noticed the great difficulty of ship-builders in obtaining timber *grown* to the right angle for knees of vessels, he devised a process to bend it to any angle required. It was no new thing to steam and bend small timber; but by the old process the fibres of the wood on the outer circle were so broken as to greatly weaken the timber. The point to be gained was to have the timber retain its full strength after being bent. This he attained so perfectly he could bend a shingle to a right angle, and leave it (so says an eye-witness) as strong at the angle as in any part.

A dealer in school slates in Philadelphia, hearing of this improvement, came to Boston, and presenting to Blanchard an old-fashioned square slate, asked him if he could not contrive a frame that would not tumble to pieces whenever let fall. Blanchard took the slate, clipped off the corners, reducing it to a perfect oval, then steamed and bent round an oak strip fastened by an iron loop. The slate-maker, after letting it fall repeatedly, and finding it uninjured, inquired his price. He replied, "Two thousand dollars." The former was greatly surprised that for a thing so simple he should charge so much, and offered five hundred. Blanchard then proposed to accept five per cent. on his amount of sales for a term of years, to which the slate-maker readily assented. He returned to Philadelphia, made slates after the new model, and as fast as they struck the school-house they struck the fancy of every scholar in it, and he could hardly fill his orders. The amount he paid Blanchard exceeded two thousand dollars the first year.

Blanchard introduced a mode of making the handles of shovels by steam-bending, which saved just one-half the timber and made a far more durable handle.

Like eccentric turning, this improvement has been utilized in a numberless variety of ways, being applied to arm-chairs, thills, wheel fellies, formerly made in four sections, now in one straight-grained strip bent to a circle, etc.

Though not so important an invention as the former, Blanchard realized more from it. The right for ship-building alone he sold for $150,000. It will be seen from facts already presented that the eccentric lathe proved to be far more than the invention of a simple machine for a single purpose, like the reaper, the revolver, the sewing-machine, etc.; it had a general and unlimited application. It was really a *discovery of a new principle in mechanics*, whereby the machine is

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made the obedient, faithful servant of man, to work out his designs after any given model, be it round or square, straight or crooked, however irregular, and reproduce the original form *exactly every time.*

All the work done by Blanchard's machines had perfect uniformity, and after their introduction into the national armories they led to an entirely new system of manufacture, called the "uniformity system." Hitherto guns had been made separately, like Swiss watches, with the parts all carefully lettered or numbered. This was the method in all our workshops, even to the bolts of a carriage or a common bedstead, and woe to him who misplaced one. The new system and its advantages will be best explained by its adaptation to watches. In the first place, the most perfect watch that could be made was obtained for a model, separate machines were fitted up to make each and every part exactly like the model: these were operated by girls and boys, who turned out the parts by thousands. The parts were assembled into watches by experts, and the whole expense of each, aside from jewels and cases, did not exceed four dollars.

This system has since been adopted by the several watch companies, and the production of American watches probably equals one thousand per day. As timekeepers they have proved to be superior to those made by hand. This the public were slow to believe. It has long been a common belief that on such nice, delicate work, the hand was superior to the machine, and formerly it was well founded. But such has been the mighty advance in mechanic arts of late years that in many operations, too numerous to mention, no human hand can compete with the machine in rapidity of work, in perfect uniformity, nor in infinitesimal nicety. As evidences of the first two points, we need cite only the sewing-machine, although a great number might be named; for the third, we point to the machine engraving on bank-notes and watch cases, and also the micrometer gauge. This instrument will readily draw on a metallic plate, say one inch square, 100,000 lines, all perfectly straight, parallel, and equidistant. A good engraver might, perhaps, in time, draw 100 such lines, but where is the hand that could draw 100,000, or approach it?

The wonderful results of the uniformity system in one branch of industry, before described, furnish a fair specimen of what it has done in others. Indeed, it has revolutionized mechanic processes in all our large workshops, so that component parts are no longer wrought out in detail, but turned out by wholesale. It has also greatly improved as well as cheapened mechanic products in an endless variety. It has broken down several large industries in Europe, and to save them from annihilation, the American system is fast being adopted.

Having produced a marked advance along the whole line of mechanic arts, this system forms an epoch in progressive mechanics, the greatest probably since the introduction of steam-power. It becomes, therefore, a matter of historical interest to establish the facts, when, where, and by whom did this system originate?

In 1874 General Wade, United States Army, filed in the War Department a paper (No. 25, Ordnance Notes) in which he says: "Hall's rifles were manufactured at Harper's Ferry under the supervision of the inventor, who introduced the system of making all the parts interchangeable" ("parts interchangeable" and "uniformity system" are synonymous terms). "A board was appointed to examine and report upon this branch of the subject. I prepared a full report to the Secretary of War, showing that the practicability and utility of this system had now become established. The report was dated about 1827–28. This was, I believe, the first successful attempt ever made in this or any other country to manufacture small-arms upon this principle. We all regarded it at the time as a memorable feat, and as marking an important epoch in progressive improvements."

The Ordnance Office soon after issued special orders to all the armories in the United States service to adopt and pursue this system throughout all the component parts of the gun. Thence the system was communicated to various mechanic works, and the advantages were so obvious it spread rapidly, and has continued to spread, until it has become well-nigh universal in all large establishments. General Wade's statement can be corroborated by many witnesses now or formerly connected with the armories.

Blanchard's patent is dated September 6, 1819, and he introduced his machines

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at Harper's Ferry about 1822–23. All the work wrought out by them had perfect uniformity; none of the other had. Hall was an eminent mechanic, and he naturally strove to bring all the work on his favorite rifle up to the same standard of perfection. To do so, and establish the system of uniformity, Blanchard's contrivances were indispensable then—they are so now.

An expert of long experience in patent cases writes: "It would be difficult, and, so far as I know, entirely impracticable, to make small-arms, such as rifles, pistols, etc., to have their parts interchange, without Blanchard's inventions, and this view is corroborated by the fact that they are found in every establishment where such arms are made. For some of his contrivances, such as morticing in the locks, no substitutes have ever been found, and now, after the lapse of half a century, among the great inventions of the day, his hold their place, for the most part unobscured and unimproved."

It appears, therefore, to be clearly established that Blanchard was the forerunner of the present uniformity system; that it was in a measure an outgrowth of his inventions, and that Hall was the first to perfect and carry it into practical operation, and probably to conceive of it as now practiced.

In his later years Blanchard was much sought after as an expert in patent cases, for which his intuitive sense of mechanic principles well fitted him. By means of books, social intercourse in courts and elsewhere, his other faculties became developed, his speech impediment was conquered, and he finally attained a good degree of culture and expansion of mind.

He died in Boston, April 16, 1864, aged seventy-six years.

HAWTHORNE AMONG HIS FRIENDS.

IN the Salem *Gazette* of Tuesday, August 29, 1876, occurs the following brief obituary:

"Mr. William B. Pike, a former Collector of this port, who has been in failing health for some years past, died on Saturday afternoon in the sixty-sixth year of his age. He was in early life a mechanic, working for several years as a carpenter with his father, the late Jacob Pike. He was a Democrat in politics, and his opinions and judgment upon political matters were generally deferred to by his party associates, by whom he was regarded as a man of more than average discernment and sagacity. He was intimate with Hawthorne, Pierce, Wright, and other well-known gentlemen of his party; was a man of warm friendship, and was even too ready to render assistance to those who asked aid at his hands. Mr. Pike was appointed to office in the Boston Custom-house, and also held official position here for about eighteen years. He was weigher and gauger under Polk, Taylor, and Fillmore, and was appointed Collector under Pierce, retaining his office through the administration of Buchanan."

For several years I knew Pike well, and saw him nearly every day till within a few months of his death. He had a full and ready mind, an unfailing fund of common-sense and shrewd observation, a sunny and cheerful temper, and a child-like purity of heart. And these rare qualities, together with the fact that Pike had been for many years intimate with Hawthorne, contributed to make him always extremely interesting to me. To an unusual degree he had evidently been taken into the confidence of Hawthorne, who to him was indeed sacrosanct. That Pike was not unworthy of this privilege is indicated by the fact that he was not prone to talk about it; and although on other matters communicative enough, and a lavish giver from his exhaustless stores of anecdote and reminiscence, a fine reserve seemed to fetter his tongue whenever, as frequently befell, he was approached by strangers and questioned upon the subject of his friend. It was a reticence caught unconsciously, as it seemed to me, from the mysterious shyness of Hawthorne himself.

We were conversing one day upon the topic of so-called spiritual manifestations, and I found that Pike had once been profoundly interested in these matters. He had long ago, however, come to the conclusion that the very singular phenomena which he had witnessed were a delusion and a snare to those who imagined them to be of any practical value. I referred to the fact that Hawthorne's intuitions, as revealed by several passages in his Note-Books and elsewhere, were so true that he seems never for a moment to have had any faith in that vital article of the spiritualistic faith, namely, that we may actually communicate with departed friends. In this connection Pike spoke of having once written to Hawthorne detailing his expe-

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riences and ideas regarding the rappers, and he remembered having received a reply which he thought would interest me; and in a few days he gave me the following letter, with a few other mementos of his friend:

"LENOX, *July* 24, 1851.

"DEAR PIKE,—I should have written to you long since, acknowledging the receipt of your gin, and in answer to your letter, but I have been very busy with my pen. As to the gin, I can not speak of its quality; for the bottle has not yet been opened, and will probably remain corked till cold weather, when I mean to take an occasional sip. I really thank you for it, however; nor could I help shedding a few quiet tears over that which was so uselessly spilt by the expressman.

"The most important news I have to tell you (if you have not already heard it) is that we have another daughter, now about two months old. She is a very bright and healthy child, and neither more nor less handsome than babies generally are. I think I feel more interest in her than I did in the other children at the same age, from the consideration that she is to be the daughter of my age—the comfort (at least so it is to be hoped) of my declining years.

"What a sad account you give of your solitude in your letter! I am not likely ever to have that feeling of loneliness which you express; and I most heartily wish that you would take measures to remedy it in your own case, by marrying Miss B—— or somebody else as soon as possible. If I were at all in the habit of shedding tears, I should have felt inclined to do so at your description of your present situation—without family, and estranged from your former friends. Whenever you find it quite intolerable (and I can hardly help wishing that it may become so soon), do come to me. By-the-way, if I continue to prosper as heretofore in the literary line, I shall soon be in a condition to buy a place; and if you should hear of one, say worth from $1500 to $2000, I wish you would keep your eye on it for me. I should wish it to be on the sea-coast, or, at all events, with easy access to the sea. Very little land would suit my purpose; but I want a good house, with space enough inside, and which will not need any considerable repairs. I find that I do not feel at home among these hills, and should not like to consider myself permanently settled here. I do not get acclimated to the peculiar state of the atmosphere; and, except in midwinter, I am continually catching cold, and am never so vigorous as I used to be on the sea-coast. The same is the case with my wife; and though the children seem perfectly well, yet I rather think they would flourish better near the sea. Say nothing about my wishes; but if you see a place likely to suit me, let me know. I shall be in Salem probably as soon as October, and possibly you will have something in view by that time.

"Why did you not express your opinion of *The House of the Seven Gables*, which I sent you? I suppose you were afraid of hurting my feelings by disapproval; but you need not have been. I should receive friendly censure with just as much equanimity as if it were praise; though, certainly, I had rather you would like the book than not. At any rate, it has sold finely, and seems to have pleased a good many people better than the other; and I must confess that I myself am among the number. It is more characteristic of the author, and a more natural book for me to write, than the *Scarlet Letter* was. When I write another romance, I shall take the Community for a subject, and shall give some of my experiences and observations at Brook Farm. Since the publication of the *Seven Gables* I have written a book for children, which is to be put to press immediately.

"My wife, with the baby and Una, is going eastward in two or three weeks to see her mother, who, I think, will not survive another winter. I shall remain here with Julian. If you can be spared from that miserable Custom-house, I wish you would pay me a visit, although my wife would hardly forgive you for coming while she was away. But I do long to see you, and to talk about a thousand things, relating to this world and the next. I am very glad of your testimony in favor of spiritual intercourse. I have heard and read much on the subject, and it appears to me to be the strangest and most bewildering affair I ever heard of. I should be very glad to believe that these rappers are, in any one instance, the spirits of the persons whom they profess themselves to be; but, though I have talked with those who have had the freest communication, there has always been something that made me doubt. So you must allow me to withhold my full and entire belief, until I have heard some of the details of your own spiritual intercourse.

"On receiving your letter, I wrote to Longfellow, requesting him to forward you any books that might facilitate your progress in the Swedish language. He has not told me whether or no he did so. I asked him to send them to the Mansion House in Salem. I wish you had rather undertaken Latin, or French, or German, or indeed almost any other language, in which there would have been a more extensive and attainable literature than in the Swedish. But if it turns out to be a pleasure and improvement to yourself, the end is attained. You will never, I fear (you see that I take a friend's privilege to speak plainly), make the impression on the world that, in years gone by, I used to hope you would. It will not be your fault, however, but the fault of circumstances. Your flower was not destined to bloom in this world. I hope to see its glory in the next.

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"I had much more to say, but it has escaped my memory just now, and it is of no use trying to say any real thing in a letter. Hoping to see you sooner or later, your friend ever,

"NATH'L HAWTHORNE.

"Excuse this illegible scrawl; but I have contracted such a habit of scrawling that I can not possibly help it."

Let it be noted regarding this letter that it is given here just as it ran from Hawthorne's pen, driven at hot epistolary speed. It is by no means, however, the "illegible scrawl" which he calls it. The handwriting is not in the least difficult to decipher, and not only is every word spelled in full, even to the ands, but the punctuation itself is as perfect as in any printed page of his works. It is quite amusing, however, to notice that amid an accuracy which may be regarded as singular in an unpremeditated epistle, dashed off at a rate which, had the hand been less steady, might well have been illegible, there is one lapse—the word withhold is spelled with one h.

There is something very charming in Hawthorne's reference to the *Seven Gables*, and in his apprehension that it might have been disappointing to his friend. And the fine prophecy, so frank and tender, as to the flower "not destined to bloom in this world," shows the relations of intimate friendship and confidence in which these men stood to each other.

Lenox, where this letter was written, has gone into our annals not merely as a delightful summer resort, but, dating back to the days of Miss Sedgwick, it has ever been with artist and author a chosen place of sojourn. What drew Hawthorne thither has not been revealed. If he sought seclusion, it was surely to be found in the humble abode which he secured among the hills of Berkshire. He called it "the ugliest little red cottage you ever saw." It is situated on the outskirts of the charming village of Lenox, being, in fact, over the line and within the limits of Stockbridge; and it is so embosomed in foliage that to a passing stranger it might easily escape observation. Within, however, it is cozy and not inconvenient, and the rear windows furnish an unobstructed view of a wide and varied landscape. Shouldering groups of mountains cluster about a delightful little lake called Stockbridge Bowl. Conspicuous among these hills is Bald Head of the *Wonder-Book;* and beyond the water, looking in the blue distance, so Hawthorne thought, "like a headless sphinx," is visible the vast bulk of Monument Mountain, whose legend has been sung by Bryant. Hawthorne lived in great retirement at Lenox, and is to this day referred to by the villagers as "the silent man." Often, too, he was strangely shy, so much so that he has been known to leave the highway for the fields rather than encounter a group of approaching villagers. And still he had wonderful nerve, and possessed a poise and readiness equal to any emergency, and comporting well with that stalwart and manly form, Websterian brow, and eyes which seemed to possess the strange power of exploring the twilight recesses of the heart and mind. Higginson, in one of his admirable papers in the *Literary World*, entitled "Short Studies of American Authors," reveals the impression which Hawthorne made upon him:

"The self-contained purpose of Hawthorne, the large resources, the waiting power—these seem to the imagination to imply an ample basis of physical life; and certainly his stately and noble port is inseparable, in my memory, from these characteristics. Vivid as this impression is, I yet saw him but twice, and never spoke to him. I first met him on a summer morning, in Concord, as he was walking along the road near the Old Manse, with his wife by his side, and a noble-looking baby-boy in a little wagon which the father was pushing. I remember him as tall, firm, and strong in bearing;.....when I passed, Hawthorne lifted upon me his great gray eyes, with a look too keen to seem indifferent, too shy to be sympathetic—and that was all.....Again I met Hawthorne at one of the sessions of a short-lived literary club; and I recall the imperturbable dignity and patience with which he sat through a vexatious discussion, whose details seemed as much dwarfed by his presence as if he had been a statue of Olympian Zeus."

Once, while Hawthorne was Surveyor at the port of Salem, two Shakers, leaders in their community, visited the Custom-house, and were conducted through its various departments. With what keen scrutiny the broad-hatted strangers were regarded by Hawthorne, as they passed through his room, we may well imagine from the fact that no sooner was the door shut as they passed out, than the elder of the celibates asked, with great interest, who that man was; and remarking upon his strong face and those eyes, the most wonderful he had ever beheld, he said: "Mark my words, that man will make in

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some way a deep impression upon the world."

An accomplished scholar and essayist, one of whose noblest productions—"Olympus and Asgard"—fills the place of honor in the *Atlantic* for January, 1859, tells me that Hawthorne, when he first dwelt at the Old Manse, and was comparatively little known, had made a singular impression upon the villagers, among whom a report was current that this man Hawthorne was somewhat uncanny—in point of fact, not altogether sane. My friend, the son of a Concord farmer, and at that time a raw college youth, had heard these bucolic whisperings as to the sanity of the recluse dweller at the ancient parsonage, but he knew nothing of the man, had read at that time none of his productions, and, of course, took no interest in what was said or surmised in the village gossip about him. And one day casting his eye toward the Manse as he was passing, he saw Hawthorne up the pathway, standing with folded arms, in motionless attitude, and with eyes fixed upon the ground. "Poor fellow," was his unspoken comment; "he does look as if he might be daft." And when, on his return, a full hour afterward, Hawthorne was seen standing in the same place and attitude, the lad's very natural conclusion was, "The man is daft, sure enough." My friend, who has now these many years worshipped at the shrine of Hawthorne, is inclined to believe that there was a latent insanity in him. But in this connection he expresses an opinion which others entertain as well, namely, that everybody is a monomaniac on some point or other. "Indeed," said he, "whole communities are delivered over to lunacy sometimes, as Bishop Butler says." Except, however, in the sense that

> "True wit to madness nearly is allied,
> And thin partitions do their bounds divide,"

no one knew Hawthorne, so Pike has assured me, who was not strongly impressed with the evident vigor and sanity of the man in mind and body; and with the fact, as Hawthorne himself says, that he had a system "naturally well balanced, and lacking no essential part of a thorough organization."

When Hawthorne decided to leave Lenox and move to West Newton, he sold at auction various household goods which he did not care to transport thither. Among these was a plain mahogany desk, upon which he wrote *The House of the Seven Gables*, *The Wonder-Book*, *The Snow-Image*, and nearly the whole of *The Blithedale Romance*—the final chapters of the latter having been composed after his departure from Lenox. A short time since, certain young men, lovers of Hawthorne and members of the Berkshire Athenæum, secured this homely yet convenient arrangement of drawers, shelves, and writing-desk, and it may be seen now in the museum of that institution, bearing an appropriate placard, and surmounted by a framed document, sworn to and subscribed before a notary, authenticating the above facts for the benefit of future generations.

I would advise no man, unless his faith in the greatness and purity of Hawthorne is established beyond the possibility of disturbance, to investigate too closely into the muck-heaps of local prejudice which even to this day are found to exist among certain cliques and coteries of his native town. Persons of intelligence and respectability are met who actually regard their illustrious townsman with feelings of strong personal aversion. I have endeavored honestly and patiently to look into this strange matter for the purpose of discovering, if I could, the cause of an animosity so pronounced that were I to repeat here the sentiments of rancor and bitterness toward Hawthorne which I have heard spoken, the record would be read with astonishment and incredulity. I rejoice to say, however, that these people are in a very small minority, and that to most Hawthorne is a bright particular star, dwelling aloft beyond the reach of detraction. Hawthorne was a Democrat in politics at a time when, by these unfriendly people, themselves of Whiggish proclivities, grave doubts were entertained whether a Democrat might by any possibility be admitted to heaven; and he was considered not overselect in his associates. It is true that, with a few rare exceptions, Hawthorne held himself aloof from what was regarded as the best society of his native town. Flattering invitations from the wealthiest families were not accepted, nor acknowledged even, and the very existence of the writers was ignored. This was discouraging and of course not wholly agreeable to an aristocracy which, finding this stalwart and handsome young man stranded on their shores like some

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wonderful marine monster, would fain capture him for the entertainment and distinction which might accrue to them thereby. It is thought that this was boorish and rude, and indicative of a soul hopelessly Democratic and depraved. It once befell that he was appointed, without his knowledge or consent, secretary of the Salem Lyceum, an honorable association which for more than half a century has given annual courses of lectures. He quietly ignored the association, performing none of the duties of secretary, declining to introduce the speakers, and not even attending the lectures. On one occasion, however, Thoreau being the lecturer, Hawthorne had ventured, it seems, into the anteroom; and it being whispered among the audience that he was without, there was some eagerness at the close of the lecture to see him. Do you remember Thackeray's sketch of himself in one of the Roundabout Papers? A rear view like that was all the dispersing crowd could get of Hawthorne, for he had promptly planted his nose in a corner, and as the audience passed by into the street nothing was visible save the broad of his back. And this ludicrous incident is to this day cited as indisputable evidence of the man's innate boorishness. It is claimed, too, that the associates whom Hawthorne seemed to prefer while he was Surveyor of the port of Salem were for the most part stipendiaries of the Custom-house and dubious hangers-on, who were not only Democrats, but quaffers of strong waters, tellers of stories unfit for ears refined, and men whose walk and conversation were not improving. And with such as these Hawthorne was wont to go down the harbor now and then on the government tug, with convivial intent. Undoubtedly all this may be to some extent true. And Hawthorne, who in his earlier days is known to have delighted in sitting, himself unknown, a silent observer in bar-rooms and country taverns, listening to the talk of hangers-on at such resorts, admits freely, in the prologue to the *Scarlet Letter*, how great a change, following his appointment as Surveyor, had occurred in his associates and surroundings: "Such," he says, "were some of the people with whom I now found myself connected. *I took it in good part, at the hands of Providence, that I was thrown into a position so little akin to my past habits, and set myself seriously to gather whatever profit was at hand.* After my fellowship of toil and impracticable schemes with the dreamy brethren at Brook Farm; after living for three years within the subtle influence of an intellect like Emerson's; after those wild, free days on the Assabeth, indulging fantastic speculations, beside our fire of fallen boughs, with Ellery Channing; after talking with Thoreau about pine-trees and Indian relics, in his hermitage at Walden; after growing fastidious by sympathy with the classic refinement of Hillard's culture; after becoming imbued with poetic sentiment at Longfellow's hearth-stone—it was time, at length, that I should exercise other functions of my nature, *and nourish myself with food for which I had hitherto had little appetite.* Even the old Inspector was desirable, as a change of diet, to a man who had known Alcott. I looked upon it as an evidence, in some measure, of a system naturally well balanced, and lacking no essential part of a thorough organization, that, with such associates to remember, I could mingle at once with men of altogether different qualities, and never murmur at the change."

Let it be said in passing, that the portraiture of the old Inspector here referred to was regarded by many of Hawthorne's warmest friends as a sketch which, in spite of its merit as a bit of inimitable character painting, should not have been published while the original was living; for he had reached a patriarchal age, and was surrounded by children and grandchildren, who must needs boil with pious wrath and indignation at seeing their revered progenitor thus portrayed. And the local haters of Hawthorne now living can not forget nor forgive this act, which, it must be admitted, was as injudicious as it surely was utterly free from any touch of malice or personal aversion.

A man like Hawthorne, or Goethe, or Shakspeare, endowed by the Creator with exceptional genius, lives an ideal life, a life of thought, and may not be gauged by common standards. In a manner they are in the world, but not of it, nor do their souls readily contract taint or blemish. They refuse to be fed on conventionalities and commonplaces.

"Bring me wine, but wine which never grew
In the belly of the grape,
Or grew on vine whose tap-roots, reaching through
Under the Andes to the Cape,
Suffered no savor of the earth to 'scape."

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James finely says: "Hawthorne had a democratic strain in his composition, and a relish for the common stuff of human nature. He liked to fraternize with plain people, to take them on their own terms, and put himself, if possible, into their shoes. His Note-Books, and even his tales, are full of evidence of this easy and natural feeling about all his unconventional fellow-mortals, this imaginative interest and contemplative curiosity, and it sometimes takes the most charming and graceful forms. Commingled as it is with his own subtlety and delicacy, *his complete exemption from vulgarity*, it is one of the points in his character which his reader comes most to appreciate—*that reader, I mean, for whom he is not, as for some few, a dusky and malarious genius.*" And James elsewhere remarks: "In fact, Hawthorne appears to have ignored the good society of his native place almost completely; no echo of its conversation was to be found in his tales or his journals."

A few particulars further regarding Hawthorne's friend and correspondent may not be uninteresting. William B. Pike was born at Salem, October, 1810. He received a public-school education, but stopped short of the High School, and practiced carpentry with his father. His parents were Methodists, and at an early age he became interested in religious matters. He joined the Sewall Street Methodist Church, under the pastorate of Rev. Jesse Fillmore, and became a devoted and successful class-leader. He contemplated entering the ministry, and prepared and preached several sermons. Applying for a position as chaplain in the navy, he was strongly recommended by certain influential gentlemen of Essex County, who respected him for his talents and piety, and under the impression that he had been regularly ordained, represented that as the case in their letters of recommendation. It is said that Pike knew of this error, and that, in his eagerness to secure the appointment, he failed to correct it. However this may be, these gentlemen, happening to learn from his pastor that Pike had not been ordained, recalled their letters, and the chaplain project fell through. This was a great disappointment to Pike, and the failure occurred in a manner so mortifying that in the revulsion he withdrew forever from the Methodist fold, and betook himself for some years to the Episcopal communion of old St. Peter's. He afterward became profoundly interested in the works of Swedenborg, and was one of the pioneer members of the New Jerusalem Society, which for some years has had a house of worship on Essex Street, and is quite respectable in numbers and intelligence.

About the time of Jackson's election, in 1832, Pike adopted strong Democratic principles, which he held ever after with unswerving fidelity. And he became remarkably well informed in current politics, as well as in general political history, for he had a tenacious memory, and was an insatiable reader. Among his Democratic friends he was regarded as an oracle, and being vigorously aggressive, he became an acknowledged leader of that party in Essex County. In the second year of Van Buren's administration, under the Collectorship of Bancroft the historian, Pike and Hawthorne both secured places at the Boston Custom-house, Pike as assistant measurer, and Hawthorne as weigher and gauger, and both, after a brief service, were rotated out of office. Hawthorne returned to his lonely chamber on Union Street, and to his literary labors, and Pike worked off and on at his trade, but was ever alert as a politician, and wrote frequently for the press. His papers were mostly of a political character, and were contributed chiefly to the Salem *Advertiser* and the *People's Advocate*. These articles appeared generally as editorial, but the authorship was easily recognized, for they were strongly marked with his well-known peculiarities of thought and style.

During the administration of Polk, Pike was commissioned weigher and gauger at the Salem Custom-house, and thereafter, in one capacity or another, remained continuously in the customs service till the end of Buchanan's administration. During the closing hours of the administration of his personal friend Frank Pierce, he was promoted to the Collectorship, then a very lucrative berth. Soon after, he built a residence at Groveland, in a region hallowed by the genius of Whittier. It is opposite the city of Haverhill; and here the valley of the Merrimac, everywhere abundantly beautiful, puts on its loveliest aspects, and will live forever in radiant verse as the scene of Cobbler Keezar's Vision. The period of Pike's residence at Groveland was the sunniest and

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most fruitful in happy memories of his life. The spot was, indeed,

"A place of nestling green for poets made."

Here he was wont to entertain his friends with generous hospitality. Here, also, he was induced, contrary to the advice of his friends, to put money into a shoe factory; but the venture was not a success, for he had no knowledge of the business, and, besides, he was lacking in the peculiar intelligence and shrewdness, and that instinct for the main chance, which go to make up a successful and enterprising business man. For men like him, savings-banks are the only snug harbor for spare cash.

It was about this time, I think, that Hawthorne, while consul at Liverpool, wrote Pike strongly urging him to throw up his Custom-house berth, and join him there in the capacity of vice-consul; but Pike, it seems, could not be persuaded to go abroad.

Pike had a strongly marked, benignant face, indicative of intelligence and individuality. He was gray at twenty, and always looked older than his years, and his white hairs "thatched an intellectual tenement," capacious and in good repair. His countenance, except when engaged in animated conversation, was grave and kindly. He had a keen sense of the ludicrous, a vivid recollection of localities and incidents, a quick apprehension of personal peculiarities and traits, and he was a most graphic and entertaining narrator. He had, also, a unique way of receiving good things, which was so characteristic and appreciative that if you chanced upon a nux postcœnatica of real genuine old particular flavor, you would surely go with it to Pike. No matter how side-splitting the story might be, he would look you in the eye through it all, with a face perfectly impassive, until the conclusion, and then breaking into a brief volcanic laugh, the grave look would immediately return, as if he were engaged in digesting a matter profoundly serious.

Pike was exceptionally sympathetic and free-handed, especially to his kinspeople. He had several sisters, all of whom he survived. Some were married, but not advantageously, and all were at times in straitened circumstances. Generous brother that he was, he kept them ever in mind, looking after and helping them promptly in their straits, even to the extent, upon occasion, of parting with his last dollar.

For some maiden aunts he hired a small house, where they lived with him in great contentment. It was a sorry apology for a house, to be sure, but the inmates had conceived for it a strong attachment, and the sly owner endeavored to persuade Pike to buy it, offering the house and lot for $1300. So it befell one day that our tender-hearted friend conferred with a fellow-stipendiary of Uncle Sam who happened to know the property well, and asked his advice. "The cellar is damp, I think." Pike admitted this to be the fact, and confessed that a slender stream of water gurgled through the middle of the cellar almost continually. "And there is no cellar wall, I believe. It is merely boarded up, is it not?" Pike gravely, and with child-like innocence, admitted that this also was true. "And is not the house itself a flimsy, ramshackle old rookery? You are a carpenter, Pike, and you dwell in the house, and must be competent to judge of its value." Pike did know all about the house, and then and there told its strange, eventful history. The owner, a house-painter, who has these many years been gathered to his fathers, had managed in some sort of dicker, or in settlement of a debt, to secure a little lot of land on Crombie Street. Upon this lot, it seems, he had hauled first a porch, which was fit for nothing better than fuel, and might have served a useful end in tempering the local baker's oven with reference to its daily yield of brick-loaf, bun, and gingerbread, or in helping Deacon Safford to brew his famous julep—that horrible decoction, the memory of which to this day hath power to distort the face as if one were quaffing verjuice. But the owner had other aims. By-and-by, watching his chances, he had secured portions of two other dismantled houses, which also were hauled on to the lot. "Hitching these sorry wrecks together somehow," said Pike, "he finally put in a few windows, and *called it a house.*"

Here the colloquy ended. And yet, to the vast amazement of his interlocutor, it transpired not long afterward that Pike had actually bought this thing of shreds and patches. His excuse was that the inmates had become attached to the dwelling (doubtless because their guileless and devoted kinsman had made it a very para-

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dise to their hearts), and the mere fact of this attachment weighed so strongly with Pike that, out of sheer kindliness, the snug little sum of $1300, which he happened to be able to spare at the time, was foolishly flung away upon this insalubrious rattle-trap. And shortly after, poor fellow, he fell sick of a slow fever, which Dr. Floto attributed to the dampness of the cellar, and was laid by for many weeks.

The close of every life is a tragedy more or less pathetic. The prophecy of his friend Hawthorne was fulfilled. "*You will never, I fear, make the impression on the world that, in years gone by, I used to hope you would. It will not be your fault, however, but the fault of circumstances. Your flower was not destined to bloom in this world. I hope to see its glory in the next.*" While Pike held the Collectorship, the emoluments of that office had rendered him comfortably well off. Temperate, upright, honorable, singularly pure in heart and life, but generous and free-handed to a fault, when he lost his place and his income, his means dwindled, and he became abjectly poor and dependent; blindness and other infirmities overtook him; but through all these thronging misfortunes his mind was unclouded, and his soul kindly and serene. And so the end drew nigh, and bidding his friends and the world good-night,

> "He hath crossed the languid river,
> He hath paid the last obole,
> Day for him hath set forever,
> He hath won the mystic goal."

Twelve years earlier, Hawthorne had preceded him into the Silent Land; and now his friend of many years has also "sailed beyond the sunset, and touched the Happy Isles."

LAW AND GOSPEL.

I.—CHOICE.

"HEAD, I win; tail, you lose," said young Byram, speaking aloud, though he was alone.

He was walking up and down in his pretty room in Lafayette College. He had finished his last examination—nay, his last rehearsal before the final exhibition. His trunks were packed for his departure the next day, after the public services. His carpet was sold, and his furniture given away. Everything was determined, except—

—Except that most difficult and delicate question, what he should do next.

He held in his hand a letter from his father, who was in Munich, with all the rest of the family. His father had written:

".... I sympathize with you in your difficulties. I felt like difficulties at your age. But you are a man now, and a man must make a man's choice. You have one adviser better than I am or your mother. Consult Him, and you will not come out wrong. Indeed, even if your mother had an eager wish in the matter, she would not wish to govern you; nor would I.

"Only decide. Decide—and decide within twenty-four hours after you receive this note. You will have the same credit at Munroe's as you have had. If you need more, write and say so."

College graduates will now understand that poor young Byram was in that slough of despond which so many men have sunk in—perhaps as many as have pulled through. His college life was ended, and he was "choosing his profession."

It was in this stress—in the doubt between the life of a minister and that of a lawyer—that Byram cried aloud in his agony,

"Head, I win; tail, you lose."

For he held in his hand an old Queen Anne halfpenny. His grandmother had given it to him long ago, and he had kept it as a sort of luck-penny. He snapped it in the air. Britannia should be Justice, and the Queen should be Mercy. "Urim and Thummim," he had just time to cry, when the halfpenny fell in the back of his easy-chair. It rested on its edge—neither side up—between the cushion and the mahogany.

"Destiny itself will not decide for me," cried poor Byram. "Why should I do what destiny will not do?" And he sat at his desk and finished the letter to his father which lay there waiting his determination.

"P.S.—I have your kind letter from Munich. I have determined to go to Harvard to-morrow, and to enter there next week."

Thus did the wretched lad postpone for a wretched week the last decision. For at Harvard there is not only a School of Law, but a Divinity School. And this young Byram well knew.

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II.—INDECISION.

To Harvard accordingly he went. On the Fall River boat he met three or four gentlemen, one of whom was an old friend of his father's, who introduced him to the others. First they walked together, then they sat and talked. The talk fell on their professional experiences. All of them were at the bar. Now they rallied each other; now they talked seriously; now they fell to telling anecdotes of Kent, and Shaw, and Story, and Gray; and now in the merriest and now in the gravest vein dropped hints, which Byram treasured, of the blessings which an upright lawyer might scatter for mankind. They all turned in at ten o'clock. And as Byram wound his watch and crept into his berth, he felt that the evening had been providentially appointed. He would enter at the Law School as soon as he had taken his room and furnished it.

To the cares of furniture and carpets, accordingly, he gave Saturday; was so far forward at night that he could sleep on his new mattress, and on Sunday walked into Boston to make his first studies of the quaint old city. It happened that, in a sight-seer's fancy, he drifted with the throng into a little church in the outskirts of the town. From the title-page of the hymn-book he learned that he was with a branch of the vine in whose service he had never joined before. A frank, cheerful preacher took his place in the pulpit, and before five minutes had passed Byram forgot that he was a stranger. Hymns, Scripture, prayers, sermon, fitted in each with each, all governed, clearly enough, by the impulse of one eager purpose. Byram felt as if he were listening to the talk of an old companion. He never asked if this were oratory or no; he did not test the argument of the speaker; he followed him eagerly, and could only wonder, when he stopped, why he did so. It happened that Byram sat in the very front of the crowded church. Perforce he waited a little in the open space before the communion table after the service was over. It happened that the preacher, almost in haste, ran down to speak to a little girl after the benediction, so that Byram stood close by him, and said to him, "I thank you for what you said, and I wish you had said more."

And then he started, frightened with his own courage.

But the other laughed, and said: "That is our besetting danger, you know. And really nothing on earth can be equal to the temptation of going on when one's audience listens. There is no such exquisite pleasure." A lady touched him on the shoulder, saying, "Excuse me for interrupting you," and he turned away. The congregation was melting away, and Byram followed them.

He walked to Cambridge, haunted by the single thought that this man was as eager in his profession, and as happy in it, as those lawyers had been in theirs. And surely it was worth a man's while. Here were five or six hundred people who had drunk in eagerly every word that man had said. And Byram knew from his own experience that they were going home with higher purposes. It was worth while.

The next morning he had an interview with the dean of the Divinity College, and in the afternoon an interview with the dean of the Law School.

It ended as with such men such conflicts are apt to end. Byram found that in the broad arrangements of Harvard University there are many lines of study which a student in either school may well attend. He found that at Divinity Hall they would receive him, if he pleased, as a "special student." True, he would thus be apt to forfeit his chance for a bachelor's degree. But in the attendance on the branches he chose he would gain some insight into the line of study proposed. As for the Law School, he would have to pass its examinations from time to time. But, day by day, little precise attendance was there required. And so the undecided young man determined, if this could be called a determination, that he would enter at both schools till he could make a choice by practical experiment in which calling he was most at home. Almost carelessly, that he might not be bothered by unnecessary questions, he entered as George E. Byram at the Law School, and G. Ernest Byram at the other. These were his names. He was always called Ernest at home. At college he was known as George. College boys seldom inquire what is a young man's home name.

III.—EXPERIMENT.

Not one thought of deceit had crossed Byram's mind when he entered his name

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by one initial and one name in one school, and by reversing these in the other. He did not mean to deceive professors or registrars. He took it for granted, indeed, used as he was to smaller circles, that his presence at Cambridge was already a matter known to the authorities. It simply occurred to him that he should save no end of questions by the registration he had chosen. He knew his indecision was unusual; and he shrunk with a provincial shyness from the annunciation which he thought possible, even in the public journals, that one gentleman was studying for two professions. He knew so little that he did not suspect, first, that no journal would mention the fact, and second, that nobody would read the mention if it did.

Nor was it with any intention to deceive that it happened that he adopted a graver costume for what he came to call Divinity days, differing from the somewhat flamboyant vests, walking coats, and trousers which he wore on the days when, as it happened, most of his time was spent at Dane Hall. He was not a ritualist, but a person who respected harmony in costume. It was quite natural to him, in a school where many of his fellow-students were poor men, to abstain from any loud or costly display in dress. Most of the Divinity men wore black or gray, and with them Byram did the same. But he had his old clothes; they must be worn at some time. And so it happened—for he was regular in his habits—that on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, when he spent most of his time at Divinity Hall, he was always dressed in full black; while on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at the Law School, his trousers were of one color and his coat of another. A black silk stove-pipe hat belonged with the black coat, and a reddish-gray Derby with the gayer apparel.

It need hardly be said that the young fellow enjoyed his studies at both schools. The law of selection worked as it will. He could not but elect in each; and naturally he elected what was most agreeable to him in each, while he rejected, without knowing it, the lines of study which would have cost him much labor. It was not long before he found out how closely the Common Law doctrines are interwoven with the religious conscience of a Christian people, and in his studies of ecclesiastical history nothing fascinated him so much as the relations of the Church of the Empire with the foundation of the Civil Law. The fearless discussion of first principles among the Cambridge Divinity students gave him a sway which hardly any fellow-student had in the more technical debates of the clubs in the Law School; and, on the other hand, the precision of statement of the Law professors, and of the abler men among his fellows at Dane Hall, gave him habits which became resources very little known among the rhetorical and voluble part of the conversationists at Divinity. The careful training for public speech of a Divinity student made Byram a favorite in the debating clubs of the Law School, while the logical analysis of his subject, and the vigorous dissection of his adversary, made him, for the moment, the master in what was then called the "Philanthropic Society" of young divines. So far—well. He had not to reprove himself for wasting time.

Only one thing surprised him. Although he came to be on terms of conversational acquaintance with his teachers—visiting, indeed, at the houses of some of them—no one of them ever alluded to his double course.

Could it be that, in the pressure of their duties, they did not know he had undertaken it?

IV.—INTRODUCTION.

It was a woman who revealed to young Byram the awkwardness of the step he had taken. That there was duplicity in it he knew: it was duplicity, and nothing else. But at first, because he had saved verbal deception, and had kept literally within the letter, he had tried to persuade himself that for once the duplicity was not to be blamed. He did no one any harm, he said to himself. It was nobody's business where he studied, except his father's, and he had, of course, notified his father of his arrangements. For the rest, it amused him to see how often his friends of the moot-court cut him dead on his Divinity days, and how the theological professors, in their turn, passed him without recognition when they met him in checked trousers and a loud corduroy hunting coat. He had found it most convenient not to take his meals at any of the public tables, but to make one of the simple family of the widow in whose house he had taken rooms. Not that he was unsocial.

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He was fond of company. And at first he was afraid he had made a mistake in secluding himself, merely for convenience, at the three meals, which are, after all, in all forms of civilization, the three special altar services of society.

But this fear did not last. He had a class in the Sunday-school of the parish church, and on every Sunday afternoon he walked down to East Cambridge, with some of the other young fellows, for religious service in the county jail. In both these relationships he was thrown into intimacy with admirable people of both sexes, in the pleasantest home life of Cambridge. He found he need not wait for invitations: he could look in when he chose. He could play croquet in the afternoon or evening, he could join the riding parties, or there was a plate if he "happened in" at breakfast, dinner, or tea. In Boston life he had not so easy an entrée. It was the friends he made at the Law School clubs who introduced him in Boston; and, as it happened, he was there on the more formal footing of invitation and answer. Evening parties there were, however, without end, and when it proved that George Byram could dance as well as he talked, there were subscriptions to assemblies and Germans. As winter closed in, George found that only too much of his time was likely to be spent in the engagements which he made in these circles of Boston and the neighborhood.

Ruth Lindsay was the woman who has been spoken of. It so happened that she was on a visit at Cambridge, in one of those charming square houses—built a little beyond the Longfellow house—where, if they did but know it, the inmates have everything heart can wish. No, it was not Mr. Scudder's "poet's house," but it was not far away. There had been an evening reading, or something like it, at the People's Union, where Byram had joined the group of ladies with whom Miss Lindsay was, and he had been formally presented to her. But his real introduction was in a more satisfactory way.

He had been taking a "constitutional" walk, and returning from Mount Auburn, crossed through Buckingham Street toward the Observatory. Seeing a commotion in the street, he ran up to find that a horse, whose feet were too smooth, had slipped on some early ice, and fallen, and that the driver, a stupid Irish boy, had no power to get him up. The horse plunged, and there was risk of much more smashing than was needed. Ernest ran forward, held the horse's head down to quiet him—indeed, eventually knelt on his neck to hold him in place—reached out as well as he could to loosen some parts of the harness, and having slacked the tugs, bade the boy take them off. But the boy was howling and fooling, trying to lift out a basket of cabbages from his load, and Ernest had to repeat his order, when, to his surprise, Ruth Lindsay stepped up from behind him, caught the idea, loosened one tug at once, and after a moment's instruction the other. Ernest sprang up laughing, encouraged the horse, who found his feet as soon as he was free; and then, while Miss Lindsay held his gloves, he harnessed him to the wagon again. He gave the boy some good counsel, and joined his charming ally—one of the handsomest women, as has been said elsewhere, who is at the same time lovable and lovely.

A bit of practical life like that is a great deal better introduction than anything you can do with syllables and tones. Indeed, talk is generally so insincere when people begin, that it is excellent good luck if you begin with act. Had these young people been introduced to each other at Mrs. Dunster's house, he would have said, "It is a very fine day," and she that it was "very fine." He would have said he liked the late Indian summer, and she that she also liked the early Indian summer. He would have said he hoped tomorrow would be as fine, and she would have said she hoped so also. It would therefore have taken a good while for him to find out if she were as genuine as she was lovely, or for her to find out if he thought of anybody but himself, or anything but the parting of his back hair. But with the introduction which did happen, each knew that the other was quick, fearless, resolute, sensible, and unselfish. That is as much as anybody has any right to know of another in the first hour of a new acquaintance.

V.—HER VISIT.

Was Miss Lindsay starting for a walk? Yes, she was. They had been reading and sewing and embroidering all the afternoon. The other girls were lazy, but she had determined to go out, even if she went alone.

Might he join her? Of course he

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might. She must know the ways better than he, for he was quite a stranger. And so they started.

He. "I can not bear to see a horse suffer. At the West, in my own home, I have my own span; that is, my father calls them so. When we were little boys we had our own horses as soon as we could pretend to take care of them."

She. "How nice that must be! I remember my brother said, when he first had a horse of his own, that it was such a comfort always to have the stirrup right, and never have to change it. Yes, I hate to see a horse suffer, or, for that matter, any animal we are using. It seems so mean in us."

He. "Do you like pets?—do you have pets?"

She. "Yes, and no. I like them when they like me. I doubt if I am patient enough to have a pet of my own—I mean one I must remember. But our house is full of them—dogs, cats, rabbits to help the gardening; hens of every race known and unknown; everything but canary-birds—caged birds, you know."

He. "I know. But why not, with the others?"

She. "Why not? Because a bird is to fly. That is what he is good for. How absurd to shut him up where he can not fly! It is like putting a locomotive in a museum. Or those splendid horses with military equipments on them, which you see in the arsenals, to show what a lancer or a dragoon is. I always hurry by those dreadful horses. How should I like to be skinned and stuffed because somebody wanted to exhibit a parasol, or a muff, or a necklace?" And the girl shuddered.

He. "If you feel so about a horse, what will you say when you have your own, give him his salt and his apple, and when he loves to take it from your hand?"

She. "You say 'when you have,' in your nice Western way, as if people had only to wish for such luxuries, and have them. Do you know, I have never gone beyond Niagara, and I am as ignorant of your free, large-scale life as—as most Boston girls are. Tell me about it. What do your sisters do? Have you sisters? After they have washed the breakfast cups, what comes next?"

And when he was adjured in this laughing way, he tried to tell her. To tell the truth, he hardly knew what would seem new to her, and what would not. He hardly knew how she lived. He had to ask her. And all this made a frank, unaffected beginning. From the West they came back to Cambridge, to the People's Union, where they had first met, and to Miss Abbot's class of boys. Byram took one evening there every week regularly, but he confessed that he was afraid of boys.

"I think I should like that," said Ruth. "I like boys, and without knowing, I believe I should manage them. What do you do with them?"

"Oh, everything. They are taught to whittle, to use a jig-saw. We teach them to play chess, and they know how to play dominoes and checkers without teaching. Poor little pirates! if we can keep them out of the gutter, that is one thing gained."

"Yes," said she, rather sadly, "and out of the beer-shops. A Sunday-school boy of mine was brought home drunk by the police one Sunday night. That was awful." Then she shook her head, as if she would not think of this. "Anyway, Mr. Byram, you show them somebody cares for them. I am afraid that is a new lesson for some of them, poor creatures!"

"Dear Miss Lindsay, it is," said he, eagerly—he hardly knew how eagerly; but this was one of Ernest's hobbies. "In their own line of life there is kindness, of course; but the steady kindness—well, you know what I mean—that is what one would be glad, well, to get the habit of, himself." And then he told her what was really a funny story as he told it, with a very pathetic side. He had picked up a waif the day his boxes were opened, to help him fetch and carry. As one bit of table luxury after another came out of the boxes, this Mike Downey regularly asked, "What's that for, Mr. Byram?" "What did it cost, Mr. Byram?" And Byram would answer steadily that the thing was a paper-weight, or a letter-rack, or a thermometer, or a book-mark; but to the second question, as to price, he would always say he did not know. At last Mike Downey presumed so far as to ask why he knew nothing of the element of cost, itself so important. "Why, Mike," said he, "I do not buy these things; people have given them to me."

"It made me think," said Ernest, "as I had not thought before, how we are buttressed and stayed by our friends, and I am afraid poor Mike knew nothing of that. He had had more kicks than cop-

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pers given to him. And I—why, you know how it is, Miss Lindsay; I can not look across my room without seeing a picture, or a flower-holder, or a letter-weight, or a clothes-brush, that somebody has given me. Why, the copper tea-kettle on the hob was my mother's present when I went to boarding-school, and I shall lug it round with me till I die."

All such talk, fresh and easy, though of nothing, if you please, made the young people feel as if they had always known each other; and though Ernest declined Miss Lindsay's invitation to stay to tea, he was none the less pleased when Mrs. Dunster, at whose house Miss Lindsay was making her visit, asked him to join their riding party of the next day. Nor was he sorry when the accidents of the start gave him Miss Lindsay as his companion. He was well mounted, and so was she. The day was perfect. He was twenty-three years old, and she just less than twenty. What more could heart desire?

Her visit in Cambridge lasted a week longer. And it happened that almost every day the young people were all together. Ernest was a favorite at the Botanic Garden and at the Museum of Natural History. On two different days he did the honors to a gay party to perfection in showing these tamed lions. One evening they spent together in the whittling school. One evening they heard Professor Toy read from the *Arabian Nights*. Ernest was sorry when Miss Lindsay's visit was ended.

VI.—THE GERMAN.

After the visit was ended, Mrs. Dunster took Ernest seriously to task that he had scarcely entered her house while it went on. "Did you think we had scarlet fever here, Mr. Byram?" she asked. And Ernest wondered himself how it had happened that till the evening she asked this question, in such daily out-door appointments with the young people, he had scarcely passed beyond her hospitable hall.

For all this gayety he had to make up by harder work on ecclesiastical history and on jurisdiction and procedure in equity. And when, after a month's midnight kerosene, he felt at liberty to indulge his passion for society again, it was in quite another field. At that time there was in winter a recess for a fortnight in the middle of the Harvard campaign, a sort of breathing-time between two rounds, when the wounds of battle could be stanched and bound, when the principals dropped back into the arms of their seconds to recover their wind, and the fit applications were made to their blackened eyes and bruised noses. Byram's Boston friends of the Law School all flitted into the city, and he found himself fairly overwhelmed by evening invitations there.

Miss Lindsay's winter home was Boston. Till this year her father's family had spent the most of the year in the neighborhood of Cambridge. But Miss Ruth had taken a dislike to the country home; an affair of the heart had had its crisis there—of which this reader possibly knows something. Her father had sold the place, and for that winter they lived in Boston. It happened, therefore, that in the very heat of the German one evening, at a brilliant assembly at Papanti's, as George Byram was circling round the room with that pretty little Southern girl, Miss Travis, they passed Miss Ruth Lindsay, who was waltzing with Joe Trevor, one of George's companions in the Law School. Thanks to the communistic theory of the German, when his partner left him for another, George had a chance to ask Miss Lindsay to take a turn with him. To his chagrin she declined coldly, and took another partner who had offered himself at the same moment. You would have said from her manner that she never saw him before. Poor George had to swallow his discomfiture as he might, and was left to wonder, not for the first time, at the variability of a certain sex.

He did not go to Cambridge that night. He was Joe Trevor's guest. As he went up to his room after the ball, asking still how he could have offended Miss Lindsay, he caught a glimpse of himself in a long cheval-glass, and cried aloud, in joy, "By Hercules! the girl did not know me!"

Let it be remembered that he had been but three months in the theological school, and its training had not exterminated certain semi-classical habits of speech, borrowed from what is called profane literature, which at the end of a year he would doubtless have abandoned.

How should she know him? A Divinity student whom she last saw at a mission school, where, as he remembered, he wore a heavy velveteen riding coat, as he was explaining on the blackboard to won-

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dering Arabs the method in which a caterpillar becomes a cocoon. How should she know this white-vested, white-necktied, swallow-tailed young dancer, with a red carnation in his button-hole, to be the same person whom, in a faded overcoat of the cut of Ponceville, she had seen kneeling on the head of Jem Fagin's horse in Buckingham Street? Anyway, poor George took the benefit of the doubt, and so slept that night sweetly and soundly, instead of pitching wretchedly from side to side on his hot pillow.

VII.—PRESUMPTION.

Happily the next night Mrs. Templeman gave a party. Not too many, just nice people, you know; and that beautiful house, with simply perfect music. Happily George Byram was bidden. As he and Joe Trevor rode to the party, Joe said, "Did you see our pretty Miss Lindsay?"

George. "Yes. But I do not think 'pretty' is the word."

Joe. "Have it as you choose. She is very nice, I tell you. She said that at first she thought she knew you. She thought you looked like a man she knew in the Divinity School."

George knew he flushed up at this, but he said nothing for a minute. Then he had time to collect himself, and asked Joe to present him if there was a chance. Miss Lindsay was at the dance, so of course there was.

Of course, too, George meant to explain instantly. But of course, too, there was no opportunity. How should he explain? Should he say, "Miss Lindsay, I am a base deceiver"? But he was not a base deceiver. Should he say, "Miss Lindsay, I am not a deceiver, but an unfortunate young man, the victim of circumstances"? Was he not a deceiver? Anyway, might she not be stiff and old-fashioned in her judgments? Might she not think a Divinity student should be better employed than in dancing at assemblies and balls every night after midnight? This was clear—that he need not explain now. There would come a more convenient season.

Alas! as the reader has seen, poor Byram had not come in life or theology as far as the critical exposition of Acts, xxiv. 25. He did not yet know that that more convenient season never comes. Joe introduced him, and Miss Lindsay was able to give him the dance then next pending.

He. "I hope you enjoyed last evening."

She. "Oh yes. It was a nice party."

He. "Do you like the German?"

She. "Oh yes. Once in a while, of course."

He. "I suppose you have danced abroad?"

She. "Oh no. I never crossed the water."

He. "Is Boston very gay this winter?"

She. "Oh, I do not know. I think probably you know better than I."

He. "I? Oh, I am a Western man. I do not know Boston."

She. "I do not know any one who does."

Here was George's chance. The first break this was in the icy commonplace of a first conversation. But he was afraid. Although he knew this lovely girl so well, it seemed all of a sudden as if he did not know her. There seemed a wretched veil to have fallen between them. If only he could have spoken of the Belmont oaks, of Professor Hazen's butterflies, of the funny Irish boy at the carving school! But till he had explained, he could not do that. So he began, almost hopelessly:

He. "I saw you at the rehearsal."

She. "Oh, were you there?"

He. "I called it a good concert."

She. "Oh yes, very good."

He. "Were there not too many songs?"

She. "I like vocal music."

He. "Do you sing?"

He knew she sang like a wood-thrush when she chose to sing, in the second of a hymn, or when people were rowing in a boat by moonlight. But he was tempted to ask this question, I say not by whom.

She. "I do not sing in that fashion."

A dreary beginning again. Actually, though he had all day been hoping for this very dance, he was glad when it was over; and before long he told Trevor that he found the party rather a bore, and he would quietly go home.

It was a wretched beginning. Still, it was a beginning. And poor George followed it resolutely, hoping always, whenever he met Miss Lindsay, that he should find that convenient opportunity to explain. But it never came. The fact that he had a secret made him conscious. Because he was ill at ease, he did not show himself the straightforward, unselfish fellow that in fact he was. For her, she could not be ill-tempered, and never meant to be hard. But if she loved anything, it was truth. If anything annoyed her.

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it was the stiff convention of frivolous society talk. Nobody knew better than she that it was not necessary. She asked Mr. Byram once if he knew the other Mr Byram, who resembled him so closely. George jumped at the chance. He said he wished he did, but that he had been very unlucky; and just then that popinjay Wallace bowed to Miss Lindsay, and took her away to dance. George was worse off than before. His little joke had carried farther than he meant this unhappy deception.

Still, there were times when they got on better with each other. By great good luck he was asked to a state dinner party which Mrs. Belcher gave to Lord Hampden Sidney when he came over to study American institutions, see Niagara, and hunt buffaloes in a three weeks' vacation. When Mrs. Belcher asked George to take Miss Lindsay to dinner, he was in the seventh heaven; and well he might be. On the other side of her was an attaché of the Japanese legation, who had handed down Miss Trist, and was talking to her in the sign language. So George had three perfect hours. They talked of everything in the heavens above, and the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth. For they talked of comets and meteors and the new satellites of Mars; they talked of moles and learned mice, and the Ute Indians, with whom he had hunted, and the colors of porcelain, which she had painted. They talked of the Artesian well her father was boring at his factory, and of the fossil mineral waters which the world drinks at Saratoga. They talked of people, of Irish famine and Hungarian patriots, of the Neapolitan fishermen his sisters had met the last autumn, and of the Mount Desert skipper who took Miss Lindsay in his boat so nicely. George was himself again—fresh, simple, and unpretending. She was herself—quick, incisive, as gentle, when you left her to her own way, as she was haughty if you pressed her. Every way that was a charming dinner.

The next day George called on Miss Lindsay. She was not quite well, the servant said. The next day she was not at the assembly, and George learned she was quite ill. The next day he ventured to leave some flowers. The doctor's chaise was at the door. The recess was over, and George had to return to Jurisdiction in Equity without another word with Miss Lindsay.

That illness of hers revealed to him a great deal. If she had died, he should die; that he knew. And when Joe Trevor's sister, who was very sympathetic and good, told him at last that Miss Ruth was out of danger, George could have screamed for joy. But the winter was well-nigh gone before he could call on her again. Then she was out. Lent came, and there were no parties. Byram clung to Mrs. Dunster's house in despair. But they could not get any visit from Miss Lindsay. When at last he did meet her, it was at an evening party where he least expected it. He did not pretend to disguise his joy. He was so eager that she was perhaps frightened, certainly annoyed. He felt that the same chill came over her which depressed him so at Mrs. Templeman's. Still, it would be gone if she knew all he had suffered. He asked her to go into the library to see the East Indian photographs. The photographs were wonderful; and, best of all, they were alone.

George seized his opportunity. He told her how wretched her illness had made him. He was not afraid to tell her that he had prayed God for her recovery. He tried to explain to her why she was all in all to him. The harder he tried, the more unreasonable he seemed. She had not been spending three weeks in one eager thought, as he had. She felt he had never earned any right to speak to her in this fashion: only a few interviews at dances and dinner parties. The man was a fool. She did not tell him this. But she let him understand that he was very presumptuous. There was no if or but in her very kind but very decided rejection of his suit. Whatever might be said of him, Ruth Lindsay was not an undecided person.

VIII.—DECISION.

Poor George! He had to go back to Practice in Equity with such spirit as he could, and this was with no spirit at all. Every day he entered the lecture-room at the Law College the memories of these weeks of anxiety haunted him. It was when he took up his other life—his life among poets, prophets, philosophers, and the leaders of the world; the life which led him to-day to hobnob with John Milton, and to-morrow to make a new pattern for the jig-saw boys—that he was able for a few minutes at a time to escape from the wretched memories of failure. Although

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he kept his name on the books of the Law School, his attendance and work now were more and more at the other end of the town.

One evening in early spring Ernest had been reading the story of Aladdin to six or eight ragged street boys at the Union, when the door of the little room opened, just as he was dismissing them, and Mrs. Dunster and her daughters came in, followed by Miss Ruth Lindsay. Poor Ernest! His first wish was to sink through the floor into the butcher's shop, or whatever it is, below.

And Miss Lindsay approached him so cordially, and with the old welcoming smile which he had so longed for. Poor fellow! he blushed red, he gulped, he hardly gave his hand to the hand she offered so readily. But in a moment he was himself, and he saw that Miss Lindsay did not know him here, with his chalks and his working coat, more than she had known him when he spoke to her in the German. She was speaking to Ernest now, and not to George. A moment more and he had screwed off his gas, and they were walking home. Other gentlemen joined the rest of the party, and Ernest, happy fellow! was able to offer her his arm, which she accepted.

She. "How long it is since we met, Mr. Byram! Do you never come into Boston?"

He. "Sometimes. Not much lately." [Mumble, mumble, mumble. To tell the truth, he was a good deal confused.]

She. "The Boston parties depend a good deal on students. But I suppose you do not waste time in dancing?"

He (*blundering wretchedly*). "I used to be very fond of dancing. But this winter—yes, I am too busy."

So they floated over the difficult beginning. When Mrs. Dunster asked her escorts to come in, the other gentlemen declined; but Ernest was audacious enough, in his new happiness, to accept. Nor shall these pages tell how late he staid.

Nor how, the next day, he read the Morphologie to the ladies as they sat at their embroidery.

Nor how, the next day, they made a party all together to see the House with Seven Gables, with Lord Hampden Sidney, who had returned from the buffaloes, having staid much longer than he meant.

Nor how there was a charade party the next night, and Ernest was the boatman to Ruth Lindsay's "Lord Ullin's daughter."

No, nor how every day brought them together for some object of charity, of fun, of study, or of work, while Miss Lindsay's visit lasted.

For this story it is only necessary to tell that as they all walked home from the Brighton station one day, after an exploration in the boats at Auburn Dale—it was the last day of the visit, alas!—when they came to the place in Buckingham Street where Jem Fagin's horse fell down, Ernest told Miss Lindsay again that he thought of her in every waking moment, and unless she would let him love her as his life, he thought he should die.

And this time Ruth did not tell him he was presumptuous. She said very little. But she said enough to make Ernest happy, should he live a thousand years.

That night he took his name off from the books of the Law School.

FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE ODÉON.

"I AM Nicholas Tacchinardi—hunchbacked, look you, and a fright;
Caliban himself might never interpose so foul a sight.
Granted; but I come not, masters, to exhibit form or size.
Gaze not on my limbs, good people; lend your *ears*, and not your *eyes*.
I'm a *singer*, not a *dancer*—spare me for a while your din;
Let me try my voice to-night here—keep your jests till I begin.
Have the kindness but to listen—this is all I dare to ask.
See, I stand beside the foot-lights, waiting to begin my task.
If I fail to please you, curse me—not *before* my voice you hear.
Thrust me not from the Odéon. Harken, and I've naught to fear."

Then the crowd in pit and boxes jeered the dwarf, and mocked his shape;
Called him "monster," "thing abhorrent," crying, "Off, presumptuous ape!
Off, unsightly, baleful creature! off, and quit the insulted stage!
Move aside, repulsive figure, or deplore our gathering rage!"

Bowing low, pale Tacchinardi, long accustomed to such threats,
Burst into a grand *bravura*, showering notes like diamond jets—
Sang until the ringing plaudits through the wide Odéon rang—
Sang as never soaring tenor ere behind those foot-lights sang;
And the hunchback, ever after, like a god was hailed with cries:
"*King of minstrels, live forever! Shame on fools who have but eyes!*"

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RAILROADS IN MEXICO.

IN the progress and prosperity of any country there are several important factors. Chief amongst these may be reckoned natural resources, population, education, and means of transportation. With the first of these Mexico is richly endowed. It is doubtful if any equal area on the face of the globe possesses larger deposits of the precious metals, or has already produced more of them. Her coast lands for the most part are exceedingly fertile, producing in abundance the best growths of the tropics, but they have an unhealthy climate, and can never be developed by the labor of white men.

The interior may be described as a vast table-land, elevated from 5000 to 9000 feet above the sea, and possessing a climate favorable, wherever water is found, to all the crops of the temperate zone. Much of it, however, is arid and sandy, and in the north particularly water is scarce. Between these two great natural divisions lie what the Spaniards called the temperate lands, where frost and excessive heat are unknown, and where everything that is grown from New York to Florida will thrive and yield abundantly.

These temperate lands, consisting of terraces or benches separated by steep slopes and deep valleys, and situated as they are for the most part in a comparatively narrow belt, are alike a bar to the existence of navigable streams and the easy construction of good roads connecting the interior with the coast. Partly from this cause, and partly from the unprogressive character of the population or the disturbed state of the country, the pack-saddle and the primitive wagon have hitherto been the only means of transportation. This vast territory of 760,000 square miles, with a population estimated at ten millions, equals in extent our States east of the Mississippi and south of Michigan, while its population hardly exceeds that of New York and Pennsylvania. Two-thirds of this population are of pure Indian blood, the remaining third being either of Spanish descent or of mixed races.

Now it is evident that any rapid progress in Mexico must come through colonization by some higher and more progressive race, or by the introduction of capital in large amounts to develop her natural resources by the aid of the native races, who are generally peaceable and industrious. Yet, in a land with the climates of Mexico, where the wants and desires of the natives are so limited, it will be contrary to all experience elsewhere if they should become a hard-working people from the mere desire of accumulation. Under no circumstances could much improvement be looked for without improved means of transportation, of which the government was well aware, as is shown by the many liberal subsidies it has granted to various railroad enterprises.

Let us now look at the principal lines in course of construction, or for which the required funds have been subscribed. First and most important of these is the Mexican Central, whose main line extends northward from the city of Mexico, by Queretaro, Guanajuato, and Leon, to Zacatecas, and thence through the States of Durango and Chihuahua to El Paso, where it connects with the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad, and other lines. It has also an interoceanic line from Tampico, on the Gulf of Mexico, to San Blas, on the Pacific, passing through San Luis Potosi, Lagos (on the main line), and Guadalajara.

Next in extent is the Mexican National (narrow gauge), whose so-called interoceanic line extends from the city of Mexico, by Toluca, Maravatio, Morelia, Zamora, and Colima, to Manzanillo, on the Pacific. Its international line leaves its interoceanic line near Maravatio, and crossing the lines of the Central, extends northward, by San Luis Potosi, Saltillo, and Monterey, to Laredo, on the Rio Grande, where it will connect with the Texas system of railroads, and perhaps with the southern extension of the Denver and Rio Grande (narrow gauge). In the northwest is the Sonora Railway, extending through the State of that name, from the port of Guaymas, on the Gulf of California, by Hermosillo, Ures, and Arispe, into Arizona and New Mexico, to a connection with the Southern Pacific and Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe railroads. On the northwest coast is also the Sinaloa and Durango Railway, to connect Altata, the port of Culiacan, with Durango, or some point near it, on the Mexican Central. The Tehuantepec Railroad is far to the south, crossing the isthmus of that name by a short and favorable route, through a fertile and, strange to say, healthy country, swept by the fresh breezes of the trade-winds. It is destined apparently to be a

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route of great importance, effecting as it does a saving of 1150 miles between New York and San Francisco, as compared with the Panama route. It is also the route proposed by Captain Eads for a ship railway.

Other lines are projected; but before going further, let us examine the lengths and subsidies of those already spoken of. The distances, of course, may vary slightly, as the lines are not yet finally located, and are given as estimated:

Name.	Length in Kilometers.	Subsidy per Kilometer.	Estimated total Subsidy.
Mexican Central.	2435	$9500	$23,132,500
Mexican National (interoceanic).	915	7000	6,405,000
Mexican National (international).	1043	6500	6,779,500
Sonora.....	457	7000	3,199,000
Sinaloa and Durango.....	440	8000	3,520,000
Tehuantepec....	270	7500	2,025,000
	5560		$45,061,000

Here we have 3453 miles, with an average subsidy of $13,050 per mile, aggregating $45,000,000. The subsidies to the Central and National railways are provided for by a law requiring that a portion of the custom-house dues shall be paid in certificates of construction, to be issued by the companies, and sold at a price not exceeding par. Six per cent. of these dues must be paid with Central scrip, and four per cent. with National scrip. The other grants are termed money subsidies, with provisos that only a certain amount shall be payable in each year. The Tehuantepec line has also a land grant estimated at 200,000 acres, which may be valuable.

All capital invested in these railroads, as well as all material imported for their construction, operation, and repair, is exempt from taxes or imposts for a long term of years.

In addition to those already specified, there have been granted since 1877 concessions for the construction of more than 2500 miles of railroad, and subsidies to the amount of $32,000,000, many of which, however, will probably fail from want of capital, or by the lapse of their concessions.

The total amount of subsidies payable in customs scrip is $36,317,000. In the year 1873–74, the value of the exports was $31,791,150; of imports, $29,062,406; and the total revenue, $22,197,803.



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Mexican authorities estimate the exports for 1880 at $35,000,000. Assuming the imports to equal the exports—and they average less—the revenue for 1880 would be about $25,500,000, ten per cent. of which would only suffice for the payment of the average subsidy on 195 miles of railroad. At this rate, it would require eighteen years to pay off this scrip subsidy.

Unless Mexican revenues increase at a prodigious rate, it looks as if she were incurring obligations which it may be difficult for her to fulfill.

In this charter to the Central road, government agreed not to give any subsequent subsidy to any parallel line within seventy-five miles on either side of its route. As the parallel lines of the Central and National railroads approach within this distance at some points, the amount of the subsidy may be somewhat diminished.

Among the other projects should be mentioned the concession for a railroad from the coal-fields on the Yaqui River, in Sonora, to the port of El Morrito, on the Gulf of California, a distance of about 120 miles. The existence of these valuable coal-fields has been known for some time. The coal is said to be anthracite, and to be found in two veins, the upper about nine feet thick, the lower about seven. They are both near the surface, and have been traced over a considerable area. These, and the great iron mountain near the city of Durango, which is a solid mass of rich ore seven-eighths of a mile long, 360 yards wide, and 210 yards in height, may prove sources of greater wealth than the richest silver mines.

The Mexican Southern Railroad is an enterprise incorporated under the laws of New York by some of the most prominent men of the two republics, and its president, General Grant, is now in Mexico in the interests of the company. It starts with the modest "capital of not less than ten millions of dollars, which may be increased from time to time as may be deemed necessary by the directors and a majority of the stockholders." Its purpose is to operate in Mexico railways and telegraph lines, also to build elevators, and to construct or purchase and navigate steam and sailing vessels as may be proper in connection with the company's business in Mexico. This seems a sufficiently comprehensive scheme to satisfy the most ambitious mind.

The Mexican Central also intends to build a branch from their main line in Durango to Laredo, on the Rio Grande. As this would be a much shorter route from the city of Mexico to all points east of the Mississippi than that by El Paso, and also compete with the more direct route of the National, it is sure to be built at an early day.

The distance from New York to the city of Mexico by the Texas route will be about 2700 miles, or 600 miles less than to San Francisco—a fact worth remembering when thinking of our relations with Mexico. Several shorter railroads are in progress, and the number of miles of railroad already built is about 700.

To those accustomed to the rapid progress of our Western States it might appear that the opening up by railroads of a great productive region, already possessing a considerable population, must result in the rapid development of a large and profitable business. But it is not a parallel case.

The country to be opened up is old, and its population widely different from the energetic and enterprising races to whom that rapid progress is due. We are told of the vast resources and extent of Mexico, the business that must spring up, the favors granted by government to projected railroads, and people point to the great capitalists whose names head the subscription lists, and whose fortunes are largely due to successful railroad management.

But before we speculate too much on what railroads may do for Mexico, let us glance at the experience and results of a railroad, 354 miles long, including branches, connecting the capital and the principal port of the republic, which has been in operation for seventeen years. This is the Mexican Railway, built by English capital, and serving with its main line or branches some of the largest and busiest cities of the republic. Here is a railroad apparently so situated as to monopolize a large traffic, and receiving enormous rates for freight, varying from twenty-two cents per ton per mile on imported merchandise to three and three-quarter cents on exports, with an average rate of fourteen and a half cents. It has also an annual subsidy of $560,000 a year, which is paid with more or less regularity. Its business has been improving lately, but it has a heavy capital account of $107,000 per mile, and it was not till 1880 that even with

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these high rates anything was earned on the common stock, on which, for the first half of that year, the magnificent dividend of one-quarter of one per cent. was declared. After so many years for development, let us see what its business amounted to. Fifteen cars per day would have carried all the freight it shipped from Vera Cruz to the interior, while from the great city of Mexico there was barely freight enough shipped to fill three cars per day. This is reckoning a car-load at ten tons, and not including Sundays. Yet in spite of this, and with high operating expenses, its net earnings for the first half of 1880 were at the large rate of $5710 per mile per annum. This profit is clearly due to its high rates and annual subsidy, and not to any large business. Does this look promising for the rapid growth of traffic in Mexico? On the other hand, the new lines will open up large tracts, rich in the products of the soil and of the mines, hitherto practically isolated, and new sources of business may be developed.

Now let us look at the largest and most important of these, the Mexican Central Railway. Its main line is about eleven hundred miles long, the northern half of which traverses an arid and thinly peopled region, and its rates are limited to 8.7, 5.8, and 3.6 cents per ton per mile for first, second, and third class freight. The third-class rate is only a little less than on the English line, but the first-class is less than half that obtained by the English line on its most profitable freight, namely, imported merchandise; and in reckoning net profits we must not forget the ten per cent. or more discount on Mexican silver. We do not know what estimates have been made of the business of the Mexican Central, but it would seem as if the experiences of the English line should not be overlooked, and that a cheap line with low capital account was the first condition of success. What is the financial basis of this new line?

The cost of the 262 miles from Mexico to Leon, the most expensive part of the route, is estimated at $5,400,000, or $20,610 per mile. The capital account will stand as follows:

First mortgage seven per cent. bonds, per mile	$32,000
Income bonds, per mile	6,400
Stock, per mile	32,000
Total, per mile	$70,400

This is more than three times the estimated cost of the most expensive portion of the road, and though the subscribers only pay forty-five per cent. of this amount, or $31,680 per mile, the remaining $38,720 represents so much fictitious value, or water, on which interest and dividends are to be paid. These figures may not convey much idea to minds unfamiliar with such matters, and as a comparison it may be well to state that Poor's Manual for 1880 gives the capital account, stock and bonds, of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad as $47,200 per mile. We do not single out the Mexican Central as worse than the others—for they are much alike in this respect—but to show that the vicious financial methods of our modern railroad construction are being practiced in Mexico. Massachusetts has enacted stringent laws against the process termed watering of stock, but the only effect has been that while formerly the bonds were sold and the stock given, it is now the stock that is sold and the bonds that are given.

In all these undertakings there is one great element of risk. The capital is subscribed, *i. e.*, promised, not actually paid in. Our business men have practically given their notes for the amounts subscribed, agreeing to furnish it as it is called for. Suppose we should soon have, as so many anticipate, another period when money is tight, securities are depressed, and there is a general lack of confidence. The success of almost any enterprise depends on carrying it to completion, and this is particularly true of railroads, where interest on the cost of construction is usually paid before any returns can be had. In such a case what would be the fate of Mexican railroads and the capital invested in them? A few might be in a position to complete their payments, but the majority, particularly the small holders, would be unable to meet their assessments, and their bonds and "blocks of subscriptions" would be thrown on the market at a time when the buyers would be few, and those few by no means anxious to buy. We believe in the ultimate development of Mexico, and that mainly by railroads built with American capital, but we dread to see our citizens investing vast sums in schemes rather because, like Colonel Sellers, they think there must be millions in them, than from any careful consideration of their probable returns.

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From the great natural resources of the country, the healthful and pleasant climate of the interior, and the many opportunities for the profitable investment of capital in mining, agriculture, and commerce, Mexico seems to present great attractions to the citizens of the United States. They should remember, however, that there are important differences between the two countries. In the first place, so long as heavy and almost prohibitive duties remain in force on almost everything except the products of the mines, the development of her other resources must be mainly limited by the demands of home consumption. Were it not for these restrictive duties, with cheap land and labor, and light internal taxes, cotton, coffee, sugar, rice, tobacco, fine wools, paper stock, hemp, indigo, and many other articles of value, could be produced at so low a cost that Mexico would enter the markets of the world as a great producer of the most valuable articles of commerce. Increase of wealth and population would soon follow, and where agriculture thrives and wealth increases, manufactures soon follow.

Possibly Mexico and the United States may form a treaty of reciprocity to the benefit of both countries; but might not a Zollverein, or customs union, similar to that formerly adopted by several of the independent states of Germany, be the simplest and best? By this, custom-house duties are assimilated in each state, and for commercial purposes the frontier, with its custom-houses, would disappear, yet each nation preserve entire political independence. No doubt there are difficulties in the way of such an arrangement, but, after all, is it anything more than a treaty of reciprocity covering all articles of import or export?

In commerce with Mexico, what has given England, and particularly Germany, a great advantage over us is the practice of their great houses of having resident partners, who become familiar with the language, the customs, and the wants of the natives. These men order out goods suited to the country, and, indeed, often order their manufacture to suit some particular market. The long credits, running six, twelve, or even eighteen months, are better suited to English and German ideas than to our notions of quicker returns.

That the present rapid construction of railroads will cause increased demands for labor, and the disbursement of vast sums in a short time, as well as an era of more or less speculation and inflation, must be evident to every one. While rolling stock, rails, and the larger bridges will be imported, the amount paid out in Mexico for labor and supplies can not fall short of $5000 per mile; and as construction will be carried on from both ends at once of several of these roads, the number of miles annually constructed will be very large. No doubt many other lines will be in progress long before those already enumerated are completed.

We must not omit to mention, in connection with colonization or acquisition of land by our citizens in Mexico, that by the law of July 20, 1863, citizens, native or naturalized, of the nations bordering on the republic are prohibited from ever acquiring, by any title whatever, vacant or public lands in any of the border States of Sonora, Chihuahua, New Leon, Coahuila, Tamaulipas, or Lower California. The letter of this law only applies to vacant or public lands, and not to farms or private property, but its declared purpose being to protect the frontier from schemes of annexation or conquest, and its plain intent being to prevent American settlement in the border States, the legality of any transfers whatever of real estate to American citizens in these States is questionable, being in the nature of a transaction contrary to the declared public policy; and could we change places with Mexico, our courts would probably so regard such transfers. Viewed in this light, it will be well to regard with caution all titles held by our citizens in the border States, whether derived from government or private individuals. And in the charter to the Sonora Railway there is a special proviso that the company shall acquire no property within sixty miles of the frontier except that actually required for the operation of the railroad, which looks as if the present government was not unmindful of possible dangers from this source.

The map is intended to illustrate the railroads and places spoken of. Later reports indicate the probable construction of a railroad from Mexico to the port of Acapulco, as well as one from Vera Cruz or some port south of it, by Oaxaca, to the Pacific, while the Mexican Central is planning a direct line from the city of Mexico to Laredo. In addition comes the Texas, Topolovampo, and Pacific Rail-

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way, seeking a charter to build from Piedras Nigras or Eagle Pass, on the Rio Grande, to the Bay of Topolovampo, on the Gulf of California (near Altata, shown on the map), with branches to Presidio del Norte and the city of Mexico. This is a Massachusetts company, and amongst its promoters are General Butler, and Mayor Prince, of Boston. The air-line distance between the points named is over 1200 miles, and it is stated that only a charter, without financial aid, is asked for.

A BICYCLE ERA.

IN these days of rapid transit, when men, by the study and invention of mechanical means for the application of natural laws to the satisfaction of their needs, have made such progress in their allotted task of possessing the earth and subduing it, it seems singular that the bicycle has not excited even more attention than has been given it. For unquestionably it bids fair to become as important a factor for enlarging the scope of personal travel as the railroad has become for the rapid collective circulation.

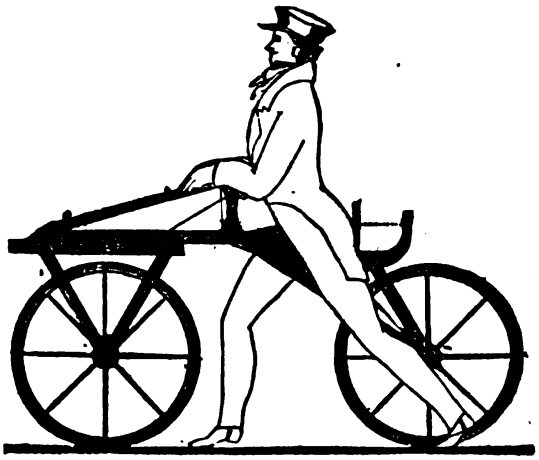
Fifty years ago, not only was it impossible for any one to conceive the bicycle, but there was not in the world the mechanical skill or the necessary appliances for its construction. Taking advantage, as it does, of the discovery of new materials, as well as the invention of new processes, with which the last half-century has been so crowded, the bicycle is really a marvel of strength and lightness, of ingenuity and invention, and affords in itself an admirable epitome of the method by which it appears inevitable that mankind must slowly eliminate the new, coming by slow gradations to comprehend their own powers, and practically realizing the means for their exercise.

It will not, therefore, be out of place here to briefly consider the steps by which the conception of the bicycle as a means of independent, individual rapid transit, surpassing the horse in every way, has been practically realized for the race. Its germ lies in the *célérifire*, as it was called, or the *speed-maker*, which was invented in the early part of this century by a Baron Von Drais, of Mannheim, on the Rhine. The baron was a landscape gardener, the master of the forests of the Grand Duke of Baden, and invented this machine as an aid in the performance of his duties in his profession. In 1816, a specimen of it was exhibited in the garden of Tivoli, a favorite public resort in Paris. This was only the germ, and was hardly any more suggestive of the bicycle than the use of his father's cane, which every child instinctively bestrides.

Between the appearance of this machine and the taking of the next step in the creation of the bicycle, over forty years elapsed. Various modifications and improvements were made in its original construction, but they all failed in even attempting to reach the essential point of the bicycle—that of propelling it without depending upon placing the feet upon the ground.

It seems almost incredible that it should have been found so difficult to conceive that it was easily possible to raise the feet from the ground, and propel the machine by placing them upon treadles working cranks upon the front wheel.

The power of routine to prevent the discovery by experiment of some new method of procedure is, perhaps, shown here in the history of the bicycle, equally with the discovery made by Stephenson with the locomotive, that friction, instead of being an obstacle, was a necessary condition to traction, and that the driving-wheels of the locomotive would not slip upon the track and revolve aimlessly. Yet when we remember that it took centuries before practical mechanics who daily used both gimlets and screws conceived the idea of

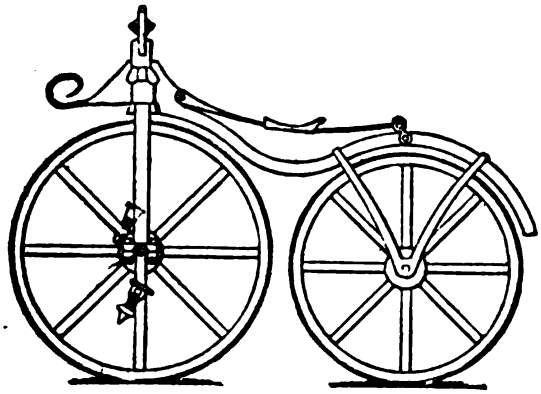


BARON VON DRAIS'S CÉLÉFIRE, 1816.

combining these two tools, and making gimlet-pointed screws, instead of using a gimlet every time to make the hole into which the screw could be driven, the fact

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is not so strange. Even so distinguished an inventor as Michael Faraday is spoken of by his biographer, Mr. Bence Jones, as an expert upon the improved velocipede of his day. Faraday was then about thirty years of age, and the machine he used was undoubtedly the improved one which is represented in Vol. xxxix. of the *Repertory of Arts*, where it is credited to Louis Gompertz. The improvement consisted chiefly in a very clumsy and inadequate arrangement for aiding in the propulsion of the machine, though the chief dependence was still on pushing it by the feet upon the ground. The handle for guiding the front wheel was made to work upon a pivot, and was furnished at its lower end with the segment of a ratchet-wheel, the cogs of which worked into a cog-wheel placed around the hub. By this mechanism the movement backward and forward of the handle aided somewhat in propelling the front wheel; and it is singular that Faraday, whose disregard of precedent, and daring ingenuity of experiment, were so brilliantly exemplified in his inventions for the study of chemistry, should never have thought, in his constant use of this machine, of the simple device of putting cranks upon the front wheel to be worked with the feet.



LALLEMENT'S VELOCIPEDE, 1866.

Evidently it was not in such matters that the force of his genius lay. It was in France that the conception of making a velocipede which should be operated with the feet raised from the ground, and resting upon pedals attached to cranks upon the wheel, was first put into operation. But, singularly enough, this was done with a three-wheeled vehicle, which was patented in France in 1865; and also with a five-wheeled one, to be ridden by five persons, which was patented there the same year.

In 1866, Pierre Lallement, a French mechanic who had been engaged in making children's carriages and the variety of velocipedes then in use, came over to this country, and in New Haven, Connecticut, made and used a two-wheeled machine to be propelled by cranks upon the front wheel. He had previously made such a one in France, which was exhibited in the Paris Exposition of 1865, but had attracted no attention. His use of it in New Haven was observed by a Mr. Carrol, who induced Lallement to join with him in getting a patent for it, which was granted in November, 1866.

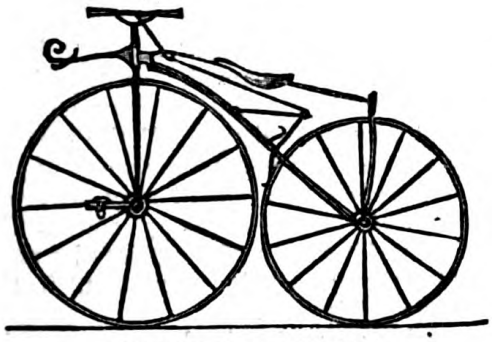
As will be seen, this machine was heavy and clumsy, while it failed to realize the majority of the points which make the bicycle so distinctive. The front wheel was made the driving-wheel, operated by cranks, but reliance was still had upon using the feet on the ground for support or for starting the machine. Yet it aided in the discovery, as the patent expressed it, that "the greater the velocity, the more easily the upright position is maintained."

To further improve the machine; to lighten it by using steel instead of wood in the construction of its various parts; to increase its safety and ease of motion, by various devices of construction, by the use of springs, and above all by the invention of the rubber tire, was necessarily a work of time, in which various mechanics and inventors, both in England and France, as well as in this country, co-operated. To attempt to indicate each of them in detail would occupy more space than can be afforded here. For those interested in more completely following out the subject, we would refer to *The American Bicycler*, written by Mr. Charles E. Pratt, the president of the League of American Wheelmen, and a lawyer by profession, who has in his work made a careful study from the records of the patent offices, both of Europe and this country, of the steps by which the bicycle has been brought to its present perfection, and to whose labors the writer of this gratefully acknowledges his indebtedness.*

* All but one of the illustrations for this article are taken from Mr. Pratt's book.

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The comparison of the cut of the American velocipede of 1869 with that of the modern bicycle will show the progress that has been made within the last twenty years in perfecting this modern appliance for individual rapid transit.



AMERICAN VELOCIPEDE, 1869.

Of the two or three hundred parts of which the modern bicycle is composed, each one has been the subject of careful study by the most competent inventors and mechanics, aided by the improved



THE MODERN BICYCLE.

methods of manufacture in which the well-organized machine-shops of to-day differ so materially from those of fifty years ago in their ability to produce accurate work.

That a machine which appears to be so frail, its steel wire spokes suggesting a cobweb, should be strong enough to bear the strain of carrying a full-grown man with security, at an average speed of ten miles an hour over an ordinary road, and continue to do this day after day, is one of the marvels of modern industry. And yet to do this is so generally expected of the bicycle that its failure to meet the demand would hopelessly ruin its reputation.

No wonder, then, that the bicyclist should feel for his machine a tender sense of gratitude for the service it has done him, resembling in kind the sentiment the Arab feels for his horse, and that it should be equally a labor of love with him to keep it in good order, and to see that all its various parts are kept in condition to perform their functions without failure or injury.

In the unconscious struggle for the survival of the fittest which pervades industry, England has in the improvement and the manufacture of the bicycle taken and kept the lead. Starting from such inadequate beginnings as have been indicated here, the business has assumed vast proportions, which are yearly increasing with accelerated growth. There are to-day in England more than two thousand different manufacturers of bicycles, producing among them over three hundred varieties of the machine, differing from each other in special points designed to meet the various uses for which their machines are intended. These simple facts indicate how large is the growing army of wheelmen in that country, and how diversified are the purposes to which the bicycle is applied. It appeals with peculiar success to the general love among the English for open-air exercise. To this end the well-settled condition of the country, its charming and well-built roads, contribute greatly. The very name of the chief association among the wheelmen of England, the Bicycling Touring Club, which is in a most flourishing condition, suggests one of the most desirable results which the introduction of the bicycle has already produced.

For the large class already interested in England in the culture and practice of the art of bicycle-riding a flourishing literature has sprung up. It has its regular journals devoted to the interest of the art, while the supply of itineraries giving information of the best roads, their condition, their advantages, their conveniences, and other practical details so desirable for the tourist, is already large, and constantly increasing.

Nor has the growing enthusiasm for the new era of rapid transit failed to meet with a response in this country. Though American invention and mechanical skill

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might have been reasonably expected to have taken hold of the bicycle with as practical results as these same forces have displayed with the railroad, the telegraph, the telephone, and the other appliances of the new era of the increased activity of modern life, yet we have still to depend upon the importation from England for the chief supply of the machines required to meet the demand of our own people.

There are many and excellent bicycles manufactured in this country, and American invention has made no inconsiderable contribution to the present condition of the machine, but it can hardly be thought in the future to have displayed its usual characteristics unless it shall illustrate itself here as it has already done with the railroad and the telegraph.

That there is a field for it is suggested by the new bicycle which was patented here in 1880 by Mr. G. W. Pressey. In this bicycle, which was named by the inventor the American Star, Mr. Pressey has



THE "AMERICAN STAR," 1880.

introduced radical changes both in its construction and in the method of operating it, which he claims to be changes for the better.

There is no doubt, as every bicycler must have learned from his experience with his wheel, that the position of the rider is one of such unstable equilibrium that the swifter he is riding the greater is his danger if he meets any obstacle in the road, even though it be not larger than a medium-sized pebble, that the shock which the passage over it may give to his driving-wheel may have a tendency to retard its progress for a second, and leave his own momentum free to assert itself by throwing him headlong from the wheel in the direction he is going. This accident is so common that "taking a header," as it has been named, is an experience which any bicycler knows may occur to him at any time, despite all the care he may exercise. Even to the most expert of riders such an accident may prove serious, and he of necessity counts the chances of it as one of the prices he must pay for the pleasurable excitement in the exercise of his skill.

In the new bicycle, however, as the rider is placed between the wheels, he is firmly supported, and is not liable to this accident, for it is quite possible to ride it with safety over a log six inches in diameter. And again, as the ordinary method of propelling the bicycle is by the use of cranks, upon each side of the driving-wheel, operated alternately by the feet, the action of the rider is of necessity an awkward one, and an uneconomic use is made of the force he expends. For the push of his feet, from the very nature of the crank movement to which it is applied, can be exercised only through about one-quarter of their revolution. This inherent defect in the construction of the bicycle in its present form is remedied in the new bicycle by a radically different method of propulsion. As will be seen from the cut, the rider's feet rest upon two adjustable treadles, placed one on each side of the machine, and working independently of each other. By a system of curved levers operating an ingeniously devised set of clutches, working one on each side of the hub of the driving-wheel—which in this machine is placed behind the rider—the power of propulsion is applied. The movement of the feet and legs of the rider is thus made quite easy and natural, and the levers can be worked together, alternately, or one alone, just as the rider finds most easy and convenient.

Another advantage claimed for this system of adjustable treadles is that the size of the driving-wheel is not limited—as is the case of the ordinary bicycle—by the length of the rider's leg. There is no longer any necessity for a rider's being

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measured for the bicycle he desires to ride, as accurately as for a pair of pantaloons he desires to wear. On the contrary, a small boy or the tallest man can ride any bicycle thus constructed, by simply adjusting the treadles to fit him—an operation easily and quickly performed.

This change in the mechanism for the propulsion of the bicycle gives an opportunity for the use of a larger propelling wheel, thus gaining an advantage in the distance travelled by each revolution of the wheel, it being evident that a driving-wheel five or six feet in diameter will in each revolution pass over more space than one only three feet in diameter, and that such an increase of diameter, as it is in no way dependent upon the length of the rider's legs, becomes easily practicable.

The League of American Wheelmen, which was definitely formed in 1880, has already a membership of over 1500. This organization extends not only over the United States, but also to Canada and Mexico, and already counts in its ranks a number of English bicyclers.

Its objects, as stated in its constitution, are: "To promote the general interests of bicycling; to ascertain, defend, and protect the rights of wheelmen; and to encourage and facilitate touring." Its officers are a president, a vice-president, a commander, a corresponding secretary, a recording secretary, a treasurer, and two directors for each State in which there is a regularly organized bicycle club; and these officers form a board, of which eight constitute a quorum, competent to direct and decide upon all matters not provided for in the constitution. They are also given power to fill all vacancies. The directors are also empowered to appoint consuls in such places as may be advisable, so that any member of the League, who for business or pleasure may visit any town or city in the country, may be able to find there an officer of the League ready to welcome him as a brother wheelman, and give him such information as he may desire.

The League is intended for the benefit of amateur wheelmen, an amateur being defined as "a person who has never competed in an open competition, or for a stake, or for public money, or for gate-money, or under a false name, or with a professional for a prize or where gate-money is charged, nor has ever personally taught or pursued bicycling or other athletic exercises as a means of livelihood."

It is to be earnestly hoped that in the interest of the growing devotion to physical culture, open-air exercise, the improved standard of public health, and the innocent enjoyment of friendly competition which this provision is intended to promote, it will prove adequate to prevent the intrusion into the practice of bicycling of the spirit of speculation, which in this age has proved so disastrous to even the best-intended attempts to make horse-racing, boating, and other athletic sports other than opportunities for the blackleg to practice his arts.

There has been heretofore in our American life, crowded to excess as it has been with the harassing cares and anxieties of business, so little consideration paid to the organized practice of health-giving out-door exercise, to which bicycling is peculiarly adapted, that the organization of this League of American Wheelmen can not fail to be recognized as an important subject for public congratulation. By the rules of the League it is provided that once a year there shall be a general parade, in which all amateur bicycle clubs, together with individual wheelmen not attached to a club, shall be invited to take part. This annual parade takes place on the 30th of May—Decoration-day—and this year it was a prominent feature in the observances of the day in Boston, nearly a thousand wheelmen from all parts of the country being reviewed upon the Common by the Mayor. Provision has also been made for the yearly institution, during the fine season of our American fall, when all nature conspires to provide the most favorable and exhilarating conditions for vigorous out-door exercise, of a race meeting under the auspices of the League, "at which only members shall be allowed to compete, except in some event set apart for professionals alone, at which meeting a suitable League championship prize shall be offered, which shall be the property of the League until it shall have been won three times by the same competitor, who shall then hold it, if he so elect, and be debarred from competing for any League prize for the same distance and championship." The fall meeting of this year will be held in New York in September.

While it may be too much to hope or expect that in the future an annual contest so arranged may become as impor-

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tant a social event in our national annals as the games of Greece were in even the most flourishing period of her artistic civilization, yet there is no doubt that it would be difficult to overestimate the effect it may have in elevating and improving our physical culture, and that it would do much to correct the too low standard of success in life which is inevitable from an exaggerated devotion to merely material aims.

Though heretofore it has been generally considered by the public that the bicycle was rather a toy for the entertainment of the exceptionally eccentric few, yet gradually the extension of its use has shown that it is most admirably adapted also for business purposes. The village doctor, for example, has already, in numerous cases, found it to be the safest, easiest, and most convenient means for visiting his daily round of patients. It stands always ready, and, furnished with a saddle-bag, he can promptly arrive wherever he may be called, amply provided with all the appliances he needs for an emergency. In England it is largely used by clergymen for making their rounds of pastoral visits; while the numerous class of commercial travellers have found it a most useful appliance in the dispatch of their business.

There are already over one hundred clubs who have joined the League, and organized as their members are, dressed in uniform, and regularly drilled to perform their evolutions at the sound of the bugle when out on parade, or engaged in making a tour along some winding country road, the attractive spectacle they present may be estimated by the individual attention they excite.

When the Central Park was first laid out, the plan of providing for equestrians their own system of roads, devoted only to their use, was considered a questionable innovation. No one would, however, to-day question the unmixed benefit which its introduction has been to every one, or the stimulus it has given to the practice of horseback-riding in New York. It may, perhaps, be premature to suggest that the furnishing of similar accommodations to the bicyclers would be only a continuance of the spirit of consideration for the public which the administration of the Park has generally displayed.

The influence of an increasing interest in the practice of bicycling will be as powerful in effecting the improvement of the roads all over the country, strengthening the public opinion that they are designed more for the convenience and the pleasure of human beings than for horses, as the Central Park itself has been in stimulating the public appreciation of pleasure-grounds and rational open-air recreation throughout all the chief cities of the country.

The wheelman being generally a man of enterprise, as he shows by the fact of becoming a bicycler, he is not a person to whom routine forms an impassable barrier; and therefore the bicyclers collectively form inevitably a body of persons to whom the public can legitimately look with confidence, for the future, as men ready to examine the claims for consideration of the new, while not contemptuously disregarding the old; that is, a class who, infused with the best spirit of the times, can naturally be counted upon to make themselves felt as a power in the future, to be counted upon the side of the right in the work before us for the further development of the possibilities of life. Possibly in the next century, in more senses than one, the historian may indicate by the term, the bicycle era, the times we are now living in, as we, in our retrospect, speak of the stone age, or of the era of steam.

"THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES."

"THE music of the spheres" is a well-known phrase, derived by the Greeks from the Egyptians and Chaldeans, and since the Renaissance has been in constant use, although its signification is extremely vague.

The mathematical musician Pythagoras maintained that the sun was the true centre around which the earth and the other planets revolved; but this belief, being at that period far in advance of the opinions of the ancient Greek astronomers, found very few supporters. This great philosopher and his musical followers, called Canonici, labored to establish the art of music on a scientific basis; while the æsthetic musicians, with Aristotle at their head, persistently held that the ear, and not the ratio of vibrations or the harmonic canon, should be made the sole judge of right or wrong in music.

The point to be noted here is that the

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practical musicians were compelled to acknowledge the truth of the Pythagorean laws, and to accept the analogy he made between the solar system and the tonal system. They perceived the dependence of the tones of the musical scale upon one principal tone (which we ourselves now fully recognize, and call the key-note), and regarded this dependence as similar to that of the planets upon the sun. For Aristotle says: "When, after having tuned all the strings of the lyre, one changes the middle string" (which was the key-note), "and then uses the instrument, why do they all sound wrongly tuned, not only when one strikes that middle tone, but all through the melody; while if, instead of this string, one changes any other, the difference is noticed when that string, and that string only, is used, the whole of the melody not being put out of tune? Does not this take place with good reason, for the best melodies use the middle string very often, and no other tone in equal degree?" He then compares the middle tone with conjunctions in grammar, or binding-words, suggesting that the middle string binds together the sense and effect of the whole melody. In another passage he partly answers the question by saying: "Is it because good tune is enjoined for all the strings—for all a certain relation to the middle tone—and by this middle tone the place of all is determined?" And again: "When this foundation of right tuning is taken away, no proper order is perceived."

It is singular that this æsthetic philosopher should thus describe so well the tonic or key-note, making it an axis from which all the other notes are calculated, and that the mathematician should compare this note (on the middle string, or Mese) with the sun, and the others to the planets.

Analogies equally interesting may be found in our modern music, although this, when compared with that of the Greeks, is a new art. For take a chorus in four or eight real parts, similar to those in Handel's oratorios or Bach's motets. Here, instead of one melody, several melodies are heard simultaneously. They all move freely. Even the bass part is not an immovable foundation supporting a superstructure, but is itself equally active in progression. In this respect the melodies have their appointed courses as the planets have their respective orbits. And, further, they are similarly guarded from interfering with and from exercising undue influence over one another. For the planets obey laws of time and place; their distances are precisely analogous to the distances between the musical parts which are technically termed intervals, and their speeds are similar to the musically regulated rhythmic motions. By the due observance of such laws the stability of the whole is preserved as in a kind of moving equilibrium. With respect to ordinary lyric music, consisting of a melody with a simple accompaniment of chords, the comparison is not so close. For here the bass and chords merely form a sort of base and pedestal, on which the melody or theme may be more attractively displayed, and as a figure that is to be the sole or principal object of attention. Such music more resembles terrestrial architecture, resting on a stable foundation, or, as we commonly say and imagine, *terra firma*, forgetting habitually the wild balloon, careering in space, on which we build so confidently.

Contrapuntal music, therefore, more closely resembles celestial architecture, in which all would become chaotic unless the required distances (intervals) and speeds (time) were observed, and in which all the motions are apparently free and independent, and yet they are really subject to most rigid laws. The various parts mutually act and react upon each other, so that their combination forms one complex, organic, or complete whole, from which nothing can be taken and to which nothing can be added without endangering the stability of the whole.

No such change could be satisfactorily made except by one competent to project a similar work. That is to say, no musician could add or remove a part from a fugue or canon without injuring the music, unless he were so skilled a contrapuntist as to be able to construct a fugue or canon with an equal number of parts, and in conformity with the strict laws observed in such productions.

Having considered planetary motions as analogous to united melodies, it will be found interesting to point to a certain similitude existing between the relative distances of the planets and those of musical tones in a chord.

Vocal quartettes are usually based upon the four principal divisions of human

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voices, those of women forming one couple (soprano, contralto), and those of men another pair (tenor, bass), which differ not only in characteristics, but in pitch. They naturally move at a certain distance from each other in the tonal region, and therefore the notes that are sung to form a chord are very rarely so close together that they may be played with one hand upon a piano-forte. They are more widely extended. The soprano moves freely upward, and bass descends to a certain depth, that the two inner parts may have so free and open a space that their melodic motions may not be impeded, cramped, or confined. Therefore they make "dispersed harmony," which is more beautiful than "close harmony," even in instrumental music.

Take now the great chord of Nature, which is the basis of modern harmony, and display it dispersedly as above, and the resulting intervals will be found to correspond with the relative distances of the several planets.

According to Bode's law, an approximate empirical expression of the distances of the planets from the sun is as follows:

Mercury.	Venus.	Earth.	Mars.	Asteroids.	Jupiter.	Saturn.	Uranus.	Neptune.
4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
0	3	6	12	24	48	96	192	384
4	7	10	16	28	52	100	196	388

where each distance is the sum of 4 and a multiple of 3 by successive powers of 2, as shown in line 3.

These distances are not exactly correct, but only nearly so. They vary continuously. The earth, for instance, is nearer the sun in winter than in summer. Similarly in music the intervals are not always rendered with exactness, but are varied somewhat in obedience to certain occult influences, or are designedly altered. It may be noted in passing that, as for practical purposes of life, we do not use solar, or sidereal, or apparent time, but a mean time, so, also, for the practical purposes of music, we similarly employ, as in the tuning of piano-fortes, a mean temperament, or "equal temperament," analogous to the "equation of time."

To proceed. In order to compare conveniently the planetary distances with the intervals of a vocal quartette, take the lowest note on the viola (or octave above the lowest note of the 'cello, or the note corresponding with an organ pipe four feet in length), or "C," then above this the nearest "B flat," above this again the nearest "E," and then above this the nearest "C," and four sounds will be obtained, whose vibrations (at scientific pitch) are respectively 128, 224, 320, 512, and therefore in the same ratio as the first four planets with regard to distance from each other. For they stand, or rather continue to move, in the ratio of 4: 7: 10: 16. This same beautiful chord may be raised on any given note, and thus the actual speed of the vibrations will be altered, although their relative proportions will remain unchanged.

The asteroids, marked 28, agree with a "B flat," two octaves higher than the one mentioned above.

Jupiter, marked 52, corresponds with a "G sharp" in altissimo.

Saturn, known to be really about 95, adds a higher "G natural."

Uranus, 192, represents a "G natural" one octave higher still; and Neptune, known to be about 300, completes the series with a still higher "D."

The additional sounds thus gained (with the exception of the "G sharp") are those that musicians commonly employ in this combination, although they are frequently omitted.

To be in exact correspondence with music (when this is rendered with mathematical or ideal purity of intonation), the numbers should be 4, 7, 10, 16, 28, 48, 96, 192, 288. For these may be divided repeatedly by 2 until they form the series 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, which is the arithmetical expression of this chord, the "chord of the major ninth," which musicians express in their algebraical notation by the letters C, E, G, B flat, D.

This chord is produced when any single sound is analyzed, and is analogous to the series of colors seen in the rainbow, or whenever a ray of white light is similarly analyzed. It is equally a natural product. This fact is stated here that it may not be thought that this chord was chosen from many employed by musicians because its proportions suited the purpose in view. It is the normal combination from which all other harmonies are formed by modification.

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A LAODICEAN.

BOOK THE THIRD.—DE STANCY.

CHAPTER IV.

HAVILL overheard the words, and hastened away.

"What an unlucky man!" said Dare.

"That happily will not affect his installation here," said De Stancy. "Now hold your tongue, and keep at a distance. She may come this way."

Surely enough in a few minutes she came. De Stancy, to make conversation, told her of the new misfortune which had just befallen Mr. Havill.

After expressing her sympathy, she remarked that it gave her great satisfaction to have installed him as architect of the first wing before he learned the bad news. "I owe you warmest thanks, Captain De Stancy, for showing me such an expedient."

"Do I really deserve thanks?" asked De Stancy, with a meditative smile upon her. "I wish I deserved a reward; but I must bear in mind the fable of the priest and the jester."

"I never heard it."

"The jester implored the priest for alms, and being refused the first sum he asked for, diminished his request step by step till he begged only for one farthing; this also being refused him, the jester inquired if the holy man would give him his blessing, to which the priest replied, 'That I will, my son.' Query, its value?"

"How does it apply?"

"You give me unlimited thanks, but deny me the tiniest substantial trifle I desire."

"What persistence!" exclaimed Paula, coloring. "Very well, if you *will* photograph my picture, you must. It is really not worthy further pleading. Take it when you like."

When Paula was alone she seemed rather vexed with herself for having given way; and thoughtfully rising from her seat, she went quietly to the door of the room containing the picture, intending to lock it up till further consideration, whatever he might think of her. But on casting her eyes round the apartment, the painting was gone. The captain, wisely taking the current when it served, already had it in the gallery, where he was to be seen bending attentively over it, arranging the lights and directing Dare with the instruments. On leaving he thanked her, and said that he had obtained a splendid copy. Would she look at it?

Paula was severe and icy. "Thank you—I don't wish to see it," she said.

De Stancy bowed with civil reserve, and departed in a glow of triumph; satisfied, notwithstanding her frigidity, that he had compassed his immediate aim, which was that she might not be able to dismiss from her thoughts him and his persevering desire for the shadow of her fair face during the next four-and-twenty hours. And his confidence was well founded: she could not.

"I fear this Divine Comedy will be a slow business for us, Captain," said Dare, who had heard her cold words.

"Oh no!" said De Stancy, flushing a little: he had not been perceiving that the lad had the entrée of his mind so entirely as to gauge his position at any moment. But he would show no shamefacedness. "Even if it is, my boy," he answered, "there's plenty of time before the other can come."

At that hour and minute of De Stancy's remark, "the other," to look at him, seemed indeed securely shelved. He was sitting lonely in his chambers far away, wondering why she did not write, and yet hoping to hear—wondering if it had all been but a short-lived strain of tenderness. He knew as well as if it had been stated in so many words that her serious acceptance of him as a suitor would be her acceptance of him as an architect—that her thoughts of love would be expressed in terms of art; and conversely that her refusal of him as a lover would be effected simply and neatly by her choosing Havill's plans for the castle, and conveying to him, Somerset, the news that his design was deemed less suitable than the other, and therefore returned with many thanks. The position was so clear: he was so well walled in by the shape of circumstances that he was absolutely helpless.

To wait for the line that would not

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come, the letter saying that, as she had desired, his was the design that pleased her, was still the only thing to do. The (to Somerset) unusual accident that the committee of architects should have pronounced the designs absolutely equal in point of merit, and thus have caused the final choice to revert, after all, to Paula, had been a joyous thing to him when he first heard of it, full of confidence in her favor. But the fact of her having again become the arbitrator, though it had made acceptance of his plans all the more probable, made refusal of them, should it happen, all the more crushing. He could have conceived himself favored by Paula as her lover, even had the committee decided in favor of Havill as her architect. But not to be chosen as architect now was to be rejected in both kinds.

It was the Sunday following the funeral of Mrs. Havill, news of whose death had been so unexpectedly brought to her husband at the moment of his exit from Stancy Castle. The minister, as was his custom, improved the occasion by a couple of sermons on the uncertainty of life. One was preached in the morning in the old chapel of Markton; the second at evening service in the little rural chapel near Stancy Castle, built by Paula's father, which bore to the first somewhat the relation of an episcopal chapel of ease to the mother church.

The unscreened lights blazed through the plate-glass windows of the smaller building, and outshone the steely stars of the early night, just as they had done when Somerset was attracted by their glare four months before. The fervid minister's rhetoric equalled its force on that more romantic occasion; but Paula was not there. She was not a frequent attendant now at her father's votive building. The mysterious tank, with its dark waters that had so terrified her at the last moment, was boarded over: a table stood on its centre, with an open quarto Bible upon it; behind which Havill, in a new suit of black, sat in a large chair. Havill held the office of deacon; and he had mechanically taken the deacon's seat as usual to-night, in the face of the congregation, and under the nose of Mr. Woodwell.

Mr. Woodwell was always glad of an opportunity. He was gifted with a burning natural eloquence, which, though perhaps a little too freely employed in exciting the "Wertherism of the uncultivated," had in it genuine power. He was a master of that oratory which no limitation of knowledge can repress, and which no training can impart. The neighboring rector could eclipse Woodwell's scholarship, and the freethinker at the corner shop in Markton could demolish his logic; but the Baptist could do in five minutes what neither of these had done in a lifetime: he could move some of the hardest of men to tears.

Thus it happened that when the sermon was fairly under way, Havill began to feel himself in a trying position. It was not that he had bestowed much affection upon his deceased wife, irreproachable woman as she had been; but the suddenness of her death had shaken his nerves, and Mr. Woodwell's address on the uncertainty of life involved considerations of conduct on earth that bore with singular directness upon Havill's unprincipled manœuvre for victory in the castle competition. He wished he had not been so inadvertent as to take his customary chair in the chapel. People who saw Havill's agitation did not know that it was most largely owing to his sense of the fraud which had been practiced on the unoffending Somerset; and when, unable longer to endure the torture of Woodwell's words, he rose from his place and went into the chapel vestry, the preacher little thought that remorse for a contemptibly unfair act, rather than grief for a dead wife, was the cause of the architect's withdrawal.

When Havill got into the open air, his morbid excitement calmed down, but a sickening self-abhorrence for the proceeding instigated by Dare did not abate. To appropriate another man's design was no more nor less than to embezzle his money or steal his goods. The intense reaction from his conduct of the past two or three months did not leave him when he reached his own house, and observed where the handbills of the countermanded sale had been torn down, as the result of the payment made in advance by Paula of money which should really have been Somerset's.

The mood went on intensifying when he was in bed. He lay awake till the clock reached those still, small, ghastly hours when the vital fires burn at their lowest in the human frame, and death

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seizes more of his victims than in any other of the twenty-four. Havill could bear it no longer; he got a light, went down into his office, and wrote the note subjoined.

"MADAM,—The recent death of my wife necessitates a considerable change in my professional arrangements, and my plans with regard to the future. One of the chief results of the change is, I regret to state, that I no longer find myself in a position to carry out the enlargement of the castle which you had so generously intrusted to my hands.

"I beg leave, therefore, to resign all further connection with the same, and to express, if you will allow me, a hope that the commission may be placed in the hands of the other competitor. Herewith is returned a check for one-half of the sum so kindly advanced in anticipation of the commission I should receive: the other half, with which I had cleared off my immediate embarrassments before perceiving the necessity for this course, shall be returned to you as soon as some payments from other clients drop in.

"I beg to remain, madam, your obedient servant, JAMES HAVILL."

Havill would not trust himself till the morning to post this letter. He sealed it up, went out with it into the street, and walked through the sleeping town to the post-office. At the mouth of the box he held the letter long. By dropping it he was dropping at least two thousand five hundred pounds which, however obtained, were now securely his. It was a great deal to let go; and there he stood till another wave of conscience bore in upon his soul the absolute nature of the theft, and made him shudder. The footsteps of a solitary policeman could be heard nearing him along the deserted street; hesitation ended, and he let the letter go.

When he awoke in the morning, he thought over the circumstances by the cheerful light of a low eastern sun. The horrors of the situation seemed much less formidable; yet it can not be said that he actually regretted his act. Later on, he walked out, with the strange sense of being a man who, from one having a large professional undertaking in hand, had, by his own act, suddenly reduced himself to an unoccupied nondescript. From the upper end of the town he saw in the distance the grand gray towers of Stancy Castle looming over the leafless trees; he felt stupefied at what he had done, and said to himself, with bitter discontent, "Well, well, what is more contemptible than a half-hearted rogue!"

That morning the post-bag had been brought to Paula and Mrs. Goodman in the usual way, and Miss Power read the letter. His resignation was a surprise: the question whether he would or would not repay the money was passed over; the necessity of installing Somerset, after all, as sole architect, was an agitation, or emotion, the precise nature of which it is impossible to accurately define.

However, she went about the house after breakfast with very much the manner of one who had had a weight removed either from her heart or from her conscience; moreover, her face was a little flushed when, in passing by Somerset's late studio, she saw the plans bearing his motto, and knew that his and not Havill's would be the presiding presence in the coming architectural turmoil. She went on further, and called to Charlotte, who was now regularly sleeping in the house, to accompany her, and together they ascended to the telegraph-room in the donjon tower.

"Who are you going to telegraph to?" said Miss De Stancy, when they stood by the instrument.

"My architect."

"Oh—Mr. Havill."

"Mr. Somerset."

Miss De Stancy had schooled her emotions on that side cruelly well, and she asked, calmly, "What, have you chosen him, after all?"

"There is no choice in it; read that," said Paula, handing Havill's letter, as if she felt that Providence had stepped in to shape ends that she was too undecided or unpracticed to shape for herself.

"It is very strange," murmured Charlotte, while Paula applied herself to the machine, and dispatched the words:

"Miss Power, Stancy Castle, to G. Somerset, Esq., F.R.I.B.A., Queen Anne's Chambers, St. James's:

"*Your design is accepted in its entirety. It will be necessary to begin soon. I shall wish to see and consult you on the matter about the 10th instant.*"

When the message was fairly gone out of the window, Paula seemed still further to expand. The strange spell cast over

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her by something or other—probably the presence of De Stancy, and the weird romanticism of his manner toward her, which was as if the historic past had touched her with a yet living hand—in a great measure became dissipated, leaving her the inscrutable maiden that she was before.

About this time Captain De Stancy and his Achates were approaching the castle, and had arrived about fifty paces from the spot at which it was Dare's custom to drop behind his companion, in order that their appearance at the lodge should be that of master and man.

Dare was saying, as he had said before: "I can't help fancying, Captain, that your approach to this castle and its mistress is by a very tedious system. Your trenches, zigzags, counterscarps, and ravelins may be all very well, and a very sure system of attack in the long-run; but, upon my soul, they are almost as slow in maturing as those of Uncle Toby himself. For my part, I should be inclined to try an assault."

"Don't pretend to give advice, Willy, on matters beyond your years."

"I only meant it for your good, and your proper advancement in the world," said Dare, in wounded tones.

"Different characters, different systems," returned the captain. "This lady is of a reticent, shy, complicated disposition, and any sudden proceeding would put her on her mettle. You don't dream what my impatience is, my boy. It is a thing transcending your utmost conceptions. But I proceed slowly; I know better than to do otherwise. Thank God, there is plenty of time. As long as there is no risk of Somerset's return, my situation is sure."

"And professional etiquette will prevent him coming yet. Havill and he will be like the men in the weather-house: when Havill walks out, he'll walk in, and not a moment before."

"That will not be till eighteen months have passed. And, as the Jesuit said, 'Time and I against any two.' . . . Now drop to the rear," added Captain De Stancy, authoritatively. And they passed under the walls of the castle.

The grave fronts and bastions were wrapped in silence; so much so that, standing a while in the inner ward, they could hear through an open window a faintly clicking sound from within.

"She's at the telegraph," said Dare, throwing forward his voice softly to the captain. "What can that be for so early? That wire is a nuisance, to my mind; such constant intercourse with the outer world is bad for our romance."

The speaker entered to arrange his photographic apparatus, of which, in truth, he was getting weary; and De Stancy smoked on the terrace till Dare should be ready. While he waited, his sister looked out upon him from an upper casement, having caught sight of him as she came from Paula in the telegraph-room.

"Well, Lotty, what news this morning?" he said, gayly.

"Nothing of importance. We are quite well." . . . She added, with hesitation, "There is one piece of news: Mr. Havill—but perhaps you have heard it in Markton?"

"Nothing."

"Mr. Havill has resigned his appointment as architect to the castle."

"What? Who has it, then?"

"Mr. Somerset," she faltered.

"Appointed?"

"Yes—by telegraph."

"When is he coming?" said De Stancy, in consternation.

"About the tenth, we think."

Charlotte was concerned to see her brother's face, and withdrew from the window, that he might not question her further. De Stancy went into the hall, and on to the gallery, where Dare was standing as still as a caryatid.

"I have heard every word—you being under and she over me," said Dare.

"Well, what does it mean? Has that fool Havill done it on purpose to annoy me? What conceivable reason can the man have for throwing up an appointment he has worked so hard for, at the moment he has got it, and in the time of his greatest need?"

Dare guessed, for he had seen a little way into Havill's soul during the brief period of their confederacy. But he was very far from saying what he guessed. Yet he unconsciously revealed by other words the nocturnal shades in his character which had made that confederacy possible.

"Somerset coming, after all!" he replied. "By God! that little six-barrelled friend of mine, and a good resolution, and he would never arrive!"

"What!" said Captain De Stancy, pal-

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ing with horror as he looked at the other and gathered his sinister meaning.

Dare instantly recollected himself. "One is tempted to say anything at such a moment," he replied, hastily.

"Since he is to come, let him come, for me," continued De Stancy, with reactionary distinctness, and still gazing gravely into the young man's face. "The battle shall be fairly fought out. Fair play, even to a rival—remember that, my boy. . . . Why are you here?—unnaturally concerning yourself with the passions of a man of my age, as if you were the parent and I the son? Would to Heaven, Willy, you had done as I wished you to do, and led the life of a steady, thoughtful young man! Instead of meddling here, you should now have been in some studio, college, or professional man's chambers, engaged in a useful pursuit which might have made one proud to own you. But you were so precocious and headstrong, and this is what you have come to: you promise to be worthless!"

"I think I shall go to my lodgings today, instead of staying here over these pictures," said Dare, after a silence, during which Captain De Stancy endeavored to calm himself. "I was going to tell you that my dinner to-day will unfortunately be one of herbs, for want of the needful. I have come to my last stiver. —You dine at the mess, I suppose, Captain?"

De Stancy had walked away, but Dare knew that he played a pretty sure card in that speech. De Stancy's heart could not withstand the suggested contrast between a lonely meal of bread and cheese and a well-ordered dinner amid cheerful companions. "Here," he said, emptying his pocket, and returning to the lad's side; "take this, and order yourself a good meal. You keep me as poor as a crow. There shall be more to-morrow."

The peculiarly bifold nature of Captain De Stancy, as shown in his conduct at different times, was something rare in life, and perhaps happily so. That mechanical admixture of black and white qualities without coalescence, on which the theory of men's characters was based by moral analysts before the rise of modern ethical schools, fictitious as it was in general application, would have almost hit off the truth as regards Captain De Stancy. Removed to some half-known century, his deeds would have won a picturesqueness of light and shade that might have made him a fascinating subject for some gallery of "illustrious personages." It was this tendency to moral checkerwork which accounted for his varied bearings toward Dare.

Dare withdrew to take his departure. When he had gone a few steps, despondent, he suddenly turned, and ran back with some excitement.

"Captain, he's coming on the tenth, don't they say? Well, four days before the tenth comes the sixth. Have you forgotten what's fixed for the sixth?"

"I had quite forgotten."

"That day will be worth three months of quiet attentions. With luck, skill, and a bold heart, what mayn't you do?"

Captain De Stancy's face softened with satisfaction.

"There is something in that; the game is not up, after all. The sixth—it had gone clean out of my head, by gad!"

CHAPTER V.

THE cheering message from Paula to Somerset sped through the loop-hole of Stancy Castle keep, over the trees, along the railway, under bridges, across three counties—from extreme antiquity of environment to sheer modernism—and finally landed itself on a table in Somerset's chambers in the midst of a cloud of fog. He read it, and in the moment of reaction from the depression of his past days, clapped his hands like a child.

Then he considered the date at which she wanted to see him. Had she so worded her dispatch, he would have gone that very day; but there was nothing to complain of in her giving him a week's notice. Pure maiden modesty might have checked her indulgence in a too ardent recall.

Time, however, dragged somewhat heavily along in the interim, and on the second day he thought he would call on his father, and tell him of his success in obtaining the appointment.

The elder Mr. Somerset lived in a detached house in the northwest part of fashionable London; and ascending the chief staircase, the young man branched off from the first landing, and entered his father's studio. It was an hour when he was pretty sure of finding the well-known painter at work, and on lifting the tapestry he was not disappointed, Mr. Somer-

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set being busily engaged, with his back toward the door.

Art and vitiated nature were struggling like wrestlers in that apartment, and art was getting the worst of it. The overpowering gloom pervading the clammy air, rendered still more intense by the height of the window from the floor, reduced all the pictures that were standing around to the wizened feebleness of corpses on end. The shadowy parts of the room behind the different easels were veiled in a brown vapor, precluding all estimate of the extent of the studio, and only subdued in the foreground by the ruddy glare from an open stove of Dutch tiles. Somerset's footsteps had been so noiseless over the carpeting of the stairs and landing that his father was unaware of his presence; he continued at his work as before, which he performed by the help of a complicated apparatus of lamps, candles, and reflectors, so arranged as to eke out the miserable daylight to a power apparently sufficient for the neutral touches on which he was at the moment engaged.

The first thought of an unsophisticated stranger on entering that room could only be the amazed inquiry why a professor of the art of color, which beyond all other arts requires pure daylight for its exercise, should fix himself on the single square league in habitable Europe to which light is denied at noonday for weeks in succession.

"Oh, it's you, George, is it?" said the Academician, turning from the lamps, which shone over his bald crown at such a slant as to reveal every cranial irregularity. "How are you this morning? Still a dead silence about your grand castle competition?"

Somerset told the news. His father duly congratulated him, and added, genially, "It is well to be you, George. One large commission to attend to, and nothing to distract you from it. I am bothered by having a dozen irons in the fire at once. And people are so unreasonable. Only this morning, when you got your order to go on with your single study, I received a letter from a woman, an old friend whom I can scarcely refuse, begging me as a great favor to design her a set of theatrical costumes, in which she and her friends can perform for some charity. It would occupy me a good week to go into the subject and do the thing properly. Such are the sort of letters I get. I wish, George, you could knock out something for her before you leave town. It is positively impossible for me to do it, with all this work in hand, and these eternal fogs to contend against."

"I fear costumes are rather out of my line," said the son. "However, I'll do what I can. What period and country are they to represent?"

"I don't know. I have never looked at the play of late years. It is *Love's Labor's Lost*. You had better read it for yourself, and do the best you can."

During the morning Somerset junior found time to refresh his memory of the play, and afterward went and hunted up materials for designs to suit the same, which occupied his spare hours for the next three days. As these occupations made no great demands upon his reasoning faculties, he mostly found his mind wandering off to imaginary scenes at Stancy Castle: particularly did he dwell at this time upon Paula's lively interest in the history, relics, tombs, architecture —nay, the very Christian names, of the De Stancy line, and her *prédilection d'artiste* for Charlotte's ancestors instead of her own. Yet what more natural than that an impressible, meditative girl, incased in the feudal lumber of that family, should imbibe at least an antiquarian interest in it? Human nature at bottom is romantic rather than ascetic, and the local habitation which accident had provided for Paula was acting as a solvent of the hard, morbidly introspective views thrust upon her in early life.

Somerset wondered if his own possession of a substantial pedigree like Captain De Stancy's would have had any appreciable effect upon her regard for him. His suggestion to Paula of her belonging to a worthy strain of engineers had been based on his content with his own intellectual line of descent, through Ictinus and Callicrates, Vitruvius, Palladio, Michael Angelo, William of Wykeham, and the rest of that long and illustrious roll; but Miss Power's marked preference for an animal pedigree now led him to muse on what he could show for himself in that kind.

These thoughts so far occupied him that when he took the sketches to his father, on the morning of the fifth, he was led to ask, "Has any one ever sifted out our family pedigree?"

"Family pedigree?"

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"Yes. Have we any pedigree worthy to be compared with that of professedly old families? I never remember hearing of any ancestor further back than my great-grandfather."

Somerset the elder reflected, and said that he believed there was a genealogical tree about the house somewhere, reaching back to a very respectable distance. "Not that I ever took much interest in it," he continued, without looking up from his canvas; "but your great-uncle John was a man with a taste for those subjects, and he drew up such a sheet: he made several copies on parchment, and gave one to each of his brothers and sisters. The one he gave to my father is still in my possession, I think."

Somerset said that he should like to see it; but half an hour's search about the house failed to discover the document; and the Academician then remembered that it was in an iron box at his banker's. He had used it as a wrapper for some bonds and other valuable papers which were deposited there for safety. "Why do you want it?" he inquired.

The young man confessed his wish to know if his own antiquity would bear comparison with that of another person, whose name he did not mention; whereupon his father gave him a key that would fit the said chest, if he meant to pursue the subject further. Somerset, however, did nothing in the matter that day; but the next morning, having to call at the bank on other business, he remembered his intention.

It was about eleven o'clock. The fog, though not so brown as it had been on previous days, was still dense enough to necessitate lights in the shops and offices. When Somerset had finished his business in the outer office of the bank, he went to the manager's room. The hour being somewhat early, the only persons present in that sanctuary of balances besides the manager who welcomed him, were two business men, apparently stock-brokers, who sat talking earnestly over a box of papers. The manager, on learning what Somerset wanted, unlocked a door from which a flight of stone steps led to the vaults, and sent down a clerk and a porter for the safe.

Before, however, they had descended far, a gentle tap came to the door, and in response to an invitation to enter, a lady appeared, wrapped up in furs to her very nose.

The manager seemed to recognize her, for he went across the room in a moment, and set her a chair at the middle table, replying to some observation of hers with the words, "Oh yes, certainly," in a deferential tone.

"I should like it brought up at once," said the lady.

Somerset, who had seated himself at a table in a somewhat obscure corner, started at the words. The voice was Miss Power's, and so plainly enough was the figure, as soon as he examined it. Her back was toward him, and either because the room was only lighted in two places, or because she was absorbed in her own concerns, she seemed to be unconscious of any one's presence on the scene except the banker and herself. The former called back the clerk, and two other porters having been summoned, they disappeared to get whatever she required.

Somerset, somewhat excited, sat wondering what could have brought Paula to London at this juncture, and was in some doubt if the occasion were a suitable one for revealing himself, her errand to her banker being possibly of a very private nature. Nothing helped him to a decision. Paula never once turned her head, and the progress of time was marked only by the murmurs of the two stock-brokers, and the ceaseless clash of gold and rattle of scales from the outer room, where the busy heads of cashiers could be seen through the partition moving about under the globes of the gas lamps.

Footsteps were heard upon the cellar steps, and the three men previously sent below staggered from the doorway, bearing a huge safe which nearly broke them down. Somerset knew that his father's box, or boxes, could boast of no such dimensions, and he was not surprised to see the chest deposited in front of Miss Power. When the immense accumulation of dust had been cleared off the lid, and the chest conveniently placed for her, Somerset was attended to, his modest box being brought up by one man unassisted, and without much expenditure of breath.

His interest in Paula was of so emotional a cast that his attention to his own errand was of the most perfunctory kind. She was close to a gas standard, and the stock-brokers, whose seats had intervened, having finished their business and gone away, all her actions were visible to him. While he was opening his father's box,

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"THE YOUNG MAN WAS AT HER SIDE BEFORE SHE HAD CROSSED THE PAVEMENT."

the manager assisted Paula to unlock hers, and he now saw her lift from it a morocco case, which she placed on the table before her, and unfastened. Out of it she took a dazzling object that fell like a cascade over her fingers. It was a necklace of pearls, apparently of large size and many strands, though he was not near

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enough to see distinctly. When satisfied by her examination that she had got the right article, she shut it into its case.

The manager closed the chest for her; and when it was again locked, Paula arose, tossed the necklace into her hand-bag, bowed to the manager, and was about to bid him good-morning. Thereupon he said, with some hesitation, "Pardon one question, Miss Power. Do you intend to take those jewels far?"

"Yes," she said, simply—"to Stancy Castle."

"You are going straight there?"

"I have one or two places to call at first."

"I would suggest that you carry them in some other way—by fastening them into the pocket of your dress, for instance."

"But I am going to hold the bag in my hand, and never once let it go."

The banker slightly shook his head. "Suppose your carriage gets overturned: you would let it go then."

"Perhaps so."

"Or if you saw a child under the wheels just as you were stepping in; or if you accidentally stumbled in getting out; or if there was a collision on the railway—you might let it go."

"Yes; I see I was too careless. I thank you."

Paula removed the necklace from the bag, turned her back to the manager, and spent several minutes in placing her treasure in her bosom, pinning it and otherwise making it absolutely secure.

"That's it," said the gray-haired man of caution, with evident satisfaction. "There is not much danger now: you are not travelling alone?"

Paula replied that she was not alone, and went to the door. There was one moment during which Somerset might have conveniently made his presence known; but the juxtaposition of the bank manager, and his own disarranged box of securities, embarrassed him: the moment slipped by, and she was gone.

In the mean time he had mechanically unearthed the pedigree, and locking up his father's chest, Somerset also took his departure at the heels of Paula. He walked along the misty street, so deeply musing as to be quite unconscious of the direction of his walk. What, he inquired of himself, could she want that necklace for so suddenly? He recollected a remark of Dare's to the effect that her appearance on a particular occasion at Stancy Castle had been magnificent by reason of the jewels she wore; which proved that she had retained a sufficient quantity of those valuables at the castle for ordinary requirements. What exceptional occasion, then, was impending, on which she wished to glorify herself beyond all previous experience? He could not guess. He was interrupted in these conjectures by a carriage nearly passing over his toes at a crossing in Bond Street; looking up, he saw between the two windows of the vehicle the profile of a thickly mantled bosom, on which a camellia rose and fell. All the remainder part of the lady's person was hidden; but he remembered that flower of convenient season as one which had figured in the bank parlor half an hour earlier to-day.

Somerset hastened after the carriage, and in a minute saw it stop opposite a jeweller's shop. A woman alighted, in whom he recognized Miss Birch, the lady's-maid at Stancy Castle; then out came Paula. The young man was at her side before she had crossed the pavement.

CHAPTER VI.

A QUICK arrested expression in her two sapphirine eyes, accompanied by a little, a very little, blush, which loitered long, was all the outward disturbance that the sight of her lover caused. The habit of self-repression at any new emotional impact was instinctive with her always. Somerset could not say more than a word; he smiled with intense solicitude, and Paula spoke.

She declared that this was an unexpected pleasure. Had he arranged to come on the tenth as she wished? How strange that they should meet thus!—and yet not strange—the world was so small.

Somerset said that he was coming on the very day she mentioned—that the appointment gave him infinite gratification, which was quite within the truth.

"Come into this shop with me," said Paula, in her archly authoritative way.

They entered the shop, and talked on while she made a small purchase. But not a word did Paula say of her sudden errand to town.

"I am having an exciting morning," she said. "I am going from here to catch the one-o'clock train to Markton."

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"It is important that you get there this afternoon, I suppose?"

"Yes. You know why?"

"Not at all."

"The Hunt Ball. It was fixed for the sixth, and this is the sixth. I thought they might have asked you."

"No," said Somerset, a trifle gloomily. "No, I am not asked. But it is a great task for you—a long journey and a ball all in one day."

"Yes: Charlotte said that. But I don't mind it."

"You are glad you are going. Are you glad?" he said, softly.

Her air confessed more than her words. "I am not so very glad that I am going to the Hunt Ball," she murmured.

"Thanks for that," said he.

She lifted her eyes to his for a moment. Her manner had suddenly become so nearly the counterpart of that in the tea-house that to suspect any deterioration of affection in her was no longer generous. It was only as if a thin layer of recent events had overlaid her memories of him, until his presence swept them away.

Somerset looked up, and finding the shop-man to be still some way off, he added, "When will you assure me of something in return for what I assured you that evening in the rain?"

"Not before you have built the castle. My aunt does not know about it yet, nor anybody."

"I ought to tell her."

"No, not yet. I don't wish it."

"Then everything stands as usual?"

She lightly nodded.

"That is, I may love you; but you still will not say you love me."

She nodded again, and directing his attention to the advancing shop-man, said, "Please not a word more."

Soon after this they left the jeweller's, and parted, Paula driving straight off to the station, and Somerset going on his way, uncertainly happy. His re-impression after a few minutes was that a special journey to town to fetch that magnificent necklace which she had not once mentioned to him, but which was plainly to be the medium of some proud purpose with her this evening, was hardly in harmony with her assertions of indifference to the attractions of the Hunt Ball.

He got into a cab and drove to his club, where he lunched, and afterward spent a great part of the afternoon in making calculations for the foundations of the castle works. Late in the afternoon he returned to his chambers, wishing that he could annihilate the three days remaining before the tenth, particularly this coming evening. On his table was a letter in a strange writing, and indifferently turning it over, he found from the superscription that it had been addressed to him days before at the King's Arms Hotel, Markton, where it had lain ever since, the landlord probably expecting him to return. Opening the missive, he found to his surprise that it was, after all, an invitation to the Hunt Ball.

"Too late!" said Somerset. "To think I should be served this trick a second time!"

After a moment's pause, however, he looked to see the time of day. It was five minutes past five—just about the hour when Paula would be driving from Markton Station to Stancy Castle to rest and prepare herself for her evening triumph. There was a train at six o'clock, timed to reach Markton between ten and eleven, which by great exertion he might save even now, if it were worth while to undertake such a scramble for the pleasure of dropping in to the ball at a late hour. A moment's vision of Paula moving to swift tunes on the arm of a person or persons unknown was enough to impart the impetus required. He jumped up, flung his dress suit into a portmanteau, sent down to call a cab, and in a few minutes was rattling off to the railway which had borne Paula away from London just five hours earlier.

Once in the train, he began to consider where and how he could most conveniently dress for the dance. The train would certainly be half an hour late; half an hour would be spent in getting to the town-hall, and that was the utmost delay tolerable if he would secure the hand of Paula for one spin, or be more than a mere dummy behind the earlier arrivals. He looked for an empty compartment at the next stoppage, and finding the one next his own to be unoccupied, he entered it, and changed his raiment for that in his portmanteau during the ensuing run of twenty miles.

Thus prepared, he awaited the Markton platform, which was reached as the clock struck twelve. Somerset called a fly, and drove at once to the town-hall.

The borough natives had ascended to

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their upper floors, and were putting out their candles one by one as he passed along the streets; but the lively strains that proceeded from the central edifice revealed distinctly enough what was going on among the temporary visitors from the neighboring manors. The doors were opened for him, and entering the vestibule, lined with flags, flowers, evergreens, and gorgeous escutcheons, he stood looking into the furnace of gayety beyond. It was some time before he could gather his impressions of the scene, so distracting were the lights, the motions, the toilets, the full-dress uniforms of officers, and the harmonies of sound. Yet light, sound, and movement were not so much the essence of that giddy scene as an intense aim at obliviousness in the beings composing it. For two or three hours at least those whirling young people meant not to know that they were mortal.

The room was beating like a heart, and the pulse was regulated by the trembling strings of the most popular quadrille band in Wessex. But at last his eyes grew settled enough to look critically around. The room was crowded—too crowded. Every variety of fair ones, beauties primary, secondary, and tertiary, appeared among the personages composing the throng. There were suns and moons; also pale planets of little account.

Broadly speaking, these daughters of the county fell into two classes: one the pink-faced, unsophisticated girls from neighboring rectories and small country houses, who knew not town except for an occasional fortnight, and who spent their time from Easter to Lammas-day much as they spent it during the remaining nine months of the year. The other class were the children of the wealthy land-owners, who migrated each season to the town house; these were pale and collected, showed less enjoyment in their countenances, and wore in general an approximation to the languid manners of town.

A quadrille was in progress, and Somerset scanned each set. His mind had run so long upon the necklace that his glance involuntarily sought out that gleaming object rather than the personality of its wearer. At the top of the room there he beheld it; but it was on the neck of Charlotte De Stancy.

The whole lucid explanation broke across his understanding in a second. His dear Paula had fetched the necklace that Charlotte should not appear to disadvantage among the county people by reason of her poverty. It was generously done—a disinterested act of sisterly kindness: it was the friendship of Hermia and Helena. Before he had got further than to realize this, there wheeled round amongst the dancers a lady whose *tournure* he recognized well. She was Paula; and to the devoted young man's vision a superlative something distinguished her from all the rest. This was not dress or ornament, for she had hardly a gem upon her, her attire being a model of effective simplicity. Her partner was Captain De Stancy.

The discovery of this latter fact slightly obscured his appreciation of what he had discovered just before. It was with rather a lowering brow that he asked himself whether the *prédilection d'artiste* of Paula's for the De Stancy line might not lead to a *prédilection* of a different sort for its last representative which would be not at all satisfactory.

The young architect remained in the background till the dance drew to a conclusion, and then he went forward. The circumstance of having met him by accident once already that day seemed to quench any surprise in Miss Power's bosom at seeing him now. There was nothing in her parting from Captain De Stancy, when he led her to a seat, calculated to make Somerset uneasy after his long absence. Though, for that matter, this proved nothing; for, like all wise maidens, Paula never ventured on the game of the eyes with a lover in public, well knowing that every moment of such indulgence overnight might mean an hour's sneer at her expense by the indulged gentleman next day, when weighing womankind by the aid of a cold morning light and a bad headache.

While Somerset was explaining to Paula and her aunt the reason of his sudden appearance, their attention was drawn to a seat a short way off by a fluttering of ladies round the spot. In a moment it was whispered that somebody had fallen ill, and in another that the sufferer was Miss De Stancy. Paula, Mrs. Goodman, and Somerset at once joined the group of friends who were assisting her. Neither of them imagined for an instant that the unexpected advent of Somerset on the scene had anything to do with the poor girl's indisposition.

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She was assisted out of the room, and her brother, who now came up, prepared to take her home, Somerset exchanging a few civil words with him, which the hurry of the moment prevented them from continuing; though on taking his leave with Charlotte, who was now better, he informed Somerset, in answer to a cursory inquiry, that he hoped to be back again at the ball in half an hour.

When they were gone, Somerset, feeling that now another dog might have his day, sounded his fair Paula on the delightful question of a dance.

Paula replied in the negative.

"How is that?" asked Somerset, with reproachful disappointment.

"I can not dance again," she said, in a somewhat depressed tone; "I must be released from every engagement to do so, on account of Charlotte's illness. I should have gone home with her if I had not been particularly requested to stay a little longer, since it is as yet so early, and Charlotte's illness is not very serious."

If Charlotte's illness was not very serious, Somerset thought, Paula might have stretched a point; but not wishing to hinder her in showing respect to a friend so well liked by himself, he did not ask it. De Stancy had promised to be back again in half an hour, and Paula had heard the promise. But at the end of twenty minutes, still seeming indifferent to what was going on around her, she said she would stay no longer, and reminding Somerset that they were soon to meet and talk over the rebuilding, drove off with her aunt to Stancy Castle.

Somerset stood looking at the retreating carriage till it was enveloped in shades that the lamps could not disperse. The ball-room was now virtually empty for him, and feeling no great anxiety to return thither, he stood on the steps for some minutes longer, looking into the calm mild night, and at the dark houses behind whose blinds lay the burghers with their eyes sealed up in sleep. The star of gas jets over the entrance threw its light upon the walls on the opposite side of the street, where there were notice-boards of forth-coming events. In glancing over these for the fifth time, his eye was attracted by the first words of a placard in blue letters, of a size larger than the rest, and moving onward a few steps, he read:

"STANCY CASTLE.

"By the kind permission of the owner, a PLAY will shortly be performed at the above Castle, in aid of the funds of the COUNTY HOSPITAL, by the officers of the ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY, Markton Barracks, assisted by several LADIES OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD. The cast and other particulars will be duly announced in small bills. Places will be reserved on application to Mr. Clangham, High Street, Markton, where a plan of the room may be seen.

"N.B.—The Castle is about fifteen minutes' drive from Markton Station, to which there are numerous convenient trains from all parts of the county."

In a profound study, Somerset turned and re-entered the ball-room, where he remained gloomily standing here and there for about five minutes, at the end of which period he observed Captain De Stancy, who had returned punctually to his word, crossing the hall in his direction.

The gallant officer darted glances of lively search over every group of dancers and sitters; and then, with rather a blank look in his face, he came on to Somerset. Replying to the latter's inquiry for his sister, that she had nearly recovered, he said, "I don't see my father's neighbors anywhere."

"They have gone home," replied Somerset, a trifle dryly. "They asked me to make their apologies to you for leading you to expect they would remain. Miss Power was too anxious about Miss De Stancy to care to stay longer."

The eyes of De Stancy and the speaker met for an instant. That curious guarded understanding, or inimical confederacy, which arises at moments between two men in love with the same woman, was present here; and in their mutual glances each said as plainly as by words that her departure had ruined his evening's hope.

They were now about as much in one mood as it was possible for two such differing natures to be. Neither cared further for elaborating giddy curves on that town-hall floor. They stood talking languidly about this and that local topic, till De Stancy turned aside for a short time to speak to a dapper little lady who had beckoned to him. In a few minutes he came back to Somerset.

"Mrs. Calverton, the wife of Major

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Calverton of my battery, would very much like me to introduce you to her. She is an old friend of your father's, and has wanted to know you for a long time."

De Stancy and Somerset crossed over to the lady, and in a few minutes, thanks to her flow of spirits, she and Somerset were chatting with remarkable freedom.

"It is a happy coincidence," continued Mrs. Calverton, "that I should have met you here, immediately after receiving a letter from your father: indeed, it reached me only this morning. He has been so kind! We are getting up some theatricals, as you know, I suppose, to help the funds of the County Hospital, which is in debt."

"I have just seen the announcement—nothing more."

"Yes, such an estimable purpose; and as we wished to do it thoroughly well, I asked Mr. Somerset to design us the costumes, and he has now sent me the sketches. It is quite a secret at present, but we are going to play Shakspeare's romantic drama, *Love's Labor's Lost*, and we hope to get Miss Power to take the leading part. You see, being such a handsome girl, and so wealthy, and rather an undiscovered novelty in the county as yet, she would draw a crowded room, and greatly benefit the funds."

"Miss Power going to play herself? I am rather surprised," said Somerset. "Whose idea is all this?"

"Oh, Captain De Stancy's—he's the originator entirely. You see he is so interested in the neighborhood, his family having been connected with it for so many years, that naturally a charitable object of this local nature appeals to his feelings."

"Naturally!" her listener laconically repeated. "And have you settled who is to play the junior gentleman's part, leading lover, hero, or whatever he is called?"

"Not absolutely; though I think Captain De Stancy will not refuse it; and he is a very good figure. At present it lies between him and Mr. Mild, one of our young lieutenants. My husband, of course, takes the heavy line; and I am to be the second lady, though I am rather too old for the part really. If we can only secure Miss Power, the cast will be excellent."

"Excellent!" said Somerset, with a spectral smile.

CHAPTER VII.

When he awoke the next morning at the King's Arms Hotel, Somerset felt quite morbid on recalling the intelligence he had received from Mrs. Calverton. But as the day for serious practical consultation about the castle works, to which Paula had playfully alluded, was now close at hand, he determined to banish sentimental reflections on the frailties that were besieging her nature, by active preparation for his professional undertaking. To be her high-priest in art, to elaborate a structure whose cunning workmanship would be meeting her eye every day till the end of her natural life, and saying to her, "He invented it," with all the eloquence of an inanimate thing long regarded—this was no mean satisfaction, come what else would.

He returned to town the next day to set matters there in such trim that no inconvenience should result from his prolonged absences at the castle; for, having no other commission, he determined (with an eye rather to heart interests than to increasing his professional practice) to make, as before, the castle itself his office, studio, and chief abiding-place till the works were fairly in progress.

On the tenth he re-appeared at Markton. Passing through the town, on the road to Stancy Castle, his eyes were arrested by the notice-board which had conveyed such startling information to him on the night of the ball. The small bills now appeared thereon; but when he anxiously looked them over to learn how the parts were to be allotted, he found that intelligence still withheld. Yet they told enough: the list of lady players was given, and Miss Power's name was one.

That a young lady who, six months ago, would scarcely join, for conscientious reasons, in a simple dance on her own lawn, should now be willing to exhibit herself on a public stage, as it might be called, simulating love passages with a stranger, argued a rate of development which, under any circumstances, would have surprised him; but which, with the particular addition, as leading colleague, of Captain De Stancy, inflamed him almost to anger. What clandestine arrangements had been going on in his absence to produce such a full-blown intention it was futile to guess. Paula's course was a race rather than a march, and each

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successive heat was startling in its eclipse of that which went before.

Somerset was, however, introspective enough to know that his morals would have taken no such virtuous alarm had he been the chief male player instead of Captain De Stancy; and it was, after all, possible that Paula would not take a part.

He passed under the castle arch, and entered. There seemed a little turn in the tide of affairs when it was announced to him that Miss Power expected him, and was alone.

The well-known antechambers through which he walked, filled with twilight, draughts, and thin echoes that seemed to reverberate from two hundred years ago, did not delay his eye as they had done when he had been ignorant that his destiny lay within; and he followed on through all this ancientness to where the modern Paula sat to receive him.

He forgot everything in the bliss of being alone in a room with her. She blushed and met his eye with something in her own which cheered him. It was not a tear. It was a light expressing that something was understood between them. She said, quietly, in two or three words, that she had expected him in the forenoon.

Somerset explained that he had come only that morning from London.

After a little more talk, in which she said that her aunt would join them in a few minutes, and that Miss De Stancy was still indisposed at her father's house, she rang for tea and sat down beside a little table. "Shall we proceed to business at once?" she asked him.

"I suppose so."

"First, then, when will the working drawings be ready, which I think you said must be made out before the work could begin?"

While Somerset informed her on this and other matters, Mrs. Goodman entered and joined in a discussion, after which they found it would be necessary to adjourn to the studio, where the plans were hanging. On their walk thither Paula asked if he staid late at the ball.

"I left soon after you."

"That was very early, seeing how late you arrived."

"Yes. . . . I did not dance."

"What did you do, then?"

"I moped, and walked to the door; and saw an announcement."

"I know—the play that is to be performed."

"In which you are to be the Princess."

"That's not settled. I have not agreed yet. I shall not play the Princess of France unless Mr. Mild plays the King of Navarre."

This sounded rather well. The Princess was the lady beloved by the King; and Mr. Mild, the young lieutenant of artillery, was a diffident, inexperienced, rather plain-looking fellow, whose sole interest in theatricals lay in the consideration of his costume and the sound of his own voice in the ears of the audience. With such an unobjectionable person to enact the part of lover to Paula, the prominent character of leading young lady, or heroine, which she was to personate, was really the most satisfactory in the whole list. For, although she was to be wooed hard, there was just as much love-making among the remaining personages; while, as Somerset had understood the play, there could occur no flingings of her person upon her lover's neck, or agonized downfalls upon the stage, in her whole performance, as there were in the parts chosen by Mrs. Calverton, the major's wife, and some of the other ladies.

"Why do you play at all?" he murmured.

"What a question! How could I refuse for such an excellent purpose? They say that my taking a part will be worth a hundred pounds to the charity. My father always supported the hospital, which is quite undenominational; and he said I was to do the same."

"Do you think the peculiar means you have adopted for supporting it entered into his view?" inquired Somerset, regarding her with critical dryness. "For my part, I don't."

"It is an interesting way," she returned, looking askance, apparently in a state of mental equipoise on the point raised by his question. "And I shall not play the Princess, as I said, to any other than that quiet young man. I assure you of this, so don't be angry. Besides, the King doesn't marry me at the end of the play, as in Shakspeare's other comedies. And if Miss De Stancy continues seriously unwell, I shall not play at all."

The young man pressed her hand, though she made a slight objection.

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"Are we not engaged, Paula?" he asked.

She withdrew from him without replying.

"Shall we tell your aunt?" he continued. Unluckily at that moment Mrs. Goodman, who had followed them to the studio at a slower pace, appeared round the doorway.

"No—to the last," replied Paula, hastily. Then her aunt entered, and the conversation was no longer personal.

Somerset took his departure in a serener mood, though not completely assured.

MY JUNE BOY.

SWEET as the pink wild roses wake,
And freshness from their petals shake,
So from his head to his small feet
He wakes, all flushed and dewy sweet.
His eyelids like white clouds of morning flee,
And clear the heavenly blue for me, for me!

The wonder of the baby's eyes!
Forget-me-nots and morning skies,
And all things blue that lie between:
I named ye blue ere they were seen!
Ho, violets, by the reedy rim
Of pools, where lights and shadows swim,
Seeing your soft reflections there,
Ye know what things can best compare;
Though in his eyes are depths of mystery
Which never yet were seen, sweet flowers, in thee.

O rose-bud, rose-bud of the South,
Say, can you match the baby's mouth?
And when your petals softly part,
Is there a white pearl in your heart?
And tell me—if you can tell—who
Has ever heard a rose-bud coo?
And can you bud and bloom, O rose-bud, say,
And bloom and bud, a hundred times a day?

A dimple is an angel's kiss:
Were dimples ever placed amiss?
O apple blossoms, do not speak,
To say you're like the baby's cheek,
All white and pink, and fragrant through and through.
Have apple blossoms little dimples too?

The sunshine's fairest, finest thread
Graces and crowns his princely head.
Sometimes it gleams a halo faint,
And turns him to a baby saint.
Lo, should I gird him with a little fleece,
The infant St. John of the Veronese!

I give the palm to his sweet chin;
Yet oft his little feet will win—
Sandaled with rose leaves, his pink toes
Buds stolen from some careless rose.
I count his beauties, as the nun
Counteth her beads o'er, one by one.
So many ways my fond heart finds him fair,
It makes each breath a grateful little prayer.

He sweetly breathes in baby rest
On the dear comfort of my breast.
For love, for love, I can not speak:
A tear falls on the baby's cheek.
What, stir at such a grief as this—
A tear warmed by thy mother's kiss!
Do roses sigh at drops of dew?
Will soft winds vex the lilies too?...
Again in perfect rest he lies,
White eyelids drooped on bluest eyes.
So violets and snow-drops nod together,
And sleep in night-times of the sweet spring weather.

What shall a happy mother bring,
Who hath no costly offering?
No spices from beyond the sea,
No white dove even, owneth she,
No lamb unblemished, nor a stem
Of Mary's lilies. On the hem
Of the Lord's garment just a touch
Of faith brought blessings overmuch.
There may she lay a mother's kiss,
So white with love He will not miss
Spices, nor fragrant lilies, nor the glow
Of costly gems, nor doves as white as snow.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

THERE are two clubs in the city of New York into which admission is difficult in the degree of its desirability. They are the Century Club and the Mendelssohn Glee Club. There is understood to be a long list of names of candidates for admission always posted in some conspicuous place at the Century, some of which have been posted there for many months, and even years; and as only a certain number of members can be admitted, the procession of candidates drags its slow length along with infinite weariness. The august committee on admissions doubtless acts with most scrupulous care for impartiality, and is serenely superior to mere personal influence. It weighs the clubbableness of proposed candidates by actual knowledge, and by faith in the comparative sincerity of recommendations. Probably everybody is commended as the very person whose presence is indispensable to the completion of the due variety and charm of the club; and the committee's anguish, arising from the conviction that upon the face of the papers the club must suffer severely by not admitting immediately everybody proposed, may be more readily imagined than described.

With a noble power of self-sacrifice, however, the committee is able to exclude almost everybody, and nothing probably is more surprising to a man who has been posted for several years than the announcement that he has been admitted to the club. Yet it is a pleasure worth waiting for. No club—but this is dangerous ground, and we will say, therefore, only that no club in the city has more interesting traditions than the Century, and that the young member can do nothing better than corner a veteran, and ply him with questions until a rich stream of reminiscence pours from his mouth. In the Laurentian formation of the Century we believe there are relics of the old Sketch Club yet to be found, still active and animated, and those interested in the primeval formations will have a curious delight in prosecuting the research.

But long as the tarrying for admission at the Century may be, we have not heard of any instance there like that of a young gentleman of three years who has been proposed for membership at the Mendelssohn Glee Club. His voice is doubtless in full training already, and such early devotion is sure to be rewarded. The club, as its name will indicate to our remoter readers, is a club of singers, which gives three or four concerts every winter at Chickering Hall—private concerts in the pleasantest sense. Money can not buy the tickets nor open the doors. Each member receives a certain number of tickets for distribution, and a number which precisely fills the hall; and as an increase of membership would decrease the number of tickets allotted to each member, and as no increase of audience or a larger hall could possibly improve the concerts, there is no probability that the society will be enlarged, and the best course for those intending to become members is to be entered upon the list of applicants at the age of three.

A Mendelssohn concert is one of the high-water marks of our civilization. The pretty hall, admirably adapted to display a brilliant audience, is filled with a brightly dressed throng, mutually acquainted, so that, unlike the usual gathering at a public concert, there is a certain air of refined sociability. The hum of general conversation, the flitting of gentlemen from group to group, and the mingling of the singers with the audience during the interludes between the songs, pleasantly fill the eye and ear. Youth and beauty hold their evanescent court, and older eyes, touched with the sweet magic of memory, see other scenes and other forms in the bright panorama of the evening.

Suddenly the conductor enters upon the platform, strikes a few chords upon the piano, and disappears. It is the summons of the chorus. The active or singing members move from every part of the hall, the audience adjusts itself, seats are resumed, eyes furtively follow a manly form, perhaps, and even hearts may flutter at a gay farewell. "Read the language of those wandering eye-beams: the heart knoweth." But the door at the side of the platform opens, and the thirty or forty gentlemen who compose the chorus enter, and range themselves in a double semicircular line, while Mosenthal, the field-marshal, who has thoroughly and severely trained these troops of tone, and whose ear no flatting or sharping, no shirking nor silence, can escape or deceive, steps quietly and firmly forward to his stand, and with a solid, forcible air, like that of the older and original Strauss, gives the warning tap, raises his baton, and when there is perfect silence in the hall, begins. For it seems that it is he with his beating arm who plays upon a rich and delicate instrument of beautifully blended voices. He has drilled them as Napoleon drilled an army, and he inspires them as Napoleon inspired. A profound and conscientious artist, thorough and accurate, and full of the manly enthusiasm for his art which is the spring and secret of successful mastery, he has produced a very remarkable result. The sound is exquisitely shaded and graded, and without losing its variety, its melodic sweetness, and its rhythmical charm, he subdues and softens it to a whisper, fine and true, almost a shadowy sound, a fairy tone by moonlight:

> "That strain again; it had a dying fall:
> Oh! it came o'er my ear like the sweet South,
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odor."

There is a whole realm of part-songs which

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is revealed by such clubs and societies as the Mendelssohn, and which is exceedingly delightful. Glees and concerted pieces have always been peculiarly agreeable to the musical taste of England and Germany, and the cultivation of part-singing in this country has developed some excellent and promising composers among us. The Mendelssohn Glee Club lately offered three prizes, we understand, for such songs, and upon trying and comparing and deciding, three compositions were selected for the first, second, and third awards; and upon opening the sealed envelopes with the names of the authors, the three successful compositions were found to be the work of the same composer, Mr. Gilchrist, of Philadelphia. They have all been sung by the club, to the great delight and approval of the hearers, and the eye of expectation may be shrewdly fixed upon the young composer. Part-music of this kind is fascinating, and it is very hard to believe that in any other city there is better singing than that of the Mendelssohn. The charm of it is that it is the skilled and patient training of chance voices, so to speak, the voices of those who are not professional singers, but who are devoted to business and to professions.

Perhaps the musing listener, grateful for an enjoyment so inspiring, as he watches the quiet conduct of the leader, and observes the American faces of the singers, seems to see visibly and audibly typified the gracious influence of the German musical genius upon American life. Some future poet will say that of all the good fairies who came to the birth of the free nation, none was more generous than Teutonia, who brought the refining, elevating, humanizing gift of music.

THE annals of publishing and the traditions of publishers in this country will always mention the little Corner Book-store in Boston as you turn out of Washington Street into School Street, and those who recall it in other days will always remember the curtained desk at which poet and philosopher and historian and divine, and the doubting, timid young author were sure to see the bright face and to hear the hearty welcome of James T. Fields. What a crowded, busy shop it was, with the shelves full of books, and piles of books upon the counters and tables, and loiterers tasting them with their eyes, and turning the glossy new pages —loiterers at whom you looked curiously, suspecting them to be makers of books as well as readers. You knew that you might be seeing there in the flesh and in common clothes the famous men and women whose genius and skill made the old world a new world for every one upon whom their spell lay. Suddenly, from behind the green curtain, came a ripple of laughter, then a burst, a chorus; gay voices of two or three or more, but always of one—the one who sat at the desk and whose place was behind the curtain, the literary partner of the house, the friend of the celebrated circle which has made the Boston of the middle of this century as justly renowned as the Edinburgh of the close of the last century, the Edinburgh that saw Burns, but did not know him. That curtained corner in the Corner Book-store is remembered by those who knew it in its great days, as Beaumont recalled the revels at the immortal tavern:

> "What things have we seen
> Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
> So nimble and so full of subtile flame,
> As if that every one from whence they came
> Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest!"

What merry peals! What fun and chaff and story! Not only the poet brought his poem there still glowing from his heart, but the lecturer came from the train with his freshest touches of local humor. It was the exchange of wit, the Rialto of current good things, the hub of the hub.

And it was the work of one man. Fields was the *genius loci*. Fields, with his gentle spirit, his generous and ready sympathy, his love of letters and of literary men, his fine taste, his delightful humor, his business tact and skill, drew, as a magnet draws its own, every kind of man, the shy and the elusive as well as the gay men of the world and the self-possessed favorites of the people. It was his pride to have so many of the American worthies upon his list of authors, to place there if he could the English poets and "belles-lettres" writers, and then to call them all personal friends. Next year it will be forty years since the house at the Corner Book-store issued the two pretty volumes of Tennyson's poems which introduced Tennyson to America. Barry Cornwall followed in the same dress. They caught all the singing-birds at that corner, and hung them up in the pretty cages so that everybody might hear the song. Transcendentalism and *The Dial* were active also at the same time. The idyl of Brook Farm was proceeding in the West Roxbury uplands and meadows on the shores of the placid Charles. The abolitionists were kindling the national conscience at Chardon Street Chapel and Marlborough Chapel. Theodore Parker was appalling the staid pulpits and docile pews. There was a universal moral and intellectual fermentation, but at the Corner Book-store the distinctive voice was that of "pure literature"; and hospitable toward all, and with an open heart of admiration for the fervent reformers, Fields had also the most humorous appreciation of "the apostles of the newness," but minded with zeal what he felt to be especially his own business.

It was a very remarkable group of men—indeed, it was the first group of really great American authors—which familiarly frequented the corner as the guests of Fields. There had been Bryant and Irving and Cooper and Halleck and Paulding and Willis in New York, but there had been nothing like the New Eng-

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land circle. It was that circle which compelled the world to acknowledge that there was an American literature. Of most of these authors the house at the corner came to be the publishers, and to the end they maintained the warmest relations with Fields, who was not their publisher only, but their appreciative and sympathetic friend. His kindred taste made him a faithful student of English literature, and almost as a boy he read poems of his own upon public occasions, and published a volume or two, which were his credentials to membership in the guild. Later, his lectures upon English authors, many of whom he personally knew, were very entertaining and suggestive, like the charming conversation of one who has seen with observing and sympathetic eyes those of whom all men gladly hear.

The singular attraction of Fields for widely different natures was shown by the affection entertained for him by two men so different as Hawthorne and Dickens. In his later years, Hawthorne's home in Boston was generally Fields's house, and Dickens would hardly have made his second and most triumphant and profitable visit to this country except for Fields, who was his "next friend" throughout the tour. Dickens speaks of him most kindly in one of the "Uncommercial Traveller" papers, after his return to England. It was certainly remarkable that Dickens, who, twenty-five years before, had gone home from his first visit indignant because we would not pay him copyright upon his works, which we universally read and enjoyed—and his complaint was most just—should have gone home from his second visit with more money made in a shorter time than any foreign author ever collected from us before. Fields's service to him was immense, and Dickens was sincerely grateful.

Alas! such talk is but a reminiscence of "yesterdays with authors." Fields himself was sixty-four years old when he died; but there was such essential and indefeasible youth in his feelings and temperament that even a fatal and painful malady could not quench it. On the very day, or the day before, he died, he went over to see Aldrich—for he was the friend of the younger as of the older authors—and it is a deep satisfaction to know that the end was as painless as it was sudden, sitting in his chair at evening, in the midst of friends, and listening to the voice that was the sweetest of all music to his heart. Long before, he had left the old corner and the curtained nook, and had gone to more stately publishing quarters. From these also he had withdrawn some years ago, leaving business altogether, and devoting himself thenceforward to lecturing. But the hospitable heart made his beautiful home what that curtained nook had been. Younger men were taking the places of those that loitered in the old book-store, but they found in the home the old corner welcome, and they will understand why their elder brethren recall with such fond and regretful affection the curtained nook at the old corner, and the kind heart and generous hand that made it so memorable.

THE great musical festival of this spring in New York recalls the story of such events in this country. They began in the German *Saengerfests* in Cincinnati, the first of which was held in 1849, which consisted of one concert, for which four hundred tickets were sold for fifty cents each. There were one hundred and eighteen voices in the chorus, and the music was mainly part-songs. Another *Fest* followed in Louisville the next year. The good impulse was not relaxed, and in 1870 a festival took place in Cincinnati, in a building erected for the purpose, with nearly two thousand singers in its chorus; and a little later Theodore Thomas came to the city with his orchestra, stimulating the feeling already awakened, and in May, 1873, the first of the four festivals of '73, '75, '78, and '80, all of which he conducted, was held in Cincinnati.

To the Western city, therefore, belongs the honor of beginning these noble entertainments in the United States. But New York may justly plead that it had no proper place commensurate with the city for such a festival until this year. Old Castle Garden, on the Battery, was a huge hall before it was changed to an immigrant dépôt, and fifty or sixty years ago, when State Street was a Fifth Avenue, and Bunker's was a favorite retreat for select strangers, and the City Hotel was the chief caravansary, a festival might have been held at Castle Garden, and it would have served the purpose well. Thirty years ago, indeed, when Jenny Lind came—and Sir Julius Benedict, the conductor of her concerts, has recently published some pleasant reminiscences of her and her tour—she "opened" in Castle Garden, and after her triumphant career in this country she sang her farewell to America in the same great bare space. Jullien, too, gave his summer concerts there, and on a warm moonlight evening the bucks of the last generation did not disdain to sit smoking on the balcony overlooking the glittering bay, while the well-drilled orchestra played waltzes and pot-pourris within.

But those were the days when New York was down town, and the young people strolled out toward Canal and Broome streets to pick spring flowers, when the gay street promenade was along the lower part of Broadway, and the original New Amsterdam was still the nucleus of the city. With the swift and magnificent progress of the town, however, one thing has not kept pace. There are not the noble public halls which would be naturally looked for in such a city. The Cooper Union, Steinway, and Chickering, with two or three more, less familiar, are the only convenient rooms for the ordinary purposes of halls, and for many occasions they are ample. But for the great occasions which are constantly re-

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curring in a metropolis they are not adequate. The proposition of a musical festival in any of them would have been ludicrous. Boston, indeed, put up a temporary building, where Mr. Gilmore's trumpets could blare and his anvils clang with verge enough. But New York has had no "new land" close to some of her finest squares and streets upon which to pitch a musical camp, and challenge the world for supremacy in a huge festival. The very name is full of inspiring associations. Malibran sang at the Birmingham festivals, and the exquisite art of Caradori Allan illustrated them.

But the spacious armory of the Seventh Regiment, the vast hall which the President came from Washington to open in state, far up on the elevated land of the Fourth Avenue, between Central Park and the Third Avenue, where the street is broad and open, and where access is easy, at last offers a hall worthy of the metropolitan character of the city, and of the unrivalled excellence which should distinguish a musical festival in New York. That has evidently been the feeling of those most closely concerned in arranging the festival of this year. Their preparations seem to have been adequate and thorough. The labor of Dr. Damrosch, the conductor, can not be imagined by those who do not think of the infinite detail of such an enterprise, and of the temperament of musicians. But, so far as the public could see, the work went steadily forward, and on a beautiful starry evening in early May the doors were opened, the vast throng was seated quickly and quietly, every solo singer was present, and as they came in and took their places in front of the enormous chorus, and the conductor at last appeared, and the great work was about to begin, there was a thunder of acclamation, followed by the performance of Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum* by a chorus of 1200 voices, an orchestra of some 220, and the organ. The effect was most impressive, and the audience of 10,000 persons burst into answering applause. Miss Cary, Signor Campanini, and Mr. Whitney were greeted most warmly; and when Rubinstein's sacred opera *The Tower of Babel* followed, there was equal enthusiasm; and the first concert of the festival ended with the general conviction that it was worthy of the anticipation and of the city.

Already another festival is designed for next year, under the conduct of Theodore Thomas, who conducted triumphantly the great festivals at Cincinnati. The interest and success of this year will but stimulate those of another year, and there is no reason to doubt that the same "continental" character—to use a favorite word of our fathers—will be given to them which belongs to all great American enterprises. Indeed, it is fast becoming unnecessary for America to cross the sea to hear the finest music, but we shall endeavor to make it necessary for Europe; and the festival of this year and the promise of that of next year are the earnest that we shall do so.

THERE is something comical as well as outrageous in the position in which the city of New York has recently found itself. The citizens have been unable to clean the streets of the city in which they live, because other people who do not live there decided that they should not clean them. There were great popular meetings, and meetings of physicians, which declared emphatically that the streets must be cleaned, or a pestilence might follow; and a few airy gentlemen called politicians replied that the streets should not be cleaned except in the way that would be most profitable to the airy gentlemen. At the same time the Mayor of the city, its responsible chief executive officer, called the negligent street-cleaners before him to show why they should not be removed from a position whose duties they would not discharge; and the negligent street-cleaners sent some persons called counsel, who insulted and browbeat the Mayor in the most cowardly way, because they knew that the Mayor could not arrest them, as a Court would have done, and committed them to jail for contempt, as every decent citizen wished that he could have done.

The situation, in a certain ludicrous imbecility and helplessness, has recalled the days commemorated by Diedrich Knickerbocker. It has been a kind of practical satire in which Swift would have delighted—a parody of popular government. Farmers and lawyers from the rural interior voting that the inhabitants of a city shall not clean their streets as they wish, and voting so, not because they know or care anything about it, or have any objection to permitting people to dispose of their own dirt, but because a knot of politicians tell them that if they do allow it, it will be impossible to buy some votes for some other purpose—all this, indeed, is beyond Swift. It is the *reductio ad absurdum* of a popular system.

One of the amusing aspects of it is the intense gravity with which a few politicians, whose business it is to feather their own nests, talk of the party and their obligations to it, the party being represented to the precious group by each other. The city, they say, must not be cleaned in a manner to injure the party.

"But how if, while you are wrangling, the dirt deepens and the public health is affected?"

"Dunno: but nothing must be done to hurt the party."

"But how can it hurt the party to clean the streets?"

"Dunno: but if our men don't have the job, the other side's men will have it."

"Well, suppose they do, what then?"

"Dunno: but we should lose their votes."

"Why?"

"Dunno: but they vote for the side that gives them a job."

"Do we, then, keep in power by buying votes with jobs?"

"Dunno: but we should be darned fools to

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let the other side have the job when we have the power to keep it for ourselves."

"Politics, then, is a fight for jobs?"

"Dunno."

"Does our side stand for any principle?"

"Dunno: what I want is for our side to get what it can, and to keep all it gets."

This is the reasoning which persuades farmers and rural lawyers to vote that what the citizens of New York, irrespective of party, desire, shall not be granted except in a way to benefit a party. If the cleaning of the streets can be arranged so as to help a side, they shall be cleaned. If not, the city may go to the plague.

The same reasoning extends to filling purely professional offices. The physician of a seaman's retreat, for instance, is elected for four years by a board of trustees. He is an excellent and experienced medical man, and no fault is found with him. But he is on one side in politics, while a majority of the board is on the other. It is a good place, and it would be ridiculous, says this reasoning, to give it to the other side by re-appointing this physician. So he is turned out for the benefit of a side; or, if he be retained, those of the majority who do not vote to turn him out are denounced as traitors to their side. The result will be that the supplest political tool, with a smattering of medicine, will get the place. There is not a drunken nurse or attendant in any public hospital or asylum who owes his place to the influence of a side, who, when he abuses his charge with one hand, does not snap the other in contemptuous defiance of protests, so long as he is sure of the favor of the boss of his side. The life-saving service, Professor Baird in the fish-culture service, every self-respecting specialist and upper officer in every department, earnestly asks that the question of political sides may not be considered in manning their force, because it is fatal to the efficiency of their service. "I hope that my clerks may not be turned out, sir," said the head of an important bureau, who had held his place for thirty years because he was indispensable. The party chief listened grimly, and when the head left the room, the chief muttered, savagely, "If you don't mind, I'll turn you out."

It is as sensible to apply the rule of the side to professors in a college as to physicians of a seaman's retreat. To fill the Greek chair or the chair of chemistry, the fundamental inquiry must be, Is he on the right side? Is he a Boxite or a Coxite? In the case of the retreat, the argument was that the physician on one side was as good a medical man as the incumbent, who was on the other side. But there were two retorts: one, that he was not as good, because he lacked the special experience; the other, that such a system of selection is fatal to professional excellence. A Fleet parson may have taken orders, but when the church is officered by Fleet parsons it is in a bad way.

One thing, however, is plain: so long as we consent to appoint physicians and professors upon this preposterous plan, the airy gentlemen will snap their fingers at the endeavors of citizens to clean their streets in their own way. But when we select physicians because they are medical experts, and professors of chemistry because they understand chemistry, and postmasters because they are specially qualified for the postal service, we can get our streets cleaned without trying to make the cleaning buy votes.

"I DON'T wish to go down to posterity talking bad grammar," said Lord Beaconsfield, as he corrected the report of his last speech in the House of Lords, a few days before his death. Probably no man's ambition was ever so completely gratified as his. Every prize that he coveted he had won. One posthumous ambition, indeed, so to speak, will be gratified. Even the last triumph that he could have expected, however ardently it may have been desired, that is, popular affection and regard, was his before the end. He was called "Dizzy," half contemptuously, a generation ago; he was "Beaky" in the kindly feeling of the streets when he died.

We have spoken of him often during the last few years, for he was one of the most conspicuous figures in the English, and even in the European, world. There were two men known to everybody in England before Lord Beaconsfield died, said the *Saturday Review*, and now there is only one. The one who is left is Gladstone, who will be always mentioned with Disraeli as Pitt and Fox are familiarly associated. Beaconsfield will probably have a monument in Westminster Abbey. But the London *News*, which speaks for the sentiment which instinctively distrusted Disraeli, says that while it would not stint any expression of personal regard, it is certainly questionable whether his career should receive the national approval which would be attested by a monument in the great national commemorative gallery of England.

The objection that such a plea has not been raised in other instances is not conclusive, when the question is once raised. When a tomb in St. Paul's was opened to Nelson, it expressed a universal sentiment of pride and patriotism. It was not an act of condonation or approval of Nelson's private irregularities of life. But his service to his country had been so eminent and so undoubted, his name had become such a part of England's heroic story, that if anybody was to be properly honored in that way, it was Nelson. The same argument can not be made for Disraeli. He was a Prime Minister of singular popularity and prestige, but what great service has he done for his country which would be universally and gladly acknowledged? Agile, adroit, audacious,

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brilliant, and assuming to renew the renown and the power of the British name, would any impartial historian allege that he had done it? The great achievement of his political primacy, for which he was crowned with roses upon his return, was the Berlin Treaty. How did that treaty increase the renown of England? and what is posterity likely to remember but the trick of the secret preliminary understanding and the unhappy Cyprus protectorate? Are those feats which should be rewarded with a monument in Westminster Abbey?

But if his name should not be written in the Abbey, the Queen has made a pilgrimage to his grave, and his manes may be soothed. The warm feeling for him entertained by the Queen was no secret, and his deference to her is reported to have been that of a perfectly accomplished courtier. "To her Majesty he was the most consummate flatterer," says an eminent Englishman. He did not hesitate, adds the same critic, to offer her an adulation which few men offer any woman, but it was only as sincere as everything else he said and did. This last remark has the sting which is felt in much that was said while Disraeli lived, and which has not been less said since he died. The *News* means, of course, that the late Prime Minister was an insincere man—that is, not a man of principle—and that his influence upon the national life was not elevating, and therefore that neither by public service nor by private character does he merit a national commemoration so distinguished as a monument in Westminster Abbey.

His position, indeed, was much of the same kind in politics that it was in literature. As a writer, as an author, no claim for a national memorial would be urged. A place might be asked in the Abbey for the author of *Amelia*, of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, of the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*, of *Pickwick*, and of the *Newcomes*, and a certain fitness would be conceded, but hardly for the author of *Vivian Grey* and *Endymion*. His world of fiction was glitteringly unreal. Was his world of politics less so?

No doubt it was a dazzling career. For more than half a century Disraeli had been in various ways one of the notabilities of England. Before Dickens or Thackeray was heard of, before Carlyle came to live in London, Disraeli was a popular author. As an author, however, he had long since had his day, but his political distinction prolonged his literary prestige. His personality was so unique and picturesque that people turned to his books to see what such a man had written. His last story, *Endymion*, published last year after his fall from power, and at the age of seventy-six, was bought by the publishers for an unprecedented price, and has had an enormous sale. But five years hence it will not be read except from curiosity. Such will be the feeling about its author's political career when the future student looks back to the extraordinary Jingo epoch. But the pleasant qualities of the great Jingo chief, his urbanity and good-humor with all men and women, including his strongest political opponents, his talent for surprises and effects in public affairs, and all the myriad phenomena of a genius so essentially alien to that of his country, will long be the tradition of clubs and of drawing-rooms. The bitterness of contemporary judgment will disappear, but Disraeli will not be named among great Englishmen.

Editor's Literary Record.

NO scientific writer has been more successful than Élisée Reclus in popularizing the results of scientific research without any recourse to charlatanry or any sacrifice of scientific precision and accuracy. His latest production, *The History of a Mountain*,[1] is one of his happiest efforts in this direction. Absolutely free from technical phraseology, couched in language that may be readily comprehended by any intelligent boy or girl of fifteen or sixteen, and written in the strain of a narrative whose captivating facts seem like the embellishments of fancy and imagination, it yet maintains the scientific standard so rigidly as to satisfy every requirement of the most advanced scholar. Imagining himself led almost by chance to the dizzy heights of a great mountain whose jagged crests penetrate the blue ether or are robed in clouds or snow, in the ascent passing by the lesser hills and forests and streams that diversified its bosom, and looking out from its top over the plains that lay at its feet, and the towns and habitations he had left behind, he is led to investigate the natural phenomena by which he finds himself surrounded, and to become acquainted with the present life and past history of the mountain on which he stands, and which he assumes to be a type of all others. His studies included the enormous mass in its rock formations, in the irregularities of its surface and the diversity of its aspects under the changes wrought by the hours and seasons, in its snow and ice, in the atmosphere and clouds that invested it and the tempests that assailed it, in the plants and animals that gradually came to inhabit its surface, and the minerals that penetrated or were lodged in its veins or crevices, in the causes that contributed to its origin and that produced the changes it underwent, in its influence upon the poetry and history of the adjacent nations, and in the part it had

[1] *The History of a Mountain.* By Élisée Reclus. Translated from the French by Bertha Van Ness and John Lillie. Illustrated by L. Bennett. 12mo, pp. 198. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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played in the life of man and other creatures, and in the movements of peoples and the progress of mankind. The results of these investigations are given in brief chapters, each of which is invested with the attractiveness of a romance and the interest of a personal or historical narrative, describing the peaks and valleys of the mountain, and their relation to it and one another, the rocks, crystals, and fossils of which it is composed, and the agencies that formed them, the influences—such as land-slips, clouds, fogs and storms, sunshine and snow, avalanches, glaciers, moraines, and torrents—that have perpetually operated to change its features and to give it its present form, the plants, forests, and pastures that clothe it, the birds, beasts, and people that inhabit it, the gradations of climate that envelop it, and the traditions, legends, and folk-lore that have had their birth in its awful heights and chasms, or on its mysterious bosom. Mr. Reclus invests the mountain with the individuality of a human being, and he pictures the history of its origin, growth, change, and present condition, and reveals the causes that have been influential in each of these stages with the same enthralling particularity with which a skillful biographer delineates the life and career of an individual man.

THE great advances that have been made in biology—the science which treats of all living organisms from man to the lowest plant—and the important changes that have been wrought in men's minds in consequence, have impressed Dr. Mivart with the conviction that the natural history of animals and plants needs to be rewritten, and the field of nature surveyed from a new stand-point. In the preparation of such a history two ways were open—either to begin with the lowliest and most simply organized of living creatures, and gradually ascend to the highest and most complex in structure, or to begin with the latter, and from thence descend to the consideration of the lowest kinds of animated beings. Dr. Mivart gives the preference to the last-named course, and deviating in its execution from the historical practice of beginning the study of animals and plants with man, as the type of the highest class, for various reasons, which he states with great cogency, has preferred to select for examination and comparison some other animal, easily obtained, of convenient size, belonging to man's class—that of mammals—and not so different from him in the structure of its limbs and other large portions of its frame but that analogies between it and him may readily suggest themselves. He has selected the common cat as most fully satisfying these conditions, and in an exhaustive treatise, which he entitles *The Cat*,[2] and which he intends as an introduction to the natural history of the entire group of *backboned animals*, as well as to zoology generally and to biology, he presents the results of his elaborate study of the zoology of the cat, treating the subject so as to give the student of biology such a knowledge of anatomy, physiology, and the kindred sciences as may enable him to study profitably the whole class to which it belongs. Concluding that the study of the anatomy and physiology of the cat might be best pursued by investigating the function of each organ and set of organs, and their structure, in the performance of his task Dr. Mivart has treated of these in successive chapters, in the following order: the skeleton, the muscles, the organs of alimentation, of circulation, of respiration and secretion, of generation and reproduction, the nervous system and the organs of sense, the development of the body, and psychology. Having thus disposed of the facts of structure and formation, he then proceeds to consider the various affinities of the cat to other animals (in this chapter including a full and interesting account of all the different kinds of cat, wild and domesticated), and its relations to space and time, or, in other words, its place in nature. In following out this plan, Dr. Mivart treats elaborately upon the anatomy, physiology, psychology, taxonomy, and hexicology of the cat, unfolding the processes of *individual* development, or the series of changes gone through by each individual of the cat species in reaching maturity; and in a concluding chapter he considers the development of the *species*, and gives his conclusions as to the pedigree and origin both of the cat considered as a species and of the whole family of Felidæ. In arriving at his conclusions on this head he rejects as a crude and inadequate conception the theory that the origin of species is due to natural selection, and maintains that the genesis of new species is due mainly to an *internal* cause, which may be stimulated or aided, or may be more or less restricted, by the action of surrounding conditions; that all our knowledge being derived from experience, we can only judge (apart from revelation) of things as they have been by things as they are; that as every animal is now the product of a parent organism more or less like it, so any antecedent animal also was the product of a parent organism more or less like it; that we do daily see the origin of concrete embodiments of ideas which are not only as distinct as one species from another, but are distinct as genera, families, orders, classes, and even kingdoms; that according to our present experience any new specific form would make its appearance during the period of embryonic life, and that such variations are capable of being transmitted to the offspring of the animals in which they first arise; that at various stages of individual evolution, sudden changes, caused by an acceleration or by an arrest of the development process, or even by some retrogres-

[2] *The Cat.* An Introduction to the Study of Backboned Animals, especially Mammals. By ST. GEORGE MIVART, Ph.D. With 200 Illustrations. 8vo, pp. 557. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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sive action, may have resulted not merely in the production in the concrete of new species, but even of a new genus, family, or order; that the changes of development in all animals and plants are not carried on by a fortuitous concourse of influences, or by minute hap-hazard variations in all directions, but by a definite system of internal law, aided and influenced in the past as now by the action of incident forces operating according to law, and resulting in due and orderly *specific genesis;* that in the process of evolution we have constant evidence of a Great First Cause, ever and always operating throughout nature, in a manner hidden from the eye of sense, but clearly manifested to the intellectual vision; that a belief in evolution, far from leading to a denial of "creation," distinctly affirms it; and that a candid study of merely organic life makes evident the logical need which exists for the Theistic conception.

ONE of the most marked literary movements of the day is the attempt to popularize the various branches of knowledge by reducing them to moderate dimensions, and treating them in a way as brief and free from technicality as the nature of the subject will permit. As a result, there are in course of active preparation and publication a great number of books in separate series, several of which we shall group in this notice, in the provinces of art, science, history, and biography, supervised by capable editors, and executed by writers of acknowledged standing in their several specialties, all of which are remarkable for their pithy condensation and brevity, and many of them are of conspicuous merit for the learning and accuracy they display, and for their clearness of statement and relation. While there is danger that the tendency of the literature of the day to run into series may be carried to excess, and may contribute to desultory or superficial knowledge in the case of many who should not be content with, and whose circumstances do not restrict them to, mere compendiums or outline sketches, there can be no doubt of the priceless value of such epitomes to that large body of readers who have neither the means to acquire nor the time to study elaborate and comprehensive works, and who, but for these convenient helps, would remain in ignorance upon a variety of important subjects which are now placed within their reach, thus largely contributing to the sum of general intelligence. Among the most recent of the many series to which we have adverted is one under the editorial oversight of Ivan Müller, of New College, Oxford, with the general title, "English Philosophers," in which it is proposed to add philosophy to the list of subjects to be treated in a brief, condensed, and popular manner. The aim of this series is to lay before the reader, in the form of exposition rather than of criticism and review, what each English philosopher of distinction thought and wrote about the problems with which he principally dealt, together with a brief sketch of his life and of the chief incidents that affected it, and a fair comparative estimate of his rank and influence as a thinker, reasoner, discoverer, etc. While the various authors will observe this abstention from critical judgments of their own, they will, however, summarize the main criticisms that have been passed upon the views of each philosopher; and the series, when completed, will supply quite a comprehensive history of English philosophy as exemplified by the writings of its most eminent exponents. In accordance with this general plan, sketches have been prepared of the life and works, accompanied with condensed outlines of the philosophical theories and principles, of Adam Smith[3] and Sir William Hamilton,[4] the former by Mr. J. A. Farrer, and the latter by Professor W. H. S. Monck.

The "Epochs of Ancient History" series has been enriched by a volume on *Rome and Carthage*,[5] by Mr. R. Bosworth Smith, assistant master in Harrow School, which is a condensation of his larger work on *Carthage and the Carthaginians*. In this volume he gives a comprehensive account of the origin, founding, and growth of Carthage and Rome, and institutes a comparison between the two cities, with special reference to their political, commercial, and military characteristics. It also comprises a succinct history of the Punic Wars, and vivid sketches of ancient Carthage and of the Carthage of to-day, the former including a careful and graphic account of the ancient city, its size, fortifications, harbors, and topography, of the subsequent cities that occupied its site, and of its final destruction by the Arabs; and the latter the interesting record of a recent visit to the site of Carthage by the author, describing its present appearance and surroundings, its remains, and the results that have been revealed by modern excavations.

Two valuable additions to the "International Scientific Series" are *An Exposition of the Principles of Monocular and Binocular Vision*,[6] by Professor Le Conte, of the University of California, and *Animal Life as Affected by the Natural Conditions of Existence*,[7] by Karl Semper. Professor Le Conte's treatise treats, first, upon the eye as an optical instrument contrived to form a perfect image, every focal point of which shall correspond with a radiant point

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[3] *Adam Smith.* "English Philosophers Series." By J. A. FARRER. 12mo, pp. 201. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[4] *Sir William Hamilton.* "English Philosophers Series." By W. H. S. MONCK. 12mo, pp. 192. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[5] *Rome and Carthage.* The Punic Wars. "Epochs of Ancient History" series. By R. BOSWORTH SMITH, M.A. 16mo, pp. 293. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[6] *Sight: An Exposition of the Principles of Monocular and Binocular Vision.* By JOSEPH LE CONTE, LL.D. 12mo, pp. 275. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[7] *Animal Life as Affected by the Natural Conditions of Existence.* By KARL SEMPER. 12mo, pp. 472. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

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in the object; second, upon the structure of the retina, with the result of corresponding points retinal and spatial, and the exchange between these by impression and perceptive projection, and an explanation how the law of direction and all the phenomena of monocular vision flow out of this property; and third, upon the wonderful correspondence of the two retinæ point for point, and therefore of their spatial representatives point for point; how by ocular motion the two images of the same object are made to fall on corresponding points of the two retinæ, and their spatial representatives are thereby made to coincide and become one, and how, finally, all the phenomena of binocular vision flow from this property. The treatise concludes with the discussion of a number of disputed questions on binocular vision, more especially addressed to the advanced specialist.—Professor Semper's treatise on *Animal Life* is an attempt to apply the test of exact investigation to some of the hypotheses which have been laid down in the way of philosophizing by Darwinists. He warns us that the popular cant which has been indulged in, and which is made up of merely axiomatic expressions for a sum of identical or correlative phenomena of which the essential nature is in no way revealed by them, is put out of court, and awaits an intrinsic explanation. Of all the properties of the animal organism, he considers that variability is the one which may be first and most easily traced to its efficient causes by exact investigation, and to such an investigation his volume is devoted. In the classification and arrangement of the material best fitted to elucidate the study of the action of external conditions on animal life, Mr. Semper defines the external influences, first, as those that belong to inorganic or inanimate nature; and second, those which are due to living organisms, and, above all, to living animals of other species. The investigation of the influence of inanimate surroundings involves a study of the influences of food and change of food, of light and temperature, of the atmosphere and water when still or in motion, of gravitation, electricity, etc., in producing changes or modifications in the form, structure, and other conditions of existence. And in like manner the investigation of the influence of living surroundings involves an examination, first, of the transforming influence of living organisms on the coloring, structure, and specific characters of animals; and second, the selective influence of living organisms on animals.

PROFESSOR HOLDEN, late of the Smithsonian Institution, has prepared a memoir of *Sir William Herschel, his Life and Works*,[6] which combines as complete an account of the life of the great astronomer as could be gleaned from the scanty material that has been hitherto published, a concise and able survey of his various investigations and discoveries, and a succinct and judicious summary and review of his published writings. The biographical sketch is in many respects the best and most connected that has yet appeared, and is specially adapted to popular reading. That it relates more exclusively than we could wish to the public life of the philosopher is no fault of Mr. Holden, who has skillfully availed himself of all the known facts of the great man's life that were within reach of those who were not allowed access to the family archives. Herschel's private life, as Mr. Holden regretfully remarks, belongs to his family until the time arrives when they shall choose to let the world know more of him. The danger is that this time will be postponed until much material that might otherwise be incorporated with advantage in a biography worthy of its subject will perish, or be rendered inaccessible. Already a large amount of matter that might have been derived from the memories or the correspondence of his contemporaries is probably out of reach, and time and accident may destroy much invaluable material that his immediate family have locked up from the world with almost miserly jealousy. Mr. Holden's biographical sketch occupies about one-half of the volume. The remainder, with the exception of a full bibliography of Herschel's writings on astronomical and kindred subjects, is appropriated to a statement and review of his scientific labors, accompanied by such explanations as will enable the intelligent general reader to follow the course of his discoveries in each branch of physics and astronomy up to the close of his industrious and illustrious career.

WE have been strongly impressed by the appropriateness and usefulness for parish and public-school libraries of two volumes of biography, intended for youth of both sexes, and prepared respectively by H. A. Page and E. Conder Gray. The brevity of the biographies contained in these volumes, the well-chosen language and the simple and transparent style in which they are written, and the beautiful and beneficent virtues which they celebrate and exemplify, are calculated to invite the attention and interest the sympathies of youthful readers. At the same time, the companionships to which youth are introduced, and the noble examples with which they must be familiarized, while perusing these lives of men and women whose eminence has resulted from their persistent, wise, effective, and self-denying efforts for the moral, physical, intellectual, and religious welfare of others, can not fail to spread the "noble contagion" of patient and self-sacrificing philanthropy, and to be invigorating in a more general way. One of these volumes, with the inexact and rather

[6] *Sir William Herschel: his Life and Works.* By EDWARD S. HOLDEN. 12mo, pp. 238. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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infelicitous title *Leaders of Men*,[9] is peculiarly suited to be influential in moulding the taste and giving direction to the character of intelligent and thoughtful lads in the transition period between boyhood and early manhood. Without any pretensions to originality of research, it consists of a series of judicious compilations, embracing animated outline sketches of the lives of Prince Albert, Robert Dick, Commodore Goodenough, George Moore, John Duncan, Samuel Greg, Dr. John Wilson, Dr. Andrew Reid, and Lord Lawrence, affording instances worthy of imitation drawn from nearly every station of life, and every variety of fortune and opportunity. The companion volume, *Wise Words and Loving Deeds*,[10] is more emphatically addressed to the tastes and sympathies, as well as opportunities, of girls who are advancing toward young womanhood. Following the same general plan as the volume just noticed, and putting forth only the same modest pretensions, it embraces among others tender and loving outline biographical sketches of Mary Somerville, Lady Duff Gordon, Sarah Martin, Ann Taylor, Charlotte Elliott, Baroness Bunsen, Amelia Sieveking, Mary Carpenter, Catherine Tait (wife of Archbishop Tait), and Maria Louisa Charlesworth. Both volumes dwell upon the characteristic virtues crystallized into deeds that beautified and ennobled the careers of the men and women whose lives are delineated in them, and give attractive accounts of the special enterprises which they originated, or with which they became identified, for the alleviation of want and ignorance and misery, for the cure of wickedness and vice, and for the diffusion of happiness, comfort, education, and religion among the poor, the friendless, the abject, and the criminal.

If the readers of Mr. Alfred Barbou's epitome of the *Life of Victor Hugo*[11] will often be forced to smile at the extravagance of his admiration, they will none the less be deeply interested by his spirited delineation of the character and career, the changes in the political and religious opinions, and the development of the genius of the great Frenchman, and will thank him for the intelligent summaries he gives of the productions of the veteran and voluminous author. It is easy to see that much of M. Barbou's idolatry of Hugo is due to his idolatry of France. He is evidently of the mind that there is but one nation, and that Victor Hugo is its prophet. And just as he conceives all other nations infinitely inferior to France, so all their great men are but winking farthing tapers beside her great luminary. When, therefore, M. Barbou pronounces Hugo "the greatest genius that ever blessed the world," and "the most illustrious poet of our age"; and when he declares that if we "strike this one name from our century, its lustre diminishes, and its grandeur becomes less imposing"; and that "this nineteenth century, with all its wise men and with all its triumphs, will have only one name for posterity—it will be called the age of Victor Hugo"—we pardon his harmless gasconade in consideration of the intensity of his patriotism. It is Victor Hugo's peculiar distinction that he is at once a poet, a patriot, an orator, and a philosophic statesman, and that he has achieved eminence in all these capacities. But if there have been few in any age, and none perhaps in our own, who have combined all these gifts as he has, there have been numbers who have equalled and not a few who have immeasurably excelled him in them taken separately. He is not the most illustrious poet, or orator, or patriot, or philosopher, or statesman of our age, and it is merely French hyperbole to say that his is the only name which it will send down to posterity. Barring these rather amiable and amusing exaggerations, which can do no harm, since no one will attach any credence to them, M. Barbou's sketch is a charming one, rich in personal anecdote and incident, and brilliantly portraying a life that is replete with fine lessons of labor, perseverance, honor, and humanity, of respect for family ties, of valiant resistance to unjust laws, of tender sympathy for the weak, and of implacable hatred of tyranny and impurity.

The Messrs. Harper have completed their "Franklin Square Library" edition of the *Memoirs of Prince Metternich*[12] by two numbers, additional to those noticed in the Record for May, and corresponding with the third and fourth volumes of the octavo edition. These deal with the internal affairs of the Austrian Empire in the years 1816 and 1817, the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle (1818), the Conferences at Carlsbad and Vienna (1819 and 1820), the Congresses of Laybach and Verona (1821 and 1822), and the complications arising from the Russian advance upon Turkey—the last-named occupying the whole of the fourth volume, and including a large amount of historical material relative to the already disturbing Eastern Question, covering the period from 1823 to 1829. The greater portion of Metternich's letters, dispatches, and state papers in these two volumes, spreading over the period from 1818 to 1829, relate principally to the great political events regulating the affairs of Europe that have since become historical, the preliminaries that led

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[9] *Leaders of Men.* A Book of Biographies Specially Written for Youth. By H. A. Page. 12mo, pp. 398. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[10] *Wise Words and Loving Deeds.* A Book of Biographies for Girls. By E. Conder Gray. 12mo, pp. 415. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[11] *Victor Hugo: his Life and Works.* From the French of Alfred Barbou. By Francis A. Shaw. 16mo, pp. 207. Chicago: S. C. Griggs and Co.

[12] *Memoirs of Prince Metternich.* Edited by Prince Richard Metternich. Translated by Mrs. Alexander Napier. 1815–1829. In Four Parts. Parts III. and IV. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 101 and 94. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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to them, the negotiations and incidents that attended them, and the consequences that flowed from them, and are of great value for the light they throw on Continental affairs during those years, and for the key they give us to Metternich's subtle and far-reaching policy, and the judgment they enable us to form as to his abilities, his methods, his character, and his influence as a statesman and diplomatist. Interspersed with these letters of a public nature are a number of a highly interesting personal kind, mostly written by Metternich to his first wife, in which he gives minute accounts of the incidents attending his various journeys for pleasure or health, or on public affairs, and graphic descriptions and appraisals of the great personages and eminent statesmen with whom he came in contact. These letters show us the man when the mask of the minister and the diplomate had been laid aside, and enable us to see the real beatings of his heart as a husband, a son, and a parent. Many of them are charged with unexpected gayety and humor, and surprise us by their unaffected tenderness and their depth of genuine feeling. In several of them there are animated and even picturesque descriptions of the Rhine and its scenery, of Venice, Florence, Leghorn, Rome, Naples, and Paris. In his private life Metternich appears to have been as genial, loving, and genuine as in his public life he was cold, harsh, calculating, grasping, and insincere. In the latter he was thoughtful only for monarchs and monarchies, caring little for peoples or states, and sacrificing them without compunction when the imperial interests demanded. Yet while he had no touch of sympathy for the people collectively, he was capable of the liveliest interest for individuals. He was a kind, a forbearing, and even an affectionate master, thoughtful for all who were dependent upon him, easily moved by personal misfortunes, and always ready to promote the welfare and comfort of those, however inferior in station, with whom he had any bonds of association. His tender affection for his wife, to whom he confided his most secret and profoundest schemes, his transcendent love for his beautiful and gifted daughter, and his filial reverence for his grand old father, form a pleasing episode in his busy and often unscrupulous life.—It will interest our readers to know that the same publishers have also issued a library edition[13] of these important memoirs, comprising the entire four volumes of the octavo edition, in two convenient duodecimo volumes.

MR. PETER HENDERSON, the well-known seedsman and florist of New York, with the assistance of Mr. C. L. Allen, of Garden City, Long Island, has prepared a *Hand-Book of Plants*,[14] which is a comprehensive dictionary of all the leading ornamental and useful plants, indigenous or exotic, that are cultivated in this country. The scope of the work embraces the botanical name, derivation, history, and order of every plant, its species and varieties, with brief instructions for its propagation and culture, special regard being had throughout to the conditions of our climate. Together with the classical and officinal names of plants, the local or common names are also given; and as the arrangement of the book is alphabetical, any plant may thus be easily referred to under either its popular or scientific name. The directions and instructions for the cultivation of plants, though brief, are sufficiently full for all practical purposes, and being the condensed results of the wide experience of Mr. Henderson and his coadjutor, may be safely followed by amateurs and gardeners. Appended to the dictionary of plants is a very full glossary, covering 150 pages, of botanical and technical terms and of agricultural terms and practices, interspersed with concise articles relating to modes of culture and propagation, to the most useful implements, to insects and their destruction, and other useful subjects. The book is an encyclopædia of knowledge adapted to the practical needs of those who are engaged in horticultural pursuits.

THE appearance in quick succession of three of the plays of Shakspeare edited by Mr. W. J. Rolfe—the comedies of *Taming of the Shrew*[15] and of *All's Well that Ends Well*,[16] and the tragedy of *Coriolanus*[17]—suggests the early completion of the series, and affords an opportunity to invite renewed attention to the excellence of this edition for family reading and use in schools. An expurgated edition, the objections that may be urged against it on this account have been reduced to a minimum. The expurgations have been made with great discretion and reserve, the omissions generally being verbal and immaterial to the sense of the text, and having been confined to portions that are grossly indelicate. None of them have been prompted by a mawkish squeamishness or an ostentatious prudishness, and care has been taken to preserve the sense without dislocation and without substituting the words of the editor for those of the author; so that the thoughts and phraseology are truly Shakspeare's own, and not doubtful inventions and improvements. The notes form a valuable repertory of illustration, explanation, and interpretation of the manners and customs, the

[13] *Memoirs of Prince Metternich*, 1773–1829. Edited by Prince RICHARD METTERNICH. Translated by Mrs. ALEXANDER NAPIER. Two Volumes, 12mo, pp. 728 and 942. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[14] *Henderson's Hand-Book of Plants.* By PETER HENDERSON. Royal 8vo, pp. 411. New York: Peter Henderson and Co.

[15] *Shakspeare's Comedy of Taming of the Shrew.* Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M. 16mo, pp. 180. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[16] *Shakspeare's Comedy of All's Well that Ends Well.* Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M. 16mo, pp. 186. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[17] *Shakspeare's Tragedy of Coriolanus.* Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M. 16mo, pp. 280. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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language and costumes, of the times, and of the historical, archæological, and other allusions that occur in the text; and they embody without prolixity and without pedantry the opinions and conclusions of nearly all the most learned and intelligent Shakspearean scholars and critics. The historical accounts prefixed to the plays are brief but comprehensive and trustworthy summaries, and the array of accompanying criticism and comment is full and instructive. In the preparation of this useful edition Mr. Rolfe has shown himself to be a capable critic and an intelligent and scholarly expositor, and has exhibited the qualities of discretion, soundness of judgment, and clearness of interpretation in a degree most unusual with Shakspearean editors and commentators.

THOSE who habitually rail at our recent novels as commonplace and conventional must select some other epithet to apply to Mr. Baker's new story, *Blessed Saint Certainty*.[18] Without being lawless or extravagant, and without indulging in any infractions of rule, or straining after effect, or in any violent departures from the reasonable and the natural, it is one of the least conventional of romances. With some exceptions, its leading actors are the outcome of our civilization where it is rudest and most unrestrained, and are almost as literally the children of nature as the savages among whom they were reared, and whose blood coursed in the veins of several of them. The effect of culture, education, and contact with the artificialities of a higher civilization upon these fresh natures, seconded by the all-powerful solvents of love and native disposition, and the contradictory results in each case, are delineated with great subtlety and delicacy. The love story, while serving to illustrate the author's psychological theories, is a strong one, refreshingly free from the "sugared sweetness" that is so cloying in most romances, and derives its interest from the display of the subtle influences by which two sets of lovers are magnetically attracted, with the perverse but inevitable contrariety of real life, to their direct opposites in temperament, intellect, character, and tastes. Although it must be confessed that many of the colloquies and reflections with which the story is garnished are long-spun, and have the air of discursive essays or didactic preachments, there is not an insipid or tedious paragraph in it, and it is everywhere vigorous and thought-compelling.

IN *The Legend of Thomas Didymus*,[19] Rev. James Freeman Clarke has undertaken to clothe an exegetical comment upon and free paraphrase of the Gospel narrative in the garb of fiction. If, on the one hand, the average novel-reader pronounces the work hard and uninteresting reading, and unsatisfactory as a work of art, and, on the other, the severe and the "unco guid" are repelled from attempting its perusal because it arrays sacred themes in the flowing robes of unhallowed romance, there will be a numerous class among thoughtful and inquiring people who will read it with deep and reverent interest for its able and often novel presentation of the events attending the life, death, and resurrection of the Saviour, and for its ingenious interpretations of his character, ministry, and teachings. With these reflecting readers the environments of romance will count for little, and if the truth must be told, will deserve to count for little. The purpose of the book is to reproduce the times when the Saviour appeared, the characters who surrounded him, and the opinions, beliefs, traditions, and prejudices of the Jewish people and sects, and to show how his contemporaries were attracted or repelled by his person, his social relationships, his claims, and his character. Mr. Clarke has sought to place the reader in these times and amid these surroundings so as to enable him to look at the Saviour as he may have appeared severally to a liberal conservative, a narrow zealot, a man of the world, a Jewish epicurean, a Jewish stoic, a noble Roman matron, a Roman governor, a Jewish skeptic (of whom he takes as his model the Apostle Thomas Didymus), an ardent and enthusiastic Jewish woman, and his own immediate followers and disciples. The theological teaching of the volume is a compromise between the assumptions that Christ was mysteriously and absolutely divine, and that he was simply and merely man, with the result of heightening the conviction of his supernatural character, nature, and mission. The author's descriptions of the times, the manners, habits, and beliefs of the people, the geography of the land, the customs of the court, the synagogue, and the temple, the teaching of Philo and the Alexandrian philosophers, and the tenets and practices of the Scribes, the Pharisees, the Essenes, and other Jewish sects, are close and vivid, and are evidently the result of industrious study and careful scholarship.

The Story of Helen Troy,[20] by the author of *Golden-Rod, an Idyl of Mount Desert*, is a clever society novel, with the inevitable accompaniment of a love episode and its trying or pleasing vicissitudes, in which the gala side only of society is shown, and its seamy side is kept sedulously out of sight. What may be termed the Fifth Avenue and Madison Square phase of New York society is painted with considerable spirit, and with the subtle delicacy and

[18] *Blessed Saint Certainty.* A Story. By the Author of His Majesty, Myself. 12mo, pp. 456. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[19] *The Legend of Thomas Didymus, the Jewish Skeptic.* By JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE. 12mo, pp. 448. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[20] *The Story of Helen Troy.* By the Author of Golden-Rod, an Idyl of Mount Desert. 16mo, pp. 202. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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grace of which only a keen-witted feminine observer is capable. The story is an engaging one, but lacks the fresh naturalness and the free and picturesque fancy of its predecessor.

THERE are few writers of recent fiction whose productions have shown a steadier improvement, or combine more numerous sterling qualities, than the novels of Katharine S. Macquoid. Always sweet and pure, bright, graceful, and vivacious, their blithe gayety is uniformly tempered with a tenderness which is the reverse of morbid, and a gentle thoughtfulness that never becomes prosy or tedious. Her latest novel, *Beside the River*,[21] is one of her best performances. Its scenes are laid in France, and afford an opportunity to weave into an attractive love romance, whose course runs with anything but monotonous smoothness, a variety of the picturesque descriptions of natural scenery and of national characteristics, and of the life, manners, and customs of the French *bourgeoisie*, of which she is an accomplished delineator.

[21] *Beside the River.* A Tale. By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 68. New York: Harper and Brothers.

THE flock of works of fiction that has settled upon our table is a sure premonition that the hot summer noons are at hand, when cool nooks and quiet retreats will be sought for, and light and easy reading all the vogue. Of these we can only say that those among them which are really worth admission into the satchel of the tourist or idler are *My Love*,[22] by E. Lynn Linton; *Matrimony*,[23] by W. E. Norris; *From Exile*,[24] by James Payn; *Miss Williamson's Davigations*,[25] by Miss Thackeray; *Mr. Perkins's Daughter*,[26] by the Marchioness Clara Lanza; and *The Sword of Damocles*,[27] by the author of *The Leavenworth Case*.

[22] *My Love.* A Novel. By E. LYNN LINTON. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 88. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[23] *Matrimony.* A Novel. By W. E. NORRIS. "Leisure Hour Series." 16mo, pp, 433. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[24] *From Exile.* A Novel. By JAMES PAYN. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 69. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[25] *Miss Williamson's Davigations.* By Miss THACKERAY (Mrs. RICHMOND RITCHIE). "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 40. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[26] *Mr. Perkins's Daughter.* By the Marchioness CLARA LANZA. 12mo, pp. 535. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[27] *The Sword of Damocles.* A Story of New York Life. By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN. 12mo, pp. 540. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 17th of May.

The President, May 5, withdrew from the Senate all the New York nominations except that of Judge Robertson to be Collector of the Port. The following among other nominations were confirmed: Robert R. Hitt, of Illinois, Assistant Secretary of State; Hiram Price, of Iowa, Commissioner of Indian Affairs; William Walter Phelps, of New Jersey, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Austria; Lionel A. Sheldon, of Ohio, Governor of New Mexico Territory; Stanley Matthews, Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

The following treaties were confirmed by the United States Senate, May 5: The Chinese immigration and commercial treaties; the extradition treaty with the United States of Colombia; the consular convention with Italy, modifying and defining the judicial powers of certain consulates; the convention with Morocco respecting the taxation prerogatives of the Moorish government; and the treaty with Japan prescribing reciprocal duties for the Japanese and United States governments in cases of shipwrecks upon their respective coasts.

On May 16, Hons. Roscoe Conkling and Thomas C. Platt resigned their seats as United States Senators from the State of New York. Their action, as explained by them, was due to the nomination by President Garfield of Judge Robertson to be Collector of the Port of New York, and the circumstances attending and following the nomination.

The French campaign against Tunis was short and decisive. Hostilities were commenced April 26 by the bombardment and capture of a fort on the island of Tabarka. Five days later the French troops entered Tunisian territory and marched upon the town of Keff, which was soon occupied. On the 9th of May the converging columns of the invading forces had so nearly hemmed the Kroumirs in, that the latter evacuated their stronghold at Sidi Abdallah without a fight. This virtually ended the campaign. On the 12th of May the city of Tunis was surrounded, and the Bey, under compulsion, signed a treaty presented to him by General Bréard, virtually giving to France the suzerainty of the country.

Advices from Algiers state that the remains of Colonel Flatters's Sahara expedition were finally driven to take refuge in a cave, where they were starving, and resorted to cannibalism. Fifteen were eaten, including a sub-officer named Pobeguin.

The marriage of the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria and the Princess Stéphanie of Belgium took place in Vienna, May 10.

The remains of Lord Beaconsfield were buried at Hughenden, April 26. On the 9th of May the House of Commons voted to erect a monument to the dead statesman in Westminster Abbey.—Lord Salisbury was chosen to the leadership of the Conservative party, May 9.—

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Mr. Bradlaugh was again excluded from the House of Commons, May 10, on the renewal of his application to take the oath.—John Dillon, member of Parliament from County Tipperary, was arrested in Ireland, May 2, under the provisions of the Coercion Act.

Four persons, formerly domestic servants in the Turkish Imperial Palace, have been arrested, charged with the assassination of the late Sultan, Abdul Aziz. They have confessed that they suffocated him, after which they opened the veins in his arms to make it appear that he committed suicide. Two ex-palace officials and an ex-War Minister are also stated to have been implicated.

The Russian peasants in the Baltic provinces are showing much discontent. They seek to become land-owners, and refuse to swear allegiance to the Czar.—Serious anti-Hebrew riots took place in the south and southwest of Russia. Shops and houses were pillaged, synagogues burned, and many persons killed or injured. The losses by the riots at Elisabetgrad are stated at $1,600,000, and those at Kiev at over $24,000,000.

DISASTERS.

April 22.—Railway accident near Ozier, New Mexico. Eight passengers killed and several injured.

April 23.—Ferry-boat upset in the Dniester River. Sixty-three persons drowned.

April 26.—British war-sloop *Doterel* blown up in the Strait of Magellan. One hundred and forty-three lives lost.

April 28.—Twelve persons drowned by the capsizing of a ferry-boat in the Fox River, at Elgin, Illinois.

April 30.—News of the loss of the British steamer *Tararua*, of Melbourne, on the reefs off Otago, New Zealand. Eighty persons drowned.

OBITUARY.

April 24.—In Boston, Massachusetts, James T. Fields, publisher, author, and lecturer, aged sixty-three years.

April 26.—In Philadelphia, Rev. Dr. Alexander Hamilton Vinton, formerly rector of St. Mark's Church, New York, and later a professor in the Protestant Episcopal Divinity School, Cambridge, aged seventy-four years.—In Boston, Massachusetts, John Gorham Palfrey, historian and statesman, aged eighty-five years.

April 27.—In Paris, France, Émile de Girardin, journalist, in his seventy-fifth year.—At Grätz, General Louis Von Benedek, Austrian commander in the war of 1866, aged seventy-seven years.

Editor's Drawer.

AT New Brighton, Staten Island, are three Episcopal churches, whose rectors, it is said, entertain slightly different views as to ritual. A gentleman who happens to belong to another denomination one day asked of his Episcopal neighbor how he classified the three churches.

"Well," replied the Churchman,

"At Christ Church they are *Low* and *Lazy*;
At St. Mary's they are *High* and *Crazy*;
At the Ascension they are *Broad* and *Hazy*."

This definition possesses merit. It should be incorporated into the next edition of the Church Dictionary.

THE faculty of one of our largest theological seminaries received some time since a letter, in which the inhabitants of a small town in Kansas applied to them for a young clergyman to take charge of their spiritual education. The long and formidable array of qualifications which the minister must possess, and the extremely meagre salary attached to the position, threw the good doctors of the faculty into something akin to despair. After much thought, one suggested that the reply should run thus: "The only man of whom we know who could satisfy you is our revered college president, now dead some few years, and who, having accustomed himself to heavenly food (air), could perhaps eke out a bare subsistence upon the salary which you propose." This, after due deliberation, was rejected, and the next proposal listened to: "We know of no one, excepting the Apostle Paul, who approaches to your standard of piety; he might preach of a Sunday, and get his living by sail-making on week-days." This was at length also rejected, and the following reply finally hit upon and dispatched: "We know of no man upon earth good enough for you, or who could possibly live on the salary you mention. We therefore advise you to make an effort to secure the angel Gabriel, who could board in heaven, and come down Sundays to preach."

THE following is a verbatim copy of a note written by a native of the island of Barbadoes to his rector, an Englishman, in charge of one of the churches on that island:

HONOURED REVEREND,—Your obedient servant James B—— have written to inform your Honorable Notice of the Death of his deceased Father. Making his providence to meet his corps to Morrow Morning at 9 o'clock, also giving you notice that his Desire is to have the playing of the organ With these Harmonious lines, "Christ will gather in his own." Your obedient.

NOTHING like the simple frankness of youth. A Pennsylvania rector called rather early in the morning upon one of his parishioners. One of the children saw him coming, and ran

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into the house to tell his mother. The little fellow soon returned to the front, and resumed his play.

The clergyman inquired, "Is your mother at home?"

"No, sir," replied the child; "she is out at present."

"Tell her, when she returns, that I called," said the clergyman.

"*I did tell her*," replied the little boy.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK, *April* 27, 1881.

DEAR DRAWER,—Last Sabbath I spent some hours in the older part of our Mount Hope Cemetery, reading the quaint inscriptions upon the head-stones. The two which follow are only specimens from a great number of their fellows:

"Sleep, dear mother, sweetly rest,
Till God's last trump shall sound,
Then rise, and with the nations blest,
Clap thy glad wings, and leave the ground."

Here is another:

"To see a pilgrim, as he dies,
With glory in his view,
To heaven he lifts his longing eyes,
And bids the world adieu;
While friends stand weeping all around,
And loth to let him go,
He shouts with his expiring breath,
And leaves them all below."

I was accompanied in my ramble by a brother lawyer, of whom I asked what he supposed would be inscribed upon our tombstones when in our turn we "left them all below." After a moment's hesitation he answered that after our names nothing would appear except the legend, "*Defendant in person.*"

Yours truly, W.

IN the old cemetery of the Dutch Church at ——, on the Hudson, is a grave-stone, on which are cut the letters:

H. L. T. B.
of
C. E. D.
1778.

The sententious bereaved simply meant to state:

Here Lies The Body
of
Caroline E. Danker.
1778.

IT was at a church "social" of a little country parish in Maine that the faithful shepherd of that flock observed with painful solicitude the introduction of some simple devices for the entertainment of the young people who were present. Among these supposed harmless means of amusement was the game of "authors." No member of the company had the temerity to touch the cards for the evening. On the following Lord's Day this watchful guardian of that particular Zion felt called upon to denounce the sin of gaming. That he might impress upon his hearers a due sense of the enormity of this special form of sinfulness, he related this, which had recently fallen under his observation, as well calculated to give effect to his remarks:

He had known a happy family in a happy home, the wife fond, and the husband a devoted one, the children such as are a joy and a blessing to a house. At last the Tempter entered that happy circle in the shape of a game of authors, *and in just two short years that husband dragged his wife out of doors by the hair of her head.*

IT was a good joke which was recently perpetrated by the Armenians on the Governor of Erzroom, Turkey. The Armenians celebrate the birthday of a great and good ancient Armenian king named Vartan. The celebration was held a few months ago, and of course was the theme of conversation amongst the Armenians. This year the celebration was more public than usual, and it became a theme of conversation in the Serai, and the Pasha demanded of his attendants who this Vartan was. He was told that he was a seditious Armenian. His arrest was ordered immediately. It so happens that Vartan is a favorite name with the Armenians. The unhappy possessors of the name, to the number of a dozen or more, were successively arrested and imprisoned before the Pasha found out that the seditious gentleman in question was deceased a few centuries ago. This perfectly illustrates the relations existing between the Turks and Christians, with horrible consequences omitted.

A RICH and catchpenny Minnesota justice, newly elected—a dealer in drugs, and of laughing habit—was waited upon by a long-favored, unassuming country swain, who was about to become a "happy Benedict." The knot was tied in the most approved manner, and the "charge" was called for and answered as follows:

"How much do you charge, squire?"

"Well, the law allows me a dollar and a half; you may pay me what you please."

"All right. Here's fifty cents; *that 'll make you two dollars.*"

The squire laughed—and so did the town, when it became public.

A FEW years since, Colonel R. S. Mackenzie, Fourth United States Cavalry, was considered the next candidate for appointment of brigadier-general in the army, but about that time (1874 or 1875) another wearer of the silver eagle upon his shoulder-straps (Colonel N. A. Miles, Fifth Infantry) became prominent as a candidate in the race for the star of a brigadier-general, with great prospect of winning it. In Colonel Mackenzie's regiment there was then a grizzled veteran, Captain Napoleon B. McLaughlen. One bright starlight night they were together in camp on a scout upon the plains in Texas. Colonel Mackenzie was walk-

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. . . . . "Nay, Love, 'tis you who stand
With almond clusters in your clasping hand."

[See Poem, *Almond Blossom*, Page 345.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCLXXV.—AUGUST, 1881.—Vol. LXIII.

THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS.

THE French Duc de la Rochefoucauld - Liancourt, who made a tour of the United States at the close of the last century, expressed surprise and disappointment at not finding the monument at Yorktown, Virginia, which the Continental Congress, fifteen years before, had voted to erect there in commemoration of Cornwallis's surrender. "It is not even yet begun," he wrote, in 1796; and if he grew indignant enough to add that "such negligence is inconceivable, shameful, and unaccountable," we must admit that as one of that nation which contributed so much to the great event, he was not at all officious in his rebuke. But perhaps the duke was a trifle severe, and judged us by the standard of republican Rome, which accorded military triumphs and set up memorials and statues without stint. Why no monument was erected at Yorktown during the Revolutionary generation is not altogether unaccountable, in view of the thousand and one more serious matters in hand. The dilemma of the finances, and the creation of a new political system requiring the attention of years, inevitably overshadowed everything of a purely sentimental nature. A monument could wait, as long as the patriotic intent and resolution were on record. It could wait, indeed, until some later generation, appreciating fully the magnitude of the victory, would be disposed to commemorate it in a fitting manner, and make the memorial truly historical, representing alike the struggles of the fathers and the gratitude of their descendants. The time for it has come around with the completion of the century, and we are now promised both a grand celebration and a grand monument—the Forty-sixth Congress making good the resolution of the Continental Congress by voting an appropriation of one hundred and forty thousand dollars for both objects.



THE MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE.

The scene of the surrender has long been a much-neglected spot. Yorktown is not reached by railway, and is off the line of progress. Some day it may revive its old-time prosperity; at least it ought to become more accessible as a point for future pilgrimage. Before the Revolution the town was quite an emporium, the only port from which the Virginia

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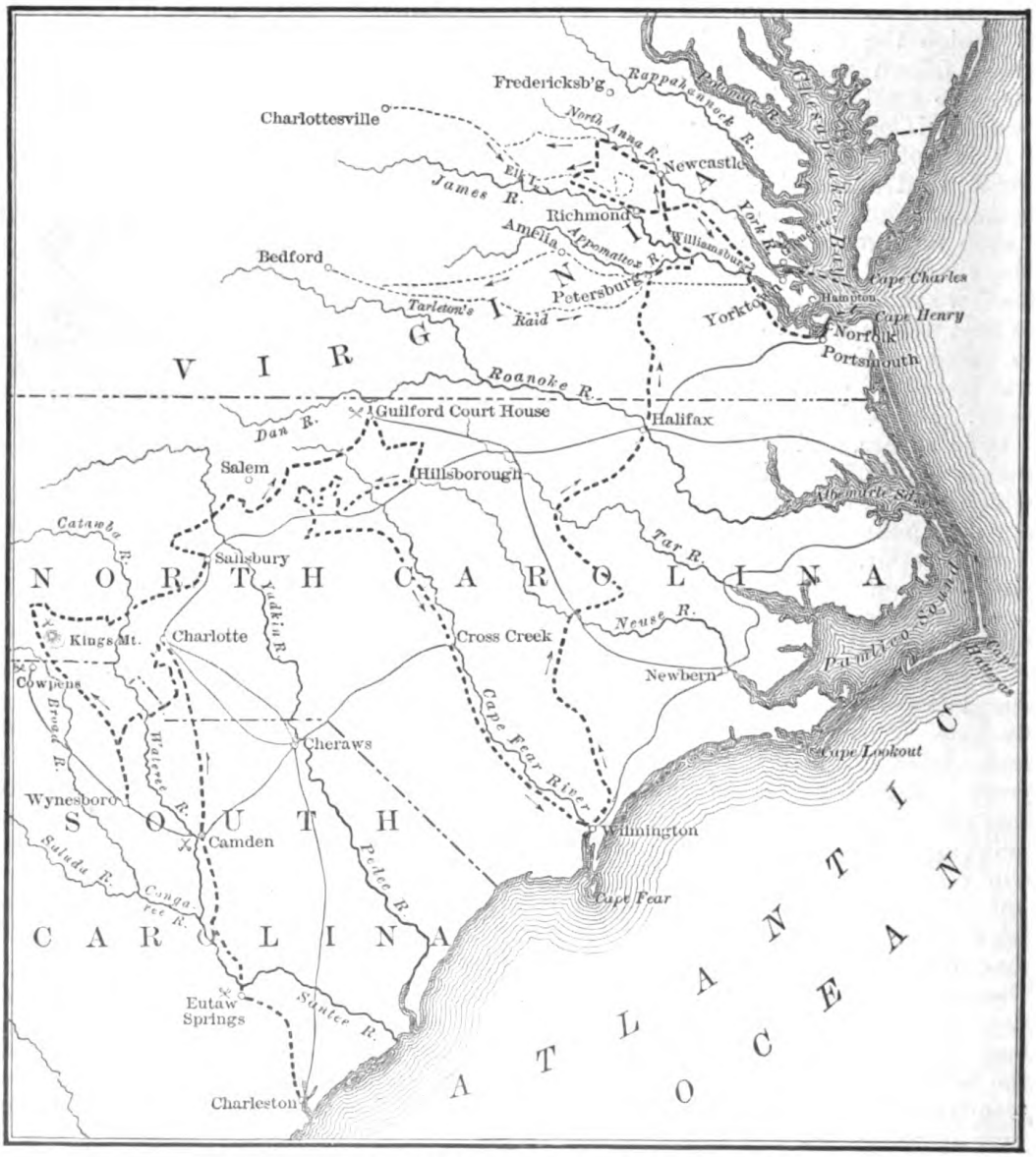
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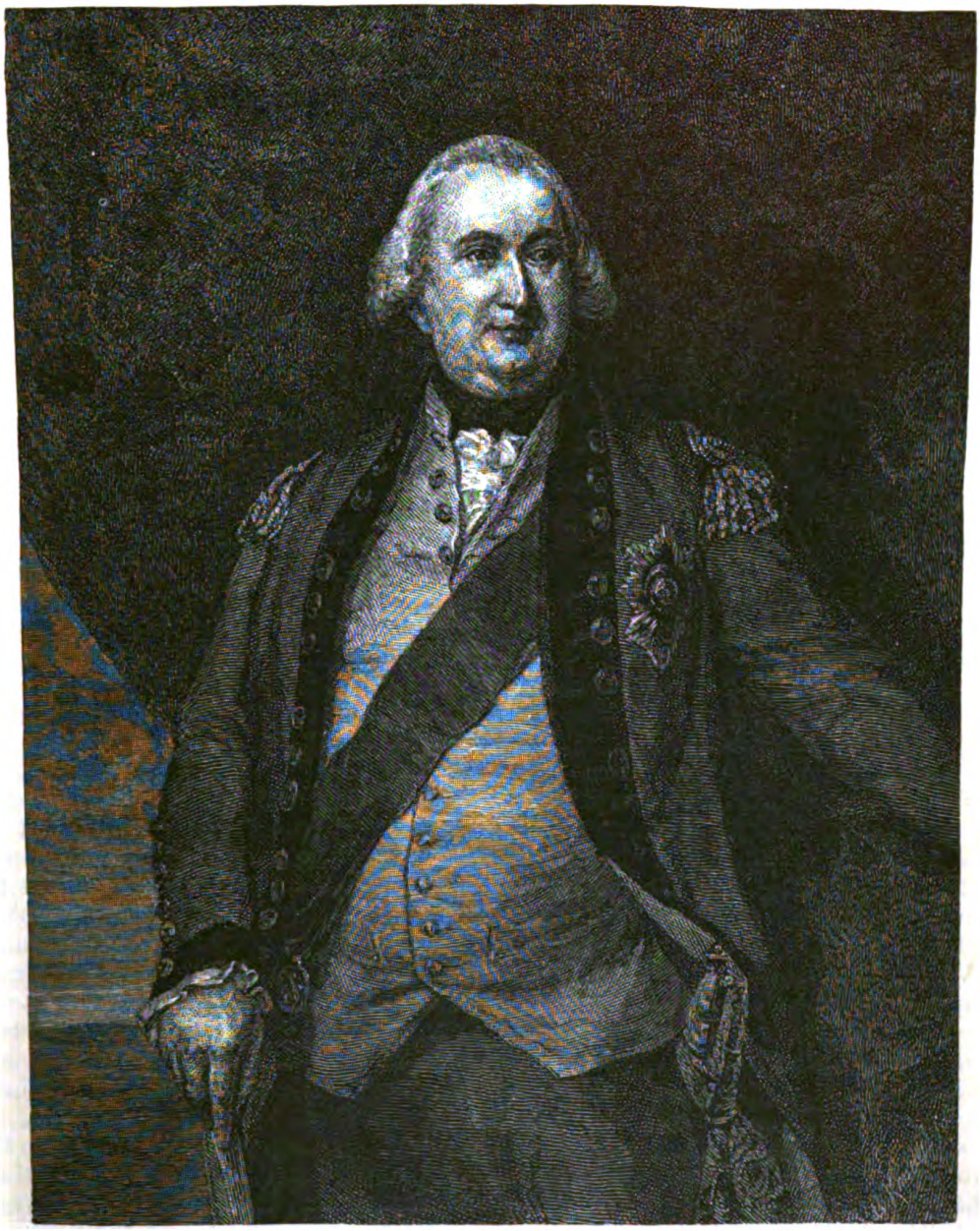
planters shipped their tobacco to England. Baltimore and Norfolk gradually reduced it by competition. Some two centuries or more ago we first hear of it as one of the few outposts or forts in the colony. In 1725 it was the centre of a thriving county—an Episcopal parish of sixty communicants, with a church. Williamsburg, the capital, with its House of Burgesses and growing college, attracting thither the wisdom and fashion of the Dominion, was scarce a dozen miles away. Until Cornwallis stationed himself there, Yorktown had escaped the ravages of war on the Virginia coast, and after its surrender it still contained about seventy houses, not more than two or three having been wholly destroyed. Fifteen years later it had not extended its limits, and we find its population, more than half of which was composed of negroes, numbering about eight hundred souls. The last war, it need hardly be said, left it in a depressed condition, almost beyond recovery, and to-day it contains not more than three hundred inhabitants, among whom are to be found but few descendants of the ancient proprietors. In fact, it seems to be the lot of Yorktown that the more it becomes a historical spot, the less it becomes anything else.

How it happened that so great a stroke



MAP SHOWING THE FIELD OF OPERATIONS IN THE SOUTH.

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LORD CORNWALLIS.

as the capture of the ablest British general in America was finally effected at this little town in Eastern Virginia, involves a lengthy chapter in the history of the struggle. This conspicuous fact, however, goes far toward explaining it. In the early years of the war the enemy struck at the head of the revolt. Unsuccessful there, they turned in the later years to secure the weaker section, the South, and the thunder-bolt directed against it was Lord Cornwallis. Thus, upon the occupation of New York city in 1776, and Philadelphia in the following year, the British commanders and the ministry at home believed that the reduction of the strong Northern and Central colonies was half accomplished, and their expected possession of the Hudson to its source would render further organized co-operation and resistance impossible. This grand scheme, nevertheless, was doomed to disappointment. New York and Philadelphia were excellent bases for military operations, but they never became the centres of recovered territory. The British made no headway inland, and could control very little beyond the strips of

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sea-coast which they actually occupied. By the year 1779 they tacitly confessed that the war in the Northern colonies was a failure; that the possession of the two cities, one of which had already been given up, did not diminish the resources or weaken the army of the rebels. Burgoyne had been captured, Monmouth showed Washington strong and confident in the field, and Stony Point furnished satisfactory proof that his troops, though reduced in numbers, were better disciplined and more effective than ever.

Baffled in the North, the British turned to the conquest of the less populous South. They proceeded upon the assumption that if the Southern colonies should first be subdued and recovered in fact, the Northern could thereafter be reduced by isolation and exhaustion. For a time success—rapid and alarming success—attended the execution of this plan. In 1778 Savannah was taken and Georgia overrun. American attempts to retake the city in the following year proved disastrous. In May, 1780, Charleston fell, and Lord Cornwallis assumed the command. By the month of July he had occupied the principal points in the State. At this crisis Congress sent Gates into the Southern field, who in August of the same year suffered the crushing defeat at Camden, which seemed to lay open everything below Virginia to the occupation and ravages of the enemy. Cornwallis, to all appearances, was master of the situation. Even Greene, who had next been appointed to face him, as the only hope of the Americans, did not dare to risk a battle until the spring of 1781, and then considered himself fortunate that he was not beaten as badly as he might have been. The two brilliant affairs of King's Mountain and the Cowpens, it is true, had meanwhile temporarily disconcerted and delayed the British general; but should he still succeed in delivering a damaging blow at Greene, their effect would be entirely neutralized, and the country south of the James come under his power. A blow was finally given on March 15, 1781, at Guilford Court House, in North Carolina, near the Virginia border, and had it proved in every respect another Camden, the interests of the British in the South might have become very securely rooted. But right there at Guilford Court House we have a crisis in the campaign, a turn in British affairs which led straight on to the Yorktown catastrophe. The victory over Greene was won at too great a cost to be pursued, and Cornwallis found himself compelled to retire to the coast to refit and re-enforce his exhausted and diminished army. He fell back, or to the right, to Wilmington, North Carolina, and for the time being surrendered the situation to his lately beaten antagonist, so that the South, at least above the South Carolina line, yet remained to be conquered.

Notwithstanding this apparent retreat, these operations from the capture of Charleston to Guilford won for Cornwallis a great reputation. He had proved himself the boldest, the most original, and the most dangerous of the British leaders, and his successes revived the spirits and hopes of the ministry at home, who still expected that from Wilmington he would continue his conquering career. Greene called him the "modern Hannibal," and La Fayette referred to him as that "formidable" Britisher who made no mistakes. His next step was awaited by the Americans with deep interest and not a little anxiety.

The course which Cornwallis determined to pursue from Wilmington involved an important personal question as well as vital consequences. When Sir Henry Clinton, the commander-in-chief at New York, subsequently held him responsible for his surrender, he turned back to this Wilmington decision as one of the causes, if not, indeed, the main cause, of the disaster. Cornwallis had made up his mind to push into Virginia, and reduce that "powerful province," as he styles it, before operating again to the south of it; for it is to be noticed that, notwithstanding his brilliant detour from Charleston northward, and the flattering compliments it provoked at home, he was secretly conscious that the sum total of advantages gained amounted to nothing, and that the whole field would have to be fought over again, by beginning, however, at the other end with the conquest of Virginia. Into Virginia, therefore, he proposed to carry the war. Clinton afterward pronounced the decision to be contrary to the spirit of his instructions, which required him to hold and secure South Carolina. By marching to Virginia he was abandoning it. "Had you intimated the probability of your intention," wrote Clinton to Cornwallis in May, "I should certainly have endeavor-

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ed to have stopped you, as I did then as well as now consider such a move likely to be dangerous to our interests in the Southern colonies." And thirteen years later, when Clinton was answering the criticisms of the historian Stedman, he again insisted that "Cornwallis had been ordered, and had promised, in case of failure in North Carolina, to fall back on South Carolina and secure it." To all this Cornwallis had the ready answer that a return to South Carolina was impracticable, that at so great a distance he had to act according to his best judgment, and that Virginia once subdued, the lower provinces would fall "without much difficulty." The two generals continued the controversy at a later date with some acrimony, but Cornwallis had the moral support of the home minister, and the commander-in-chief actually found himself obliged to accommodate his own future plans to this movement of his subordinate. Whatever the merits of the case, we have the undisputed fact that Cornwallis entered Virginia against the expectations and wishes of his superior.

The final movements of our "modern Hannibal," the ill-timed necessities which compelled him to coop himself up behind intrenchments at Yorktown, compose a distinct and absorbing act in this military drama. The dream of laying Virginia at his feet, which at one time seemed to be on the point of realization, was rudely interrupted by an unexpected combination of circumstances. He had now reached a point where he could not act as independently as before. He was just near enough his chief at New York to find that the two must thenceforth co-operate, and as Clinton presently discovered that his movements must be determined by those of the Americans and their French allies, both on land and sea, we find Cornwallis likewise hampered by what may be called a triple contingency, namely, the possible movements of Washington, the uncertain operations of French and British fleets, and the consequent plans enforced upon Clinton. When combinations finally began to take definite shape toward the close of the summer, they matured so rapidly that for the British the end came like a shock.

To summarize these intermediate events —details being beyond our limit—it will be recalled that before Cornwallis reached Virginia, Clinton had dispatched two expeditions early in 1781 to ravage the coast of that State, one under Arnold, another under Phillips. To meet them, Washington sent La Fayette down in the spring with a select body of twelve hundred light-infantry, mainly from New England. On the 20th of May Cornwallis arrived at Petersburg from Wilmington, joined the expeditionary corps to his own army, and with four thousand veteran infantry, and two well-mounted detachments of troopers under Simcoe and Tarleton, proceeded to operate in the State. Against such a force La Fayette could do nothing. Cornwallis chased him as far as the North Anna, but failing to bring him to action, he suddenly turned in a southwesterly course to Elk Island, in the upper James, where he covered Simcoe's raid upon the magazines at Point of Fork, which Steuben was guarding with about five hundred Virginia recruits. The troopers under Tarleton, whom the State militia avoided as they would "so many wild beasts," rode at will over the country, and nearly succeeded in capturing Governor Jefferson and the Assembly at Charlottesville. Meanwhile La Fayette had been re-enforced by Wayne, near the Rapidan, with one thousand Pennsylvania Continentals, and following Cornwallis, dexterously managed to prevent the further destruction of stores, and also joined Steuben's troops to his own. Cornwallis then retired to Richmond, the Americans watching him always, and about the 20th of June marched to Williamsburg, on the Peninsula—a move not caused by inability on his part to hold his own in the heart of the State, but evidently to await further developments as to the plan of thoroughly subjugating it. Once more, however, he found his plans thwarted. The dearly bought victory at Guilford Court House crippled him in North Carolina, and now the situation and demands of his chief at New York cut off all hope of present success in Virginia; for upon his arrival at Williamsburg he received orders from Clinton to send him three thousand men, and with the rest to establish a defensive post on the coast as a base for future expeditions, and a protection for ships of war. Cornwallis could do no less than obey, and marching to Portsmouth, was proceeding to embark the troops, when later instructions permitted him to retain them, and furthermore directed him to fortify Old Point Comfort

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THE COAST LINE FROM WEST POINT TO YORKTOWN.

in Hampton Roads as the naval station in view. But upon examination, finding that the Point could not be defended, Cornwallis kept on to Yorktown to establish the post there. Thus, in the first week in August, 1781, after marching and fighting over a line of fifteen hundred miles since he left Charleston, and sweeping all before him, this British general reached the point from which he was not to move again except as a prisoner of war. And here once more came up the question of responsibility. Cornwallis reported after the surrender that he had never regarded Yorktown in a favorable light; that he occupied it in compliance with what he believed to be the spirit of Clinton's orders, and because he supposed that in an emergency he could be relieved by Clinton and a British fleet. But Clinton replied that his instructions to occupy Yorktown were discretionary, and that he "never received the least hint" from Cornwallis that the position was untenable until after he capitulated. And on these points, as well as others, the two continued to differ years after the war, each throwing the responsibility for the bad selection of the site upon the other. Cornwallis, whose ambition was to conduct operations on a great scale in the State, objected *in toto* to posts, stations, and coast expeditions, and wished to leave the State entirely if he could not remain there in heavy force. Clinton, who could not send more troops to Cornwallis at that crisis, preferred to retain posts for future starting-points. Whose policy was the wisest, not looking at the issue, is a military problem. Both generals had their friends and defenders.

But to complete the chain of incidents which finally entangled Cornwallis in the fatal Yorktown meshes, we must cross into the camps of the Americans and their friends the French. Washington, who with a wretchedly clothed and often but half-fed army had been sustaining the cause of the Revolution through six anxious years, never felt the embarrassment of his situation more than in the early part of the year 1781. He could do little to assist the South, and saw no flattering prospects of achieving anything decisive in the North. The only ray of hope that flashed through the clouds was the probability that in the course of the summer a large French fleet would appear upon the American coast, with whose assistance something might be effected. But even here so many contingencies were involved that success still seemed an aggravating uncertainty. A campaign, nevertheless, was arranged. On the 23d of May, Washington met Count de Rochambeau, commanding the French allies at Newport, in conference at Wethersfield, Connecticut, where it was agreed that the French should join the Americans on the Hudson, and an attempt be made to capture New York city. A request was sent later to the Count de Grasse, admiral of the expected fleet in the West Indies, to co-operate by entering the harbor. This was Washington's plan, while it would seem that Rochambeau, although yielding to him, had misgivings in re-

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gard to it. At the same conference the project of marching to Virginia was alluded to, but it was held that that State could be relieved quite as effectually by attacking Clinton in the North, and preventing him from sending further re-enforcements southward. Still, everything depended upon De Grasse. Without him the year would probably close with matters continuing *in statu quo;* with him a great blow might be struck somewhere, and that *somewhere* was now the problem. Although Washington had committed himself at the Wethersfield conference to an attack upon New York, and expected the co-operation of the French admiral, we find, as the summer advanced, and the situation in Virginia changed by the retirement of Cornwallis to the sea-coast, that he recognized the possibility of a change of plan on his own part, and this before De Grasse's final destination and intentions were known. By the 2d of August he had informed La Fayette of the contingency that might take him to Virginia, where they could unite in falling upon Cornwallis; and he had sounded Mr. Robert Morris as to transportation from Philadelphia, from which we are to infer—as indeed one of his letters authorizes the inference—that even had De Grasse come to New York, Washington was ready to suggest his sailing back to the Chesapeake, while the army would move to the same point. In other words, the march upon Cornwallis, perhaps the most splendid episode of the war, was an alternative plan already maturing in Washington's mind before word came from De Grasse that for good reasons he should not sail further north than Virginia.

De Grasse's announcement that he would be in the Chesapeake about the first of September, and that he expected to meet the allied army there and not at New York, did not reach Washington until August 14. At once the latter turned his entire attention to the descent upon Cornwallis. Demonstrations had been made against New York in July with a serious intent, but now they were conducted as a feint. It was of the greatest importance that Clinton should not suspect the intended march until Washington was well on his way southward. The plan remained a profound secret with both the American and French chiefs. The troops were put on the move again toward the city as if for an attack, and when they turned about and crossed the Hudson at King's Ferry, late in August, the feint was still kept up on the Jersey



COUNT DE ROCHAMBEAU.

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COUNT DE GRASSE.

side for a day or two, when the entire force headed for the Chesapeake. On the 2d of September the American wing, two thousand strong—four thousand having been left to guard the Hudson under Heath — marched through Philadelphia, followed the next day by the French contingent, which delighted Congress and the citizens with its inspiring music and brilliant appearance. Here the news was received that De Grasse had arrived in the Chesapeake with a powerful fleet, and Washington pushed on with the liveliest anticipations of success. The troops took the straight road to the head of the Elk and Baltimore, and after a short delay embarked in transports for the James. In spite of the fatigues of the march they were all in good spirits, with hardly a sick man among them, and seemed to realize the probably decisive results of the movement they were engaged in. "We shall soon look in upon Cornwallis as stern as the grave," wrote an officer to a friend in the North, and he only reflected the general expectation. From Baltimore, Washington and Rochambeau and their suites rode rapidly overland, stopping at Mount Vernon on the 9th and 10th—the chief's first visit to his home for six years—and on the 14th reached the camp of La Fayette at Williamsburg, who had been re-enforced with three thousand French troops under St. Simon, brought on by De Grasse. When Clinton, at New York, woke up to the fact that Washington had given him the slip, he saw no other way of meeting the danger to which Cornwallis would be exposed but by attempting to go to his relief by sea.

La Fayette's little army at Williams-

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burg, the American part of which had been hovering about and dodging Cornwallis ever since he entered the State—once, indeed, attacking him at Green Springs, near Jamestown, but without a sumptuous entertainment, at which the chiefs and all the officers were present. "To add to the happiness of the evening," says one of the guests, "an elegant band of music played an introductive part of a



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL TARLETON.—[FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS IN THE ROOMS OF THE VIRGINIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.]

success—received Washington with unbounded enthusiasm. As he approached the camps with Rochambeau, the troops turned out on their parades, a salute of twenty-one guns was fired, and later in the afternoon the Marquis St. Simon gave French opera, signifying the happiness of the family when blessed with the presence of their father, and their great dependence upon him. About ten o'clock the company rose up, and after mutual congratulations and the greatest expres-

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sion of joy, they separated." In a few days the troops from the northward arrived in transports from the head of the Chesapeake, landing near Williamsburg by way of the James, and on the 27th of September the combined force was ready to move upon Cornwallis at Yorktown below. The situation thus presented was the great surprise of the Revolution. It appears as one of the few grand relieving features in an otherwise comparatively tedious war, for here we have a piece of strategy on Washington's part which involved for the first time extensive and critical movements, and whose details were carried out with singular precision and success. Clinton is quietly left in the lurch at New York; Washington boldly marches four hundred miles away, and suddenly crushes his famous lieutenant at a point where assistance can not reach him.

The position at Yorktown, on the bank of the York River, so formidable in the late war, proved a weak one as Cornwallis was situated. He threw up works around the place, and occupied the high ground, nearly half a mile beyond, on the Williamsburg road, then known as "Pigeon Quarter"—a name still familiar to old residents of the place. It was here that Magruder's Confederate "Red" and "White" redoubts stood in 1862. Cornwallis had redoubts on the same sites, but their guns pointed in nearly the opposite direction. The works around the town were protected on the right by a deep ravine, and on the left by the head of Wormeley Creek, which set in from the river below. At the mouth of the ravine on the right, and across it, a strong work was thrown up, and garrisoned by a portion of the Royal Welsh Fusileers. The officer second in command was Captain Thomas Saumaurez, who lived long enough to be promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general in the British army on the day of Queen Victoria's coronation. Two other young captains—Charles Asgill, of the Guards, and Samuel Graham, of the Seventy-sixth—also rose to the same grade. The British position was defended by seventy-seven pieces of artillery and seven thousand five hundred men. General O'Hara happened to be the only general officer present, after Cornwallis, and important commands necessarily fell to field and line officers. Lieutenant-Colonel Dundas was intrusted with the right of the works, and Lieutenant-Colonel Abercrombie with the left.

On the morning of September 28, Washington and the allied army moved forward from Williamsburg for the investment of Yorktown—a march of eleven miles. That night they encamped within a mile and a half of the enemy's position. On the 29th they approached still nearer, and some skirmishing followed. On the same day Cornwallis received dispatches from Clinton which decided him to evacuate his outworks at Pigeon Quarter, and retire within the lines immediately surrounding the town. This move became the subject of criticism. The possession of the works in question by the British would have delayed the besiegers, but Cornwallis justified his action by the tenor of his dispatches, which he claimed contained promises from Clinton that relieving forces would sail from New York about the 5th of October, and that until their arrival he could hold out within his interior position. He claimed, further, that Washington, by crossing Wormeley Creek below, would soon turn his left, and compel him to fall back. Clinton, however, seems to have been disinclined to accept this explanation, and insisted that Cornwallis had represented, some weeks before, that the exterior position had been surveyed, and would be fortified, leaving Clinton to infer that he would hold it as long as possible. Clinton also explains that his dispatches only held out hopes that a *fleet* would sail about October 5, relieving troops not being mentioned. In short, he insinuates that Cornwallis had not done all in his power to gain time—then the one thing to be gained. But whether Cornwallis's reasons were sufficient or not, his move precisely suited the Americans and French, who, on the 30th, occupied the abandoned works, and thus found themselves in an unexpectedly favorable position for advancing their siege operations. The French manned two of the redoubts, while the Americans reversed another and built a fourth, which effectually hemmed in the British in the town. The working parties were covered by the American light-infantry, whose loss that day, the 30th, was trifling in numbers, but serious in the fall of the brave and much-loved Colonel Alexander Scammell, of New Hampshire. As officer of the day, he advanced with a small party to reconnoitre the deserted works, when he was suddenly surprised by Lieutenant Cameron and some troopers of

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Tarleton's legion, and mortally wounded the moment after his surrender. His wounds were dressed in Yorktown, when he was returned on parole to Williamsburg, where he died on the evening of the 6th of October. One of the heroes of Saratoga, lately adjutant-general of the army, a noble and gifted soul, with enviable prospects before him, his fall was hardly less than a public loss.

The allied forces now spread out into permanent camps, and prepared for vigorous work. The French extended on the left from the river above the town half way around, and the Americans continued the line along the right to the river below. The camps themselves were some two miles from the enemy's works, the pickets within half a mile. In round numbers there were on both sides of the river sixteen thousand besiegers against seven thousand besieged, though in point of effectiveness the proportion was more in favor of the latter. The American wing was composed of three divisions of Continentals, two brigades in each—in all, five thousand men—and between three and four thousand Virginia militia under General Nelson, whose brigadiers were Generals Weedon, Stevens, and Lawson, all good officers. For the division commanders we have Generals Lincoln, La Fayette, and Steuben. La Fayette's division, which took the right of the entire line, includ-



PLAN OF THE SIEGE OF YORKTOWN.

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GENERAL MUHLENBERG.

ed the select troops of the army known as the corps of light-infantry. General Muhlenberg commanded the First Brigade, General Hazen the Second. The three battalions of the First were led by Colonel Vose, of Massachusetts, Lieutenant-Colonel Gimat, aide to La Fayette, and Lieutenant-Colonel Barber, of New Jersey; those of the Second by Lieutenant-Colonel Huntington, of Connecticut, Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Hamilton, of New York, and Lieutenant-Colonel Laurens, of South Carolina, aide to Washington. Brigaded with these, also, was Hazen's old Canadian regiment, some two hundred and fifty strong. Excluding the latter, the light-infantry numbered about fourteen hundred men, nearly all of whom had been detached from the New England lines. The First Brigade, which had been with him through the Virginia campaign, was La Fayette's favorite, and he used to say of it that finer troops could not be found the world over. Steuben's division included the brigades under Generals Wayne and Gist. In the former were two Pennsylvania regiments, commanded by Colonels Richard Butler and Walter Stewart, and a lately raised Virginia Continental regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Gaskins, while two Maryland regiments, under Colonel Adams and Major Roxburgh, composed Gist's brigade. In Lincoln's division we have the two New York regiments of Van Cortlandt and Van Schaik forming one brigade, under General James Clinton, and Olney's full Rhode Island regiment, with Dayton's and Ogden's New Jersey battalions, making up the remaining brigade, under Colonel Dayton. On the side of the French we find seven regiments, under the names of Bourbonnois, Deuxponts, Soissonois, Saintonge, Agenois, Touraine, and Gatenois, averaging a thousand men each, and formed into three brigades, under Baron Viomenil, the Viscount Viomenil, and Marquis St. Simon. A fine corps of artillery—the American detachment being under General Knox, Colonel Lamb, Lieutenant-Colonels Stevens and Carrington, and Major Bauman—completed the force operating against Yorktown. A point in the rear of the centre of the entire line, half a mile northwest of Wynne's Mill, and two and a half miles back from the Yorktown works, was the spot where Washington established his head-quarters.

The first week of October was devoted by the allies to preparations, such as the making of gabions, fascines, and stakes, bringing up of guns, and careful surveying for approaches. The enemy meanwhile opened fire on all pickets and observing parties that showed themselves, four men of the Pennsylvania line being killed by one shot on the 3d inst. On the evening of the 6th, all things being in readiness, three thousand men, with shovels and gabions, broke ground for the first parallel within seven hundred yards of the enemy, whose firing during the night did but little execution. By dawn of the 7th a respectable intrenchment had been completed, running from the York below around to the works at Pigeon Quarter, and a few hours later the light-infantry corps entered the line, with drums beating and colors flying, and planted their standards on top of the parallel. The French took possession to the left of them. Industrious digging on the part of the al-

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lied forces continued night and day, and by the afternoon of the 9th a sufficient number of batteries had been erected to open the bombardment of Yorktown. The first to fire, at three o'clock, was a French battery on the extreme left, near the bank of the river above the town. At five o'clock an American battery on the extreme right, on the river-bank below, followed with discharges from eighteen and twenty-four pounders, and the serious work of the siege had begun.



THE SEVENTY-SIXTH REGIMENT RECEIVES THE NEWS OF WASHINGTON'S APPROACH.

The journal of more than one American officer mentions the fact that the first shot from the American battery was fired by Washington himself. Colonel Cortlandt remembered that he distinctly heard it crash into some houses in Yorktown. If Captain Samuel Graham, of the Seventy-sixth Regiment, whose station was directly in the line of fire, was not mistaken as to the particular discharge he refers to in his memoirs, this first shot was singularly fatal. A party of officers from the Seventy-sixth were then at dinner in a neighboring building. The British Commissary-General Perkins was with them. One of the officers was an old Scotch lieutenant, who, when the allies first invested the place, was heard to soliloquize as he buckled on his sword: "Come on, Maister Washington. I'm unco glad to see you. I've been offered money for my commission, but I could na think of gangin' home without a sight of you. Come on." Poor fellow, Washington fell upon him in a way that was quite unexpected, for that first ball struck and wounded him terribly. It also wounded the quartermaster and adjutant of the Seventy-sixth, and killed the commissary-general. Another marked casualty of the siege was the death of Major Cochrane, who arrived at Yorktown on the 10th, with dispatches from Clinton to Cornwallis. Two days after, in company with the British general, he went to the lines, and fired one of the guns himself; but as he looked over the parapet to see its effect *en ricochet*, a ball from the American works carried away his head, narrowly missing Cornwallis, who was standing by his side. By the 13th, so effective had the fire of the allies become that that of the

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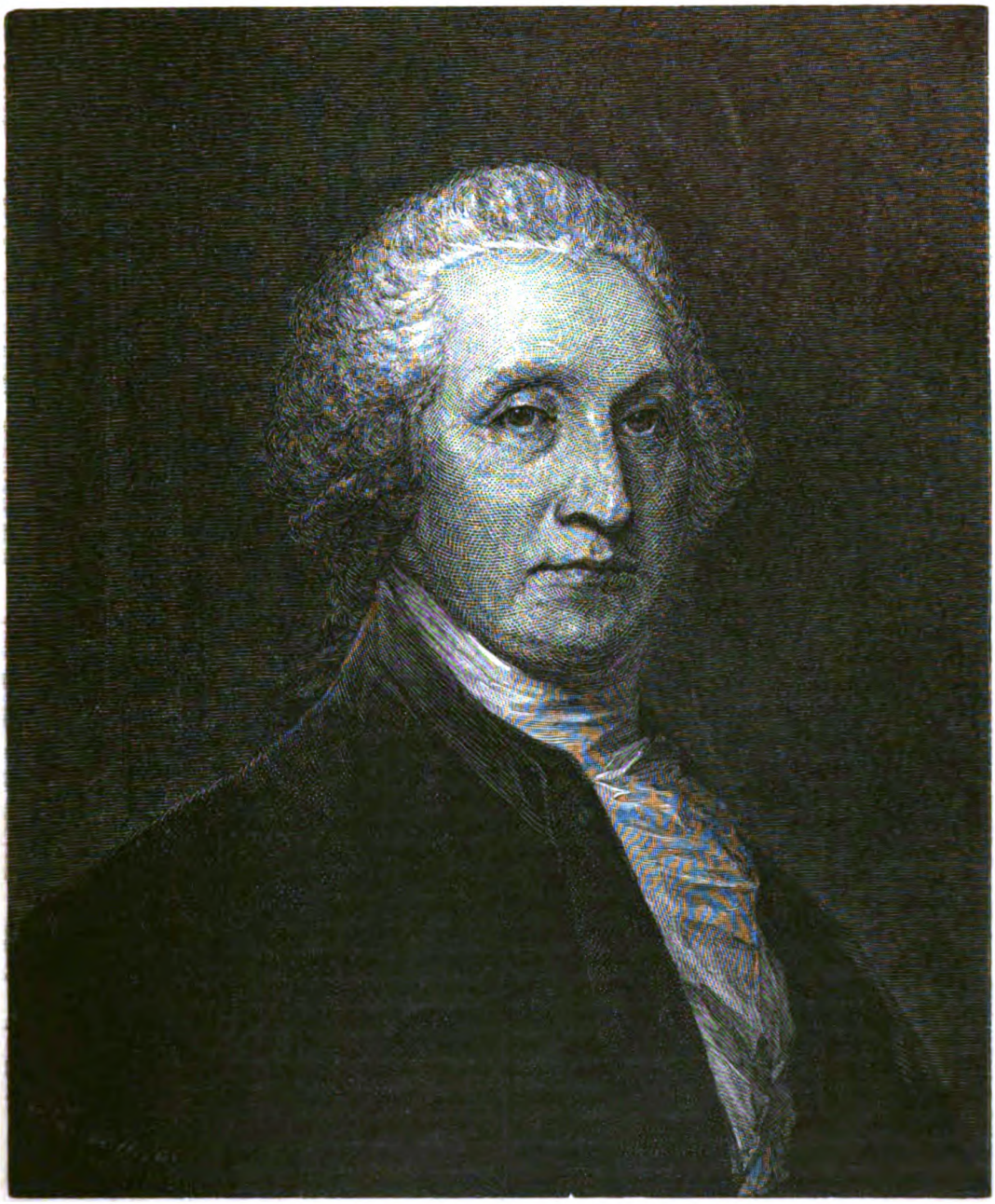


BARON STEUBEN.

enemy was almost entirely silenced. In some of their batteries the fascines, platforms, guns, and gun-carriages were all pounded together in a broken mass, while shot and shell enfiladed the town from one end to the other. Cornwallis's own head-quarters became untenable almost from the beginning of the bombardment. He had occupied the grand brick mansion of Mr. Nelson, the former Secretary of Virginia, which stood at the edge of the town, near the centre of the line of defenses, and where the Secretary was still living. As the house was a conspicuous object, and in the range of fire from many points in the American line, it suffered more than any other, and no one could remain in it with safety. Cornwallis withdrew from it about the 10th, as did Mr. Nelson, who received permission to pass into the American lines. Fifteen years after the war it still stood unrepaired, "pierced in every direction with cannon-shot and bomb-shells." Nor could the British shipping in the river remain at the usual anchorage off the town. A number of vessels had been scuttled and sunk by order of the British commander, while the *Charon*, a forty-four-gun ship, was set on fire on the night of the 10th by hot shot from the French battery on the extreme left, and destroyed. An officer who witnessed the sight writes: "The *Charon* was on fire from the water's edge to her truck at the same time. I never saw anything so magnificent." Two transports close to her were also burned.

Vigorously as the siege was prosecuted, the turning-point and the end came even sooner than expected; but then from the beginning it had been a campaign of surprises. The incident which largely determined matters occurred in connection with the construction by the allies of a second parallel from three to five hundred yards in advance of the first, thus bringing both wings within storming distance of the British lines. This parallel was opened on the night of the 11th by detachments from the two armies, Steuben's division furnishing the American detail. The parties moved out at dusk, every second man carrying a fascine and shovel, and every man "a shovel, spade, or grubbing hoe," and by morning they had thrown up an intrenchment seven hundred and fifty yards long, three and a half feet deep, and seven feet wide. It was an exciting and busy night, with its alarms of sorties by the enemy, and the whizzing of shot and shell from the first parallel over the heads of the diggers. Two men were killed by the premature bursting of French shells in this cross-fire. Both Steuben and Wayne were exposed as well as their men, and the story is told of them that once, when a shell fell near them, Steuben threw himself into the trench, and Wayne followed, stumbling over him. "Ah ha, Wayne," laughed Steuben, "you cover your general's retreat in the best manner possible." This was coming to close quarters, but the increasingly effective fire from the French and American batteries continued to keep the British gunners very quiet, and work on the second line went on two days longer without many casualties. It had been observed, however, that the new parallel would not form a sufficiently compact investment unless it was extended on the right to the river-bank. But here there was a serious obstacle, for the ground near the river was occupied by two outer British redoubts, which must first be taken. The resolution to storm them was accordingly formed the moment the necessity was obvious, and the capture of the two forts stands out as the incident which more than any other marked the energy of the siege, and which, upon his own admission, hastened the surrender of Cornwallis. We have no "great" assault here,

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GEORGE WASHINGTON.—[FROM THE PAINTING BY TRUMBULL IN THE YALE ART GALLERY, NEW HAVEN.]

no storming of the Malakoff or Redan; but the work was done so well, was so highly praised at the time, and was, moreover, the last piece of fighting on the part of any of Washington's troops, that some of its details may be recalled.

The assault was assigned to the choice corps of the allied army, the work upon the right, on the high bank of the York, to the American light-infantry, the other, nearly a quarter of a mile to the left, to the French chasseurs and grenadiers. The martial pride of these soldiers, excited by what amounted to a friendly challenge to do their best, carried them along to complete success, both redoubts being gallantly taken at nearly the same moment. The time selected was the night of the 14th. On the side of the French, the storming party was composed of four hundred men, the grenadiers and chasseurs of the regiments Gatenois and Royal Deux-ponts. The work they were to take was a bastion redoubt, standing directly across

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the road from Yorktown to the Moore house below, and was held by a lieutenant-colonel and about a hundred and twenty men. Colonel William Deuxponts, a brave, enthusiastic spirit in the French army, commanded the detachment, with Lieutenant-Colonel Baron de l'Estrade, an officer of forty years' service, as second. As the detachment moved out into position, everybody wished Deuxponts success and glory, and expressed regrets at not being able to go with him. "That moment," he writes in his journal, "seemed to me very sweet, and was very elevating to the soul and animating to the courage. My brother, especially, my brother—and I never shall forget it—gave me marks of a tenderness which penetrated to the bottom of my heart." At the given signal—the firing of six shells—about eight o'clock, the force advanced in columns by platoons, the first fifty chasseurs carrying fascines to fill the ditch, and eight carrying ladders. Two trusty sergeants, who with Deuxponts and L'Estrade had previously reconnoitred the ground with great care, led the way. The second battalion of the Gatenois regiment, under Count de Rostaing, remained in reserve, Baron de Viomenil commanding the entire force. Deuxponts moved on silently, when, at a hundred and twenty paces from the redoubt, a Hessian sentinel discovered them. "Werda? Who goes there?" he shouted. No answer coming, the enemy instantly opened fire. Unluckily the strong abatis twenty-five paces in front of the fort stopped the French several minutes, and there they lost many men; but the obstructions once cleared, the chasseurs dashed on, and began mounting the parapet. The first to reach the top was the Chevalier De Lameth, but receiving a point-blank discharge from the Hessian infantry, he fell back shot through both knees. L'Estrade while climbing was tumbled into the ditch by a soldier falling from above him. Rising badly bruised he scolded the man roundly for making such bungling work of it. Deuxponts also fell, when young Lieutenant De Severgne, of the chasseurs, pulled him up the parapet, to be fatally wounded in doing so. Finding the French actually on the edges of their redoubt, the enemy charged upon them, but Deuxponts ordered his men to fire and countercharge, which had the desired effect. The Hessians threw down their arms, and the French raised the shout of "Vive le roi" over their achievement. They had carried the work in half an hour, with the loss of fifteen killed and seventy-seven wounded, the enemy losing eighteen killed and about fifty prisoners. For his conduct on this occasion, Deuxponts received the title of Chevalier in the military order of St. Louis as a special distinction. In his journal he has this appreciative word for his comrades: "With troops so good, so brave, and so disciplined as those I have the honor to lead against the enemy, one can undertake anything and be sure of succeeding, if the impossibility of it has not been proved. I owe them the happiest day of my life, and certainly the recollection of it will never be effaced from my mind."

At the other redoubt the success of the Americans was equally brilliant. The praise bestowed by La Fayette upon his light-infantry, that they were equal to the best troops in the world, proved to be well grounded. Viomenil believed he was adding to the compliment when he referred to them as behaving on this occasion like grenadiers accustomed to difficult things. These light-infantry troops in truth were most of them, both officers and men, not only veterans of the war, but the choicest in the army, half of them, in addition to previous service, having just completed the campaign in Virginia under La Fayette. Upon the present occasion the battalions selected for the assault were Gimat's, Alexander Hamilton's, and part of Laurens's, the whole under the immediate command of Hamilton, whose own corps was led by his major, Nicholas Fish, of New York. As in the case of the French, the detachment was four hundred strong. The command at first was a matter in dispute. La Fayette, as chief of the Light Division, had intended the honor for Gimat, then acting as his aide, Gimat having entered the American army in 1777, and served two terms with the light-infantry, with the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel. On that date, October 14, Hamilton was field-officer of the day. He at once protested against Gimat's appointment for command during his own tour of duty. Being informed by La Fayette that the assignment had already been made, and approved at head-quarters, he wrote a spirited letter to Washington, who, upon in-

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quiring into the claim, decided in favor of Hamilton, much to the latter's gratification. Gimat's battalion, however, as the oldest and one of the three that had been in Virginia from the first, retained the post of honor in the van of the assaulting party. It had been drawn from the Eastern lines. John P. Wyllys, of Hartford, was its major, and its original captains were Richards, Douglass, Heart, Welles, and Barker from Connecticut, Hunt and another from Massachusetts, and Olney from Rhode Island. Hamilton's battalion was composed of two New York and two Connecticut companies; and of Laurens's two companies, which were part of Scammell's old corps, one was from Connecticut, under Captain Stephen Betts, of Stamford, and the other probably from New Hampshire. With this detachment went also a party of sappers and miners under Captains Gilliland and Kirkpatrick. For a reserve corps, La Fayette drew up the remainder of the Light Division, under Generals Muhlenberg and Hazen, and in their rear Wayne posted two Pennsylvania battalions.

At the given signal—the six shells—Hamilton and his column advanced rapidly with unloaded muskets, Laurens having first been detached to take the redoubt in reverse, and prevent the escape of the garrison. Under the almost perfect discipline of these troops every order was executed with precision. As they neared the work, they rushed to the charge without waiting for the sappers to remove the abatis, and thereby saved themselves the delay and loss which befell the French. Climbing over or breaking through the obstructions, they reached the ditch, enveloped the work, and scaling the parapet, were quickly in possession. The forlorn hope of twenty men, under Lieutenant John Mansfield, of the Fourth Connecticut, led the column without wavering. Mansfield, who entered the work among the first, receiving a bayonet wound, was reported by Hamilton as deserving particular commendation for his "coolness, firmness, and punctuality." Stephen Olney, of Rhode Island, perhaps the oldest captain in the service, marched with his company at the head of the detachment, but in attempting to climb into the fort two of the enemy struck at him with their bayonets, which slid down his spontoon or spear, and wounded him severely in the side and arm. Hamilton thought him entitled to "peculiar applause." Captain Hunt was also wounded, as well as Kirkpatrick, of the sappers. Hamilton himself was accompanied by Colonel Armand and three officers of his troop, as volunteers, who behaved with conspicuous gallantry, all climbing the parapet under fire to stimulate the courage of the rank and file. Gimat was wounded in the foot just as the obstructions were reached, and retired. Laurens meanwhile conducted his two companies with his usual skill and nerve, and succeeded in coming in at the right moment to make Major Campbell, the commandant of the garrison, his prisoner. With him was Captain Betts, who also was honored with a wound. In ten minutes the work was over, and so well timed was every movement, that Major Fish's battalion, which followed Gimat's, inclining to the right, participated in the assault, and Lieutenant-Colonel Barber's battalion, which La Fayette sent forward at the last moment to support Hamilton, was on hand after the assault to help hold the position in case of a counter-attack by the enemy. The American loss in the assault was nine killed and twenty-five wounded. Washington could not conceal his enthusiasm over the success of these brilliant feats, and in general orders he praised the troops unstintedly—officers and men alike. A Sergeant Brown, of the Fifth Connecticut, was subsequently awarded a special "badge of merit" for his coolness and gallant conduct as one of Hamilton's forlorn hope.

No sooner were the redoubts taken than the supports fell to digging, and by morning both works were included in the second parallel, which thus became complete, and unpleasantly menacing to the besieged.

It would have been quite contrary to the custom of a besieged force, and rather a reflection upon the British troops in particular, had no sortie been made by them upon the besiegers; and accordingly on the night of the 16th we find them dashing out at the second parallel with their usual courage, and repeating what the French and Americans had done two nights before. Cornwallis's object was to cripple some unfinished batteries whose fire, when opened, would prove too destructive, and thus gain a little more time for still possible relief. The party, which was led by Colonel Abercrombie, numbered about

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four hundred men, half of them light-infantry, under Major Armstrong, and the other half the grenadiers of the Foot-Guards and Captain Murray's company of the Eightieth, under Lieutenant-Colonel Lake. Moving forward about three o'clock in the morning, they rushed upon a French battery, drove off the guards, spiked four cannon, and then attacked Captain Savage's Massachusetts battery to its right. Entering it, they quickly spiked his three guns with bayonet points, and challenged, "What troops?" "French," came the answer, on which Abercrombie shouted, "Push on, my brave boys, and skin the hounds!" But just then the Count de Noailles, who had command of the supports that night, distinctly hearing Abercrombie's cry, ordered his grenadiers to the charge, when they instantly met the British with the shout of "Vive le roi!" killed eight of them, took twelve prisoners, with the loss of twenty officers and men on their part, and one American sergeant, and prevented the assailants from doing further mischief. It was altogether a gallant sortie, but it proved of no avail, and in six hours the spiked guns were playing upon Yorktown. When some British officers visited the spot after the surrender, the French feelingly showed them the grave of a brave sergeant of the Guards whom they had buried in the parapet where he fell.

Cornwallis now thoroughly appreciated his critical position, but determined to make a desperate effort to escape before surrendering. On the night of the 16th he began to transfer his troops to the opposite side, at Gloucester Point, with the design of breaking through the besiegers there with his whole force, and by rapid marches push northward for New York. It is scarcely possible that he could have succeeded; and the elements interposed to stop him. At midnight a storm arose, preventing the crossing of all the troops, and at dawn those who had already crossed returned to their old stations at the works.

Finally, on the 17th of October—a date vividly remembered by our soldiers as the anniversary of Burgoyne's surrender—the end came. At ten o'clock that morning a drummer in red mounted the enemy's parapet on the left, and began to beat a "parley." As for being heard, he might have drummed till doomsday; but he could readily be seen, and the cannonading stopped. An ensign at the American lines imagined that he never before heard music so delightful as the sound of that drum. No one could have misunderstood its meaning. In fact, the drummer in that particular rôle was somewhat of a momentous figure. He seemed to publicly confess the end of British domination in America, and proclaim the success of the "rebel" Revolution.

With the drummer appeared an officer waving a white handkerchief. He was met and blindfolded by an American officer, and conducted to the rear of our lines. The message Cornwallis had sent by him to Washington was to the effect that hostilities be suspended for twenty-four hours, and joint commissioners appointed to determine the terms of surrender. To this Washington replied that he should prefer, before the meeting of commissioners, to have his lordship's proposals submitted to him in writing, and that for the purpose he would grant a suspension of hostilities for two hours. Cornwallis complied, and sent in the terms on which he proposed to capitulate. Among his demands he included the inadmissible condition that his troops should be sent to England upon a parole not to serve against either France or America during the continuance of the war unless regularly exchanged. Again the flag returned, and this time with an ultimatum from Washington, who had good reasons for wasting as little time as possible in the negotiations. There existed all through the siege the possibility of the British fleet's appearance off the Capes, and the breaking up of De Grasse's blockade of the York, which might prove fatal to the success of the siege operations. Every day's delay increased the danger. The situation might change any hour, and Cornwallis be encouraged to hold out in the hope of immediate relief. Washington's terms included the surrender of the British army as prisoners of war, upon the basis of the Charleston capitulation in 1780, to which Cornwallis yielded. This result was effected by the night of the 17th, and on the 18th commissioners met to digest and embody the articles. On the part of the British appeared Lieutenant-Colonel Dundas and Major Ross, and for the French and Americans the Viscount de Noailles and Lieutenant-Colonel Laurens. They met at the Moore house, on the bank of the York (now a rickety ruin), a short distance in the rear of the Ameri-

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can lines, and drew up fourteen articles, providing for the surrender of the garrison, and the disposition of the ordnance, stores, ships, and loyalists. On the morning of the 19th these were submitted to Cornwallis, accompanied by a note from Washington intimating his expectation that the terms would be signed by eleven o'clock that morning, and that the troops would march out to surrender their arms at two in the afternoon.

At eleven o'clock the articles were signed "in the trenches," and Cornwallis and his army, which had been the scourge and danger of the South for fourteen months, were prisoners of war. A great result, from every point of view! Although peace was not to come for many months, the blow struck here was felt to be effective and final. The British Hannibal had found a sort of Zama in Yorktown, and the new commonwealth, freed of his dangerous presence, could now confidently indulge in visions of unlimited power and empire.

At noon of the 19th we have the first act of surrender. Yorktown changed hands. Two redoubts on the left of the enemy's works were at that hour taken possession of by detachments from the allied army. Colonel Richard Butler commanded the American and the Marquis Laval the French party, each of one hundred men. At two o'clock we reach the closing scene. The army of Cornwallis marched out as prisoners of war, grounded their arms, and then marched back. Accounts agree in describing the display and ceremony on the occasion as quite imposing. The British appeared in new uniforms, distributed among them a few days before, and it only required the flying of their standards to give their march the effect of a holiday parade. But their colors were cased, and they were prohibited from playing either a French or an American tune. This was the return of a compliment, a piece of justifiable as well as poetic retaliation on the part of the Americans for what the enemy were pleased to command when General Lincoln was compelled to surrender at Charleston the year before. The matter came up at the meeting of the commissioners. "This is a harsh article," said Ross to Laurens.

"Which article?" answered the latter.

"The troops shall march out, *with colors cased, and drums beating a British or a German march.*"



GENERAL LINCOLN.

"Yes, sir," returned Laurens, with a touch of *sang froid*, "it is a harsh article."

"Then," said Ross, "if that is your opinion, why is it here?"

Whereupon Laurens, who had been made prisoner at Charleston with Lincoln's army, proceeded to remind Ross that the Americans on that occasion had made a brave defense, but were ungallantly refused any honors of surrender, other than to march out with colors cased and drums *not* beating a British or a German march.

"But," rejoined Ross, "my Lord Cornwallis did not command at Charleston."

"There, sir," said Laurens, "you extort another observation. It is not the individual that is here considered; it is the nation. This remains an article, or I cease to be a commissioner."

Nothing more was to be said; the article stood, and the enemy marched out with colors cased, while the tune they chose to follow was an old British march with the quite appropriate title of "The World Turned Upside Down."

As the prisoners moved out of their works along the Hampton road, they found the French and American armies drawn up on either side of the way, the Americans on their right, and extending for more than a mile toward the field of surrender. The French troops presented a brilliant spectacle in their white uni-

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forms, with plumed and decorated officers at their head, and gorgeous standards of white silk, embroidered with golden *fleurs-de-lis*, floating along the line. The Americans were less of an attraction in



AT MRS. ASHLEY'S TAVERN.

outward appearance, but not the less eagerly eyed by their late antagonists. Among the war-worn Continentals there was variety of dress, poor at the best, distinguishing the men of the different lines; but, to compensate for lack of show, there was a soldierly bearing about them which commanded attention. The militia formed in their rear presented a less martial sight, so far as clothing and order were concerned. But all these men were conquerors, and their very appearance bespoke the hardships and privation they and their States had undergone to win in the struggle. At the head of the respective lines were the commanding generals, nobly mounted—Washington, Rochambeau, La Fayette, Lincoln, Steuben, Knox, and the rest. Leading the British came General O'Hara instead of Cornwallis. The latter pleaded illness, but he sent his sword by O'Hara to be given up to Washington. As O'Hara advanced to the chief, he was referred to Lincoln, who, upon receiving the sword as a token of the enemy's submission, immediately returned it to the British general, whose troops then marched between the two lines to a field on the right, where they grounded their arms. For the proud and veteran soldiers, who were the heroes of repeated Southern victories, this was a humiliating ceremony, but it was done in good order. In the field a squadron of French hussars had formed a circle, and within it each regiment marched and deposited their arms. There were sad hearts in the column. The colonel of the Bayreuthian regiment, Von Seybothen, led his men into the circle, and gave the commands: "Present arms! Lay down arms! Put off swords and cartridge-boxes!" his cheeks wet with tears. A corporal in the Seventy-sixth feelingly clasped his musket to his breast, and then threw it down, with the words, "May you never get so good a master!" Writes a captain, "We marched out reluctantly enough." Trumbull's painting in the Ro-

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tunda at the Capitol represents the surrender of the enemy's standards.

Returning to their tents through the same lines, the British were permitted a few days of rest, when the rank and file, with a number of officers, were marched off to prison-camps at Winchester, Virginia, and Frederick, Maryland, guarded chiefly by militiamen. Their route lay through Williamsburg, Fredericksburg, Red House, and Ashby's Gap, into the Shenandoah Valley. When they passed through the Gap, two or three of the English officers rode up to Mrs. Ashley's tavern, and asked if she could get them up a dinner. She stared at their uniform, and ejaculated at the spokesman, "A militiaman, I guess."

"No," said the officer.

"Continental, mayhap?"

Another negative.

"Oho!" she exclaimed again, "I see; you are one of the sarpints—one of old 'Wallis's men. Well, now, I have two sons; one was at the catching of Johnny Burgoyne, and the other at that of you, and next year they are both going to catch Clinton at New York. But you shall be treated kindly: my mother came from the old country."

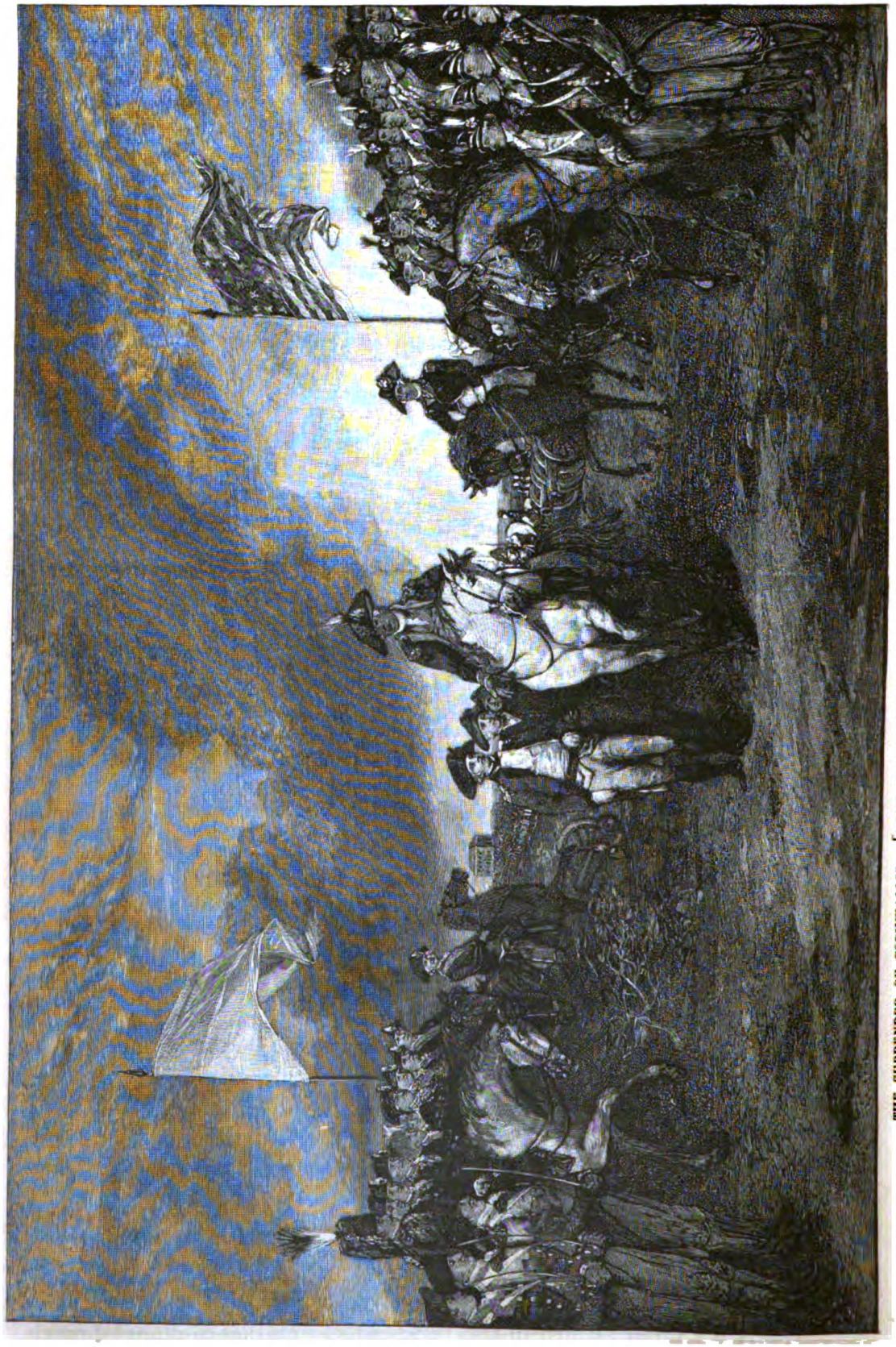
The prisoners were soon removed to York, Pennsylvania, and from there exchanged at the peace. The entire number surrendered, both officers and men, was 7247, or 1500 more than were included in Burgoyne's capitulation. Of the artillery corps there were 233; King's Guards, 527; Light-Infantry, 671; Seventeenth Foot, 245; Twenty-third, 233; Thirty-third, 260; Forty-third, 359; Seventy-first, 300; Seventy-sixth, 715; Eightieth, 689; Tarleton's British Legion, 241; Simcoe's Queen's Rangers, 320; Anspach and Bayreuthian regiments, 1077; Prince Hereditary, 484; De Bose, 349; Yagers, 74; North Carolina Volunteers, 142; pioneers and engineers, 67; and the remainder, staff departments. The casualties of the enemy during the siege were 156 killed and 326 wounded; the American loss, 20 killed, 56 wounded; French loss, 52 killed, 134 wounded.

Of the operations on the Gloucester side of York River during the siege it is hardly necessary to say more than that the enemy fortified themselves around the village, and were hemmed in by Brigadier-General Weedon with twelve hundred Virginia militia, including about a hundred horsemen under Lieutenant-Colonel Mercer (who was General Charles Lee's aide at Monmouth), together with the French Legion of cavalry under the Duc de Lauzun. De Grasse also lent eight hundred marines, under De Choisé, as a re-enforcement for that side. Nothing of importance occurred there after the 3d of October, when Tarleton attempted to forage beyond his lines, and was driven back by Lauzun with some loss.

As to the assistance rendered by De Grasse and his thirty-six ships of the line in this brilliant and decisive campaign, its value can be measured only by the results achieved. Not only was Cornwallis effectually blockaded, but the British fleet under Admiral Graves, which attempted to break up the blockade, was defeated, and Clinton's expectations and plans of relief disappointed. He did finally sail down with troops in the hope of reaching Cornwallis through some loop-hole, but he arrived off the Capes only in time to hear of the surrender. Nor are the services of La Fayette and his handful of Continentals to be forgotten in this connection, for he managed well both in avoiding his much stronger antagonist in Virginia, and in subsequently making it difficult for Cornwallis to retreat into North Carolina, had he attempted such a movement, on learning of Washington's approach. Rarely have complex combinations worked so harmoniously and successfully as in this famous Yorktown campaign.

Finally, in America the news of the surrender was everywhere received with the deepest joy. Lieutenant-Colonel Tilghman, Washington's aide, who had been with him since the battle of Long Island, rode with the official dispatches for Congress as fast as horse could carry him, reaching Philadelphia soon after midnight of the 24th. He roused the President, Thomas McKean, and the great news was soon spread through the city by the watchmen. Congress met in the morning, and after hearing the dispatches read, proceeded in a body, at two o'clock in the afternoon, to the Lutheran church, where services were held by the Rev. Mr. Duffield, one of the chaplains of the body. Later they passed resolutions of thanks to the army, and for the erection of a monument at Yorktown in memory of the event. A grand illumination of the city in the evening ended the day's rejoicings, which were then continued through-

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THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS.—[FROM THE PAINTING BY TRUMBULL IN THE YALE ART GALLERY, NEW HAVEN.]

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out the country. The army in the Highlands, under Heath, devoted nearly a week to salutes and camp banquets, with Continental *menu*, and at Harvard and Yale there were orations and bonfires. The students of the latter college sang "a triumphal hymn," and its president, Dr. Stiles, was afterward moved to write to Washington in terms like these: "We rejoice that the Sovereign of the Universe hath hitherto supported you as the deliverer of your Country, the Defender of the Liberty and Rights of Humanity, and the Mæcenas of Science and Literature. We share the public Joy, and congratulate our Country on the Glory of your arms, and that eminence to which you have ascended in the recent Victory over the Earl of Cornwallis and his army in Virginia." Nor are we to forget that our generous ally Louis XVI. of France, upon hearing of the surrender, ordered a "Te Deum" to be sung in the Metropolitan church in Paris on the 27th of November, while the *Bureau de la Ville* issued an ordinance directing "all the *bourgeois* and inhabitants" of the city to illuminate the fronts of their houses, "in order to celebrate with due respect a great victory gained in America, both by land and sea, over the English, by the armies of the king combined with those commanded by General Washington." Even in Great Britain the disappointment was not universal. Bancroft tells us that "Fox—to whom, in reading history, the defeats of armies of invaders, from Xerxes's time downward, gave the greatest satisfaction—heard of the capitulation of Yorktown with wild delight." The king, of course, was still firm and uncompromising, and declared that he should never be "in the smallest degree an instrument" in making peace at the expense of separation from America. To Lord North he wrote, November 28: "I have no doubt when men are a little recovered of the shock felt by the bad news, and feel that if we recede no one can tell to what a degree the consequence of this country will be diminished, that they will then find the necessity of carrying on the war, though the mode of it may require alterations." Many good Englishmen believed as the king did, and the gentle poet Cowper was only avowing his loyalty to his sovereign and his nation when he inserted this passage in a letter to his friend the Rev. John Newton: "It appears to me that the king is bound, both by the duty he owes to himself and his people, to consider himself with respect to every inch of his territory as a trustee, deriving his interest in them from God, and invested with them by Divine authority for the benefit of his subjects. As he may not sell them or waste them, so he may not resign them to an enemy, or transfer his right to govern them to any, not even to themselves, so long as it is possible for him to keep it. If he does, he betrays at once his own interest and that of his other dominions. Viewing the thing in this light, if I sat on his Majesty's throne, I should be as obstinate as he." Opinion in Parliament rapidly changed after the disaster, and in March, 1782, the Commons voted to authorize the king to make peace with America. On the 19th of April, 1783, eight years to a day after the war broke out, the good news that it was over was announced to the army by its beloved chief.

ALMOND BLOSSOM.

[*See Frontispiece.*]

Love, will you yet regret the flowers that lie
Scattered, and wet with tears from April's sky?
They are not dead—the flowers can never die.

They are the gladness of a world unworn;
They sleep and waken with it, night and morn,
And laugh our dreams of ancient days to scorn.

O'er the wide gulfs that part us from the past,
O'er ruins of great works designed to last,
The lightly woven chain of flowers is cast;

And odors of old gardens, faintly blown
From legendary days and shores unknown,
Blend with the breath of those our hands have sown.

Of Milton's world how much was doomed to pass!
And yet we linger on the daisied grass,
And pluck the flowers he plucked for Lycidas,

And still the spring-time crowns a waiting land
With tender bloom. Nay, Love, 'tis you who stand
With almond clusters in your clasping hand,

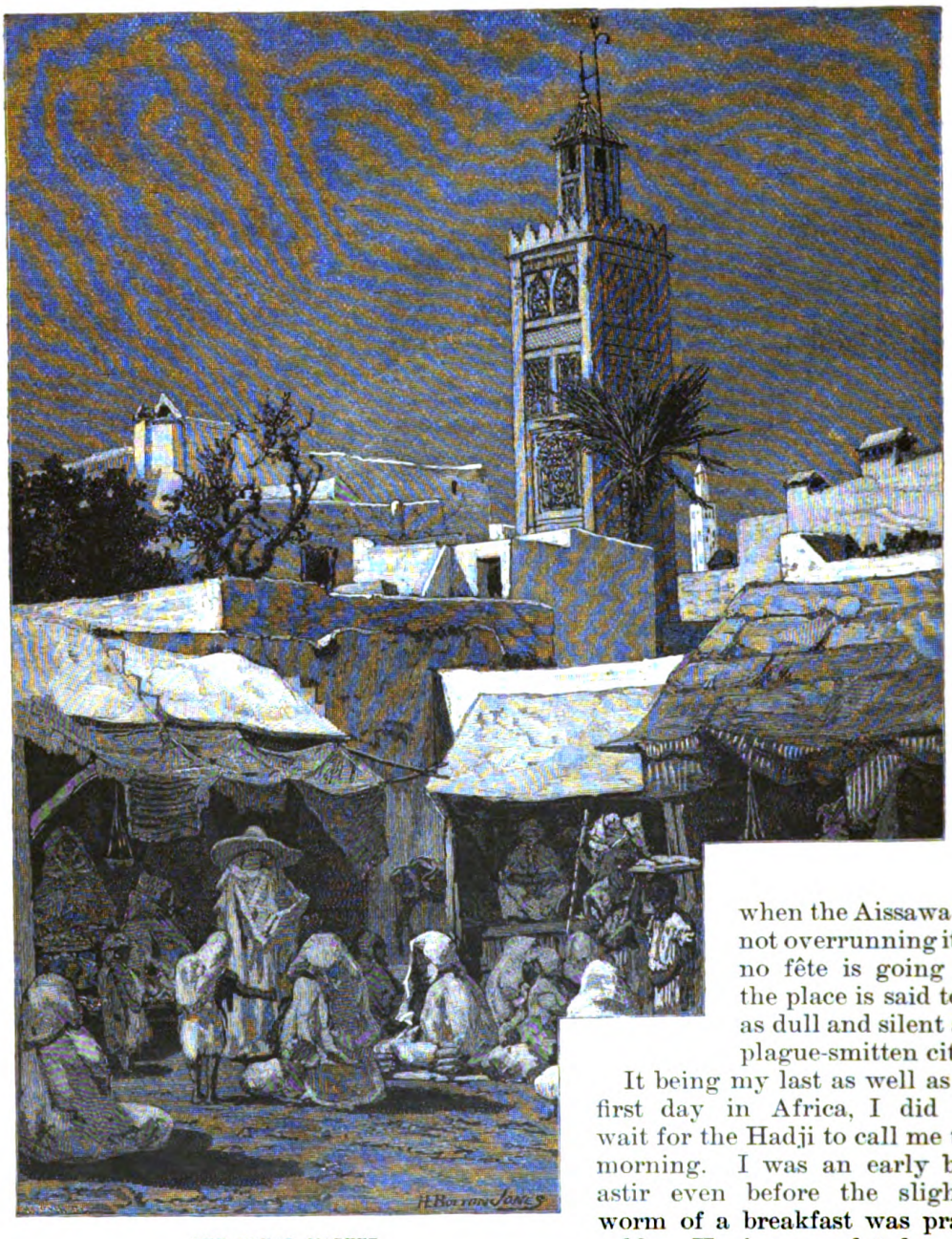
And all the sunset heaven behind your head;
'Tis you must pass, an unknown way to tread,
And leave the flowers. If I had long been dead,

Yet came from sleep of twilight centuries,
The almond blossom 'neath these vernal skies
Should welcome me again, but not your eyes.

The rosy petals, drifted on the breeze,
Might strew, as now, the turf beneath the trees.
As now? No, not as now. Because to these

Pink sprays of almond, for a little space,
Your musing smile, your blossom-perfect face,
Give a supreme and solitary grace.

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THE BREAD MARKET.

A DAY IN AFRICA.

Part Second.

IV.

IT was Sunday. I do not know whose Sunday it was, for there are three to the week in Tangier, the Mohammedan, the Jew, and the Christian having each his own. It was Sunday; but what was more to the purpose, it was also a market-day. I had caught the town in one of its spasms of business. Between these spasms, and when the Aissawa are not overrunning it, or no fête is going on, the place is said to be as dull and silent as a plague-smitten city.

It being my last as well as my first day in Africa, I did not wait for the Hadji to call me that morning. I was an early bird, astir even before the slightest worm of a breakfast was practicable. Having completed my toilet, I wandered out on the platform in front of my bedroom to kill the intervening hour. Discovering a stone staircase leading still higher, I mounted the steps, and found myself on the roof of the hotel.

The Kasba on the height had all its windows illuminated by the daybreak, but the rest of the town lay in cool shadow. At my feet stretched a confused mass of square-cut white houses, reaching to the sea's edge on one side, and ending in drifts on the slant of a hill at my left—a town of snow that had seemingly dropped

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flake by flake from the clouds during the night.

There were figures moving on several of the neighboring house-tops. All the roofs were perfectly flat, and most of them surrounded by low battlements. Yonder was a young negress in sulphur-hued caftan and green girdle, shaking a striped rug over a parapet, and looking consciously picturesque. On a terrace further off a Moorish washer-woman and a little girl were spreading out their härcks and embroidered napkins on the flag-stones: the sun would reach them by-and-by. At my right was a man indolently lifting himself off a piece of carpet laid dangerously near the unprotected roof edge—possibly a summer boarder who had chosen that airy bed-chamber. He was rubbing his eyes, and had evidently slept there overnight. In this temperate climate, where the thermometer seldom rises above 90°, and rarely falls below 40°, the house-top would be preferable to an inside room to a summer boarder. On many of the roofs was evidence of pretty attempts at gardening, oleanders, acacias, palms, and dwarf almond-trees being set out in ornamental jars and tubs. There, no doubt, was the family resort after night-fall, the scene of ceremonious or social visits, and, I imagine, of much starry love-making.

Behind the hotel, in a desolate vacant lot checkered by small vats half filled with dye-stuffs, was an Arab tanner at work. Standing in the midst of his colored squares, he resembled a solitary chessman. I could look directly down on his smooth bare skull, which seemed cast of gilt-bronze or bell-metal. He wore nothing but a breech-cloth. The Moorish tanners are very expert, and employ arts not known to the trade elsewhere. They have a process by which lion and panther skins are rendered as pliable as satin, and of creamy whiteness. The green leather of Tafilet, the red of Fez, and the yellow of Morocco are highly esteemed.

I was still on the roof-top when the Hadji summoned me to breakfast, immediately after which we set forth on a stroll through the city. The streets of Tangier lose a little on close inspection by daylight; they are very dirty and very narrow, forming a labyrinth from which a stranger could scarcely extricate himself without the grace of God. I was constantly imagining we had come back to our starting-point, the houses being unnumbered, and without any feature to distinguish one from the other. It was like walking through endless avenues of tombs. Each building presented to the contracted footway an inhospitable, massive wall, set with a door of the exact pattern of its neighbor. This monotony is a characteristic of Oriental street architecture. No wonder the robber chief, in "The Forty Thieves," put a chalk-mark on the door of Ali Baba's house in order to find it again; and no wonder the slave-girl Morgiana completely frustrated the device by marking half a dozen doors in a similar manner.

Whatever of elegance there may be inside the Moorish houses, the outside is careful to give no hint of it. I believe that some of the interiors are lavishly decorated. Once or twice, in passing a half-open gate, I caught sight of a tesselated *patio*, with a fountain set in the midst of flowers and broad-leaved shrubbery, reminding me of the Andalusian court-yards. But the domestic life of the Mussulman goes veiled like his women.

For a city with so many Sundays, Tangier makes a rather poor exhibit in the line of sacred architecture. The foreign legations have a secluded chapel somewhere, and there are several mosques and Jewish synagogues, but none of note, except the Mohammedan mosque, whose porcelain-plated tower is the best part of it. In my quality of Christian dog I was not admitted to the edifice. The Hadji described the interior as being barren of interest. When the faithful go in to devotions they leave their foot-covering in the vestibule. As we went by that morning there were thirty or forty empty slippers of all sizes and colors arranged in a row on the stone pavement. They suggested the remnants of a row of soldiers that had been blown away by some phenomenal volley.

The Moors are handsome men, haughty of feature, and with great dignity of carriage. The Arab women, of whom we met not so many, left their charms to the imagination. Though they were muffled up to the eyelids, showing only a strip of buff forehead, they generally turned aside their faces as we approached them. Their street costume was not elaborate—a voluminous linen mantle, apparently covering nothing but a wide-sleeved chemise reaching to the instep and caught at the waist. Their bare feet were thrust into half-slip-

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pers, and their finger-tips stained with henna. Some had only one eye visible. In the younger women, that one pensive black eye peering out from the snowy coif was very piquant. The Hebrew maidens were not so avaricious of themselves, but let their beauty frankly blossom in doorways and at upper casements. Many of the girls were as slender and graceful as vines. In their apparel they appeared to affect solid colors—blues, ochres, carmines, and olive greens. They have a beautiful national dress, which is worn only in private. The Jewesses of Tangier are famous for their eyes, teeth, and complexions, and for their figures in early maidenhood. At thirty-five they are shapeless old women,

"Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans—everything."



THE SWORD-GRINDER.

The increasing number of passers-by, and a confused buzz of voices that grew

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every moment more audible, indicated that we were nearing some centre of traffic or pleasure. Leaving a fearful alley behind us—an alley where heaps of refuse were piled in the middle of the foot-path, and the body of a collapsed cat or dog was continually blocking the way—we issued upon the place of the bazars—a narrow winding hill-side thoroughfare, paved with cobble-stones, and lined on either hand by a series of small alcoves scooped in the masonry.

In each of these recesses a Jew or an Arab merchant sat cross-legged upon a little counter, with his goods piled within convenient reach on shelves at his side and over his head. The counter, which rose to the height of the customer's breast, was really the floor of the shop. In one booth nothing was sold but steel-work—Damascus blades (manufactured round the corner) with richly wrought hilts; slim Moorish guns with a profusion of mother-of-pearl and tortoise-shell inlay on the breeches; shields, chains, spurs, bits, and the like. In an angle of the wall, near this booth, was a half-naked sword-grinder serving a Bedouin, who leaned on a spear-handle, and with critical eye watched the progress of the workman. Here was a tobacconist, with fragrant Latakia to dispose of, and snake-stemmed nargilehs in which to burn it; there, a fruiterer, buried in figs and dates and sweetmeat confections; further on, a jeweller, or a dealer in knickknacks, or a saddle-maker. The smartest shops were those of the cloth merchants. At their doors were displayed rose-colored caftans, rivulets of scarfs shot with silver thread, broidered towels, Daghestan rugs, bright fabrics from Rabatt and Tetuan.

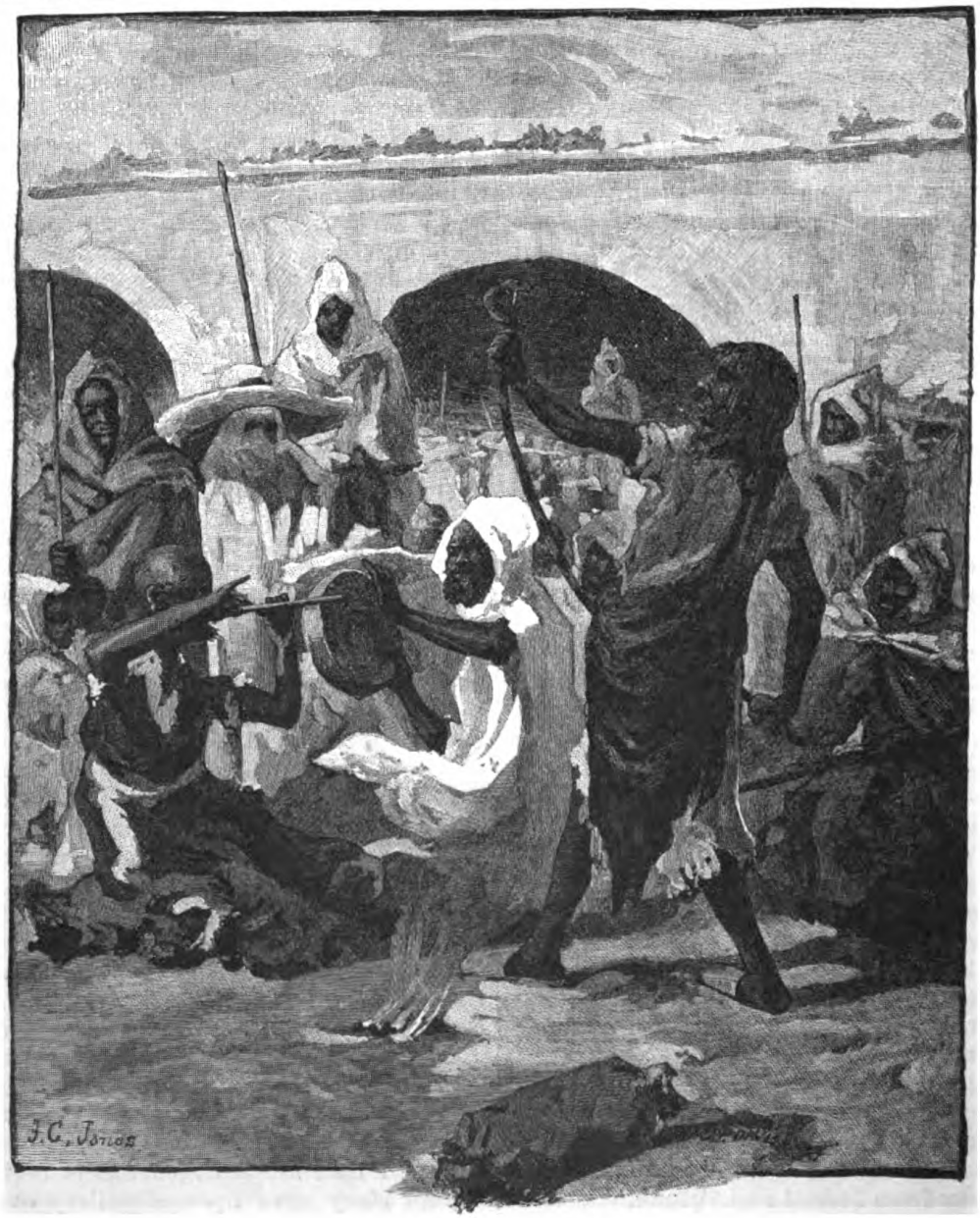
There was no lack of color or animation in the crowd; no lack of customers beating their bosoms and exploding with incredulity at the prices demanded (I saw an old Berber in front of one bazar tear off his turban and trample on it, to show he would give no such price); no lack of peripatetic venders interfering with legitimate trade; no lack of noisy water-sellers, each with his sprig of scented shrub laid over his water-skin; there was, in brief, no lack of anything proper to the scene and the moment; yet I had a sense of disappointment, and probably expressed it in my face.

"Then you would be disappointed in the bazars at Damascus," said the Hadji, sadly, for he had the honor of Tangier at heart. "This is Damascus, or any Eastern city, in small. In the great capitals you would see more, but nothing different. The bazars at Constantinople are gay, yes; of European gayety, you understand—only half national. These are the shops of the people, such as you will see through the East. But there are other establishments of richer merchants, to which the wise go. I will take you to one. It is not far."

Before quitting the mart, I entered into a slight mercantile transaction with the fruiterer, which resulted in filling both my pockets to the top with copper coins—the surprising change due me out of a two-franc piece. These coins, not one of which was less than three centuries old (I have a piece dated 1288), are worth about a dollar a bushel. The five-pointed star, or Solomon's ring, stamped on one side, is supposed to be a talisman against the evil-eye; but it can scarcely reconcile the Moors to the fact that the government pays its debts in this wretched currency, called *flu*, and will receive nothing for imposts and taxes but silver or gold. I was glad, later on, to deposit that copper with a necromancer in the Soc-de-Barra, to see what he could do with it.

The shop of one of the richer merchants to which the wise go, and where the Hadji incontinently took me, was located on the second floor of a private house in an adjacent side street. As it was the sole house that was likely to show me its penetralia, I noted that it had a square court in the centre open to the sky, and that all the apartments in the second story gave upon a gallery overlooking this court-yard. Here were three large rooms packed from floor to cornice with a little of everything on earth—arms, jewelry, costumes, bronzes, Moorish faience, sandal-wood boxes, amber beads, old brass lamps (for which any Aladdin would have been glad to exchange new ones), and bale upon bale of silks and fairy textures from looms of Samarcand and Bokhara. Here, also, was a merchant who pulled a face as smooth as a mirror while he demanded four times the value of his merchandise. Nevertheless, I purchased, on reasonable enough terms, a chiselled brass cresset and an ancient Moorish scent-bottle in silver. But the possession of these did not console me for

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SNAKE-CHARMERS.

all the tantalizing drapery and golden bric-à-brac I was unable to purchase.

"Not to desire or admire, if a man could learn it, were more
Than to walk all day like the Sultan of old in a garden of spice."

The truly wise wouldn't go to the shop of Selam-Ben-Rhaman!

Passing out into the open air again, we threaded several tortuous lanes, which clearly had not been visited by a scavenger's cart within the present century, and struck the main street at a point near the double gates leading to the Soc-de-Barra. Speaking of carts, there is not one of any description in Tangier. If the pedestrian gets himself run over there, it must be by a donkey pure and simple.

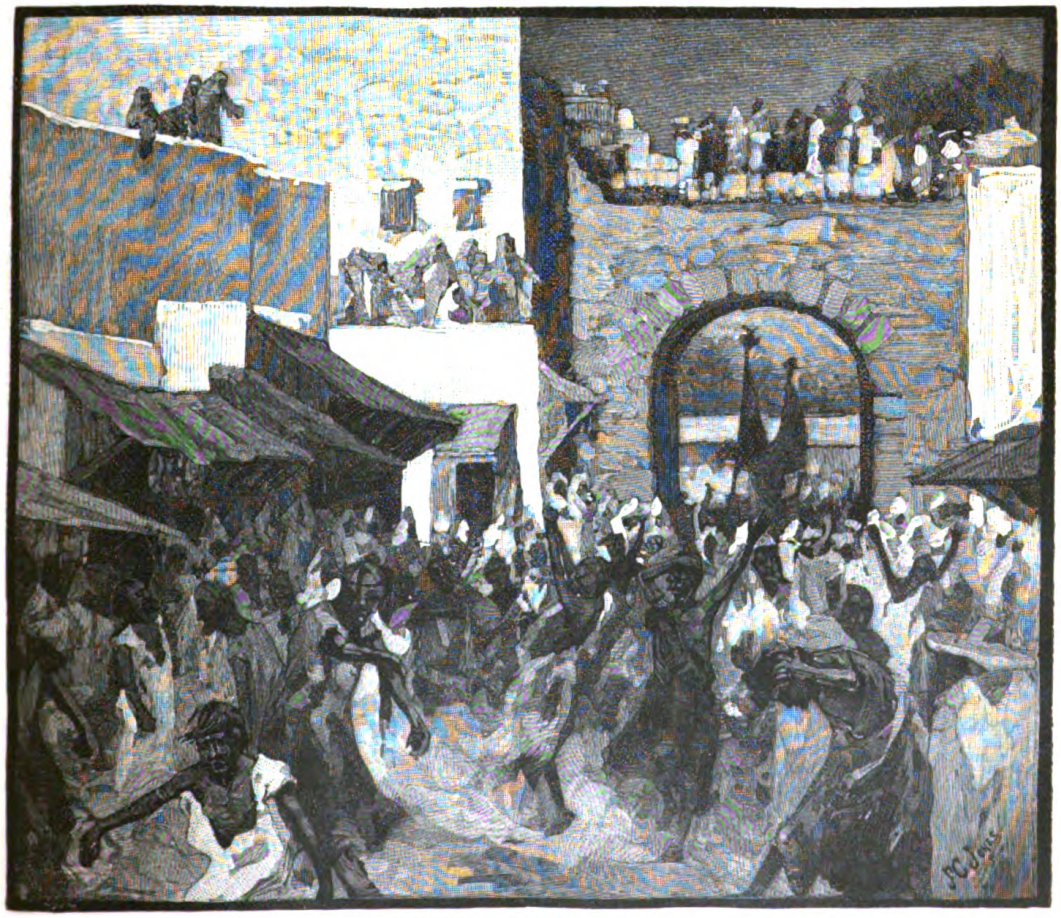
A dozen steps brought us outside the turreted wall of the town to the foot of the hill called Soc-de-Barra, upon a slope of which was the market-place—a barren stretch of sun-scorched earth, broken here and there by dunes of reddish-gray sand. In the middle foreground was the caved-in mausoleum of some forgotten saint, and on the ridge of the slope an old cemetery, so dreary with its few hopeless fig-

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trees and aloes that it made the heart ache to look at it. Nothing ever gave me such a poignant sense of death and dusty oblivion as those crumbling tombs overshadowing the clamorous and turbulent life on the hill-side.

At first the spectacle was bewildering, and it was only by concentrating my attention on detached groups and figures that I was able to form any distinct impression of it. One's eyes were dazzled by the innumerable purple caftans and red fezes and snowy turbans, mingling and separating, and melting every instant into some grotesque and harmonious combination, like the bits of colored glass in a kaleidoscope. The usual hurly-burly of a market-day had been added to by the unexpected arrival of a caravan from Fez.

The unloading of the packs was now going on amid the incessant angry disputes of the Arab porters and occasional remonstrative groans from the gaunt camels kneeling in the hot sand. Near by, on a lean horse, sat a Bedouin, with his gun slung over the pommel. He was dirty and ragged, but his crimson saddle-cloth was worked with gold braid, and metal ornaments dangled from his bridle. Bending a trifle forward in the saddle, the son of the desert seemed to be intently observing the porters, but in reality he was half listening to an elderly Arab who sat on the ground a few paces distant, surrounded by a wholly absorbed circle of listeners. It was curious to watch their mobile faces reflecting, like so many mirrors, the various changes in the expression of the speaker. He was telling a story—a story that required much pressing of the hand against the heart and many swift transitions from joy to despair, and finally involved a pantomime of a person on horseback carrying off somebody. A love story! Perhaps one of Scheherezade's. The spirit, though not the letter, of it reached me. I noticed, with proper professional pride, that neither the mountebank near the saint's tomb, nor the snake-



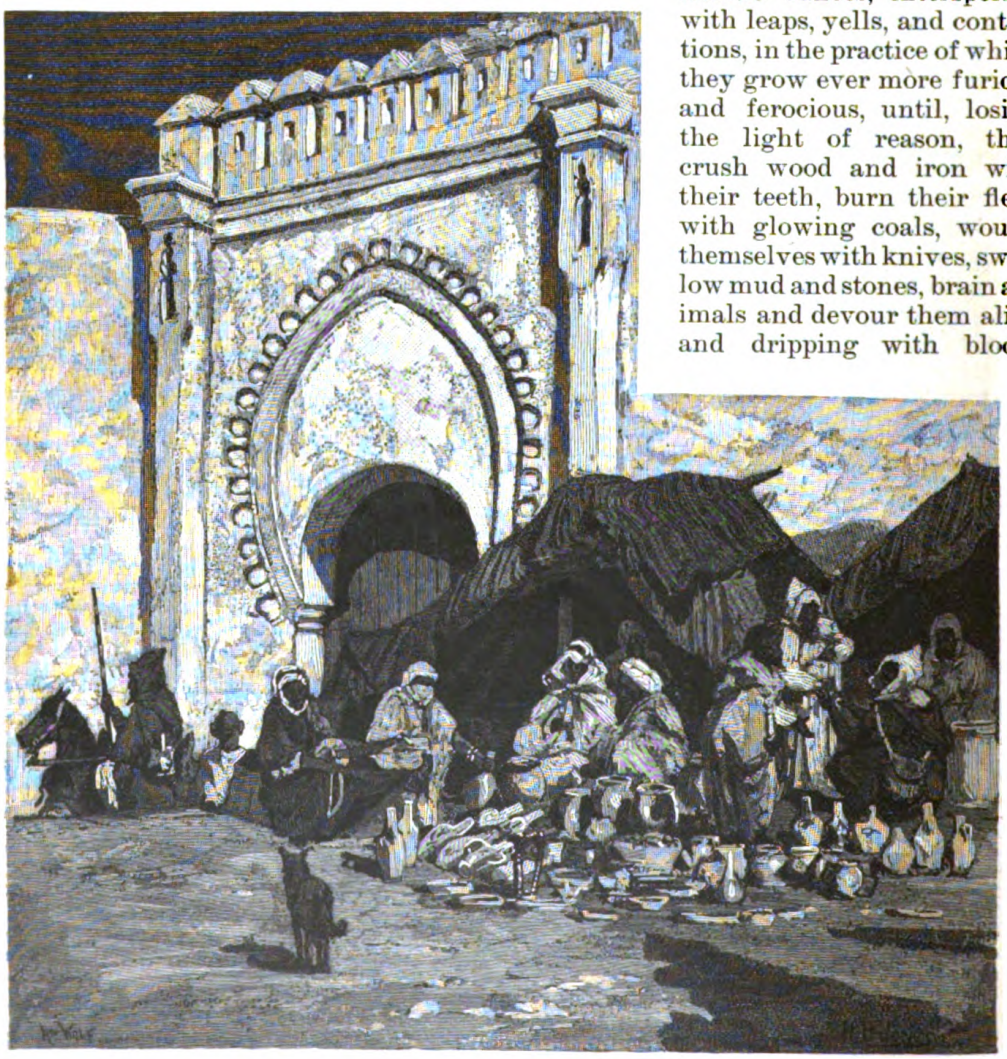
PROCESSION OF THE AISSAWA.

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charmer further up the slope, had so large an audience as the story-teller.

The snake-tamer, however, honestly earned his hire by letting an ugly cobra de capello draw blood from his cheek to the slow music of a reed pipe and a tambourine played by a couple of assistants. After wondering at the man, I began to wonder at the serpent for biting so hideous an object. Only less hideous was his neighbor, the necromancer, who did some really clever feats of fire-eating, and became the recipient at my hands of about two pounds of copper *flu*. The gratuity seemed to have the effect of putting an end to his performance, for he abruptly disappeared after this accession of wealth.

Both these men, as well as the several mendacious "saints" who were collecting tribute of the crowd, belonged to that fanatical sect known as the Aissawa, whose periodic incursions in force into Tangier must be more picturesque than agreeable, if the Hadji gave me a true account of them. His description did not materially differ from that which I find in an admirable work on Morocco by Edmondo de Amicis, from which I quote: "The Aissawa are one of the principal religious confraternities of Morocco, founded, like the others, under the inspiration of God, by a saint called Sidi-Mohammed-ben-Aissa, born at Mekïnez two centuries ago. . . . They have a great mosque at Fez, which is the central house of the order, and from thence they spread themselves every year over the provinces of the empire, gathering together as they go those members of the brotherhood who are in towns and villages. Their rites, similar to those of the howling and whirling dervishes of the East, consist in a species of frantic dances, interspersed with leaps, yells, and contortions, in the practice of which they grow ever more furious and ferocious, until, losing the light of reason, they crush wood and iron with their teeth, burn their flesh with glowing coals, wound themselves with knives, swallow mud and stones, brain animals and devour them alive and dripping with blood.



POTTERY MERCHANTS.

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and finally fall to the ground insensible."

If I had chosen my day in Africa a week earlier, I should have witnessed one of those edifying festivals; but I missed that, as well as the fête of the birth of Mohammed, on which occasion the Soc-de-Barra is a very gay spot. At all times, I fancy, it is little more than a barbaric play-ground.

So far as I could observe, its special claims as a market were sustained this day only by four or five isolated clusters of aged crones, who squatted under striped awnings, and sold bread, pottery, and a kind of grain called *durra*, which forms the staple food of the lower classes. I have seen few specimens of Tangier pottery in collections. It is very rude, and utterly wanting in most of the qualities usually prized; but its brilliant glaze and the barbaric fancy of some of its designs entitle it to consideration. I am speaking of the ware used by the common people. The only lively trade I saw carried on in the market was done in those gaudily tinted jars and vases.

The majority of the crowd seemed to have no purpose whatever beyond wandering from point to point and indulging in as many gesticulations as possible. Now and then a mysterious hush fell upon the throng, a breathless silence broken an instant afterward by universal chatter. Neither the sudden silence nor the sudden clamor explained itself. Underlying it all was a profound melancholy. Here, three or four half-grown Soudan negroes lay prone on their backs, blinking at the sky; there, a squad of venerable Rifans leaned apathetically against a whitewashed wall in the strong sunshine—meagre, dry old men, looking like mummies that had warmed into a semblance of life, and had partially thrown aside their cerements. The moment a person ceased speaking and moving, he became a statue of weariness. It was a relief to watch a score or two of comical little Arab boys—the exact pattern of Tanagra *figurines*—darting in and out among the confusion of legs, and making up impertinent faces under their peaked hoods, as some irate by-stander from time to time gave one of them an impromptu taste of a lance-handle.

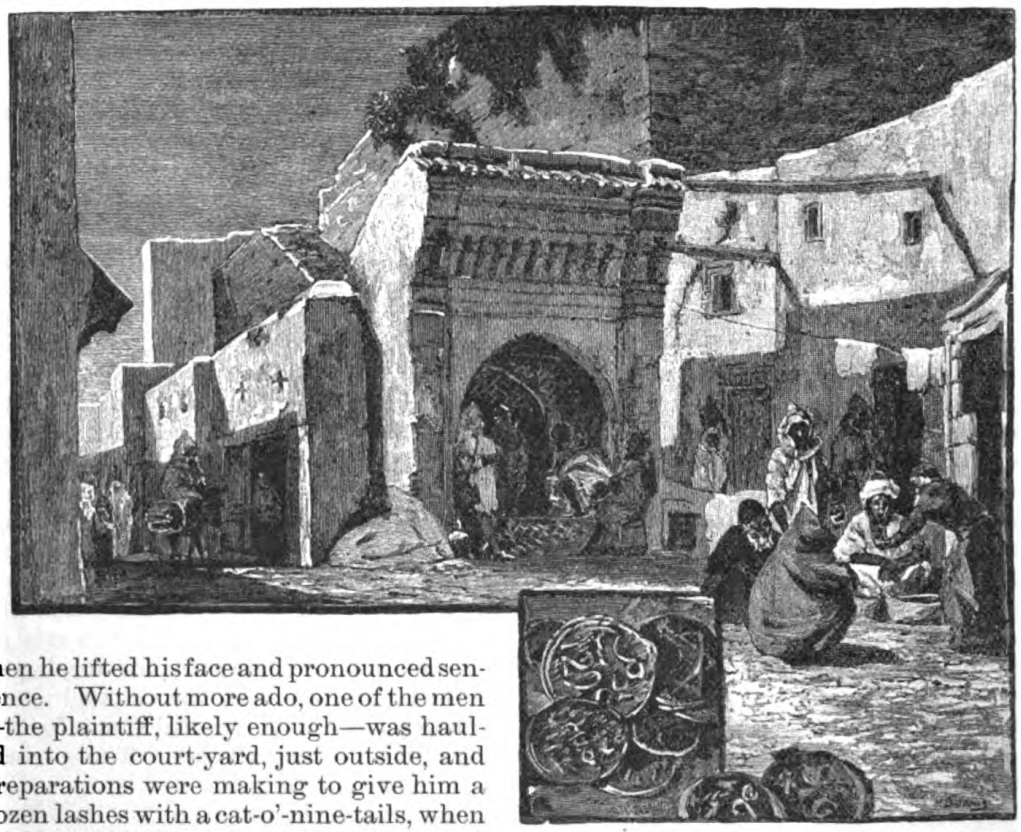
Suddenly I caught a glimpse of my fellow-voyager the Dutch artist, with his easel planted in a shadow of the wrinkled wall, sketching away like mad. I envied him, for to a painter this Soc-de-Barra should be a mine of wealth. Indeed, all Tangier is that. Fortuny and Henri Regnault have taught us how rich it is. The latter, after receiving the Prix de Rome, resided a long time in Tangier. It was here he painted his magnificent "Exécution sans Jugement sous les Rois maures de Grenade"; and it was from his Arabian dreams in the old Moorish town that he awoke at the fall of Sedan, and hurried to give his life, as freely as he had given his genius, to France. Regnault met his death, futilely, in almost the last engagement of the war—if it is futile to be a hero.

He was still in my thought as I turned back to the city gate, for my next excursion was to the hill of the Kasba—a spot associated with his memory. The treasury building in the Kasba furnished him with the background of his "Sortie du Pacha"—one of Regnault's masterpieces.

Without this fact the citadel itself would poorly have rewarded me for the hot climb up the hill-side. The governor, or bashaw, has his residence in the castle, which is garrisoned. I believe there was a horrible prison hidden somewhere in its depths, but I did not attempt to visit it. Doubtless the stucco-work of the innumerable apartments I looked into was once as gorgeous with gold-leaf and pigment as the mezquita at Cordova, or the Hall of the Abencerrages in the Alhambra; but nothing of the past richness remained. Here and there on a moulding or at the base of a column a line in Cufic characters or an embossed sentence from the Koran tamely wriggled out from the whitewash. That was all. The sacrilegious brush of man had done as much damage there as the hand of time.

The architecture did not pay me for my pains, but I was amply paid by being allowed to assist at a Moorish court of justice, upon which the Hadji and I stumbled by chance. The judge, or cadi—I am not positive as to the cadiship—was seated on a Persian rug in the middle of a room small enough and gloomy enough to be a cell. Behind him was ranged a row of barefooted soldiers; in front of him stood plaintiff and defendant, alike abject. Each in turn delivered himself of a long speech containing frequent allusions to Allah, and relapsed into silence. When the pair had finished, the flabby judge sat awhile, ruminative, with his chin buried in his beard;

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FOUNTAIN AND MONEY-CHANGERS.

then he lifted his face and pronounced sentence. Without more ado, one of the men —the plaintiff, likely enough—was hauled into the court-yard, just outside, and preparations were making to give him a dozen lashes with a cat-o'-nine-tails, when we hastened our departure. I expected nothing but to see his head snipped off before we could get out of the place. A vision of that splash of blood on the white marble stairs in Regnault's picture danced in front of my eyes.

The Hadji laughingly remarked that the fellow had met with no more than his deserts. The laws of Morocco are extremely severe; it is seldom that either the guilty or the innocent escape. The penalty for petty larceny is so rigorous that the offense is comparatively unknown, except in the interior, where robbery and murder are recognized professions. The nomads and the people of the *duars* live by plundering caravans and straggling travellers. But at Tangier, under the flags of the legations, a stranger's life and property are more secure than in one of our American cities. In a community where a man loses his right hand if he helps himself to somebody else's hen, the love of poultry, for example, becomes discreet and chastened. The door of my bedroom at the hotel had no fastening on it, and needed none.

It was now three o'clock, and time for me to return to the inn. My twenty-four hours of Africa were drawing to a close. The little steamer that was to take me back to Gibraltar, immediately after an early dinner, was already spreading some coquettish sooty curls over her smoke-stack. Before descending to level ground, and plunging once more into the intricacies of the lower town, I lingered a few minutes on the heights of the Kasba to take a farewell look.

It is a very ancient city, the oldest city but one in the world. The Moors of Spain in the time of Aboo-Abdallah made pilgrimages to it on account of its antiquity. The cloth merchants, and the swarthy money-changers, and the shrill water-carriers were plying their trade, and all the indolent, feverish life we witness to-day was seething, in these narrow streets when Christ was a little child in Nazareth.

Founded in some unknown period, by the Carthaginians it is supposed, Tangier —the Tingis of the Romans—has always been a bone of bloody contention among the nations. In the reign of Claudius it became the capital of the province Mauritania Tingitana, and was an important city. Wrested from the Romans, it pass-

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ed successively under the rule of the Vandals, Greeks, Saracens, and Arabs. In 1471, Tangier fell into the possession of the Portuguese, who, in 1662, ceded it to England as a portion of the dower of the Infanta Catherine of Braganza, queen of Charles II. The English, finding that the occupation was not worth the cost, abandoned the place in 1684, after demolishing the mole. Here a quaint and incongruous figure appears for an instant on the scene—the figure of Mr. Samuel Pepys. I think it was a conception of high humor on the part of Charles II. to send Mr. Pepys among the Moors, for it was by the king's order that he accompanied Lord Dartmouth with the fleet dispatched to destroy the sea-wall. This precautionary piece of engineering left the bay of Tangier in such plight as to render the town impossible of approach by large vessels, except in the rarest weather. The ruins of the old mole are still visible at low tide, ragged, honeycombed blocks of masonry, looking, when seen through the transparent emerald of the Mediterranean, like ledges of silver.

The water in the harbor is so shallow that until the present emperor projected a landing for small boats, the visitor arriving there by sea was forced to go ashore on the back of a native. This has been the emperor's sole concession to the spirit of modern progress. During the last hundred years— But my strong interest in the historic part of Tangier ends with Mr. Pepys.

From any point of view the hoary little town is vastly interesting: the remoteness and obscurity of its origin, the sieges, pestilences, and massacres it has undergone, and the tenacity with which it clings to primitive customs and beliefs, are so many charms. To walk its streets is to breathe the air of Scriptural times. There, to-day, fishermen costumed like Peter are dragging their nets on the sandy shingle outside the gates; at the fountain stands Rebekah with her water-jar poised on her head, and a hand's-breadth of brown bosom lying bare between the green and yellow folds of her robe. To-day, as eighteen hundred years ago, a pallid, hook-nosed man shuffles by counting some coins in his palm—the veritable thirty pieces of silver, perhaps. If it be not Judas Iscariot himself, then it is a descendant, and a striking family likeness. In brief, Tangier is a colossal piece of bric-à-brac which one would like to own.

A countryman of ours, a New-Yorker if I remember, once proposed to purchase Shakspeare's house at Stratford, and transport it bodily to Central Park. I had a like impulse touching Tangier. Perhaps I may be permitted to say that in a certain sense I *have* brought it home with me, and set it up in Franklin Square.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

PART III.

A SON of Erin is said to have exclaimed, on seeing the White Mountains for the first time, "Bedad, there is, then, so much waste land in America that they have to stack it!" Could these mountains be levelled, and the materials they contain be spread out, a vast area would be gained, at the price of reducing New England to a desert. We are therefore content that there is not enough faith in the world, at least since the day of the apostles, to say unto these mountains, "Remove!"

In the language of the great French poet, and without more ceremony, once more,

"Levons les yeux vers les saintes montagnes."

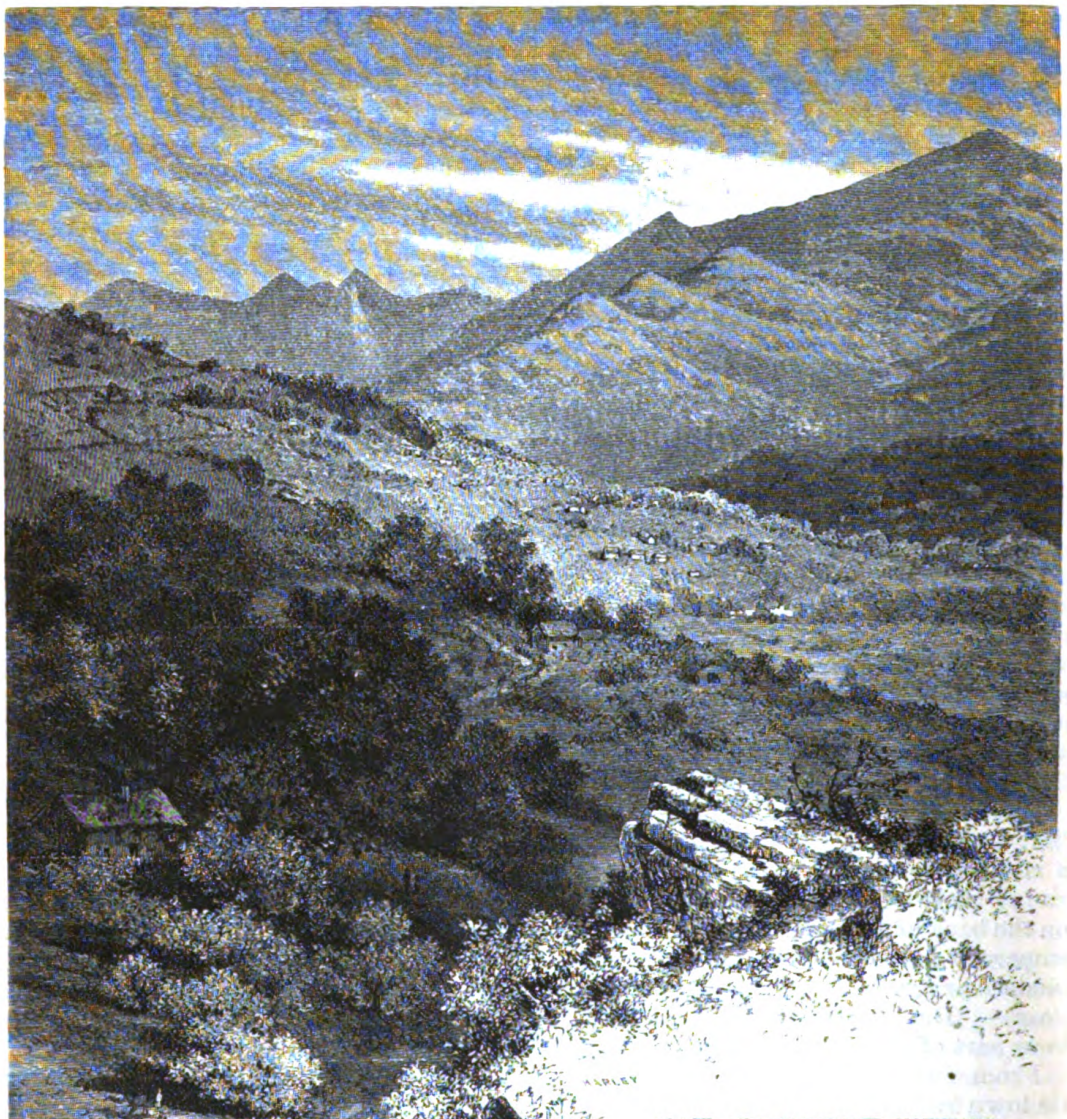
Plymouth, in New Hampshire, lies at the entrance to the Pemigewasset Valley like an encampment pitched to dispute its passage. At present its design is to facilitate the ingress of tourists. A single glance at the map will suffice to show its strategic importance.

Perhaps it is scarcely remembered that Nathaniel Hawthorne breathed his last in this village on the night of May 18, 1864. He who was born in sight of these mountains had come among them to die.

At three in the afternoon I set out for Campton, seven miles up the valley, which the carriage road soon enters upon, and which, by a few unregarded turnings, is presently as fast shut up as if its mountain gates had in reality swung noiselessly together behind you. Hardly had I recovered from the effect of the deception produced by seeing the same mountain first upon one side, then upon the other, when I saw, spanned by a high bridge, the river in violent commotion below me.

The Pemigewasset, confined here between narrow banks, has cut for itself two deep channels through its craggy and cavernous bed; but one of these being dammed for the purpose of deepening the other, the general picturesqueness of the

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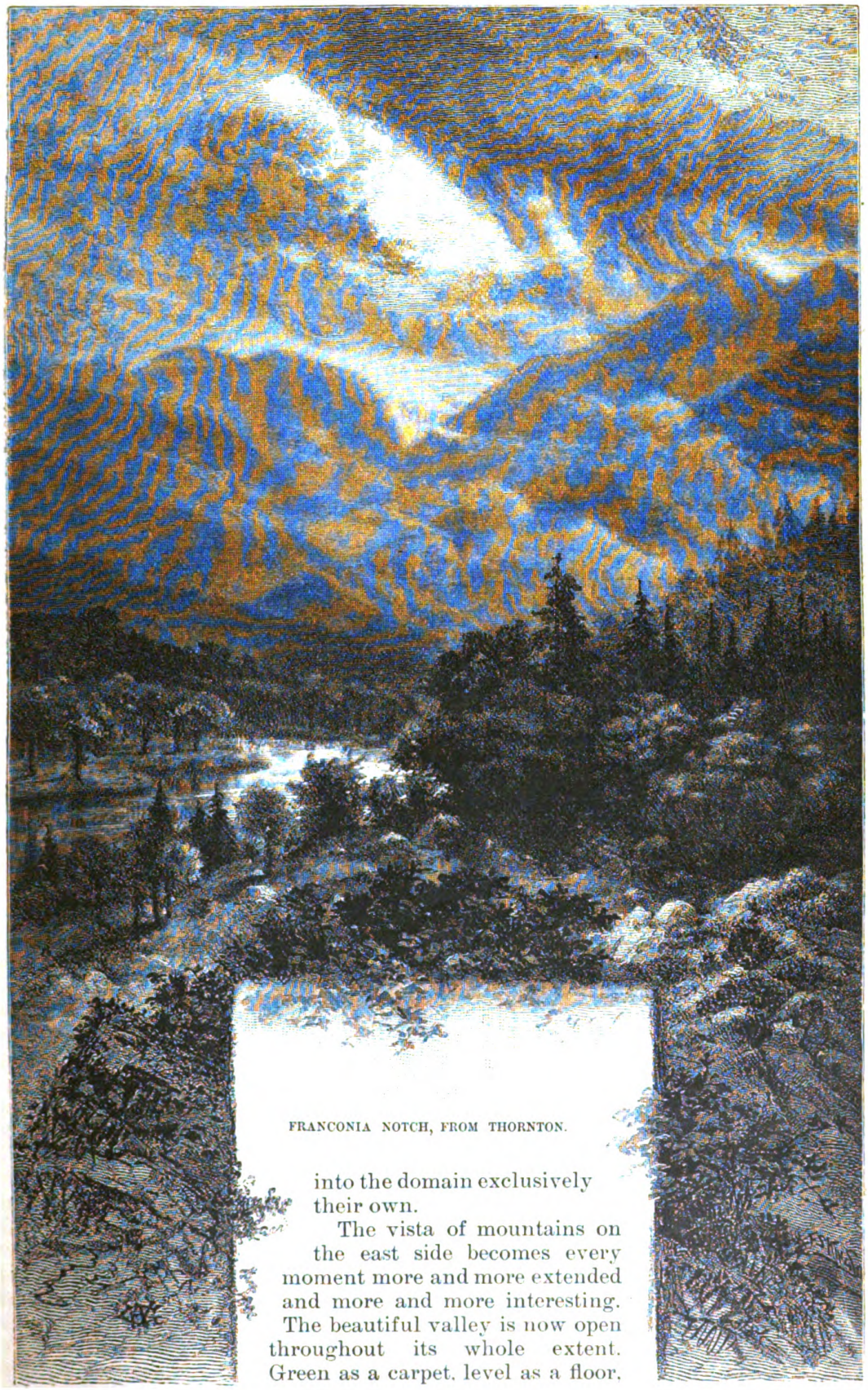


BLACK AND TRIPYRAMID MOUNTAINS, FROM CAMPTON.

fall is greatly diminished. Still, it is a pretty and engaging sight, this cataract, especially if the river be full, although you think of a mettled Arabian harnessed in a tread-mill when you look at it. Livermore Fall, as it is called, is but two miles from Plymouth, the white houses of which look hot in the same brilliant sunlight that falls so gently upon the luxuriant green of the valley.

Half a mile below the little village of West Campton, the road crossed the point of a spur thrust well out into the valley from the mountain. It is here that the circlet of mountains inclosing it on all sides like a gigantic palisade is first seen. Dimmed by distance, surrounded by an atmosphere deliciously tender, clothed with poetic feeling, we now see the great clump of granite spires, the family of grand peaks, dividing with Mount Washington and his distinguished compeers the honor of keeping watch and ward over New England. We salute these venerable towers from afar, before beginning a last pilgrimage

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FRANCONIA NOTCH, FROM THORNTON.

into the domain exclusively their own.

The vista of mountains on the east side becomes every moment more and more extended and more and more interesting. The beautiful valley is now open throughout its whole extent. Green as a carpet, level as a floor,

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the valley, adorned with clumps of elms, groves of maples, strips of tilled land of a rich chocolate brown, makes altogether a picture which sets the eye fairly dancing. Even the daisies, the clover so plentifully spangling the green meadows, the buttercups gleaming like patches of sunshine, seem far brighter and sweeter in this atmosphere, and nod a playful welcome as we pass them by. It is not clothed with a feeling of overpowering grandeur, this valley, but it is beautiful. It is not terrible, but bewitching.

In one place, far away to the north, the


WHITE MOUNTAINS
(WEST SIDE)
1881.
FRANCONIA NOTCH
Swift Water
Benton
Haverhill Centre
East Haverhill
Warren Summit
Warren
Wentworth
Rumney
West Rumney
Quincy
West Plymouth
Plymouth
Dansville
Flume House
North Woodstock
Woodstock
West Thornton
Thornton Centre
Ellsworth
Campton Village
West Campton
Campton
Holderness
Bridgewater
Ashland
New Hampton Sta.
Easton
Profile Ho
Sugar Hill
Franconia
Mt. Kinsman
Mt. Liberty
Mt. Flume
Big Coolidge Mt.
Mt. Lincoln
Mt. Haystack
Mt. Lafayette
Eagle Cliff
Old Man of the Mountain
Cannon or Profile Mtn.
Bald Mt.
Lonesome or Mirgan Lake
Echo Lake
Profile Lake
Franconia Notch
Basin
Falls
Black Pd.
Kinsman Pd.
Walker Falls
Mt. Hitchcock
Mt. Huntington
Mt. Osceola
Mt. Tecumseh
Waterville
Mt. Fisher
Noon Peak
Jennings Peak
Mt. Weetamoo
Mt. Prospect
Mt. Morgan
Peaked Hill
Blake Hill
Bald Hill
Stinson Mt.
Round Hill
Hawks Mt.
Beech Hill
Loon Pd.
Peaked Hill Pond
Mill Br.
Beech River
Baker River
Pemigewasset R.
Ammonoosuc R.
Clay Br.
Black Br.
Dana Br.
Tunnel Brook
Long Pond
Gordon Pd.
Kinsman Notch
Blue Ridge
Moosilauke Br.
Russell Pd.
Cascade
Loon Pond
Scar Ridge
Hancock Br.
East Branch of Pemigewasset R.
Mad R.
Campton Mts.
Hardhack Ridge
Smith R.
Great Id.
Potato Id.
Cotton Id.
Mouse Id.
Duck Id.
Sheppard Id.
Drake Id.
Hen Id.
Goose Id.
Hackman Id.
White Oak Pd.
Hawkins Pd.
Long Pd.
Jackson Pd.
Pine Hill
Holderness Mts.
New Hampton Mts.
Merrimack R.
Swift Water
Moody Ledge
Cobble Hill
Brier Hill
North Haverhill
Dimmick Pd.
French Pd.
Black Mt.
Sugar Loaf Mt.
Hog's Back Mt.
Mt. Clough
Moosilauke Mt.
Blueberry Mt.
Owls Head
Iron Ore Hill
Knight's Hill
Wachipauka Pd.
Little Pd.
Tarleton Pond
Watt Hill
Webster's Slide Mt.
Mt. Mist
Eastman's Pond
Pine Hill
Knight Hill
Marston Hill
Piermont Mt.
Patch Hill
Clement Hill
Sentinel Mt.
Peaked Hill
Upper Baker Pond
Lower Baker Pond
Martin Br.
Concord
Wentworth Pond Brk.
Simon Pd.
Ellsworth Pd.
Mt. Cushman
Mt. Kineo
Kineo Br.
Eastman Br.
Hubbard Pd.
Elbow Pd.
Waternomee Falls
Mt. Waternomee
Beaver Br.
Lovejoy Br.
Hatch Hill
Welch Mt.
Cone Mt.
Cone Pd.
Peaked Hill Pond
Blake Hill
Ellsworth Pd.
Mt. Stinson
Round Hill
Battlesnake Mt.
Loon Pd.
Beech Hill
Palmer Br.
Morgan Mt.
Peaked Hill
Mill Br.
Mt. Prospect
Montreal
Hicks Hill
Church Hill
Shepard Hill
Lake
White Oak Pd.
Pine Hill
Hawkins Pd.
Long Pd.
Jackson Pd.
New Hampton Sta.
Hackman Id.
Mere



WELCH MOUNTAIN, FROM MAD RIVER, COMPTON.

wall of mountains is shattered down to its centre, like the famous Breach of Roland, and through this enormous loop-hole we see golden mists rising above the undiscovered country beyond. We are looking through the far-famed Franconia Notch. On one side the clustered peaks of Lafayette lift themselves serenely into the sky. On the left, a silvery light is playing on the ledges of Mount Cannon, soft-

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ening all the asperities of this stern-visaged mountain. The two great groups stand fully and finely exposed, though the lower and nearer summits are blended with the higher by distance. Remark the difference of outline. A series of humps distinguishes the crest line of the group, culminating in the oblique wall of Cannon or Profile Mountain. On the contrary, that on the right, culminating in Lafayette, presents two beautiful and regular pyramids, older than Cheops, which sometimes in early morning exactly resemble two monuments springing alert and vigorous as the day which gilds them. This exquisite landscape seldom fails of producing a rapturous outburst from those who are making the journey for the first time.

Looking now across the valley, we distinguish the deep trough through which Mad River descends from the mountains of Waterville. Peering over the nearer elevations, surmounting its valley, the huge blue-black mass of Black Mountain flings two splendid peaks aloft.

Having dedicated one day to an exploration of the Mad River Valley, I can pronounce it well worth any tourist's while to tarry long enough in the vicinity for the purpose. Fording the river, and ascending the opposite slopes, we come at once upon one of those villages that seem retreating from civilization rather than illustrating its advance. Campton Village completely fills the artistic sense. The environment of mountains is so perfect that one might pass and repass the Pemigewasset Valley a hundred times without once suspecting its existence. The colossal mass of Black Mountain, a veritable black giant, with a nipple, a pyramid, and a flattened mound protruding from its summit, and greedily absorbing the sunlight, towers above us four thousand feet. For nearly ten miles its unbroken wall forms one side of the valley of Mad River, which is there far down below us, although we do not see it. Between this mountain and the next a rough and broken pass communicates with Sandwich and the upper lake region. In fact, this is the mountain which Professor Arnold Guyot calls Sandwich Dome.

The end of the valley was reached in two hours of very leisurely driving. The road now abruptly terminates among a handful of houses scattered about the bottom of a deep and narrow vale. This glen, known to comparatively few by the name of Greeley's, is surrounded by peaks that for boldness, savage freedom, and power of statuesque expression challenge any that we can remember. They threaten while maintaining an attitude of lofty scorn for the saucy and intruding hamlet planted upon their big feet. Noon Peak—we are at length at the end of the almost endless Black Mountain—nods familiarly from the south. Tecumseh—a noble mountain—and Osceola rise to the north.

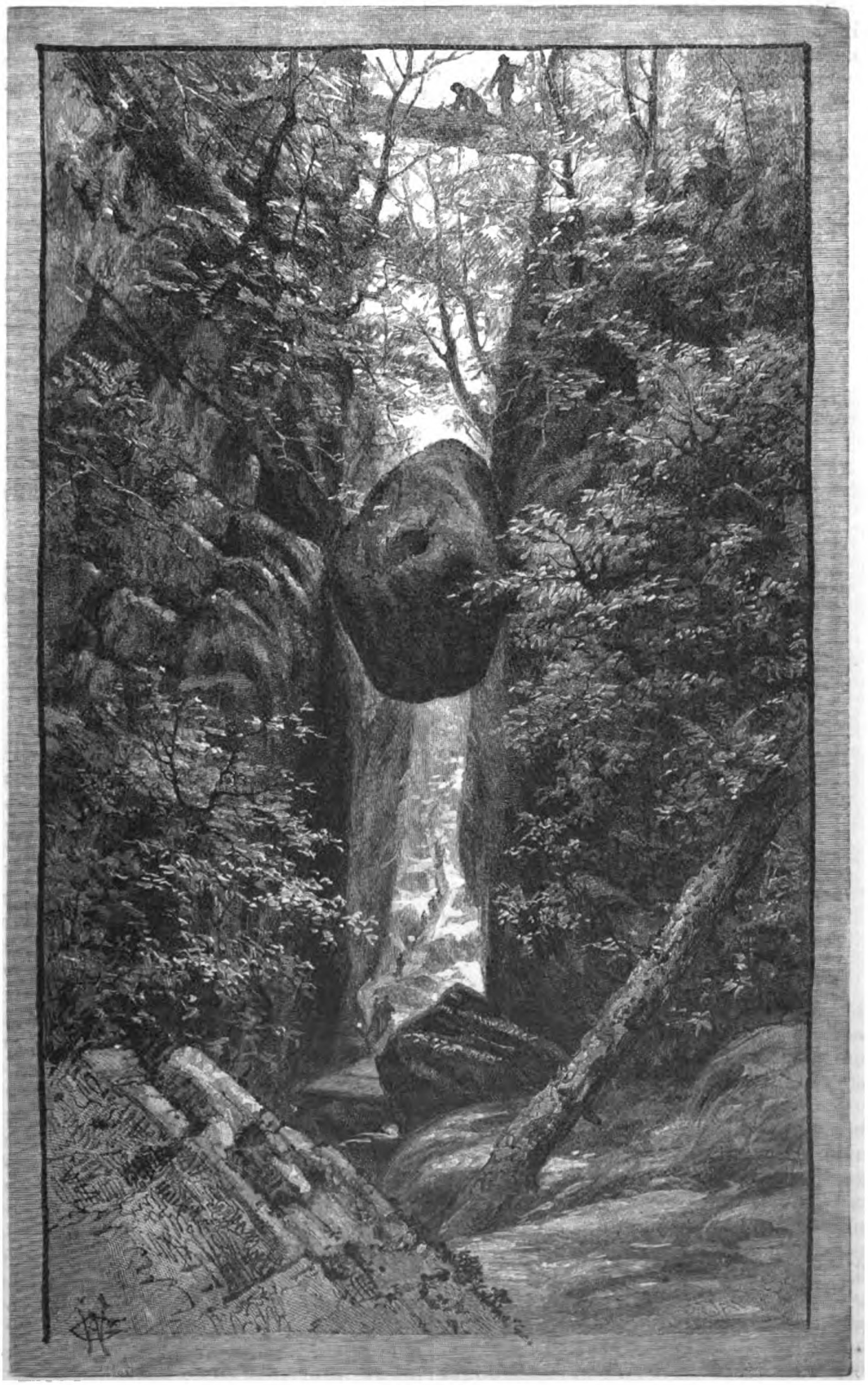
Our space is inadequate to further delineation of this little visited but most enticing mountain nook. To sum up the whole experience, the Mad River drive is a delightful episode. In the way of mountain valley there is nothing like it. Bold crag, lonely cabin, blue peak, deep hollows choked up with the densest foliage, and resounding with the roar of an unchained torrent, constitute its varied and ever-changing features.

The remainder of the route up the Pemigewasset Valley is more and more a revelation of the august summits that have so constantly met us since entering this lovely vestibule of the Franconia Mountains. Emerging one by one from the mass, they present themselves at every mile in new combinations. Through Thornton and Woodstock the view is scarcely interrupted. Gradually the finely pointed peaks of the Lafayette group deploy and advance toward us. Now they pitch sharply down into the valley of the East Branch; now the great shafts of stone are crusted with silvery light, or sprayed with the cataract; now the sun gilds the slides that furrow but do not deface them. Stay a moment at this rapid brook that comes from the west. It is an envoy from yonder great billowy mountain that lords it so proudly over

> "many a nameless slide-scarred crest
> And pine-dark gorge between."

That is Moosehillock, or Moosilauke, wrapped in imperturbable repose. Facing again the north, the road is soon swallowed up by the forest, and the forest by the mountains. A few poor cottages skirt the route. Still ascending, the miles grow longer and less interesting, until the white house, first seen from far below, suddenly stands uncovered at the left. We are at the Flume House, and before the gates of the Franconia Notch.

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THE FLUME.

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The Flume House is the proper tarrying-place for an investigation of the mountain gorge from which it derives both its custom and its name. It is also placed *vis-à-vis* the Pool, another of the natural wonders with which the pass is crowded, and which tempt us at every step to turn aside from the travelled road.



THE BASIN.

This Pool is a caprice of the river, here hemmed in between steep-sided mountains. Imagine a cistern deeply sunk in granite receiving at one end a weary cascade which seems craving a moment's respite before hurrying on down the rocky pass. In the mystery and seclusion of ages, and with only the rude implements picked up by the way—a stray bowlder and a little sand—the river has hollowed a basin a hundred feet wide and forty deep out of the stubborn rock. Without doubt nature thus first taught us how to cut the hardest marble with sand and water. Cliffs, traversed and cicatrized by cracks and rents, rise a hundred feet higher. The water is a glossy and lustrous sea-green, and of such marvellous transparency that you see the brilliant and variegated pebbles with which the bottom is paved, respond, as in the turn of a kaleidoscope, to the waves of light constantly moving across the surface, gently agitated by the cascade. Overtopping trees lean timidly out, and peer down into the Pool, which coldly repulses their shadows. Only the colorless hue of the rocks is reflected, and the stranger, seeing an old man with a gray beard standing erect in a boat, has no other idea than that he has arrived on the borders and is to be accosted by the ferryman of Hades.

The Flume is a remarkable rock gallery driven several hundred feet into the heart of the mountain, through which an ice-cold brook rushes. The miracle of Moses seems repeated here sublimely. You approach over broad ledges of freckled granite, polished by the constant flow of a thin, pellucid sheet of water to slip-

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pery smoothness. Proceeding a short distance up this natural esplanade, you enter a damp and gloomy fissure between perpendicular walls, rising seventy feet above the stream, and on lifting your eyes, suddenly espy an enormous bowlder tightly wedged between the cliffs. Now try to imagine a force capable of grasping the solid rock, and dividing it in halves as easily as you would an apple with your two hands!

At sight of the suspended bowlder, which seems like Paul Pry to have "just dropped in," I believe every visitor has not omit to find a moral in this curiosity, which really looks to be on the eve of dropping, with a loud splash, into the torrent beneath. On top of the cliffs I picked up a visiting-card, on which some one with a poetic turn had written, "Does not this bowlder remind you of the sword of Damocles?" To a civil question, civil reply: No; to me it looks like a nut in a cracker.

Over the gorge bends an arcade of interlaced foliage, shot through and through with sunlight; underneath, the swollen torrent storms along, dashing itself against



THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

his moment of hesitation, which he usually ends by passing underneath, paying as he goes with a tremor of the nerves, more or less, for his temerity. But there is no danger. It is seen that the deep crevice, into which the rock seems jammed with the special purpose of holding it asunder, hugs the intruder like a vise—so closely, indeed, that, according to every appearance, it must stay where it is until Doomsday, unless released by some passing earthquake. Sentimental tourists do protruding bowlders, or else passing them with a curl of disdain. The cold granite walls are constantly wet with tiny streams that do not run but glide unperceived down, furnishing sustenance to ferns, trailing vines, mosses, delicate flowers, that cling or droop along the craggy way. Nothing could be more cunning than to see these hardy little waifs thus extorting a subsistence from the rocks which nourish them in spite of themselves. The sight of the gorge with the torrent foam-

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ing far below, the glitter of falling waters through the trees, the splendid light in the midst of deepest gloom, the solemn pines, the odorous forest, the wildness, and the coolness—impart an indescribable charm. Ladies ascend to the head of the gorge, and perform the feat of crossing on a fallen tree that makes a crazy bridge from cliff to cliff. One, I noticed, had left her pocket-handkerchief, with the scent fresh upon it, and her initials in a corner. I picked it up, and out hopped a toad.

I left the Flume House in company with a young-old man whom I met there, and in whom I hoped to find another and surer pair of eyes, for were he to have as many as Argus, the sight-seer would find employment for them all.

While gayly threading the greenwood, we came upon a miniature edition of the Pool, situated close to the highway, called the Basin. A basin, in fact, it is, and a bath fit for the gods. A cascade falls into it with hollow roar. It has been worn by the rotary motion of large pebbles, which the little cascade, pouring down into it from above, set and kept actively whirling and grinding, until what was at first a mere depression became as we now see it. Long and constant attrition only could have scooped this cavity out of the granite, which is here so clean, smooth, and white, and filled to the brim with a grayish emerald water, light, limpid, and incessantly replenished by the effervescent cascade. But the really curious feature of the Basin is a strip of granite projecting into it, which closely resembles a human leg and foot luxuriously cooling itself in the stream.

We are still advancing in this region of wonders. In our front soars an insuperable mass of forest-tufted rock. Behind it rises the absolutely regal Lafayette. Our footsteps are stayed by the glimmer of water through the trees. We have reached the summit of the pass.

Six miles of continual ascent have brought us to Profile Lake. Although a pretty enough piece of water, it is not for itself this lake is resorted to by the thousand, or for the trout which you take for the reflection of birds on its burnished surface, but for the mountain rising high above, whose wooded slopes it so faithfully mirrors. Now lift the eyes to the bare summit. It is difficult to believe the evidence of the senses. Upon the high cliffs of this mountain is the remarkable and celebrated natural rock-sculpture of a human head, which, from a height twelve hundred feet above the lake, has for uncounted ages looked with the same stony stare down the pass upon the windings of the river through its incomparable valley. The profile itself measures about forty feet from the tip of the chin to the flattened crown, which imparts to it such a peculiarly antique appearance. It is perfect, except that the forehead is concealed by something like the visor of a helmet. And all this illusion is produced by several projecting crags. It might be said to have been begotten by a thunder-bolt.

Taking a seat within a rustic arbor on the high shore of the lake, one is at liberty to peruse at leisure what, I dare say, is the most extraordinary sight of a lifetime. A slight change of position varies more or less the character of the expression, which is, after all, the marked peculiarity of this monstrous alto-relievo; for, let the spectator turn his gaze vacantly upon the more familiar objects at hand, as he inevitably will, to assure himself that he is not the victim of some strange hallucination, a fascination born neither of admiration nor horror, but strongly partaking of both emotions, draws him irresistibly back to the Dantesque head stuck like a felon's on the highest battlements of the pass. The more you may have seen, the more your feelings are disciplined, the greater the confusion of ideas. The moment is come to acknowledge yourself vanquished. This is not merely a face, it is a portrait. That is not the work of some cunning chisel, but a cast from a living head. You feel and will always maintain that those features have had a living and breathing counterpart. Nothing more, nothing less.

But where and what was the original prototype? Not man; since ages before he was created the chisel of the Almighty wrought this sculpture upon the rock above us. No, not man; the face is too majestic, too nobly grand, for anything of mortal mould. One of the antique gods may, perhaps, have sat for this archetype of the coming man. And yet not man, we think, for the head will surely hold the same strange converse with futurity when man shall have vanished from the face of the earth.

Had Byron visited this place of awe and mystery, his "Manfred," the scene of which is laid among the mountains of

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ON THE PROFILE ROAD.

the Bernese Alps, would doubtless have had a deeper, perhaps a more sinister, impulse; but even among those eternal realms of ice the poet never beheld an object that could so arouse the gloomy exaltation he has breathed into that tragedy. His line,

"Bound to earth, he lifts his eye to heaven,"

becomes descriptive here.

This gigantic silhouette, which has been christened the Old Man of the

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Mountain, is unquestionably the greatest curiosity of this or any other mountain region. It is unique. But it is not merely curious; nor is it more marvellous for the wonderful accuracy of outline than for the almost superhuman expression of frozen terror it eternally fixes on the vague and shadowy distance—a far-away look, an intense and



MOUNT CANNON, FROM EAGLE CLIFF

speechless amazement, such as sometimes settles upon the faces of the dying, untranslatable into words, but seeming to declare the presence of some unutterable

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CLOUD EFFECT ON MOUNT LAFAYETTE, FROM BRIDLE-PATH.

vision too bright and dazzling for mortal eyes to behold. The face puts the whole world behind it. It does everything but speak—nay, you are ready to swear that it is going to speak. And so this chance jumbling together of a few stones has produced a sculpture before which Art hangs her head.

I renounce in dismay the idea of reproducing on the reader's mind the effect which this prodigy produced on my own. Impressions more pronounced, yet at the

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same time more inexplicable, have never so effectually overcome that habitual self-command derived from many experiences of travel among strange and unaccustomed scenes. The face is so amazing that I have often tried to imagine the sensations of him who first discovered it peering from the mountain-top with such absorbed, open-mouthed wonder. Again, I see the tired Indian hunter, pausing to slake his thirst by the lake-side, start as his gaze suddenly encounters this terrific apparition. I fancy the half-uttered exclamation sticking in his throat. I behold him standing there, with bated breath, not daring to stir either hand or foot, his white lips parted, his scared eyes dilated, until his own swarthy features exactly reflect that unearthly, that intense amazement, stamped large and vivid upon the livid rock. And in this immovable human figure I see the living counterpart of the great stone face.

The novelist Hawthorne makes this Sphinx of the White Mountains the interpreter of a noble life. For him the Titanic countenance is radiant with majestic benignity. He endows it with a soul, surrounds the colossal brow with the halo of spiritual grandeur, and marshalling his train of phantoms, proceeds to pass inexorable judgment upon them one by one.

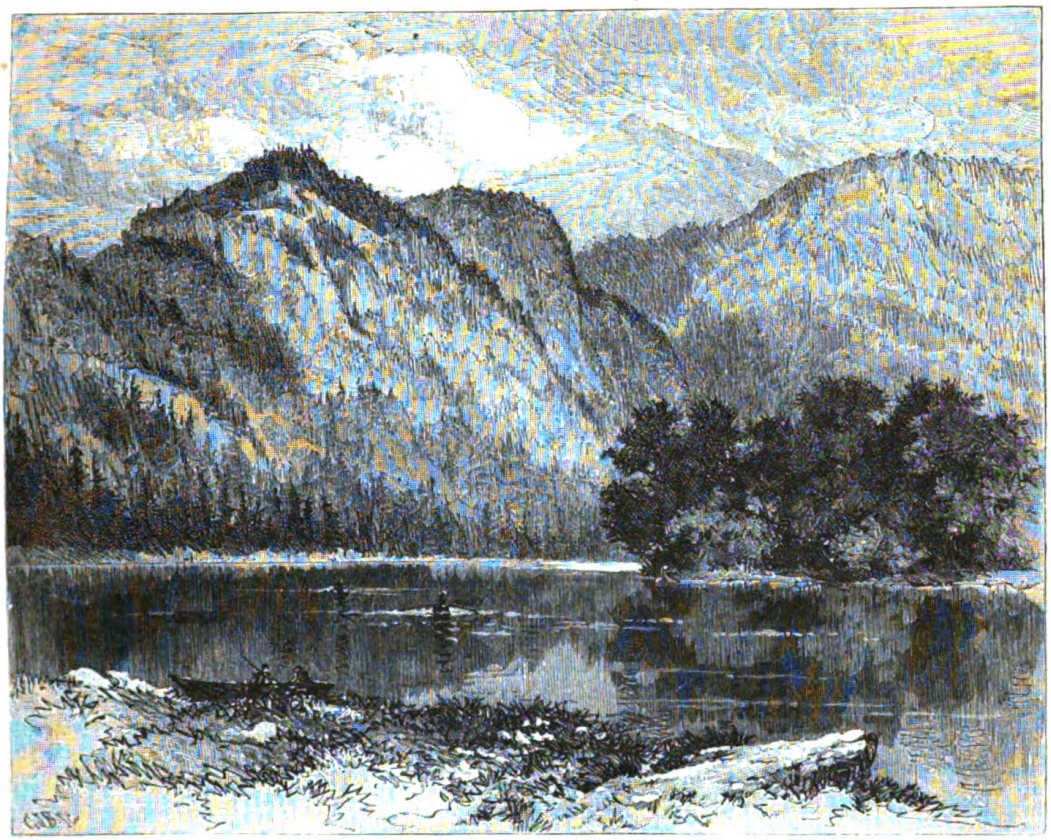
At noon we reached the spacious and inviting Profile House, which is hid away in a deep and narrow glen nearly two thousand feet above the sea. No situation could be more sequestered or more charming. The place seems stolen from the unkempt wilderness that shuts it in. An oval grassy plain, not extensive, but bright and smiling, spreads its green between a grisly precipice and a shaggy mountain. And there, if you will believe me, in front of the long white-columned hotel, like a Turkish rug on a carpet, was a pretty flower garden. Like those flowers, on the lawn were beauties sauntering up and down in exquisite morning toilets, coquetting with their bright-colored parasols, and now and then glancing up at the grim old mountains with that air of elegant disdain which is so redoubtable a weapon even in the mountains. Little children fluttered about the grass like beautiful butterflies, and as unmindful of the terrors that hovered over them so threateningly. Nurses in their stiff grenadier caps and white aprons, lackeys in livery, cadets in uniform, elegant equipages, blooded horses, dainty shapes on horseback, cavaliers, and last, but not least, the resolute pedestrian or the gentlemen strollers up and down the shady road, made up a scene which, being where it is, first strikes us as odd in the extreme, but which we soon adapt ourselves to and are reconciled with, because we see that for each in his way it is good to be here. The rich man may enter the White Mountains.

Peals of laughter startle the solemn old woods. You hear them high up the mountain-side. There go a pair of lovers, the gentleman with his book, whose most telling passages he has carefully conned, the lady with some trifle of embroidery, over which she bends lower as he reads on. Ah, happy days! What is this youth which, having it, we are so eager to escape, and when it is gone we look back upon with such infinite longing?

The lofty crag opposite the hotel is Eagle Cliff—a name at once legitimate and satisfying, although it is no longer tenanted by the eagles formerly making their home in the security of its precipitous rocks. In simple parlance it is an advanced spur of Mount Lafayette. The high curving wall of this cliff incloses on one side the glen, while Mount Cannon forms the other. Bald Mountain is seen to the north. The precipices tower so far above the glen that large trees look like shrubs. Here and there, among thick-set evergreen trees, beech and birch and maples spread a drapery of rich green, and mottle it with softness. The purple rock bulges daringly out, forming a parapet of adamant. The black giant distends his enormous chest until we see the iron ribs, huge and gaunt, protruding.

The turf underneath the cliff was most beautifully and profusely spangled with the delicate pink anemone, the *fleur des fées*, that pale darling of our New England woods to which the arbutus resigns the sceptre of spring. It is a moving sight to see these little drooping flowerets, so shy and modest, yet so meek and trustful, growing at the foot of a bare and sterile rock. The face hardened looking up, grew soft looking down. "Don't tread on us! May not a flower look up at a mountain?" they seem to plead. Lightly fall the night dews upon your upturned faces, dear little flowers! Soft be the sunshine and gentle the winds that kiss

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ECHO LAKE AND EAGLE CLIFF.

those sky-tinted cheeks! In thy sweet purity and innocence I see faces that are beneath the sod, flowers that have blossomed in paradise.

We see, also, from the hotel, the singular rock that occasioned the change of name from Profile to Cannon mountain. It really resembles a piece of artillery protruding threateningly from the parapet of a fortress.

Taking one of the well-worn paths conducting to the water-side—for another lovely mountain tarn is hidden by yonder fringe of trees—a short walk finds us standing by the shore of Echo Lake, with Eagle Cliff now rising grandly on our right.

Nowhere among the White Hills is there a fuller realization of a mountain lakelet. The high peak of Lafayette, covered with snow, looked down into it with freezing stare. Cannon Mountain now showed his retreating wall on the right. The huge castellated rampart of Eagle Cliff lifted on its borders precipices dripping with moisture, glistening in the sun like aerial casements. Light flaws frosted the lake with silver. Sharp keels cut it as diamonds cut glass. The water is so transparent that you see fishes swimming or floating indolently about. Without the lake the whole aspect would be irredeemably savage and forbidding—a blind landscape; now it is instinct with a buoyant and vigorous life. In fact, it is like an eye of piercing brilliancy set deep and overhung by bushy, frowning brows. But it is not alone the eye, it is the soul of the landscape. It is dull or spirited, languid or vivacious, stern or mild, according to the varying moods of nature.

The echo adds its feats of ventriloquism. The marvel of the phonograph is but a mimicry of nature, the universal teacher. Now the man blows a strong clear blast upon a long Alpine horn, and like a bugle-call flying from camp to camp the martial signal is repeated, not once, but again and again, in waves of bewitching sweetness, and with the exquisite modulations of the wood-thrush's note. From covert to covert, now here, now there, it chants its rapturous melody. Once again it glides upon the entranced ear, and still we lean in breathless eagerness to catch

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the last faint cadence sighing itself away upon the palpitating air.

A cannon was then fired. The report and echo came with the flash. In a moment more a deep and hollow rumbling sound, as if the mountains were splitting their huge sides with suppressed laughter, startled us.

The ascent of Mount Lafayette fittingly crowns the series of excursions through which we have passed since leaving Plymouth. This mountain, whose splendid crest is concealed from us at the Profile House, dominates the valleys north and south with undisputed sway. It is the King of Franconia.

The climber will not fail to notice the remarkable natural causeway connecting Eagle Cliff with the mountain itself, nor omit to observe the little lakes reposing between the principal and subordinate peaks. Even those who have little inclination for the long climb to the top of the mountain ought not to miss the first, for I do not recall anything like it on this side of the great Sierras so finely typical of a mountain defile. But to do justice to this ascension I should have a chapter, and I have only a penful of ink. The fascination of being on a mountain-top has yet to be explained. Perhaps, after all, it is not susceptible of explanation.

As we come down the long three-mile descent from Echo Lake to the village of Franconia, to the level of the valley, and to the northern base of the Notch Mountains, an eminence rises to the left. This is Sugar Hill. Half way up there is a hotel, occupying a well-chosen site, and on the high ridge another commands not only this valley, but those water-courses lying to the west. Opposite to us rise the green heights of Bethlehem, Mount Agassiz conspicuous by the observatory on its summit. Between these walls the long ellipse of fertile land beckons us to descend.

Distinguished by the beautiful groves of sugar-maple that adorn it, Sugar Hill is destined to grow more and more in popular esteem. It is certainly one of the finest sites among the mountains that I have seen. No traveller should pass it by. It is so admirably placed to command all the highest mountains in one magnificent *coup d'œil*. The days are not so breathless or so stifling as they are down in the valley, because it is lifted into sun and air by an elevation sufficient to reach the cooler upper currents. You look deep into the Franconia Notch, and watch the evening shadows creep up the great east wall. Extending beyond these nearer mountains the scarcely inferior Twin summits pose themselves like gigantic athletes. But better than all, grander than all, is that kingly coronet of great mountains set on the lustrous green cushion at the head of the valley. Nowhere, I venture to predict, will the felicity of the title, "Crown of New England," receive more unanimous acceptance than from this favored spot. Especially when a canopy of clouds overspreading permits the pointed peaks to reflect the illuminated fires of sunset does the crown seem blazing with jewels and precious stones.

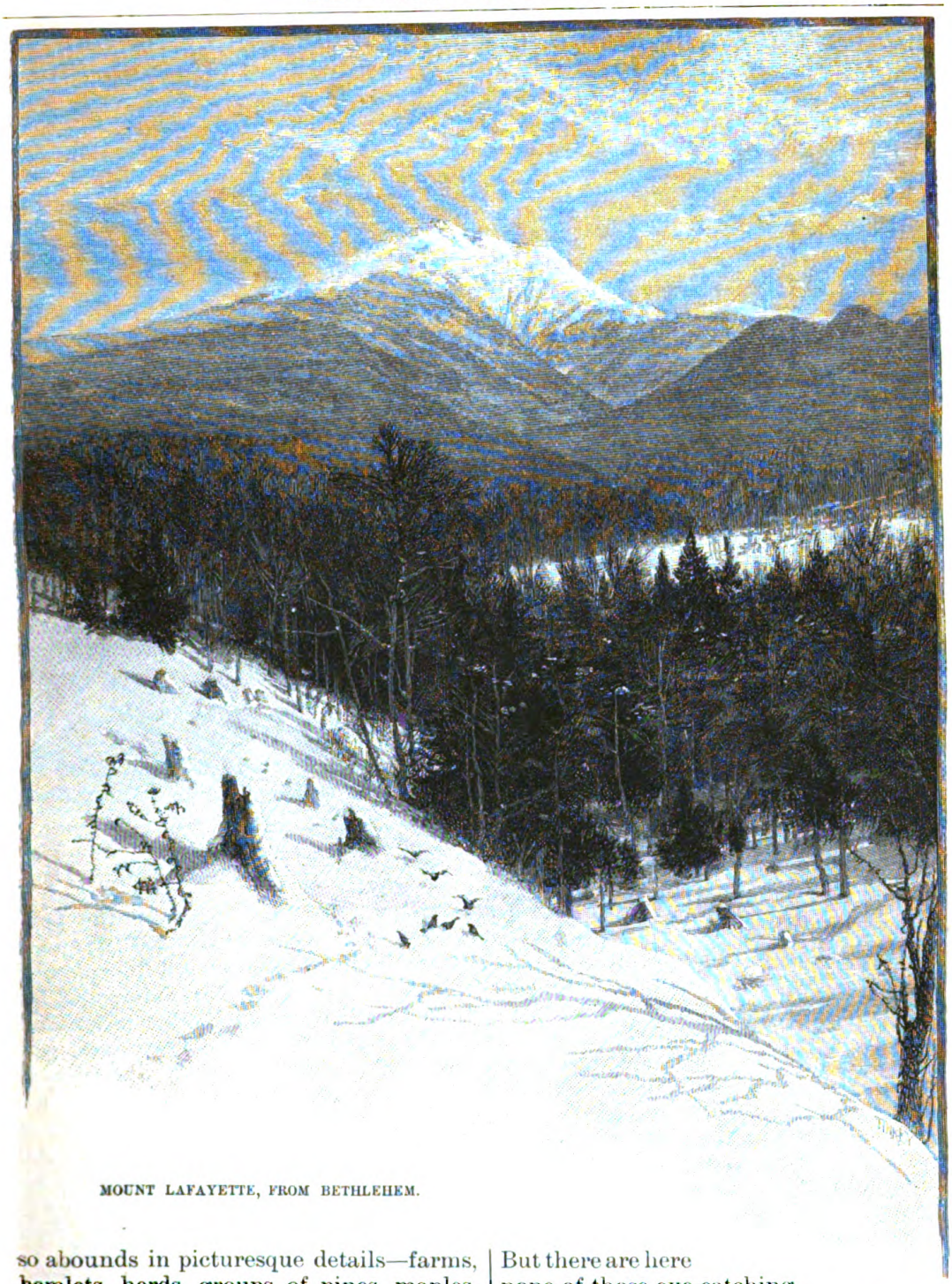
The Bridal Veil Fall, discovered on the northern slope of Mount Kinsman, will by-and-by attract many visitors. At present access is difficult. The height of the fall is given at seventy-six feet, and the surroundings are said to be of the most romantic and picturesque character. The name is certainly entitled to respectful consideration from its long service in connection with water-falls and cascades the world over.

The reader who has thus far followed us patiently from point to point may now form some estimate of the relative attractions of the two principal groups with which most of the subordinate mountain chains are allied. Both have their admirers, their adherents even, who grow warm in praise of the locality of their predilection. The reason why this preference can not be explained is that there is no real difference at all.

From Littleton we will first make a rapid retrograde movement to the western border of the mountains, having now again reached the railway line by which we might have come directly from Plymouth, had we not, in a fortunate moment, decided in favor of first exploring the Pemigewasset Valley. The configuration of the country is such that this railway is compelled to make a long detour. We will now, therefore, run down the rail as far as Wells River. Here we behold that most noble and interesting entrance formed by the meeting of the Ammonoosuc with the Connecticut.

But we can not linger here, though tempted to do so. We proceed on our way up the Ammonoosuc Valley, which

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MOUNT LAFAYETTE, FROM BETHLEHEM.

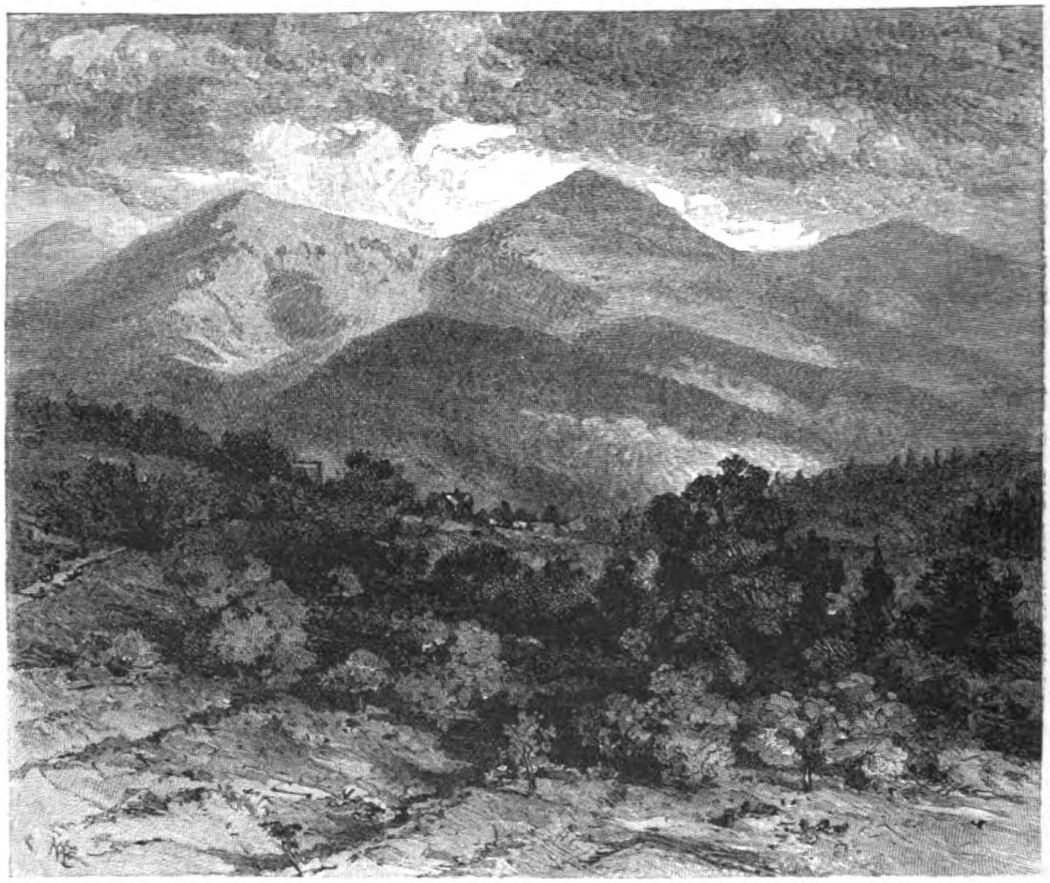
so abounds in picturesque details—farms, hamlets, herds, groups of pines, maples, torrents, roads feeling their way up the heights—to that anomaly of mountain towns, Bethlehem.

Bethlehem is ranged high up along the side of a mountain, like the best china in a cupboard. Mount Agassiz rises behind it. Below the village the ground descends rather abruptly to the Ammonoosuc, which winds through matted woods its way out of the mountains. But there are here none of those eye-catching gleams of water which so agreeably diversify these interminable leagues of forest and mountain land.

In the valley of the Aar, at the head of the Aar Glacier, in Switzerland, is a peak named for Agassiz, who thus has two enduring monuments, one in his native, one in his adopted, land.

Bethlehem has arisen, almost by magic, at the point where the old highway up

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VIEW FROM ETHAN CRAWFORD'S, JEFFERSON.

the Ammonoosuc is intersected by that coming from Plymouth. In time a small road-side hamlet clustered about the spot. Dr. Timothy Dwight, one of the earliest as well as one of the most observant travellers here, speaks of the appearance of Bethlehem in 1803. "There is," he says, "nothing in Bethlehem which merits notice except the patience, enterprise, and hardihood of the settlers, which have induced them to stay upon so forbidding a spot, a magnificent prospect of the White Mountains, and a splendid collection of other mountains in their neighborhood, particularly in the southwest." It was then reached by one wretched road, passing the Ammonoosuc by a dangerous ford. The few scattered habitations were mere log-cabins, rough and rude. The few planting fields were still covered with dead trees, stark and forbidding, which the settlers, unable to fell with the axe, killed by girdling, as the Indians did.

From this historical picture of Bethlehem in the past we turn to the Bethlehem of to-day. It is turning from the post-rider to the locomotive. Not a single feature is recognizable except the splendid prospect of the White Mountains and the magnificent collection of other mountains in the neighborhood. Fortunate geographical position, salubrity, fine scenery —these features, and these alone, are the legitimate cause of what may be termed the rise and progress of Bethlehem. All that the original settlers seem to have accomplished is to clear away the forests which intercepted, and to make the road conducting to, the view.

It does seem at first almost incredible that the two or three houses, the store, the solitary meeting-house, of those days should suddenly become the most populous and most frequented of mountain resorts. This newness, which you at first resent, besides introducing here and there some attempt at architectural adornment, contrasts very agreeably with the ill-built, rambling, and slipshod appearance of the older village centres. They are invaria-

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CASTELLATED RIDGE, MOUNT JEFFERSON.

bly most picturesque from a distance. But here there is an evident effort to render the place itself attractive by rendering it beautiful. Good taste generally prevails. I suspect, however, that the era of good taste, beginning with the incoming of a more refined and intelligent class of travellers, communicated its spirit to two or three enterprising and sagacious men, who saw in what nature had done an incentive to their own efforts. We walk here in a broad, well-built thoroughfare, skirted on both sides with modern cottages, in which four or five thousand sojourners annually take refuge. All this has grown from the one small hotel of a dozen years ago. An immense horizon is visible from these houses. The landscape swarms with mountains, although neither of the great ranges is in sight from the thickly settled district called "The Street." One is hid by the curvature of the mountain, which also intercepts the view of the other.

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Even the sultriest summer days are rendered tolerable here by the light airs set in motion by the oppressive heats of the valley. The hottest season is therefore no bar to out-of-door exercise for persons of average health. But in the evening all these houses are emptied of their occupants. The whole village is out-of-doors enjoying the coolness, or the panorama, with all the zest unconstrained gratification always brings. The multitudes of well-dressed promenaders surprise every new-comer, who immediately thinks of Saratoga or Newport, and their social characteristics, *minus* their so-called "style" and fussy consequentialness. These people really seem to be enjoying themselves; you are left in doubt as to the others. Bethlehem, we think, should be the ideal of those who would carry city—or at least suburban—life among the mountains, who do not care a fig for solitude, but prefer to find their pleasures still closely associated with their home life. They are seeing life and seeing nature at one and the same time. Between this and that aspect of life among mountains and what is to be derived from it there is the same difference that exists between a well-conducted picnic, where the ladies wear their prettiest dresses, and everything is perfectly *comme il faut*, and the abandon and unconstraint of camp life, where the ladies wear blue flannels, which the men think so becoming. One class of travellers takes its world along with its trunks, the other is bent on discovering a new one. Which is nearer Eden? *Chacun à son goût.*

A strikingly large and beautiful prospect opens as we come to the Belleview. Here the road, making its exit from the village, descends to the Ammonoosuc. Six hundred feet below us the bottom of the valley exhibits its rich savannas, interspersed with cottages and groves. The valley broadens and deepens, exposing to view all the town of Littleton, picturesquely scattered about the distant hill-sides. Above this deep hollow, the Green Mountains glimmer in the far west. "Ah!" you say, "we will stop here."

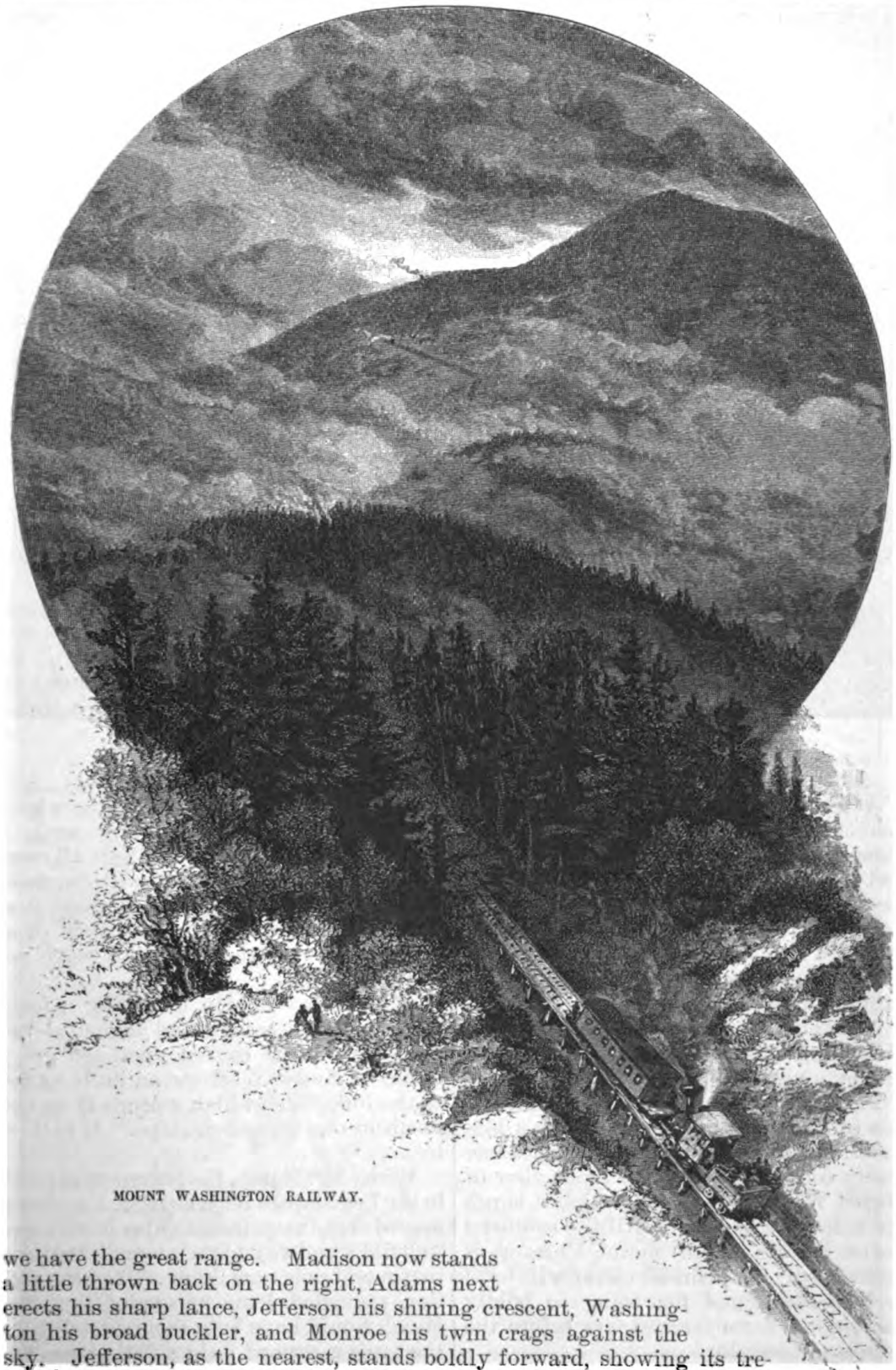
A second ramble to the top of the mountain by the old road to Franconia reveals in the most striking manner possible the grandeur of those mountains through which we have just come. A third is altogether indispensable before we can say we know Bethlehem. We continue along the high plateau to the eastern skirt of the village. No envious hill now obstructs the truly "magnificent view." Through the open valley the lordly mountains again inthrall us with the might of an overpowering majesty. This locality has taken the name of the great hotel erected here by Isaac Cruft, whose hand is everywhere visible in Bethlehem. It is known as the Maplewood, in distinction to the more central portion clustered around the Sinclair House.

Bethlehem is emphatically the place of sunsets. In this respect no other mountain haunt can pretend to rival it. From no other village are so many mountains visible at once; at no other has the landscape such length and breadth for giving full effect to these truly wonderful displays. I have seen some here that may never be repeated, certainly never excelled, while the sun, the heavens, and the mountains shall last.

Like Bethlehem, Jefferson lies reposing in mid-ascent of a mountain. Here the resemblance ends. The mountain above it is higher, the valley beneath more open, permitting an unimpeded view up and down. The hill-side, upon which the clump of hotels is situated, makes no steep plunge into the valley, but inclines gently down to the banks of the river. Instead of crowding upon and jostling each other, the mountains forming opposite sides of this valley remain tranquilly in the alignment they were commanded not to overstep. The confusion there is reduced to admirable order here. The smooth slopes, the clean lines, the ample views, the roominess, so to speak, of the landscape, indicate that everything has been done without haste, with precision, and without deviation from the original plan, which contemplated a paradise upon earth.

On the north side Starr King Mountain rises 2400 feet above the valley, and 3800 feet above the sea. On the south side Cherry Mountain lifts itself 3670 feet higher than tide-level. The village lies on the southern slope of the former mountain. These two summits form the broad basin through which Israel's River flows for more than half its length, after issuing from the wasted side of Mount Adams. Here again, and as at Bethlehem, only arranged in a strikingly different and unique order, at the head of the valley,

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MOUNT WASHINGTON RAILWAY.

we have the great range. Madison now stands a little thrown back on the right, Adams next erects his sharp lance, Jefferson his shining crescent, Washington his broad buckler, and Monroe his twin crags against the sky. Jefferson, as the nearest, stands boldly forward, showing its tremendous ravines and long supporting ridges with great distinctness. Washington loses something of his grandeur here. From Madison to Lafayette, our two rallying-points, the distance can hardly be less than forty miles as the eye travels; the entire circuit can not fall short of seventy or eighty miles.

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MOUNT WASHINGTON, FROM FABYAN'S.

At Ethan Crawford's, or at the Mount Adams House, where we approach within three miles of the base of Mounts Adams and Jefferson, the appearance of these grand peaks is beyond description sublime.

The two most profitable excursions to be made here are undoubtedly the ascent of Mount Adams and the drive to the top of Randolph Hill.

We complete the circuit of the White Mountains, after crossing Cherry Mountain, by a visit to Fabyan's.

Fabyan's, which has grown up on the site of Captain Eleazer Rosebrook's log-cabin, on the banks of the Ammonoosuc, really commands a superb front view of Mount Washington, from which it is not six miles in a bee-line. All the southern peaks, among which Mount Pleasant is undoubtedly most conspicuous for its form and its mass, and for being so boldly thrown out from the rest, are before the admiring spectator.

Were the bustle, the confusion, incidental upon the arrival and departure of trains absent, as it is now too noisily present, Fabyan's, I am persuaded, would be one of the choicest retreats of the whole mountain region. I think every one feels this in the moments of quiet he is allowed for contemplating the natural grandeur of the scenery. We sentimentalists, it is evident, must await the discovery of a means of locomotion that will leave no trace of itself.

The railway is seen mounting a foot-hill, crossing a second and higher elevation, then dimly carved upon the great flanks of Mount Washington itself, as far as the long ridge which ascends from the north in one unbroken slope. It is then lost.

When Mr. Marsh, the inventor, applied to the Legislature for a charter, a member moved that the petitioner also have leave to build a railway to the moon. Perhaps that member is now living. Had the motion prevailed, I am persuaded that Mr. Marsh would have built the road. Really the project seemed only a little more audacious. Now the highest summit is annually visited by thousands, without more fatigue than would follow any other excursion occupying the same time.

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The Parcæ, or, Three Daintie Destinies The Armelet



Three lovely Sisters working were
(As they were closely set)
Of soft and dainty Maiden-haire
A curious Armelet
I smilinge ask'd them what they did
(Fair Destinies all three)
Who told me they had drawn a thread
Of Life, and 'twas for me.
They show'd me then how fine 'twas spun
And I reply'd there-to
I care not now how soone 'tis done
Or cut, if cut by you.

Rob: Herrick

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CHAPTER XVI.

"You who keep account
Of crisis and transition in this life,
Set down the first time Nature says plain 'no'
To some 'yes' in you, and walks over you
In gorgeous sweeps of scorn. We all begin
By singing with the birds, and running fast
With June days hand in hand; but, once for all,
The birds must sing against us, and the sun
Strike down upon us like a friend's sword, caught
By an enemy to slay us, while we read
The dear name on the blade which bites at us."
—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

IT is easy for the young to be happy before the deep feelings of the heart have been stirred. It is easy to be good when there has been no strong temptation to be evil; easy to be unselfish when nothing is ardently craved; easy to be faithful when faithfulness does not tear the soul out of its abiding-place. Some persons pass through all of life without strong temptations; not having deep feelings, they are likewise exempt from deep sins. These pass for saints. But when one thinks of the cause of their faultlessness, one understands perhaps better the meaning of those words, otherwise mysterious, that "joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance."

Anne went through that night her first real torture; heretofore she had felt only grief—a very different pain.

Being a woman, her first feeling, even before the consciousness of what it meant, was jealousy. What did Helen mean by speaking of him as though he belonged to her? She had never spoken in that way before. Although she—Anne—had mistaken the fictitious titles, still, even under the title, there had been no such open appropriation of the Knight-errant. What did she mean? And then into this burning jealous anger came the low-voiced question, asked somewhere down in the depths of her being, as though a judge was speaking, "What—is—it—to—you?" And again, "What is it to you?" She buried her face tremblingly in her hands, for all at once she realized what it was, what it had been, unconsciously perhaps, but for a long time really, to her.

She made no attempt at self-deception. Her strongest trait from childhood had been her sincerity, and now it would not let her go. She had begun to love Ward Heathcote unconsciously, but now she loved him consciously. That was the bare fact. It confronted her, it loomed above her, a dark menacing shape, from whose presence she could not flee. She shivered, and her breath seemed to stop during the slow moment while the truth made itself known to her. "O God!" she murmured, bursting into tears; and there was no irreverence in the cry. She recognized the faithlessness which had taken possession of her—unawares, it is true, yet loyal hearts are not conquered so. She had been living in a dream, and had suddenly found the dream reality, and the actors flesh and blood—one of them at least, a poor wildly loving girl, with the mark of Judas upon her brow. She tried to pray, but could think of no words. For she was false to Rast, she loved Heathcote, and hated Helen, yet could not bring herself to ask that any of these feelings should be otherwise. This was so new to her that she sank down upon the floor in utter despair and self-abasement. She was bound to Rast; she was bound to Helen. Yet she had, in her heart at least, betrayed them both.

Still, so complex is human nature that even here in the midst of her abasement the question stole in, whispering its way along as it came, "*Does* he care for me?" And "he" was not Rast. She forgot all else to weigh every word and look of the weeks and days that had passed. Slowly she lived over in memory all their conversations, not forgetting the most trivial, and even raised her arm to get a pillow in order that she might lie more easily; but the little action brought reality again, and her arm fell, while part of her consciousness drew off, and sat in judgment upon the other part. The sentence was scathing. For the contempt of the young is pitiless and sincere.

Then jealousy seized her again. She had admired Helen so warmly as a woman, that even now she could not escape the feeling. She went over in quick, hot review all that the sweet voice and delicate lips had ever said concerning the person veiled under the name of Knight-errant, and the result was a miserable conviction that she had been mistaken; that there was a tie of some kind—slight, perhaps, yet still a tie. And then, as she crushed her hands together in impotent anger, she again realized what she was

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thinking, and began to sob in her grief like a child. Poor Anne! she would never be a child again. Never again would be hers that proud dauntless confidence of the untried, which makes all life seem easy and secure. And here suddenly into her grief darted this new and withering thought: Had Heathcote perceived her feeling for him? and had he been playing upon it to amuse himself?



"SHE BURIED HER FACE TREMBLINGLY IN HER HANDS."

Anne knew vaguely that people treated her as though she was hardly more than a child. She was conscious of it, but did not dispute it, accepting it humbly as something—some fault in herself—which she could not change. But now the sleeping woman was aroused at last, and she blushed deeply in the darkness at the thought that while she had remained unconscious, this man of the world had perhaps detected the truth immediately, and had acted as he had in consequence of it. This was the deepest sting of all, and again hurriedly she went over all their conversations a second time; and imagined that she found indications of what she feared. She rose to her feet with the nervous idea of fleeing somewhere, she did not know where.

The night had passed. The sun had not yet risen, but the eastern sky was waiting for his coming with all its banners aflame. Standing by the window, she watched the first gold rim appear. The

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small birds were twittering in the near trees, the earth was awaking to another day, and for the first time Anne realized the joy of that part of creation which knows not sorrow or care; for the first time wished herself a flower of the field, or a sweet-voiced bird singing his happy morning anthem on a spray. There were three hours yet before breakfast, two before any one would be stirring. She dressed herself, stole through the hall and down the stairs, unbolted the side door, and went into the garden; she longed for the freshness of the morning air. Her steps led her toward the arbor; she stopped, and turned in another direction—toward the bank of the little river. Here she began to walk to and fro from a pile of drift-wood to a bush covered with dew-drops, from the bush back to the drift-wood again. Her feet were wet, her head ached dully, but she kept her mind down to the purpose before her. The nightmare of the darkness was gone; she now faced her grief, and knew what it was, and had decided upon her course. This course was to leave Caryl's. She hoped to return to Mademoiselle at the half-house, and remain there until the school opened—if her grandaunt was willing. If her grandaunt was willing—there came the difficulty. Yet why should she not be willing? The season was over; the summer flowers were gone; it was but anticipating departure by a week or two. Thus she reasoned with herself, yet felt all the time by intuition that Miss Vanhorn would refuse her consent. And if she should so refuse, what then? It could make no difference in the necessity for going, but it would make the going hard. She was considering this point when she heard a footstep. She looked up, and saw—Ward Heathcote. She had been there some time; it was now seven o'clock. They both heard the old clock in the office strike as they stood there looking at each other. In half an hour the early risers would be coming into the garden.

Anne did not move or speak; the great effort she had made to retain her composure, when she saw him, kept her motionless and dumb. Her first darting thought had been to show him that she was at ease and indifferent. But this required words, and she had not one ready; she was afraid to speak, too, lest her voice should tremble. She saw, standing there before her, the man who had made her forget Rast, who had made her jealous of Helen, who had played with her holiest feelings, who had deceived and laughed at her, the man whom she—hated? No, no—whom she loved, loved, loved: this was the desperate ending. She turned very white, standing motionless beside the dew-spangled bush.

And Heathcote saw, standing there before him, a young girl with her fair face strangely pale and worn, her eyes fixed, her lips compressed; she was trembling slightly and constantly, in spite of the rigidity of her attitude.

He looked at her in silence for a moment; then, knocking down at one blow all the barriers she had erected, he came to her and took her cold hands in his. "What is it she has said to you?" he asked.

She drew herself away without speaking.

"What has Helen said to you? Has she told you that I have deceived you? That I have played a part?"

But Anne did not answer; she turned, as if to pass him.

"You shall not leave me," he said, barring the way. "Stay a moment, Anne; I promise not to keep you long. You will not? But you shall. Am *I* nothing in all this? My feelings nothing? Let me tell you one thing: whatever Helen may have said, remember that it was all before I knew—*you*."

Anne's hands shook in his as he said this. "Let me go," she cried, with low, quick utterance; she dared not say more, lest her voice should break into sobs.

"I will not," said Heathcote, "until you hear me while I tell you that I have *not* played a false part with you, Anne. I did begin it as an experiment, I confess that I did; but I have ended by being in earnest—at least to a certain degree. Helen does not know me entirely; one side of me she has never even suspected."

"Mrs. Lorrington has not spoken on the subject," murmured Anne, feeling compelled to set him right, but not looking up.

"Then what *has* she said about me, that you should look as you do, my poor child?"

"You take too much upon yourself," replied the girl, with an effort to speak scornfully. "Why should you suppose we have talked of you?"

"I do not suppose it; I know it. I have not the heart to laugh at you, Anne:

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your white face hurts me like a sharp pain. Will you at least tell me that you do not believe I have been amusing myself at your expense—that you do not believe I have been insincere?"

"I am glad to think that you were not wholly insincere."

"And you will believe also that I like you—like you very, very much, with more than the ordinary liking?"

"That is nothing to me."

"Nothing to you? Look at me, Anne; you shall look once. Ah, my dear child, do you not see that I can not help loving you? And that you—love me also?" As he spoke he drew her close and looked down into her eyes, those startled violet eyes, that met his at last—for one half-moment.

Then she sprang from him, and burst into tears. "Leave me," she said, brokenly. "You are cruel."

"No; only human," answered Heathcote, not quite master of his words now. "I have had your confession in that look, Anne, and you shall never regret it."

"I regret it already," she cried, passionately; "I shall regret it all my life. Do you not comprehend? can you not understand? I am engaged — engaged to be married. I was engaged before we ever met."

"*You* engaged, when I thought you hardly more than a child!" He had been dwelling only upon himself and his own course; possibilities on the other side had not occurred to him. They seldom do to much-admired men.

"I can not help what you thought me," replied Anne. At this moment they heard a step on the piazza; some one had come forth to try the morning air. Where they stood they were concealed, but from the garden walk they would be plainly visible.

"Leave me," she said, hurriedly.

"I will; I will cross the field, and approach the house by the road, so that you will be quite safe. But I shall see you again, Anne." He bent his head, and touched her hand with his lips, then sprang over the stone wall, and was gone, crossing the fields toward the distant turnpike.

Anne returned to the house, exchanging greetings as she passed with the well-preserved jaunty old gentleman who was walking up and down the piazza twenty-five times before breakfast. She sought her own room, dressed herself anew, and then tapped at her grandaunt's door; the routine of the day had her in its iron grasp, and she was obliged to follow its law.

Mrs. Lorrington came in to breakfast like a queen: it was a royal progress. Miss Teller walked behind in amiable majesty, and gathered up the overflow; that is, she shook hands cordially with those who could not reach Helen, and smiled especially upon those whom Helen disliked. Helen was robed in a soft white woollen material that clung closely about her; she had never seemed more slender. Her pale hair, wound around her small head, conveyed the idea that, unbound, it would fall to the hem of her dress. She wore no ornaments, not even a ring on her small fair hands. Her place was at some distance from Miss Vanhorn's table, but as soon as she was seated she bowed to Anne, and smiled with marked friendliness. Anne returned the salutation, and wondered that people did not cry out and ask her if she was dying. But life does not go out so easily as miserable young girls imagine.

"Eggs?" said the waiter.

She took one.

"I thought you did not like eggs," said Miss Vanhorn. She was in an ill-humor that morning because Bessmer had upset the plant-drying apparatus, composed of bricks and boards.

"Yes, thanks," said Anne, vaguely. Mr. Dexter was bowing good-morning to her at that moment, and she returned the salutation. Miss Vanhorn, observing this, withheld her intended rebuke for inattention. Dexter had bowed on his way across to Helen; he had finished his own breakfast, and now took a seat beside Miss Teller and Mrs. Lorrington. At this instant a servant entered bearing a basket of flowers, not the old-fashioned country flowers of Caryl's, but the superb cream-colored roses of the city, each on its long stalk, reposing on a bed of unmixed heliotrope, Helen's favorite flower. All eyes coveted the roses as they passed, and watched to see their destination. They were presented to Mrs. Lorrington.

Every one supposed that Dexter was the giver. The rich gift was like him, and perhaps also the time of its presentation. But the time was a mistake of the servant's; and was not Mrs. Lorrington bowing her thanks?—yes, she *was* bowing her thanks, with a little air of con-

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sciousness, yet with openness also, to Mr. Heathcote, who sat by himself at the end of the long room. He bowed gravely in return, thus acknowledging himself the sender.

"Well," said Miss Vanhorn, crossly, yet with a little shade of relief too in her voice, "of all systematic coquettes, Helen Lorrington is our worst. I suppose that we shall have no peace, now that she has come. However, it will not last long."

"You will go away soon, then, grandaunt?" said Anne, eagerly.

Miss Vanhorn put up her eyeglass; the tone had betrayed something. "No," she said, inspecting her niece coolly; "nothing of the sort. I shall remain through September, perhaps later."

Anne's heart sank. She would be obliged, then, to go through the ordeal. She could eat nothing; a choking sensation had risen in her throat when Heathcote bowed to Helen, acknowledging the flowers. "May I go, grandaunt?" she said. "I do not feel well this morning."

"No; finish your breakfast like a Christian. I hate sensations. However, on second thoughts, you *may* go," added the old woman, glancing at Dexter and Helen. "You may as well be re-arranging those specimens that Bessmer stupidly knocked down. But do not let me find the Lorrington in my parlor when I come up; do you hear?"

"Yes," said Anne, escaping. She ran up stairs to her own room, locked the door, and then stood pressing her hands upon her heart, crying out in a whisper: "Oh, what shall I do! What shall I do! How can I bear it!" But she could not have even that moment unmolested: the day had begun, and its burdens she must bear. Bessmer knocked, and began at once tremulously about the injured plants through the closed door.

"Yes," said Anne, opening it, "I know about them. I came up to re-arrange them."

"It wouldenter been so bad, miss, if it hadenter been asters. But I never could make out asters; they all seem of a piece to me," said Bessmer, while Anne sorted the specimens, and replaced them within the drying-sheets. "Every fall there's the same time with 'em. I just dread asters, I do; not but what golden-rods is almost worse."

"Anne," said a voice in the hall.

Anne opened the door; it was Helen, with her roses.

"These are the Grand Llama's apartments, I suppose," she said, peeping in. "I will not enter; merely gaze over the sacred threshold. Come to my room, Crystal, for half an hour; I am going to drive at eleven."

"I must finish arranging these plants."

"Then come when you have finished. Do not fail; I shall wait for you." And the white robe floated off down the dark sidling hall, as Miss Vanhorn's heavy foot made itself heard ascending the stairs. When Bessmer had gone to her breakfast, to collect what strength she could for another aster-day, Anne summoned her courage.

"Grandaunt, I would like to speak to you," she said.

"And I do not want to be spoken to; I have neuralgia in my cheek-bones."

"But I would like to tell you—"

"And I do not want to be told. You are always getting up sensations of one kind or another, which amount to nothing in the end. Be ready to drive to Updegraff's glen at eleven; that is all I have to say to you now." She went into the inner room, and closed the door.

"It does not make any difference," thought Anne, drearily; "I shall tell her at eleven."

Then, nerving herself for another kind of ordeal, she went slowly toward Helen's apartments.

But conventionality is omnipresent: she passed the first fifteen minutes of conversation without faltering.

Then Helen said: "You look pale, Crystal. What is the matter?"

"I did not sleep well."

"And there is some trouble besides? I see by the note-book that you have been with the Bishop almost constantly; confess that you like him?"

"Yes, I like him."

"Very much?"

"Yes."

"*Very* much?"

"You know, Helen, that I am engaged."

"That! for your engagement," said Mrs. Lorrington, taking a rose and tossing it toward her. "I know you are engaged, Phyllis. But I thought that if the Bishop would only get into one of his dead-earnest moods—he is capable of it—you would have to yield. For you are capable of it too."

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"Capable of what? Breaking a promise?"

"Do not be disagreeable; I am complimenting you. No; I mean capable of loving—really loving."

"All women can love, can they not?"

"Themselves? Yes. But rarely any one else. And now let me tell you something delightful—one of those irrelevant little inconsistencies which make society amusing: *I* am going to drive with the Bishop this morning, and not you at all."

"I hope you will enjoy the drive."

"You take it well," said Mrs. Lorrington, laughing merrily. "But I will not tease you, Crystal. Only tell me one thing—you are always truthful. Has anything been said to you—anything that really *means* anything—since you have been here?"

"By whom?" said Anne, almost in a whisper.

"The Bishop, of course. Who else should it be?"

"Oh, no, no," answered the girl, rising hurriedly, as if uncertain what to do. "Why do you speak to me so constantly of Mr. Dexter? I have been with—with others too."

"You have been with him more than with the 'others' you mention," said Helen, mimicking her tone. "The notebook tells that. However, I will say no more; merely observe. You are looking at my driving costume: jealous already? But I tell you frankly, Crystal, that regarding dress you must yield to me. With millions you could not rival me; on that ground I am alone. Rachel looked positively black with envy when she saw me this morning: she is ugly in a second, you know, if she loses that soft Oriental expression which makes you think of the Nile. Imagine Rachel in a Greek robe like this, loosely made, with a girdle! I shall certainly look well this morning; but never fear, it shall be for your sake. I shall talk of you, and make you doubly interesting by what I do and do not say; I shall give thrilling glimpses only."

The maid entered, and Anne sat through the change of dress and the rebraiding of the pale soft hair.

"I do not forbid your peeping through the hall window to see us start," said Mrs. Lorrington, gayly, as she drew on her gloves. "Good-by."

Anne went to her own room. "Are they all mad?" she thought. "Or am I? Why do they all speak of Mr. Dexter so constantly, and not of—"

"You are late," said Miss Vanhorn's voice. "I told you not to keep me waiting. Get your hat and gloves, and come immediately; the carriage is there."

But it was not as strange in reality as it seemed to Anne that Helen, Miss Vanhorn, and others spoke of Mr. Dexter in connection with herself. Absorbed in a deeper current, she had forgotten that others judge by the surface, and that Mr. Dexter had been with her openly, and even conspicuously, during a portion of every day for several weeks. To her the two hours or three with him had been but so many portions of time before she could see, or after she had seen, Heathcote. But time is not divided as young people suppose; she forgot that ordinary eyes can not see the invisible weights which make ten minutes—nay, five—with one person outbalance a whole day with another. In the brief diary which she had kept for Helen, Dexter's name occurred far more frequently than Heathcote's, and Helen had judged from that. Others did the same, with their eyes. If old Katharine had so far honored her niece as to question her, she might have learned something more; but she did not question, she relied upon her own sagacity. It is a dispensation of Providence that the old, no matter how crowded their own youth may have been, always forget. What old Katharine now forgot was this: if a man like Gregory Dexter is conspicuously devoted to one woman, but always in the presence of others, making no attempt to secure her attention for a few moments alone here and there, it is probable that there is another woman for whom he keeps those moments, and a hidden feeling stronger than the one openly displayed. Rachel never allowed observable devotion. This, however, did not forbid the unobserved.

"Grandaunt," began Anne, as the carriage rolled along the country road. Her voice faltered a little, and she paused to steady it.

"Wait a day," said Miss Vanhorn, with grim sarcasm; "then there will be nothing to tell. It is always so with girls."

It was her nearest approach to good-humor: Anne took courage. "The summer is nearly over, grandaunt—"

"I have an almanac."

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"—and, as school will soon begin—"

"In about three weeks."

"—I should like to go back to Mademoiselle until then, if you do not object."

val, it is the Egyptian, and not that long white creature you call your friend."

"I am unhappy here, grandaunt. Please let me go."

"Girls are always unhappy, or think-



"ANNE DREW A CHAIR TO THE BEDSIDE AND SAT DOWN, WITH HER BACK TO THE MOONLIGHT."—[SEE PAGE 390.]

Miss Vanhorn put up her eyeglass, and looked at her niece; then she laughed, sought for a caraway-seed, and by good luck found one, and deposited it safely in the tight grasp of her glittering teeth. She thought Anne was jealous of Mr. Dexter's attentions to Helen.

"You need not be afraid, child," she said, still laughing. "If you have a ri-

ing themselves so. It is one of their habits. Of course you can not go; it would be too ridiculous giving way to any such childish feeling. You will stay as long as I stay."

"But I can not. I *must* go."

"And who holds the authority, pray?"

"Dear grandaunt, do not compel me," said Anne, seizing the old woman's hands

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in hers. But Miss Vanhorn drew them away angrily.

"What nonsense!" she said. "Do not let me hear another word. You will stay according to my pleasure (which should be yours also), or you forfeit your second winter at Moreau's and the children's allowance." She tapped on the glass, and signaled to the coachman to drive homeward. "You have spoiled the drive with your obstinacy; I do not care to go now. Spend the day in your own room. At five o'clock come to me."

And at five Anne came.

"Have you found your senses?" asked the elder woman, and more gently.

"I have not changed my mind."

Miss Vanhorn rose and locked the door. "You will now give me your reasons," she said.

"I can not."

"You mean that you will not."

Anne was silent, and Miss Vanhorn surveyed her for a moment before letting loose the dogs of war. In her trouble the girl looked much older; it was a grave, sad, but determined woman who was standing there to receive her sentence, and suddenly the inquisitor changed her course.

"There, there," she said; "never mind about it now. Go back to your room; Bessmer shall bring you some tea, and then you will let her dress you precisely as I shall order. You will not, I trust, disobey me in so small a matter as that?"

"And may I go to-morrow?"

"We will see. You can not go to-night, at any rate; so do as I bid you."

Anne obeyed; but she was disappointed that all was not ended and the contest over. The young are ever in haste to be miserable.

Miss Vanhorn thought that her niece was jealous of Helen in regard to Dexter, and that this jealousy had opened her eyes for the first time to her own faithlessness; being conscientious, of course she was, between the two feelings, made very wretched. And the old woman's solution of the difficulty was to give Dexter one more and perfect opportunity, if she, Katharine Vanhorn, could arrange it. And there was, in truth, very little that old Katharine could not arrange if she chose, since she was a woman not afraid to use on occasion that which in society is the equivalent of force, namely, directness. She was capable of saying, openly, "Mr. Dexter, will you take Anne out on the piazza for a while? The air is close here," and then of smiling back upon Rachel, Isabel, or whoever was left behind, with the malice of a Mazarin. Chance favored old Katharine that night once and again.

CHAPTER XVII.

"That which is not allotted, the hand can not reach, and what is allotted will find you wherever you may be. You have heard with what toil Secunder penetrated to the land of darkness, and that, after all, he did not taste the water of immortality."—SAADI.

"When a woman hath ceased to be quite the same to us, it matters little how different she becomes."—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THE last dance of the season had been appointed for the evening, and Mrs. Lorrington's arrival had stimulated the others to ordain "full dress"; they all had one costume in reserve, and it was an occasion to bring all the banners upon the field, and the lance also, in a last tournament. Other contests, other rivalries, had existed, other stories besides this story of Anne; it never happens in real life that one woman usurps everything. That this dance should occur on this particular evening was one of the chances vouchsafed to old Katharine and her strategy.

For the fairest costume ordered for Anne had not been worn, and at nine o'clock Bessmer with delight was asking a white-robed figure to look at itself in the glass, while on her knees she spread out the cloud of fleecy drapery that trailed softly over the floor behind. The robe was of white lace, and simple. But nothing could have brought out so strongly the rich, noble beauty of this young face and form. There was not an ornament to break the outline of the round white throat, or the beautiful arms, bared from the shoulder. For the first time the thick brown hair was released from its schoolgirl simplicity, and Anne's face wore a new aspect, as young faces will under such changes. For one may be sorrowful, and even despairing, yet at eighteen a few drooping curls will make a fair face fairer than ever, even in spite of one's own determined opposition.

When they entered the ball-room, the second chance vouchsafed to old Katharine came to meet them, and no strategy was necessary. For Mr. Dexter, with an

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unwonted color on his face, offered his arm to Anne immediately, asking for that dance, and "as many dances besides as you can give me, Miss Douglas."

All who were near heard his words; among them Rachel. She looked at him with soft deprecation in her eyes. But he returned her gaze directly and haughtily, and bore Anne away. They danced once, and then went out on the piazza. It was a cool evening, and presently Miss Vanhorn came to the window. "It is too damp for you here, child," she said. "If you do not care to dance, take Mr. Dexter up to see the flowers in our parlor; and when you come down, bring my shawl."

"Mr. Dexter does not care about flowers, I think," answered Anne, too absorbed in her own troubles to be concerned about her grandaunt's open manœuvre. She spoke mechanically.

"On the contrary, I am very fond of flowers," said Dexter, rising immediately. "And I particularly thank you, Miss Vanhorn, for giving me this opportunity to—admire them." He spoke with emphasis, and bowed as he spoke. The old lady gave him a stately inclination in return. They understood each other, the higher powers were agreed.

When Anne, still self-absorbed and unconscious, entered the little parlor, she was surprised to find it brightly lighted and prepared, as if for their reception. The red curtains were closed, a small fire crackled on the hearth, the rich perfume of the flowers filled the warm air; in the damp September evening the room was a picture of comfort, and in the ruddy light her own figure, in its white lace dress, was clearly outlined and radiant. "Here are the flowers," she said, going toward the table. Dexter had closed the door; he now came forward, and looked at the blossoms a moment absently. Then he led her toward the sofa, which was covered with the same red chintz which hung over the windows to the floor.

"Shall we sit here awhile? The room is pleasant, if you are in no hurry to return."

"No, I am in no hurry," replied Anne. She was glad to be quiet and away from the dancers; she feared to meet Heathcote. Mr. Dexter always talked; she would not be obliged to think of new subjects, or to make long replies.

But to-night Mr. Dexter was unusually silent. She leaned back against the red cushions, and looked at the point of her slipper; she was asking herself how long this evening would last.

"Miss Douglas," began Dexter at length, and somewhat abruptly, "I do not know in what light you regard me, or what degree of estimation you have conferred upon me; but—" Here he paused.

"It is of no consequence," said Anne.

"What?"

"I mean," she said, rousing herself from her abstraction, "that it does not matter one way or the other. For I am going away to-morrow, Mr. Dexter. I see now that I ought never to have come. But—how could I know?"

"Why do you go?" said her companion, pausing a moment, also in his own train of thought.

"I have duties elsewhere," she began; then stopped. "But that is not the real reason," she added.

"You are unhappy, Miss Douglas; I can always read your face. I will not obtrude questions now, although most desirous to lift the burdens which are resting upon you. For I have something to ask you. Will you listen to me for a few moments?"

"Oh yes," said Anne, falling back into apathy, her eyes still on the point of her slipper.

"It is considered egotistical to talk of one's self," began Dexter, after a short silence; "but, under the circumstances, I trust I may be pardoned." He took an easier attitude, and folded his arms. "I was born in New Hampshire." (Here Anne tried to pay attention; from this beginning, she felt that she must attend. But she only succeeded in repeating, vaguely, the word "New Hampshire?" as though she had reasons for thinking it might be Maine.)

"Yes, New Hampshire. My father was a farmer there; but when I was five years old he died, and my mother died during the following year. A rich relative, a cousin, living in Illinois, befriended me, homeless as I was, and gave me that best gift in America, a good education. I went through college, and then—found myself penniless. My cousin had died without a will, and others had inherited his estate. Since then, Miss Douglas, I have led a life of effort, hard, hard work, and bitter fluctuations. I have

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taught school; I have dug in the mines; I have driven a stage; I have been lost in the desert, and have lived for days upon moss and berries. Once I had a hundred thousand dollars—the result of intensest labor and vigilance through ten long years—and I lost it in an hour. Then for three days, shovel in hand, I worked on an embankment. I tell you all this plainly, so that if it, or any part of it, ever comes up, you will not feel that you have been deceived. The leading power of my whole life has been action; whether for good or for ill—action. I am now thirty-nine years old, and I think I may say that I—am no worse than other men. The struggle is now over; I am rich. I will even tell you the amount of my fortune—"

"Oh no," said Anne, hurriedly.

"I prefer to do so," replied Dexter, with a formal gesture. "I wish you to understand clearly the whole position, both as regards myself and all my affairs."

"Myself and all my affairs," repeated itself buzzingly in Anne's brain.

"My property is now estimated at a little more than a million, and without doubt it will increase in value, as it consists largely of land, and especially mines."

He paused. He was conscious that he had not succeeded in controlling a certain pride in the tone of his voice, and he stopped to remedy it. In truth, he *was* proud. No one but the man who has struggled and labored for that sum, unaided and alone, knows how hard it is to win it, and how rare and splendid has been his own success. He has seen others go down on all sides of him like grain before the scythe, while he stood upright. He knows of disappointed hopes, and graves in the desert; of men, strong and fearless as himself, who have striven desperately, and as desperately failed. He was silent for a moment, thinking of these things.

"It must be pleasant to have so much money," said Anne, sighing a little, and turning her slipper point slightly, as though to survey it in profile.

Dexter went on with his tale. He was as much for the moment absorbed in himself as she was in herself; they were like two persons shut up in closely walled towers side by side.

"For some years I have lived at the East, and have been much in what is called society in New York and Washington," he continued, "and I have had no cause to be dissatisfied with the reception accorded to me. I have seen many beautiful faces, and they have not entirely withheld their kindness from me. But—Miss Douglas, young girls like romance, and I have, unfortunately, little that I can express, although I believe that I have at heart more true chivalry toward women than twenty of the idle *blasé* men about here. But that had been better left unsaid. What I wish to say to you is this: will you be my wife? Anne, dear child, will you marry me?" He had ended abruptly, and even to himself unexpectedly, as though his usually fluent speech had failed him. He took her hand, and waited for her answer, his strong, squarely cut face showing signs of emotion, which seemed to be more his own than roused by anything in her.

Anne had started back in surprise; she drew her hand from his. They were both gloved; only the kid-skins had touched each other. "You are making a mistake," she said, rising. "You think I am Mrs. Lorrington."

Dexter had risen also; an involuntary smile passed over his face at her words. He took her hand again, and held it firmly.

"Do you not suppose I know to whom I am talking?" he said. "I am talking to you, Anne, and thinking only of you. I ask you again, will you be my wife?"

"Of course not. You do not love me in the least, and I do not love you. Of what are you dreaming, Mr. Dexter?" She walked across the little room, and stood between the windows, the red light full upon her. A brightness had risen in her eyes; she looked very beautiful in her youthful scorn.

Dexter gazed at her, but without moving. "You are mistaken," he said, gravely. "I do love you."

"Since when?" asked the sweet voice, with a touch of sarcasm. Anne was now using the powers of concealment which nature gives to all women, even the youngest, as a defense. Mr. Dexter should know nothing, should not be vouchsafed even a glimpse, of her inner feelings; she would simply refuse him, as girls did in books. And she tried to think what they said.

But the man opposite her was not like a man in a book. "Since six o'clock this evening," he answered, quietly.

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Anne looked at him in wonder.

"Do you wish to hear the whole?" he asked.

"No; it is nothing to me. Since you only began at six, probably you can stop at twelve," she answered, still with her girlish scorn perceptible in her voice.

But Dexter paid no attention to her sarcasm. "I will tell you the whole when you are my wife," he said. "Let it suffice now that at the hour named I became aware of the worthlessness and faithlessness of women; and—I speak God's truth now, Anne—even at that bitter moment I fell back upon the thought of *you* as a safeguard—a safeguard against total disbelief in the possibility of woman's fidelity. I knew then that I had revered you with my better self all the while—that, young as you are, I had believed in you. I believe in you now. Be my wife; and from this instant I will devote all the love in me—and I have more than you think—to you alone." He had crossed the room, and was standing beside her.

Anne felt at once the touch of real feeling. "I am very sorry," she said, gently, looking up into his face. "I should have said it at first, but that I did not think you were in earnest until now. I am engaged, Mr. Dexter; I was engaged before I came here."

"But," said Dexter, "Miss Vanhorn—"

"Yes, I know. Grandaunt does not approve of it, and will not countenance it. But that, of course, makes no difference."

He looked at her, puzzled by her manner. In truth, poor Anne, while immovably determined to keep her promise to Rast, even cherishing the purpose, also, of hastening the marriage if he wished it, was yet so inefficient an actress that she trembled as she spoke, and returned his gaze through a mist of tears.

"You *wish* to marry this man, I suppose—I am ignorant of his name?" he asked, watching her with attention.

"His name is Erastus Pronando; we were children together on the island," she answered, in a low voice, with downcast eyes.

"And you wish to marry him?"

"I do."

Gregory Dexter put another disappointment down upon the tablets of his memory—a disappointment and a surprise; he had not once doubted his success.

In this certainty he had been deceived partly by Miss Vanhorn, and partly by Anne herself; by her unstudied frankness. He knew that she liked him, but he had mistaken the nature of her regard. He could always control himself, however, and he now turned to her kindly. He thought she was afraid of her aunt. "Sit down for a few minutes more," he said, "and tell me about it. Why does Miss Vanhorn disapprove?"

"I do not know," replied Anne; "or, rather, I do know, but can not tell you. Never mind about me, Mr. Dexter. I am unhappy; but no one can help me. I must help myself."

"Mr. Pronando should esteem it his dearest privilege to do so," said Dexter, who felt himself growing old and cynical under this revelation of fresh young love.

"Yes," murmured Anne, then stopped. "If you will leave me now," she said, after a moment, "it would be very kind."

"I will go, of course, if you desire it; but first let me say one word. Your aunt objects to this engagement, and you have neither father nor mother to take your part. I have a true regard for you, which is not altered by the personal disappointment I am at present feeling; it is founded upon a belief in you which can not change. Can I not help you, then, as a friend? For instance, could I not help Mr. Pronando—merely as a friend? I know what it is to have to make one's own way in the world unaided. I feel for such boys—I mean young men. What does he intend to do? Give me his address."

"No," said Anne, touched by this prompt kindness. "But I feel your generosity, Mr. Dexter; I shall never forget it." Her eyes filled with tears, but she brushed them away. "Will you leave me now?" she said.

"Would it not be better if we returned together? I mean, would not Miss Vanhorn notice it less? You could excuse yourself soon afterward."

"You are right. I will go down with you. But first, do I not show—" she went toward the mirror.

"Show what?" said Dexter, following her, and standing by her side. "That you are one of the loveliest young girls in the world—as you look to-night, the loveliest?" He smiled at her reflection in the mirror as he spoke, and then turned toward the reality. "You show nothing," he said, kindly; "and my eyes are very observant."

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They went toward the door; as they reached it, he bent over her. "If this engagement should by any chance be broken, then could you not love me a little, Anne—only a little?" he murmured, looking into her eyes questioningly.

"I wish I could," she answered, gravely. "You are a generous man. I would like to love you."

"But you could not?"

"I can not."

He pressed her hand in silence, opened the door, and led the way down to the ball-room. They had been absent one hour.

Blum, who was standing disconsolately near the entrance, watching Helen, came up and asked Anne to dance. Reluctant to go to her grandaunt before it was necessary, she consented. She glanced nervously up and down the long room as they took their places, but Heathcote was not present. Her gaze then rested upon another figure moving through the dance at some distance down the hall. Mrs. Lorrington in her costume that evening challenged criticism. She did this occasionally—it was one of her amusements. Her dress was of almost the same shade of color as her hair, the hue unbroken from head to foot, the few ornaments being little stars of topaz. Her shoulders and arms were uncovered; and here also she challenged criticism, since she was so slight that in profile view she looked like a swaying reed. But as there was not an angle visible anywhere, her fair slenderness seemed a new kind of beauty, which all, in spite of sculptor's rules, must now admire. Rachel called her, smilingly, "the amber witch." But Isabel said, "No; witch-hazel; because it is so weird, and yellow, and sweet." Rachel, Isabel, and Helen always said charming things about each other in public: they had done this unflinchingly for years.

Miss Vanhorn was watching her niece from her comfortable seat on the other side of the room, and watching with some impatience. But the Haunted Man was now asking Anne to dance, and Anne was accepting. After that dance she went out on the piazza for a few moments; when she returned, Heathcote was in the room, and waltzing with Helen.

All her courage left her before she could grasp it, and hardly knowing what she was doing, she went directly across the floor to Miss Vanhorn, and asked if she might go to her room.

Miss Vanhorn formed one of a majestic phalanx of old ladies. "Are you tired?" she asked.

"Very tired," said Anne, not raising her eyes higher than the stout waist before her, clad in shining black satin.

"She does look pale," remarked old Mrs. Bannert, sympathizingly.

"Anne is always sleepy at eight or nine, like a baby," replied Miss Vanhorn, well aware that the dark-eyed Rachel was decidedly a night-bird, and seldom appeared at breakfast at all; "and she has also a barbarous way of getting up at dawn. Go to bed, child, if you wish; your bowl of bread and milk will be ready in the morning." Then, as Anne turned, she added: "You will be asleep when I come up; I will not disturb you. Take a good rest." Which Anne interpreted, "I give you that amount of time: think well before you act." The last respite was accorded.

But even a minute is precious to the man doomed to death. Anne left the ball-room almost with a light heart: she had the night. She shut herself in her room, took off the lace dress, loosened her hair, and sat down by the window to think. The late moon was rising; a white fog filled the valley and lay thickly over the river; but she left the sash open—the cool damp air seemed to soothe her troubled thoughts. For she knew—and despised herself in the knowledge—that the strongest feeling in her heart now was jealousy, jealousy of Helen dancing with Heathcote below. Time passed unheeded; she had not stirred hand or foot when, two hours later, there was a tap on her door. It was Helen.

"Do not speak," she whispered, entering swiftly and softly, and closing the door; "the Grand Llama is coming up the stairs. I wanted to see you, and I knew that if I did not slip in before she passed, I could not get in without disturbing her. Do not stir; she will stop at your door and listen."

They stood motionless; Miss Vanhorn's step came along the hall, and, as Helen had predicted, paused at Anne's door. There was no light within, and no sound; after a moment it passed on, entered the parlor, and then the bedroom beyond.

"If Bessmer would only close the bed room door," whispered Helen, "we should be quite safe." At this moment the maid did close the door; Helen gave a sigh of

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relief. "I never could whisper well," she said. "Only cat-women whisper nicely. Isabel is a cat-woman. Now when it comes to a murmur—a faint, clear, sweet murmur, I am an adept. I wonder if Isabel will subdue her widower? You have been here long enough to have an opinion. Will she?"

"I do not know," said Anne, wondering at her own ability to speak the commonplace words.

"And I—do not care! I am tired, Crystal: may I lie on your bed? Do close that deathly window, and come over here, so that we can talk comfortably," said Helen, throwing herself down on the white coverlet—a long slender shape, with its white arms clasped under its head. The small room was in shadow. Anne drew a chair to the bedside and sat down, with her back to the moonlight.

"This is a miserable world," began Mrs. Lorrington. Her companion, sitting with folded arms and downcast eyes, mentally agreed with her.

"Of course *you* do not think so," continued Helen, "and perhaps, being such a crystal-innocent, you will never find it out. There are such souls. There are also others; and it is quite decided that I hate—Rachel Bannert, who is one of them."

Anne had moved nervously, but at that name she fell back into stillness again.

"Rachel is the kind of woman I dread more than any other," continued Helen. "Her strength is feeling. Feeling! I tell you, Crystal, that you and I are capable of loving, and suffering for the one we love, through long years of pain, where Rachel would not wet the sole of her slipper. Yet men believe in her! The truth is, men are fools: one sigh deceives them."

"Then sigh," said the figure in the chair.

"No; that is not my talent: I must continue to be myself. But *I* saw her on the piazza with Ward to-night; and I detest her."

"With—Mr. Heathcote?"

"Yes. Of course nothing would be so much to her disadvantage as to marry Ward, and she knows it; he has no fortune, and she has none. But she loves to make me wretched. I made the greatest mistake of my life when I let her see once, more than a year ago, how things were."

"How things were?" repeated Anne—that commonplace phrase which carries deep meanings safely because unexpressed.

"Of course there is no necessity to tell *you*, Crystal, what you must already know—that Ward and I are in a certain way betrothed. It is an old affair: we have known each other always."

"Yes," said the other voice, affirmatively and steadily.

"Some day we shall be married, I suppose: we like each other. But there is no haste at present: I think we both like to be free. Heigh-ho! Do you admire this dress, Crystal?"

"It is very beautiful."

"And yet he only came in and danced with me once!"

"Perhaps he does not care for dancing," said Anne. She was accomplishing each one of her sentences slowly and carefully, like answers in a lesson.

"Yes, he does. Do not be deceived by his indolent manner, Crystal; he is full of all sorts of unexpected strong likings and feelings, in spite of his lazy look. Do you think I should be likely to fall in love with a stick?"

Anne made no reply.

"*Do* you?" said Helen, insistently, stretching out her arms, and adjusting the chains of topaz stars that decked their slenderness.

Anne leaned forward and drew down her friend's hands, holding them closely in her own. "Helen," she said, "tell me: do you love Mr. Heathcote?"

"What is love?" said Mrs. Lorrington, lightly.

"Tell me, Helen."

"Why do you wish to know?"

"I *do* wish to know."

"Ward Heathcote is not worth my love."

"Is he worth Rachel Bannert's, then?" said Anne, touching the spring by which she had seen the other stirred.

"Rachel Bannert!" repeated Helen, with a tone of bitter scorn. Then she paused. "Anne, you are a true-hearted child, and I *will* tell you. I love Ward Heathcote with my whole heart and soul."

She spoke in clear tones, and did not turn away or hide her face; she lay looking up at the moonlight on the rough white wall. It was Anne who turned, shivering, and shading her eyes with her hand.

"I love him so much," Helen continued, "that if he should leave me, I believe I should die. Not suddenly, or with any sensation, of course. I only mean that I should not be able to live."

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Again there was silence. Then the clear soft voice went on.

"I have always loved him. Ever since I can remember. Do not be shocked, but I loved him even when I married Richard. I was very young, and did it in a sort of desperate revenge because he did not, would not, care for me. I was not punished for my madness, for Richard loved me dearly, and died so soon, poor fellow, that he never discovered the truth. And then it all began over again. Only *this* time Ward was—different."

Another silence followed. Anne did not move or speak.

"Do not be unhappy about me, child," said Helen at last, turning on her arm to look at her companion; "all will come right in time. It was only that I was vexed about this evening. For he has not seemed quite himself lately, and of course I attribute it to Rachel: her deadly sweetness is like that of nightshade and tube-roses combined. Now tell me about yourself: how comes on the quarrel with the Llama?"

"I hardly know."

"I saw you stealing away in your white lace with Gregory Dexter this evening," pursued Helen. "He was as agreeable as ever this morning. However, there it is again; just before six, Nightshade strolled off toward the ravine 'to see the sunset' (one sees the sunset so well from there, you know, facing the east), and Dexter seemed also to have forgotten the points of the compass, for—he followed her."

"Then it was Mrs. Bannert," said Anne, half unconsciously.

"It is always Mrs. Bannert. I do not in the least know what you mean, but—it is always Mrs. Bannert. What did he say about her?"

"Of course I can not tell you, Helen. But—I really thought it was you."

"What should *I* have to do with it? How you play at cross-purposes, Crystal! Is it possible that during all this time you have not discovered how infatuated our Gregory is with Rachel? Ward is only amusing himself; but Gregory is, in one sense, carried away. However, I doubt if it lasts, and I really think he has a warm regard for you, a serious one. It is a pity you could not—"

Anne stopped the sentence with a gesture.

"Yes, I see that little ring," said Helen. "But the world is a puzzle, and we often follow several paths before we find the right one. How cold your hands are! The nights are no longer like summer, and the moon is Medusa. The autumn moon is a cruel moon always, reminding us of the broken hopes and promises of the lost summer. I must go, Crystal. You are pale and weary; the summer with the Llama has been too hard. I believe you will be glad to be safely back at Moreau's again. But I can not come over now and tell you romances, can I? You know the personages, and the charm will be gone. To-morrow I am going to ride. You have not seen me in my habit? I assure you even a mermaid can not compare with me. Do you know, I should be happy for life if I could but induce Rachel to show herself once on horseback by my side: on horseback Rachel looks—excuse the word, but it expresses it—sploshy. The trouble is that she knows it, and will not go; she prefers moonlight, a piazza, and sylphide roses in her hair, with the background of fluffy white shawl."

Then, with a little more light nonsense, Helen went away—went at last. Anne bolted the door, threw herself down upon her knees beside the bed, with her arms stretched out and her face hidden. There had been but this wanting to her misery, and now it was added: Helen loved him.

For she was not deceived by the flippant phrases which had surrounded the avowal: Helen would talk flippantly on her death-bed. None the less was she in earnest when she spoke those few words. In such matters a woman can read a woman: there is a tone of voice which can not be counterfeited. It tells all.

LEFT BEHIND.

Wilt thou forget me in that other sphere—
Thou who hast shared my life so long in this—
And straight grown dizzy with that greater bliss,
Fronting heaven's splendor strong and full and clear,
No longer hold the old embraces dear
When some sweet seraph crowns thee with her kiss?
Nay, surely from that rapture thou wouldst miss
Some slight, small thing that thou hast cared for here.
I do not dream that from those ultimate heights
Thou wilt come back to seek me where I bide,
But if I follow, patient of thy slights,
And if I stand there, waiting by thy side,
Surely thy heart with some old thrill will stir,
And turn thy face toward me, even from her.

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THEN.

THEN the world was a holiday planet, and things were precisely what they seemed, notwithstanding the words of the poet. Then the whole year was May, albeit the season *did* change occasionally. Then the skies were brighter, the thunder louder, the lightning vivider, the snow whiter, the skating smoother, the waves higher, and the banks sounder than they represent themselves to-day. Then, as a human race, people were specially well-favored. Then we got more for our money than we do at this era of the solar system. Then it was a boon to be alive, and we thoroughly appreciated the privilege.

Then the cheeks of maidenhood were tinted with everlasting carnations, and her locks swept round and round with perpetual violet odors. Then we wrote inflammatory verse to blonde Almira or chaste Selina, beginning,

"She walks in beauty like the night,"

persistently ignoring the fact that his lordship of Newstead had said the same thing to somebody else many years before. Then, later, the lovely Emily B——,

"That plant and flower of light,"

led captive our enamored fancy. Then a week at West Point or Newport (*her* family sojourning there) made us supremely blest for a whole year.

Then we essayed chess that we might be beaten by our landlady's daughter, after tea, in a twilight corner of the parlor. Then we took a few cheap lessons in boxing and fencing, that we might protect ourselves from the other boarders in case we should, for amatory reasons, be attacked in the entry, or unhappily drawn into a defensive duel. Then we studied a moiety of French with Count de la Porte, that we might be equipped for Parisian society, should we ever happen to get into it, which was not at all likely. Then we rode horseback, or endeavored to do so, in Fourth-of-July and other important civic processions. Then we danced as Mrs. Barrymore had taught us, and sang according to Dr. Lowell Mason. Then we could play second flute in a serenade, and have breath enough left for a lively duet afterward. Then we joined several literary and festive societies, where the initiation fees were inconsiderable. Then we subscribed to Callendar's Circulating Library, because *she* took out books from that establishment. Then Mr. Greenwood's "celebrated museum," with its stuffed adornments of natural history, and its high-toned celebrities with pinguid shining faces, entertained and instructed us.

Then the eccentric Dr. Valentine contributed his whimsicalities to our weekly enjoyments, lecturing to us on phrenology, and imitating the Long Island damsel at her piano.

Then the tailor, the hatter, and the bootmaker were superior beings in our estimation, and ranked among artists that interested us profoundly. Then we carried a cane made from the old frigate *Constitution*, and sported gloves of a peculiar and somewhat violent color on the slightest provocation. Then we struggled manfully with our feelings until we could achieve tobacco in its mildest form. Then we affected gilt-edged stationery, and stamped the perfumed wax with a head of Ajax on our glass seal-ring. Then we attached a decorative watch chain to something anchored out of sight that was not in any way connected with the flight of time, but only intended to delude the beholder into a belief that it might be a Frodsham, or a "patent lever" by Tobias. Then half a dozen gold eagles in one's pocket at a time was a pecuniary prosperity. Then we spoke of Stephen Girard with monetary awe, and eagerly discussed what would probably become of so much hoarded treasure. Then we took our first voyage in a steamboat, "all night across the perilous Sound." Then the Astor House, as dominated by Stetson, was our favorite hotel.

Then the opera and ballet were fairylands, and the theatre more than real. Then we experienced not infrequently the blessings of a "free admission." Then we began to live. Then we watched the tuneful Mrs. Austin glide away as Cinderella in her pumpkin coach. Then Madame Celeste danced before us in *The French Spy*. Then Caradori was extant, with her delicate surprises of tender expression and grace. Then—a night of unparagoned felicity—we heard, from their melodious altitudes, the memorable tones of Truffi, Benedetti, Formes, Tedesco, Perelli, Steffanoni, Salvi, Marini, and Beneventano—names forever chronicled in our recollections of happy hours. Then we began to talk in society of Bellini, Ros-

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sini, Donizetti, and Auber. Then Jenny Lind, the living soul of music, was carolling to us out of melodious skies. Then Fanny Kemble was the Portia of our idolatry. Then Mrs. Barrett and the silver-tongued Jarman were for a time the "divinities that stirred within us." Then a merry troup of Viennese children absorbed our attention for a space. Then Ellen Tree, with the caressing voice, a lady "fair as unshaded light," with tones in her laugh it was a luxury to hear, and Charles Kean (only her lover then), enchanted us long after the curtain fell. Then Harry Placide, as Grandfather Whitehead, made us gulp down our emotions as we sat shading our eyes in the pit. Then "Brother Tom," as Bob Acres, on the same evening, restored our countenance to its full measure of uproarious laughter. Then Baron Hackett was Rip Van Winkle, and Jefferson (my Jo) had not yet come to the front. Then Cooper, "the noblest Roman of them all," was lingering a few nights longer, prior to folding up his robes forever. Then Warren was a stripling, but just as sprightly on his well-instructed legs as he is now, and always will be, and that is saying a great deal. Then the elder Booth, incontestably the most electric Hamlet and Sir Giles since Edmund Kean, came and sounded all the depths of human passion and pathos. Then we ran after Master Burke, with the rest of the world, for a season. Then Momus dawned upon us in the shape of exuberant Burton, and informed us how the rogue Autolycus sang, in the *Winter's Tale*,

"When daffodils begin to peer,"

and how Toodles talked and tumbled about in his daily intercourse with the world. Then Charles Kemble, with ravishing perfection, represented Benedick and Mercutio in their habit as they lived. Then Manager Barry was Master Walter, in *The Hunchback*. Then Sheridan Knowles took, by right of authorship, the character for a brief space, but we preferred our favorite townsman in the long speeches in that play. Then Gilbert played Falstaff, and Murdock enacted Romeo to our deepest satisfaction. Then J. R. Scott brought Napoleon before us, with arms folded and rapid speech, striding moodily up and down the stage, and taking huge quantities of snuff out of a leathern pocket in his embroidered buff waistcoat. Then that unrivalled artist, James Wallack, made us weep in *The Rent Day*, and caused us to feel the poetry in *As You Like It* as we had never felt it before.

Then the little Keeley people came floating across the Atlantic to augment our hilarity for a couple of weeks, and suddenly leave us sighing for their never-accomplished return. Then "Paddy Power," the accomplished and fascinating brother of Lady Blessington, the very genius of mirth, came to flood the Tremont boards with his delightful brogue. Then (proud evening indeed!) Mr. Halleck, the poet, took us to see Macready in *Macbeth* at the old Park Theatre in the great city. Then John Keese, good-natured, merry soul, introduced us to Mr. Manager Mitchell and pretty Mary Taylor behind the scenes at the small Olympic. Then it was our annual custom to secure tickets to generous old Mrs. Barnes's yearly benefit, not so much because we liked her acting, excellent as it was, but because she was one of the most charitable of Christian beings, and realized in her own cramped means how true it is that "one must be poor to know the luxury of giving." Then Yorkshire Mr. G. H. Andrews was our beau ideal of Billy Lackaday and Dromio of Ephesus. Then Mr. W. F. Johnson in mock-heroic comedy was equal, in our opinion, to Liston or Munden. Then the pun-inventive Finn was Paul Pry, and Paul Shack, and anybody else as occasion required. Then Tom Comer sang a comic song and Miss MacBride danced a hornpipe habitually at Mrs. W. H. Smith's benefit. Then we committed to memory the whole of "Bombastes Furioso" from the lips of the players. Then those merry mimes, Mathews, Reeves, and Kilner, were filling our eyes with endless tears of laughter.

Then the Ravel family, formed by nature to make extremes meet, were busily engaged in similar healthful enterprises, doubling up their anatomies, jumping out of unexpected meal-bags, and down into impossible chimneys. Then that bright-winged creature, Fanny Elssler, was bewitching us with her inimitable "Cracoviennes," and her bewildering "Tarantellas." Then *Adrienne* was revealed to us. Then we heard, once and forever, that never-to-be-forgotten volcanic utterance in Corneille's *Polyeucte*, "Je crois!" as Rachel, with eyeballs all aflame, flew with tumultuous passion

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across the stage. Then came the peerless Bosio, intense and original, both as singer and actress. Then arose and chanted, amid enthusiastic plaudits, the magnificent, broad, sunny Alboni, the superb contralto, of whom it was said there were "corn and oil and wine" in her radiant look. (Affluent, gorgeous creature, how she poured out that luscious song at the *Lucretia Borgia* supper!) Then Anna Mowatt, with her delicate brier-rose beauty, stepped gracefully forward into the dramatic arena. Then "Gentleman George," as he was called, first swam into our ken, with gay and easy motion. Then Ostinelli, with the shining head, presided in the orchestra. Then Forrest drew our stormy applause in Metamora and Spartacus. Then the elder Vandenhoff, a noble, scholarly gentleman of the old school, played Cato and Shylock for us during a brief season, and introduced his talented English daughter to our lasting regard—her to whom Dryden's exquisite lines on the Duchess of Ormond might fitly apply:

> "O daughter of the rose, whose cheeks unite
> The differing titles of the red and white,
> Who heaven's alternate beauty well display,
> The blush of morning with the milky way."

Then we sat spell-bound to Braham's clarion tones in Marmion's splendid charge to Chester—tones that added "a precious hearing" to the ear. (Who will ever sing again to us Arne's exquisite hunting song, "With hounds and with horns I'll waken the day," or "The Bay of Biscay," or deliver with such dramatic feeling "Comfort ye my people," "In native worth," and "Total Eclipse"?) Then we heard Ronconi's consummate rendering of the quack doctor's rôle in *L'Elisir d'Amore*. Then we listened to the magic of Ole Bull's enchanted violin for the first time, breathless with excitement and "hot expectancy." Then the honeyed voices of Joseph and Mary Wood broke upon us in *Sonnambula*. Then no public performance ever tired us, and we could sit out the Hail-stone Chorus at an ill-sung oratorio with enthusiasm. Then the circus meant something to our wonderment, as we gazed across the golden sawdust, sparkling with steeds and knights and spangled damosels. Then we were flattered, perhaps unseemly so, by a bow of recognition from a public performer, and boasted of it *ad nauseam* to our unbelieving companions.

Then we trusted in Nicholas Biddle and the United States Bank. Then Webster and Clay and Everett and Choate were in their prime strength, and making us their willing votaries through exalted eloquence. Then we travelled long distances to hear Ogden Hoffman, the peer of the highest in his wondrous power to thrill an audience. Then Channing, the "seraph of the pulpit," was weaving a spell of worship around our receptive natures. Then Emerson was another of our "present deities." Then there was no bleak winter in our year, for the reason that Holmes and Phillips and Curtis were gilding the Lyceum from December to April, and William Simmons was holding the divining-rod and interpreting Shakspeare to us on the off nights. Then Thackeray dawned upon us, discoursing with fine instinct of Swift and Steele and Addison and Sterne, revelling night after night in indescribable wit and wisdom.

Then James's novels delighted our imagination, and Marryat and Bulwer kept us busy over *Japhet* and *Pelham*. Then Dickens was writing *Pickwick Papers* for us every month, and gloriously supplementing Walter Scott and Cooper. Then Irving was giving us Astoria to travel in, and firing our ambitious resolves to cross the Rocky Mountains. Then Bryant and Whittier and Longfellow, with Tennyson and Browning, were opening up for us new realms of song, and inviting us to take possession. Then Hawthorne was beginning to lead us into his New England Arcadias, pearled with the dews of his beautiful fancy. Then Willis was writing Scripture pieces for us, and we were all committing "Absalom" to memory. Then Elia's essays and Christopher's "Noctes," among other delectable things, began to challenge our attention. Then, blushing with ignorance, we sat down to Gibbon's inviting volumes, with a determination to finish them before spring, and ignominiously failed in the attempt. Then we fell upon a pile of old English romances, and succeeded better. Then we habitually quoted Pope and Goldsmith at the debating club. Then Spenser and Wordsworth were too much for us. Then we thought the plays of Sheridan Knowles were masterpieces of dramatic style. Then, waking or sleeping, we could repeat whole cantos of Byron and Scott.

Then the summer mornings were full

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of singing-birds, always waiting outside our windows to help us begin the day with happiness. Then flowers were born as if to accompany the birds in their benevolent mission. Then all our dreams were pleasant imaginings, Arabian Nights' Entertainments, frolic visions of untroubled joy. Then June was the longest and loveliest month in the calendar. Then we were never depressed by bad weather. Then headache had no lodgement nearer than our neighbor's brain. Then personal rheumatism was unknown to us. Then insomnia had not been invented, and we were not obliged to draw upon the apothecary for vials of sleep. Then we could walk twenty miles a day without fatigue. Then all was gold that glistered. *Then we were young!*

THE VARIOUS LANGUAGES OF BILLY MOON.

"To surrender ere th' assault."—HUDIBRAS.

CHAPTER I.

NOT all, and not a majority, of personal combats in the far South forty years ago, at court grounds and muster fields, sprang from personal hostilities, previous or sudden. They were resorted to often as a trial of superior strength, agility, or endurance. In such encounters, one who would seek for a pistol, a knife, or even a walking-stick, was considered unmanly. Not thus, however, at least commonly, he who, when overcome and prostrate, cried "Enough." Such conduct was understood merely as an admission, technically termed "word," that the defeated yielded for the present only, and with reserve of right and intention to renew the combat in other circumstances which might occur, whether on that same or some subsequent day. The victor was expected to suspend his blows at this admission. Sometimes, when the bottom man refused to yield, and seemed to prefer being beaten into a jelly, by-standers, somewhat before such result, would drag off the top man. Then both combatants, though with blackened eyes and bruised faces, panting and hobbling, would repair to the grocery, take a social grog, and, with mutual compliments, have a cordial understanding to repeat the fight at some convenient time after.

This preface was due to Mr. Oglethorpe Josh Green, whose conduct upon a certain occasion might otherwise be somewhat misunderstood.

One other item—as a postscript, as it were, to the above—I should mention. In those times, many country people of the humbler and less cultivated sort, when mention was made of a person afflicted with a native incurable infirmity, bodily or mental, usually spoke of him or her as of the neuter gender, employing the pronoun *it*.

Mr. (Oglethorpe) Josh Green, so styled to distinguish him from his cousin of that name in Elbert, had whipped out everything in his section, and in search of other conquests he once came some miles southward. It was muster-day for the Dukesborough battalion. A few from the upper borders of the county had heard of his exploits, and one or two had seen him theretofore. A man like him, however, needed not to have friends, or even acquaintances, as, when a fight was to be made up, an entire stranger could easily obtain backers who would see to the maintenance of fair play.

When the muster was over, and O. J. G. (as he sometimes called himself, and was called by others, for short) had looked calmly upon several fights, he seemed to be disgusted.

"You people down here don't 'pear to know how *to* fight," said he. "It 'pears like you want to have somebody that do know how for to come down here and larn you."

It was a voice loud, harsh, powerful. People looked at him. Indeed, he had already attracted much attention. About thirty or thirty-two years of age, five feet eleven, weighing one hundred and sixty, or maybe more, dark-skinned, his black hair cut short, without an ounce of surplus flesh, from his head to his feet he seemed as if he had been wrought out of iron. As he walked up and down, composedly uttering challenges, there did not seem to be a likelihood that he could find one to encounter him.

Bob Hatchett did say that but for his fatigue (having just now had a turn with Bill Giles, and got Bill's word) he would give him a trial, and take a few—jes' a few—of his lessons.

The warrior had money, and he exhibited it as a temptation. Holding forth his buckskin purse, he said, after beginning with a dollar, and gradually ascending:

"Gentlemen, in this here money-puss

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is four dollars, lackin' sevenpence. Two dollars and a half o' that money it would be my desires to put into the money-puss of the man that can git my word in a fight here to-day. The dollar one and nine that would be left would be enough to take me back home, and which, in sich a case, arfter sich fightin' as I seen here, I shouldn't desires to leave it no more, leastways to come this way."

Such as that looked like a shame. Finally Jack Hall, who lived on Shoulder-bone, said he couldn't stand it. Jack himself was a man of much power, though he might not have encountered O. J. G. without apprehension.

"Stranger," said Jack, "you 'pear like you—you jes' a-spilin' for a fight."

"That's ezactly what I am, sir," answered the stranger. "I'm a-spilin' bad. I hain't fit in so long that I'm gittin' badly spiled. You hit what's jes' the matter with me, the same as ef you was a doctor."

"Jes' so; and you would wish to lay down them two dollars and a half, sure enough, would you?"

"Here they are, sir, ready for you to git; and when sich a lookin' man as you do git 'em, my calkilation will be to move clean away—to some disolate island."

"Jes' so." Jack looked at him and reflected. "I ain't ezactly in fix to-day myself; but"—he paused, took out his purse, and counted his money—"I hain't but a dollar, half, and sevenpence. Ef the boys will help me make up the rest, I'll fetch a man here that 'll—that 'll go to school to you for a while. I won't be gone more'n ten or fifteen minutes."

Certainly the balance can be made up; there it is already. Good gracious! the idea of a whole battalion, as it were, being run off its own battle-field by one man, and he a stranger!

Jack went to look for his man. Oglethorpe Josh the while stroked his head, screwed his jaws, felt his muscles, and seemed to smell the battle anear.

CHAPTER II.

INSIDE of the time demanded, Jack was seen coming up the street. Slightly ahead of him, looking back eagerly at Jack's earnest gesticulations, walked a youth.

"Why, ef it ain't Billy Moon!" said Bob Hatchett and others. "Why, Jack Hall! Billy's too young to cope with that man."

"Jes' so, boys: never mind."

They came up, and Billy looked inquiringly at Jack and the rest. He was full six feet high, but would have weighed not more than one hundred and forty pounds. He was straight as an arrow—straighter, in fact; for his back was slightly swayed. Lithe, sinuous, tense without constraint, his long arms seemed well capable of striking and of grappling. His broad-brimmed hat sat jauntily on a side of his head. His light hair hung in curls even below his neck, and his blue eyes fairly danced with fiery glee. He did not seem to be over one-and-twenty years old.

"Is that your man?" asked Oglethorpe, curiously contemplating him.

"That's him," answered Jack.

"Well, my young friend, you don't want your mammy to know you when you go home to-night, eh? Your desires is to git to the old lady onbeknownst like this evenin', eh?"

Billy said not a word, but after signs from Jack smiled, and nodded his head gayly.

"How do you fight?"

Billy, after looking at Jack for a few moments, made several mock strokes with his fists, imaginary grapplings with his arms, kickings with his legs, and then seized his own throat with one hand, and placed the thumb of the other into the corner of one of his eyes.

Oglethorpe Josh looked at these actions piercingly. Turning angrily upon Jack, he said: "Who's this you fotch here? What is he?"

"It's Billy Moon," answered a bystander—one of those chosen as stakeholder. "He's as respectable a man, sir, as any in this county, or anywheres else, exceptin' that he's deef and dumb."

"Deef and dumb!" said Oglethorpe. "Ain't he a egiot?"

"Egiot! No, sir: no egiot; got much sense as you, or anybody else on this ground, and as much of a gentleman."

"Jes' so," said Jack Hall.

Oglethorpe scanned Billy over and over carefully. Scratching his head, he scanned him again. He looked down and reflected. After reflection he raised his head, but did not seem as if, even when he began to talk, he had reached a definite conclusion.

"Gentlemen—I shall—that is, I shall—not—yes—no—in case, yes—that is—gentlemen—I—I shall—ah—I shall NOT fight it."

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Oh, now! ah, now! yes, now! That did look like a fellow comin' all the way down from Oglethorpe and openin' a school for teachin' people how to fight!

Oglethorpe reflected again, looked at Billy's smiling face, and reflected yet again. Then he resolved for good and all. He said, firmly: "No, sirs. I shall not fight it, gentlemen; and, gentlemen, I'll give you my reasons. You see, if me and it fights, one or t'other of us is got to git whipped, in the course o' time, more or less. Now, ef I whip *it*, it can't holler, and I sha'n't know it air whipped. That 'll be onfair for *it*. Then, agin, gentlemen, and which I shouldn't by no means look for—but nobody, exceptin' the good Lord, know the futer, 'specially in things like *it*—then agin, I say, ef it *should* whip *me*, and *I* holler, it—it—it couldn't *hear* me; and that, you see, gentlemen, would be onfair for me. Gentlemen, no; gentlemen, I shall not fight it."

After the explosion ensuing upon this determined refusal, and some discussion as to its import and most proper consequences, it was decided at last, with entire concurrence on the part of Oglethorpe Josh, that it would be fair to regard the money advanced, not exactly as won by Billy, nor as constituting a drawn bet, but that Billy—for Jack said it should be Billy's interest, and not his own—should have half the deposit of Oglethorpe Josh.

When Jack had communicated this decision to Billy, the brightness in an instant fled from his face, and he glanced around resentfully upon all. Then he looked upon the ground for a moment thoughtfully, putting his hand to his ear. Then he raised his head, his face putting on a conditional smile, looked at Oglethorpe, hugged himself, twisted his legs about, made a long mark upon the ground, struck his left forefinger with his right, and uttering several guttural sounds from his throat, looked at Jack as if he were not yet entirely through with giving expression to his ideas.

Oglethorpe watched Billy's actions with earnest and compassionate interest. Said he: "What do it want? Ain't it satisfied? Ef it ain't, let it take all the money. Sooner than worry the poor thing, I'd let it have all I got. I'd—"

"Jes' so, jes' so, I know," said Jack. "But that ain't what Billy's arfter."

"Well, what is it arfter? I can't see from them doin's what it is arfter."

"Jes' so; but me and him's neighbors, and always has been, and we understands one another same as ef Billy could talk. Billy's arfter a wrastle with you, stranger."

"A wrastle with me!"

"Jes' so; and he say ef you'll give him a wrastle, jes' a friendly wrastle, you mind, you may have a dollar more o' your money, no matter which gits flung; and ef you don't, he'll have some more words to say to you."

"Words!" ejaculated Oglethorpe. "You call them things words! Words! more words! Them things was its langwidges, was they?" Then Mr. Oglethorpe Josh Green grinned somewhat, and the iron in his frame seemed to begin to soften.

"Jes' so," answered Jack; "and Billy's got more langwidges than you ever heerd of."

"More words, and in warious langwidges," said O. J. G., thoughtfully. "And they means it want a wrastle, and ef it can't git it, it 'll have more words in more warious langwidges."

Then Mr. O. J. G. regarded Billy with the most intense scrutiny. It was evident that he was again doubtful, but seemingly to avoid the necessity of further remarks in other unknown tongues, he concluded to acquiesce in Billy's wishes.

"Very well, then," he said. "But, gentlemen, I'm agin this thing, and I wants it onderstood that ef it git hurt, I ain't responchible."

Everybody said that was right.

Then they stripped themselves.

CHAPTER III.

"WHAT hold do it want?" asked Mr. Oglethorpe Josh Green.

Billy, when the question was made known to him by Jack, raised and let fall first his right arm, then his left, shook his head contemptuously, then unwrapped from his finger an invisible rag, and threw it upon the ground.

"What kind o' words was them?" asked O. J. G.

"Them words," answered Jack, "them's that Billy say he don't keer, not even to the wrappin' of his fingers, which hold you give him, right or left."

"Yes, I see it were somethin' about—about fingers."

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Mr. O. slowly scraped his upper lip with his lower teeth.

"And ef I don't wrastle with it, you say—it 'll—have yit more—*words*, and prob'ly in yit more warious langwidges?"

"Jes' so."

"Well, gentlemen," he said, resignedly; "'member, gentlemen, I'm agin it, and both tharfore and wharfore I ain't to be responchible."

Certainly not, unanimously.

They were hitched. Jack Hall was to give the word, with a simultaneous nod to Billy. Billy's eye was on Jack, bright as a rattlesnake's when on the point of striking.

"Go," said Jack.

Billy, instantaneously detecting, from the feel of his adversary, which was his stronger side, quick as lightning swayed his back yet more, slid himself an inch or two aside, brought his right knee-joint against Oglethorpe's left, and, simultaneously with pressure there, and a resistless impulsion with his left arm, adroitly tripped, with his left, Oglethorpe's right foot. The part of Oglethorpe that was likely to strike the ground first was his head. But Billy, as he was descending, softened the fall by hopping, with the agility of a greyhound, astraddle of his body, which barely touched the earth. There, holding Oglethorpe for a moment in his arms, flinging back from his eyes his long locks, he smiled in his face as a person does sometimes upon a child whom he has thrown up into the air playfully, and caught safely on the return. Then, when both had risen, he brushed him carefully with his hand and his handkerchief.

Omitting the numberless sayings, some of them interesting, in that crowd, now numbering a couple of hundreds or more, I confine myself to the main actors.

"Well I *didn't* fight it!" said Oglethorpe, contemplating Billy with yet enhanced interest. "Ef it could onderstand me," he continued, hesitatingly, "my desires would be to corngratilate it, as it's the first thing that ever laid *my* back on the ground."

Then he extended his hand partially, which Billy, when made aware of his intention, seized, and cordially shook. Oglethorpe the while grinned, felt the water come into his eyes, smote his knees together, and when Billy had let his hand go, held it up, letting it hang loosely, regarded it for a moment as something entirely foreign to himself, gradually pulled its fingers apart with his other hand, and seemed gratified and somewhat surprised that such a thing could be done.

Turning his eyes to him again, he asked, heavily: "Can it drink? Do it ever take a drink?"

"Certainly. Not as a habit, but in a social way."

"It would be my desires, then, to give it a treat. Tell it that I desires to treat it."

In the answer that Billy made to Jack's announcement of Oglethorpe's intentions, among other signs which he made, was a pointing contemptuously toward the crowd, and then violently poking himself on the breast, as if he would commit suicide, for want of a bodkin, with a bare forefinger, gibbering the while in his throat, not loudly, but passionately.

"My gawnamighty!" exclaimed Oglethorpe, his tongue becoming now so heavy that he could not utter quite articulately himself. "What kind o' wordth wath them?"

"Them words," answered Jack, with the seriousness of a person who had spent his years mainly in the interpretation of foreign, especially dead and occult, languages—"them words was this: Billy say that whiskey is a thing he sildom teches."

"Thildom tetheth," repeated Oglethorpe, thoughtfully, as if he would fain learn something of these strange tongues.

"But that yit he ain't got no partickler predigice agin whiskey, nor takin' of a drink hisself sometimes with a friend, or people he likes, providin' that they won't want him to carry it too fur, and—"

"No partickler predithith agin whithkey," said Oglethorpe, recollectingly, his mind evidently delaying upon these words, and not following Jack—at least not keeping up with him.

"But—" began Jack.

"Oh, but!" Oglethorpe's lower jaw began to hang somewhat heavily, and all his iron was gradually turning to lead.

"Jes' so," resumed Jack. "Billy say that he feel like it would be a disgrace on hisself, and on the neighborhood in gener'l, ef a stranger was to come here among us, and we was to let him do the treatin'. He say, as for sich onpoliteness as that, he warn't raised to it hisself, and as he's now a man growed up, he ain't goin' to begin on it at this time o' day; and furthersomore—"

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"On-per-lite-neth! fur-ther-tho-more!" repeated Oglethorpe, in a low voice.

"Jes' so: and furthersomore, Billy say, ef you'll jine with him, and at his expense, he'll spend the rest o' the money in a gener'l treat."

Oglethorpe waited a moment, not sure that Jack was quite through with his translations.

"Them—ah, them wath ith langwitheth, wath they?"

"They was; his very words."

"And ef I don't agree to 'em, I th'pothe he'll be arfter uthin' yit more wariouth oneth?"

"Jes' so."

"I givth it up, then."

They all repaired to Fan's grocery. Billy laid his money on the counter, and the treat was accepted heartily all around.

"Gentlemen," then said Oglethorpe, "I'm sorry to part from you; but my business calls me, and I must bid you farewell."

Taking one more earnest, studious look at Billy, he thrust his hands into his pocket. Then saying to Jack Hall, "Tell it farewell for me," he immediately turned, left the grocery, and shortly afterward the town.

From this time Mr. Oglethorpe Josh Green began to keep himself more at or about his home, and to grow more quiet and meditative. Occasionally, when he was at the court-house, or Wright's store, and others had been telling of the strange things they had seen in foreign parts, after listening with doubtful interest to their narrations, he would point with his mere thumb vaguely and distantly toward the far South, and calling to mind what in the times when *he* was a traveller he had seen, say about thus:

"Gentlemen, it were a kind of a egiot; and it were grippy as a wise, and it were supple as a black-snake, and it were strong as a mule and a bull both putten together. And, gentlemen," he would add, "egiot as it were, it were smarter'n any man ever *I* see; and *as* for its langwidges —well, gentlemen, they wa'n't no eend *to* its warious langwidges."

A NEGLECTED CORNER OF EUROPE.

III.—DONKEY AND DILIGENCE.

"Orientis partibus,
Adventavit Asinus,
Pulchra et fortissimus,
Sarcinis aptissimus—
Hé, Sire Ane, hé!"

NOWHERE in Portugal is the donkey more completely at home than at Cintra. It matters little to him whether he jogs soberly into town with the mother and baby on his back, and the master walking, staff in hand, at his nose, *à la* Flight into Egypt, or whether his tough little hoofs scramble up the rocky slope that leads to the Moorish castle, while a frightened Englishman clings to his shaggy coat, and an impish boy hangs on by the stubby tail, or encourages him to accelerated movement "with a picked pointed pole"—peasant or tourist, it is all the same to the donkey. His long, sensitive ears wag as absurdly in either case, and his appreciative nose goes botanizing among the crisp way-side greenery with equal persistency. It is true that he does show a grim sense of humor when descending a particularly ticklish declivity with a more than usually nervous rider. The tightened grip of terrified fingers in his short mane, and the sudden shortening of dangling legs which thrust their knees frantically into his ribs, seem to awaken pleasant thoughts, and he plunges down the hill with wild exhilaration, as though he relished the sight of the dismayed face, with its unmanly tourist's veil streaming in its wake like a cloud from the throttle-valve of a locomotive. The donkeys of Cintra have a long-standing acquaintance with the British traveller, for it is more than a hundred years since the place began to be fashionable, and to receive the panegyrics of migratory English quills. Byron, Borrow, Beckford, and a host of others have written rapturously of its beauties, while Southey asserted, "I have actually felt a positive pleasure in breathing here; the recollections of the Tagus and the Serra de Ossa, of Coimbra and its cypresses, its orange groves and olives, its hills and mountains, its venerable buildings and its dear river, and, above all, of Cintra, *the most blessed spot in the habitable globe*, will almost bring tears into my eyes." The picture is hardly overdrawn. Cintra is one of the few spots in this world which did not "fall in Adam's first transgression." The world lying in

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wickedness is all about it, but Cintra is a little paradise still. It is but eighteen miles distant from Lisbon—an easy ride by carriage or diligence, a convenient Niagara for the Lisbonese bride and groom, who do not crave a more extended wedding tour.

Cintra is the favorite resort of the nobility and the wealthy. A *quinta* at Cintra is the analogous term for a cottage at Newport, and these quintas vary, as do our sea-side cottages, from rustic simplicity to regal magnificence. Peña Castle, the residence of the ex-king Fernando, dominates the landscape. It is reached by a long and breezy highland road, with overhanging woods and shrubbery upon the right, and a savage slope, where goats skip among the crags below the parapet, upon the left. When we were half way up the mountain, a bell in one of its towers tolled the hour with the sweetly serious tone which we attribute to convent bells, and we remembered that the Peña Castle was formerly the convent referred to by Byron in the line,

"The horrid crags by toppling convent crown'd,"

and in the stanza:

"Then slowly climb the many-winding way,
And frequent turn to linger as you go;
From loftier rocks new loveliness survey,
And rest ye at 'our Lady's house of woe,'
Where frugal monks their little relics show."

The "frugal monks" have been expelled, the monastic orders having been abolished in Portugal, though nunneries still exist. The building, purchased by Dom Fernando, has been restored in the best of taste, and with a fidelity to mediæval architecture which would delight the heart of a Viollet-le-Duc, while Vauban would find his principles carried out, and the draw-bridge, moat, and bastion combined with such modern luxuries as the most prophetic architect of his time never dreamed of.

Dom Fernando, the father of the present sovereign, is in matters of taste the leading mind of Portugal. As King Consort, the husband of the late Queen Dona Maria II., he occupied a position analogous to that of the lamented Prince Albert. Princes of the houses of Saxe-Coburg and of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, they were both talented and cultured men, who, when raised by marriage to a subordinate seat upon the royal dais, had the rare tact to take no part in political affairs, and by contenting themselves with the love and reverence of their family, gradually gained those of the whole nation. Dom Fernando's principal care was given to the education of his sons, high-spirited and intelligent lads, to whom he succeeded in imparting his own refined accomplishments and courtly manners.

Dom Fernando's present wife, the lady of Peña Castle, is a beautiful German-American, a public singer of some fame. The aristocracy of Portugal were greatly shocked that Dom Fernando, once mated with royalty, should stoop to such an alliance; but it is not impossible that, having experienced all the bitter-sweet of patronage, and learned

"how salt his food who fares
Upon another's board, how steep his path
Who treadeth up and down another's stairs,"

the queen's widower should desire, in his turn, to taste the pleasure of conferring favors. The king's gardens are a public park, and a part of the castle is also open to all who care to see it. The main entrance to the castle, with the arms of Saxony carved in stone over the draw-bridge, has a Teutonic aspect. We looked off from the parapets at the misty sea, whose surface King Manuel scanned so anxiously from this very spot, searching the horizon for the home-bound caravel of Vasco da Gama.

A jewel-box palace, quite as perfect in its way as this feudal castle, has been constructed by an English gentleman out of the ruin of Beckford's little château. It is principally owing to Beckford that Cintra has its English celebrity, for he, more than any other Englishman, has identified himself with the place. The son of the Lord Mayor of London—a talented and luxurious man, with wealth to gratify every caprice—he is known in literature by his Oriental story *Vathek*, but attained a more extended notoriety by purchasing and restoring Fonthill Abbey at a cost of $400,000. He had a house in London, or rather two houses, on opposite sides of a street, united by a bridge crossing the thoroughfare. In this bridge was his library. From a look-out on one of these houses he professed to be able to see Fonthill, though no other could make out the slightest speck in that direction. He made good his claim to long-sightedness, however, for one morning he announced that the tower at the abbey, on which he had lavished

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untold sums, had disappeared. In the course of the day a courier arrived with the news that, owing to a defect in its original construction, the tower had fallen. He was the wealthiest commoner in England, and he made his quinta of Montserrat a paradise of taste during his occupancy; and his successor, Mr. Cook, now styled the Marquis of Montserrat, has added to its luxury and beauty. The grounds are one great fernery: gigantic tropical varieties imported from Australia and Brazil uncurl their crozier-shaped fronds with a sentient enjoyment of the moist warm air. Tree-ferns shade the paths with their long plumy sprays, and others shoot up from a fagot of root-stocks with the parabolic curves of a bouquet of rockets. The interior of the château, with its hundreds of arches of white marble, its fountain beneath the central dome, balconied with exquisitely incised alabaster screens from India, its elaborate antique furniture of teak-wood and ebony, its tapestries, paintings, books, and curios, and its corridor of statuary, where reproductions of all, or nearly all, of the various famous statues of Venus predominate over other beautiful creations of the antique, form a *bijou* worthy of its lovely setting. Beckford's hermitage, an elaborate artificial ruin at the end of the fern terrace, is still preserved. A mutilated antique statue looks out from the ivy, its vague blind eyes filled with a pathetic loneliness, as though it missed the society of the learned misanthrope, who may have executed here the harmonies taught him personally by Mozart, or have written by its side his argumentative letters to Voltaire, or read aloud in languages which it had heard when first formed in some ancient city, for Beckford was an enthusiastic classical scholar, and of the nine languages which he spoke he loved best Persian and Arabic.



AT CINTRA.

One can not ramble in a wrong direction at Cintra. The more modest quintas, buried in *Cobœa scandens*, in passion-vine, fuchsias, and heliotrope, with the white bells of the silky yucca, and the alabaster trumpet of the datura showing ghost-like against a hedge of dowager dahlias in crimson velvet, are conservatories of radiant color and fragrance. The cork-tree, resembling somewhat an old apple-tree, but far more gnarled and twisted, shows everywhere its silvery gray bossy trunks and branches. The stone-pine climbs the mountain, poplars and sycamores shade the roadway, and fountains gurgle refreshingly from niches lined with Moorish tiles. Even the dusty public highway is bordered with a hedge of geraniums, and the huge blue balls of the hydrangea droop over the walls, mingled with sprays of rosy oleander blossoms.

The beggars furnish the only fly in all this box of ointment. To Cintra come the wealthy and the spendthrifts, and to Cintra after them hobble the lame, the halt, the blind, the deaf (we met with no

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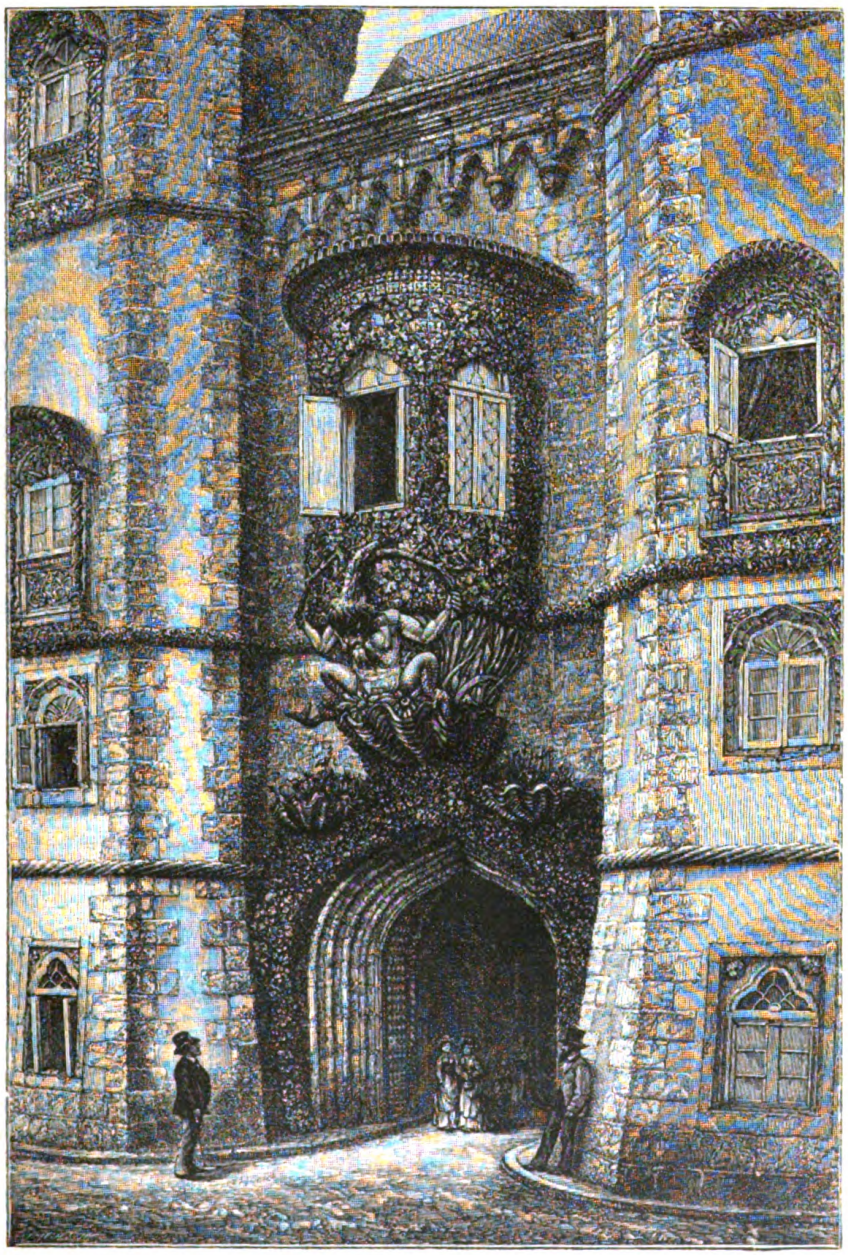
PEÑA CASTLE.

mutes), the apparently leprous, with every other description of mendicant and follower of St. Lazarus. One wealthy dweller at Cintra had inconsiderately offered a premium to mendacity by ordering his steward to disburse the sum of five reis (half a cent) daily to whomsoever should apply. The strangest beggars of all were the prisoners. They are poorly fed, and are allowed to suspend baskets from their grated windows, into which the charitably inclined drop food or money. And the Portuguese, as a rule, are charitably inclined.

A very interesting building at Cintra, and one which realizes perfectly our ideal of a haunted mansion, is the Old Palace. There is nothing palatial in its external appearance, if we except its monumental chimneys, which tower above all the surrounding buildings, and are the most conspicuous objects architecturally in a distant view of Cintra. Once within the doorway, we seem to have found our way into one of the Waverley novels. It is just the place for ghosts, for murderers concealed behind the arras, for secret staircases, for wassailings in hall and elopement from my lady's boudoir, for the clank of chains in dungeon deep, and the merry jest of fool in cap and bells, and for the king's dwarf. There is hardly a story whose floors run through the building upon the same level. We were constantly going up and down short flights of steps, and there were mysterious turnings and windings which brought us back unaware to the point of departure. Old legends cluster about the building that stimulate the imagination. Half-whis-

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pered stories of horror, of a maniac king confined here for years, wearing hollows in the pavement of his cell by his weary tread. Here, too, at its gayest epoch, Philippa of Lancaster passed her bridal



ENTRANCE TO PEÑA CASTLE.

days, not without some jealousy on account of her beautiful maids of honor, upon one of whom she surprised her royal spouse bestowing a rose and a kiss. The little court chattered over the affair like magpies, and King João, to silence the scandal, had the ceiling of the room in which the event occurred frescoed in an original and surprising manner. Across the compartments of rich panelled wood, magpies fly in wild confusion, with wide-open beaks, and a rose grasped in the claw of each. There were other salons quite as remarkable: the great Hall of Heraldry, containing the escutcheons of every noble family in Portugal, the Swan Salon, and others. It was the an-

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THE GARDEN OF MONTSERRAT.

cient Alhambra of the Moorish kings, and is a strange jumble of Moorish and Christian architecture.

From the heights of Cintra the towers of Mafra can be seen rising faint and blue where the sky, the sea, and the plain blend in one hazy blur. They are magnetic points for the fancy, and on clear days we could almost fancy that we heard their sweet-voiced chimes calling us to angelus or vespers. We could not resist the attraction, and one bright morning a party of merry English, Scotch, and American folk chartered a diligence drawn by four stout mules, and, with the majority of the party on the outside, bowled gayly along the dusty road to Mafra. Of all the absurd extravagancies of that royal spendthrift João V., none was so recklessly prodigal of expenditure, none so little satisfying as a result, as the erection of the monastery of Mafra. Modelled after the Spanish Escorial, to serve the purpose of royal palace, barracks, convent, cathedral, college, museum, catacombs, and caravansary, it now stands idle and deserted, of no more practical use than the Pyramids, and with no æsthetic value to compensate for its lack of utility.

We found the principal entrance of the building open. It led to a roomy hall, from which diverged corridors, passages, and staircases, introductions to hopeless labyrinths beyond. The air struck us, coming as we did from the glowing sunshine, with a dead chill, and the emptiness, the utter silence and loneliness, impressed the imagination in the same way. There was a delightful absence of officious guides, and we mounted a staircase at a venture. More corridors, halls, mysterious doors. Come, this will never do; we will be lost in a moment more, or find ourselves in the secret dungeons of the Inquisition. Suddenly the light, cheerful notes of a piano, the most unexpected sound that could have been imagined in such surroundings, carolled gayly from behind one of the closed doors. We knocked, and as it was opened by a graceful, handsome boy of twelve, we caught a glimpse of a spacious, tastefully furnished, modern drawing-room, one of the apartments of the Count of Mafra, and the only cheerful spot which we saw in the whole gloomy, Jesuitical structure. The boy, a son of the count, now led us courteously to the church, calling on his way for a guide, and accompanying us in our tour over the building. We thought of the Children of the Abbey, of Picciola in the prison court, of all depressing, uncongenial places in which to bring up a bright, mirth-loving boy, and none seemed more dismal than this, and yet he was as merry as one could wish, skipping

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lightly on before us from one place of interest to another. The church with its costly marbles, with their vapid faces and elaborate detail of lace and fringe, was a fine example of what can be effected by unlimited wealth in the hands of pastry-cook architects and confectioner sculptors. These valentine Cupids on cream-puff clouds of Carara marble would, slightly reduced in size and modelled in icing upon a wedding cake, have filled with rapture the soul of an *artiste cuisinier* such as Thackeray's Alcide Mirobolant, and would have formed a fit accompaniment to his romantic *chef-d'œuvre*, the ice in the form of two hearts united with an arrow, covered by a bridal veil of cut paper, and surmounted by a wreath of virginal orange flowers in sugar and corn starch.



GROUP OF BEGGARS.

From the church we passed through the sacristy to the wardrobe—a term which designates several rooms filled with chests of drawers containing vestments. Here were linen albs and surplices goffered long ago in fantastic patterns, altar cloths, canopies, banners, curtains, screens, and all the trousseau necessary to fit out any dignitary of the Romish Church in full canonicals. For the high altar and for each of the side altars there were sets of draperies in five different colors, white, red, green, purple, and black, designed for different festal or penitential days of the calendar. Each color existed in three grades: plain, bordered with embroidery, and, most elaborate of all, where the entire fabric was filled in with the finest needle-work. Not only were there the fifteen sets of hangings for each altar, but there were also fifteen sets of vestments for every officiating priest, to the silk stockings of appropriate color and relative intricacy of ornament—huge affairs shaped like a Dutch boot, and large enough to accommodate gouty toes or a leg afflicted with elephantiasis. Various countries and cities gave of their best for the erection of this monastery; the chimes came from the Netherlands, the brazen service of lamps, monstrances, and candelabra from Venice, the marbles from Rome, the relics from the Holy Land, the books from every civilized nation, while many cities, too, furnished these embroideries. The finest were worked by skillful nuns in Genoa, each chasuble or stole the flowering of a year's patient labor. There was one of Paris manufacture, stiff and gorgeous with gold thread, a resplendent mass of raised embroidery,

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PRISON AT CINTRA.

the groundwork nowhere visible, and the whole resembling a solid sheet of repoussé-work, hammered out by the goldsmith. There were silks, too, from Milan, and brocades from the looms of Liege, while the pontifical jewel casket was once as rich and varied, though little by little the authentic gems have disappeared, and their place has been supplied with paste. In successive apartments we passed in review the regiments of brazen candlesticks and candelabra, some of them as tall as a man, their equally lofty consecrated tapers of tinted and perfumed wax reposing beside them in coffin-like caskets. Next followed cupboards filled with reliquaries and monstrances exhibiting relics which, in their day, have commanded many a devout kiss and pious genuflection, now laid upon the shelf dusty and cobwebbed from lack of use, with none so credulous as to do them reverence. There was something almost pathetic in the deserted and lonely aspect of these monstrances, each with its saintly tibia, its bit of *lignum crucis*, its drop of congealed blood from some celebrated general of the noble army of martyrs, or, most glorious relic of all, its single hair from the head of Maria Sanctissima. They excited a similar feeling of commiseration as that awakened by a row of wall-flowers in a ball-room—

"overblown pale roses,
Who waste their perfume on the wandering air."

While the vestments which had once flaunted in theatrical pageants on archbishops and cardinals, with royalty at their hem, now rotting to tatters, and the corroding green streaks on the vessels of the sanctuary, preached an effective sermon to the text, "where moth and rust doth corrupt," the two tons of silver carried away from the convent of Alcobaca by the French illustrates the supplement thereto.

It was a relief to get away from all this mouldering finery, and to walk across the asphalt-covered roofs, upon which, we were informed, ten thousand men might be reviewed. The chimes in one of the great towers were playing gayly "The Bells of Corneville," but as our guide ran ahead and informed the musicians of our approach, the tune changed in our honor to "God Save the Queen." The chimes of Mafra are among the choicest of Europe. It is said that when the cautious Netherlanders received the order for their construction, fearing that the kingdom of Portugal would not be able to pay for them, and that King João had no idea

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of the expense of chimes of the quality which he had demanded, they sent back an estimate of their cost at four hundred and forty thousand dollars. The king's reply showed that his pride was touched. "I had no idea," he wrote, "that they were so cheap. Send me two of them." The order was accompanied by the payment in advance of twice the sum named, and to-day two sets of the marvellous chimes hang in the two towers built for their reception.

far as the eye can reach—to feel a magnetism in the situation. The campaigns of the Iron Duke, when read at Cintra, which gave its name to the bit of blundering diplomacy which unravelled so effectually the good Duke's web of victory, or at Torres Vedras, with his triumphs of military engineering as an illuminated margin for the historic page, have all the fascination of a tale of the Crusades.

It was to the stately old university town of Coimbra that we next bent our



"IT WAS OPENED BY A GRACEFUL BOY."

From the sea in front of the palace of Mafra runs the second of Wellington's impregnable lines, which, like a granite cliff, spoke their "Here shall thy proud waves be stayed," and, turning the tide of war, liberated the country. Just beyond is Torres Vedras, where the first line can be seen to better advantage. To the English tourist every battle-field of the Peninsular war is a shrine worthy of pilgrimage. But even the most careless and uninterested American can not fail, when circled by these forty miles of fortification —the one hundred and fifty forts, redoubts, and batteries stretching away as

steps. We found it quite as beautiful as Southey had led us to expect. Situated upon a lofty hill, with a great stone bridge stretching from its foot across the sandy bed of the Mondego (whose shrunken stream seemed only a succession of pools for the convenience of out-of-door laundry-women), its venerable towers and spires cluster as though built with an eye to their scenic effect. The university is situated nearly at the summit, and the students daily climb the hill of knowledge, their long gowns or cloaks streaming backward, giving them the appearance of pilgrims toiling up some *via crucis*.

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UNIVERSITY STUDENT.

We crossed first the massive stone bridge, which seemed an immense joke, from any need of it for the sluggish, shallow little stream below, which another month of summer might have dried up entirely. It was hard to believe that in time of freshet the waters sometimes rose to half the height of the hill on which the city is built. We were on our way to the convent of Santa Clara, where the Infante Dom Pedro wooed the unfortunate Inez de Castro by floating his letters to her down a brook, which rose in his own grounds higher up the hill, and supplied the convent with water. How these letters were kept water-proof we are not informed, but we saw the brook, which is appropriately named Dos Amores, and the old convent where, too, in after-days she met her death, and the Quinta das Lagrimas, where the brook takes its rise from a little lake of the same name, and where she passed a few happy years of married life with her prince. The convent has been deserted, for it is built below the freshet line of the river. Its ruins are used as a stable. A fierce bull-dog with spiky collar and teeth strained his chain to prevent our entrance, but a good-humored peasant girl quieted him, and led us through quacking, waddling ducks to the interior, piled high with yellow straw, and choked with ox-carts. A rose-window looked out from the loft, and there were noble bits of sculpture left uninjured. Were it not for the periodical drenching of the river, it would be quite worth the while to restore the building. The Quinta das Lagrimas is a garden overflowing with bloom. Ancient cypresses shade the fountain or spring where some one has posted Camoens's ode to the murdered Inez. Roses with tree trunks and heliotropes twelve feet high run riot. Oranges and citrons were warming their "cheeks of jealous tint" against the walls. It was a very lovely



CONVENT OF SANTA CLARA.

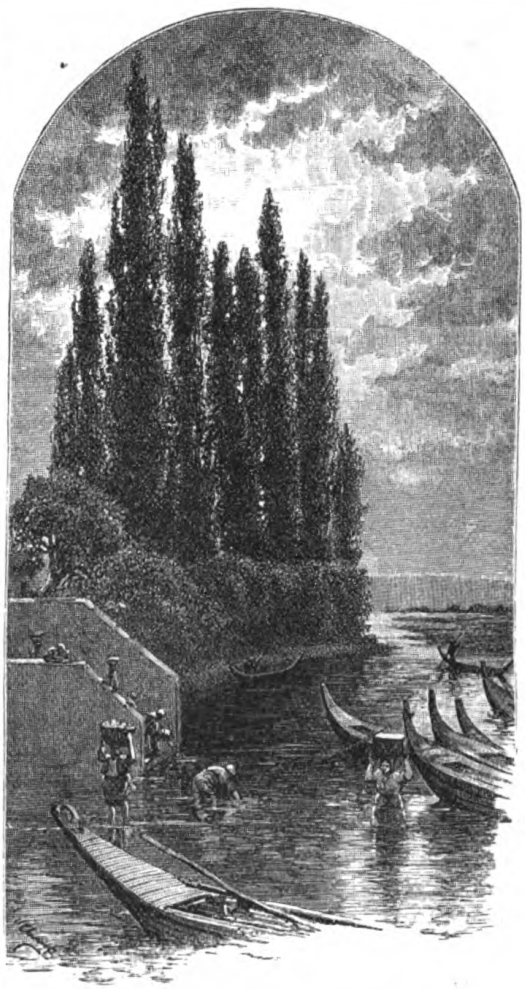
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spot for its sad name and sadder history. Inez was a Spanish lady, and the young prince, knowing that an alliance with Spain would not be permitted, married her secretly, intending to acknowledge the relationship after his accession. But the king was informed of this Rosamond's Bower, and ordered the assassination of Inez, which was accomplished in the convent of Santa Clara, where she had fled for refuge, and in the presence of her two children. Dom Pedro wandered as a maniac in the north, taking up arms against his father, and laying waste the Minho, until persuaded to desist by the Archbishop of Braga. At the death of his father he caused the body of his wife to be exhumed, and, dressed in regal robes, to be crowned as his queen. Mrs. Hemans's poem on this circumstance will be remembered by many as freezing their young blood with horror. It has also served as a subject for unnumbered paintings, and is probably the most widely known event in Portuguese history. Dom Pedro caused two of the nobles who had assisted in the assassination of his wife to be tortured to death, the third escaped by flight.

Recrossing the great bridge of the Mondego, we mounted to the university, and entering the gateway, we found the quadrangle gay with flowers. It was vacation, but a few handsome men in black gowns were reading in the ornate library, its galleries rich in gilding on dark olive green. Private reading cells, very cozy, lighted by windows whose delightful views must take the mind from the musty tome upon the lecturn, are reserved for the "doctors" in the various departments. The monastic gown, topped by a roguish, society-loving face, reminds us of Herbert's lines on being awarded a country curacy on his application for an office at court:

> "Whereas my fancy rather took
> The road that leads to town,
> Thou didst betray me to a lingering book,
> And wrap me in a gown."

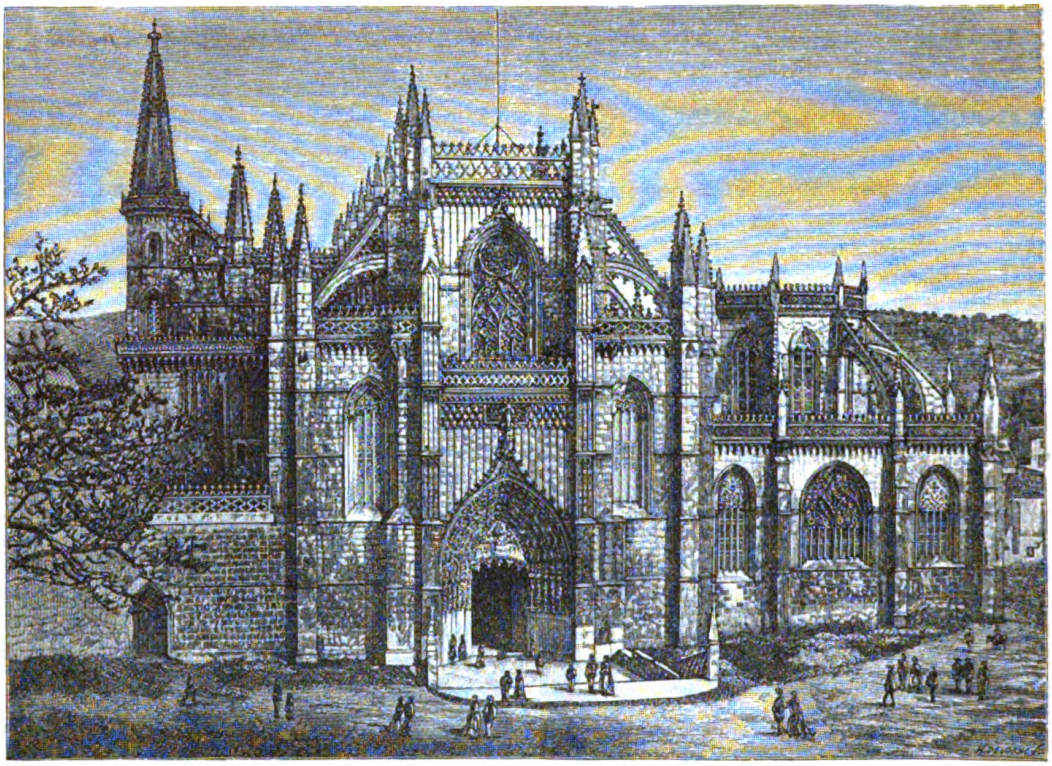
The students, when in full force, muster one thousand men. The regulation guide showed us over the empty, sounding building. There was the Salon of the Kings, a great hall surrounded by paintings of the different monarchs of Portugal; the Salon of the Rectors, containing portraits of all the presidents of the university; and there were various corridors



A LANDING ON THE MONDEGO.

and rooms filled with hideous canvases, the "spoils of sundry convents," and all placed, as they deserved, with their faces toward the wall. The chapel struck us as remarkably small, but the guide explained that attendance on service was not compulsory, and that it was sufficiently roomy. The museum was a smart new building, pretentious in style, and large enough to contain stuffed specimens of several Noah's arks, with Barnum's additions to animated nature as well; but we cut short our itinerary by several miles by not entering its doors, and passed instead through the queer peasant market to the old church of Santa Cruz. Here the Tile Club would certainly find itself outdone; and we recommend its members, when the canal-boat is fitted out for a new voyage, to have themselves towed up the Mondego to the doors of Santa Cruz. If it is freshet-time, they

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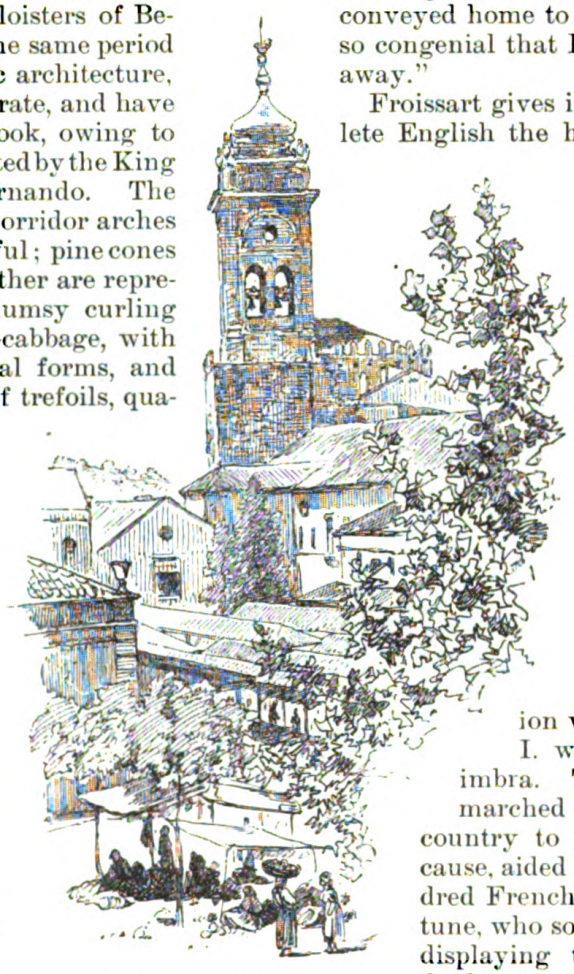
BATALHA.

can moor in the cloisters, and examine the tiles without leaving their quarters. Besides the tiles, the church boasts an exquisite pulpit of carved stone, and the tombs of King Affonso I. and his son Sancho.

Leaving the stately old university city and the railroad at the little station of Chão de Macaas, we were jolted and tossed about in the only vehicle procurable, a Portuguese diligence, which creaked and groaned up the steep range of mountains, and rattled in break-neck style down their western slope to the castle-guarded town of Leiria. The striking outline of this remarkable ruin was flushed with sunrise as we alighted at the inn door, cramped and chilled from our long ride through the dense mountain mist of the early morning. In spite of our fatigue, we gave it more than one glance of surprise and admiration before we indulged in a morning nap preparatory for further jaunting. For Leiria, interesting as it was, was not the goal of our present pilgrimage. We had come in search of the most beautiful building in Portugal, Batalha, the Battle Abbey. Refreshed by rest and breakfast, our spirits rose as, seated in a comfortable carriage, we bowled merrily along a fine road through a charmingly fruited and wooded country. Our driver, enthroned high in front of us, wielding his murderous whip, reminded us of the ancient ideal of Jove brandishing his zigzag thunder-bolts. Olives and stone-pines bordered the road, and the linden threw the shadow of its heart-shaped leaf upon us as we passed. The spiky outline of the minaret-like spires of the minster came in sight all too soon. Beckford's description of the exterior was very just; we were in "a quiet, solitary vale, bordered by shrubby hills, the great church with its rich cluster of abbatial buildings, buttresses and pinnacles and fretted spires towering in all their pride, and marking the ground with deep shadows that appeared interminable." Once within the magic gates, the entire outer world was forgotten. We entered first the cathedral, cold and mysterious, of great length and height, solemn and dread-inspiring—a place for funeral rites rather than for the frippery and mummery of theatrical or joyous pageants. It was not alone the tombs at the foot of the altars, or the fact that it was a royal mausoleum, that gave the impression of a place consecrated to death:

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there was something in the aspect and in the atmosphere of the hall itself which made it a fit vestibule to eternity. The transition from the chill, the silence, and the gloom of this place, to the warmth and flashing color of the cloisters, was something magical. There are two sets of these, the larger, one hundred and eighty feet square. They reminded us somewhat of the cloisters of Belem, belonging to the same period of luxuriant Gothic architecture, but are more elaborate, and have a fresher, newer look, owing to restorations instituted by the King Consort, Dom Fernando. The tracery filling the corridor arches is extremely beautiful; pine cones piled one upon another are represented, and the clumsy curling leaves of the cow-cabbage, with many other natural forms, and the whole gamut of trefoils, quatrefoils, and heraldic and mystical emblems. A fountain in one of the corners is of surpassing loveliness; flamboyant scrolls mingle with the braided stems of water-lilies. The natural forms of the pure Gothic, both the grotesque and the realistic, predominate over religious symbolism and conventional or heraldic ornament. Indeed, the whole botany and natural history of Gothic architecture might be studied here to the fullest advantage.



SANTA CRUZ, COIMBRA.

In the Capella do Fundador rest the remains of Dom João I., who began the building as a token of gratitude for the victory of Aljubarrota, gained August 14, 1385, upon this very ground, and who died, strange to say, upon an anniversary of that day. His tomb and that of Philippa his wife stand in the centre of the chapel, just beneath a beautiful lantern which crowns the dome. The chapel, unlike the main church, is sunny and cheerful; Dom João's twelve-pound iron helmet rests carelessly on a window-seat. With its hasped visor it looks like a small stove, and is huge and hideous enough to have served as a bonnet for Gog or Magog. The heraldic ornaments of this chapel interested Beckford more than the wild grace of the leafage. "The garter, the leopards, the fleurs-de-lis 'from haughty Gallia torn,' the Plantagenet cast of the whole chamber, conveyed home to my bosom a feeling so congenial that I could hardly move away."

Froissart gives in his delicious obsolete English the history of the transplanting of these British devices to Portugal, and a graphic account of the battle of Aljubarrota. On the death of King Fernando the Handsome, two claimants appeared to the throne of Portugal—his daughter Dona Beatrice, married to the King of Castile, and a natural son. Portugal decided for the son, not wishing a union with Spain, and João I. was crowned at Coimbra. The King of Castile marched gallantly into the country to maintain his wife's cause, aided by some twelve hundred Frenchmen, soldiers of fortune, who sought an occasion for displaying their prowess. Indeed, so forward were they that the jealous Castilians hung back, and at the battle of Aljubarrota allowed the impetuous French knights to make the charge unsupported. Dom João had drawn up the Portuguese army before a little church and behind a ditch, over which the French horsemen spurred, only to be taken prisoners as a body. "It can not be denied," says Froissart, "but that the knights and squires from France fought valiantly, but all were slain or taken, for few escaped. At this beginning they [the Portuguese] made a thousand knights and squires prisoners. They did not expect any further battle that day, and entertained their prisoners

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CHARGE OF THE FRENCH KNIGHTS.

handsomely, saying to them, 'Do not be cast down; you have valiantly fought, and have been conquered fairly; we will behave to you as generously as we would wish to be dealt with ourselves were we in your situation. You must come and recruit yourselves in the good city of Lisbon, where you shall have every comfort.' Six men-at-arms, sent out to reconnoitre, return at full gallop, crying, 'My lords, take care of yourselves, for hitherto we have done nothing; the King of Castile is advancing with his whole army of twenty thousand horse, for not one has remained behind.' On hearing this, they held a short council, and came to a pitiless resolution—that whoever had taken a prisoner should instantly kill him, and that neither noble nor rich nor simple should be exempted..... This was a very unfortunate event to the prisoners, as well as to the Portuguese; for they put to death this Saturday as many good prisoners as would have been worth to them (in ransom) four hundred thousand francs. The King of Castile, ignorant of the fate of the van, imagining they were only prisoners, was anxious to deliver them..... The Spaniards had a hard afternoon's work, and the fortune of war was greatly against them. The king per-

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ceived that his army was defeated. The people fled in all directions, thunderstruck and discomfited; the greater part made for Santarem, where the king arrived in the evening, confounded and cast down. Thus, as I have related, happened the battle of Aljubarrota, which the King of Portugal completely gained. There were slain about five hundred knights, and full as many if not more squires, which was



MONKS ENTERTAINMENT, CONVENT OF ALCOBACA.

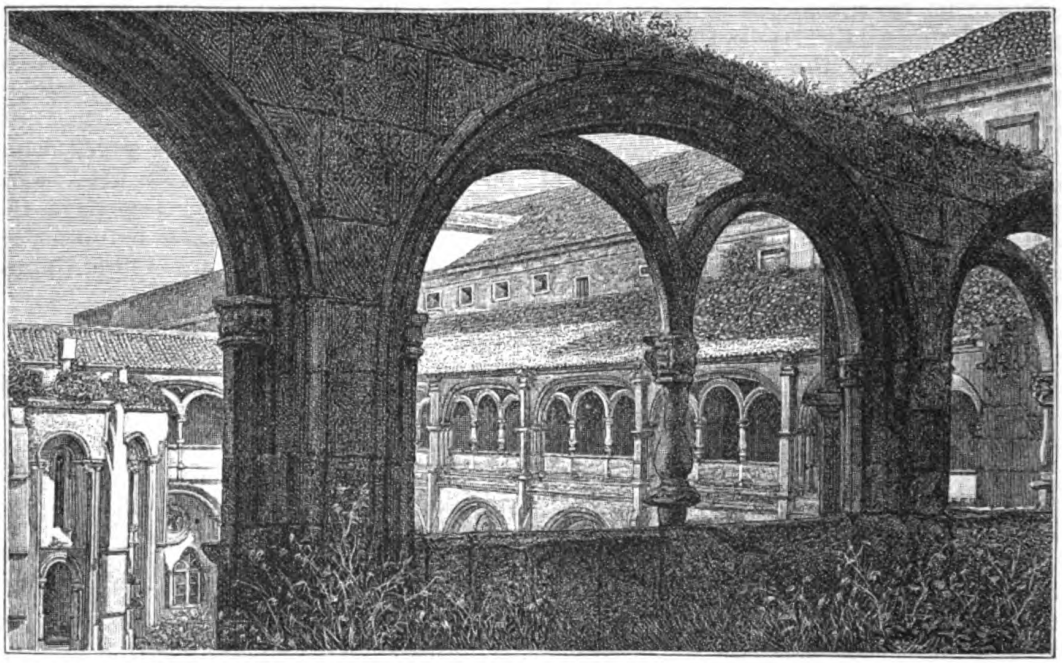
a great pity, and six or seven thousand other men: God have mercy on their poor souls!"

To Froissart the death of the "six or seven thousand other men" was a little matter in comparison of the five hundred knights.

Ten miles from Batalha stands the Cistercian convent of Alcobaca, the largest in the world, and a scarcely less interesting building than the Battle Abbey. It is far older, having been founded by Affonso Henrique in the twelfth century, St. Bernard sending a band of monks for its occupancy. It was at one time one of the richest religious houses that have ever existed. It was a rule that it should never possess one thousand monks, but the number for a long time was nine hundred and ninety-nine. Its architecture is of a simpler style than that of Batalha, but extremely grand and imposing. Orders were issued from the French head-quarters in 1811 to burn the convent, after first rifling it of its cart-loads of silver ornaments; but though fires were kept burning at its foundations for two days, the massive granite blocks and columns refused to crumble, and it was found impossible to destroy it. Inez de Castro and her husband are buried in its church, foot to foot, the king having desired "that at the resurrection the first object that should meet his eyes might be the form of his beloved Inez."

Beckford visited the monastery in June, 1794, before its suppression, in company with the priors of Aviz and St. Vincent, and the picture which he gives of its princely hospitality and the worldly lives of the monks is extremely interesting. The description of the kitchen is particularly appetizing: "Through the centre of this immense and nobly groined hall ran a brisk rivulet of the clearest water, flowing through reservoirs containing every sort and size of the finest river fish. On one side loads of game and venison were

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ROYAL CLOISTER, CONVENT OF ALCOBACA.

piled up; on the other, vegetables and fruit in endless variety. Beyond a long line of stoves extended a row of ovens, and close to them hillocks of wheaten flour whiter than snow, rocks of sugar, jars of the purest oil, and pastry in vast abundance, which a numerous tribe of lay brothers and their attendants were rolling out and puffing up into a hundred different shapes, singing all the while as blithely as larks in a corn field." At the supper was served "not only the most excellent usual fare, but rarities and delicacies of past seasons and distant countries; exquisite sausages, potted lampreys, strange messes from the Brazils, and still stranger from China." His bedroom had a "lofty and pleasant ceiling, gilt and frescoed, the floor spread with Persian carpets of finest texture, and the tables in rich velvet petticoats, decked out with superb ewers and basins of chased silver, and towels bordered with point-lace of a curious antique pattern." The entertainment was not confined to feasting and lodging. There was dancing "by a posse of young monks, a decorous and tiresome minuet," and after this a dramatic representation of the play of *Inez de Castro*, given by the monks themselves in a small theatre reserved for such amateur performances. "The orchestra consisted of young monks playing upon fiddles, mandolins, and flutes. Lady Inez was played by one of the most ungainly hobbledehoys I ever met. An old monk, too shy to appear on the opera boards, took the part of Echo, perched upon a ladder behind the scenes."

The lumbering, rattling diligence conveyed us again from Leiria to the railway station. Later, as we crossed the Spanish frontier, and our farewell glance at Portugal showed us the triple-hilled city of Elvas, with its guardian forts—the eastern gate of the kingdom—we realized that we were leaving many newly made friends—our courteous consul at Lisbon, kindly English ladies, and others, natives of the land—whose thoughtful attentions we should not soon forget. Almost as real to us, pompous old João V.; Manoel, the Solomon of his time; Philippa, who brought to the nation a dowry of English love still unexhausted; the tragedy of Inez de Castro; Affonso I., with his shadowy band of crusaders, driving the infidel from the land. All these, and many more, passed in quick succession before our minds in our last view of this fascinating but neglected corner of Europe.

"Vanished are the story's actors; but before my dreamy eye
Wave these mingling shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry."

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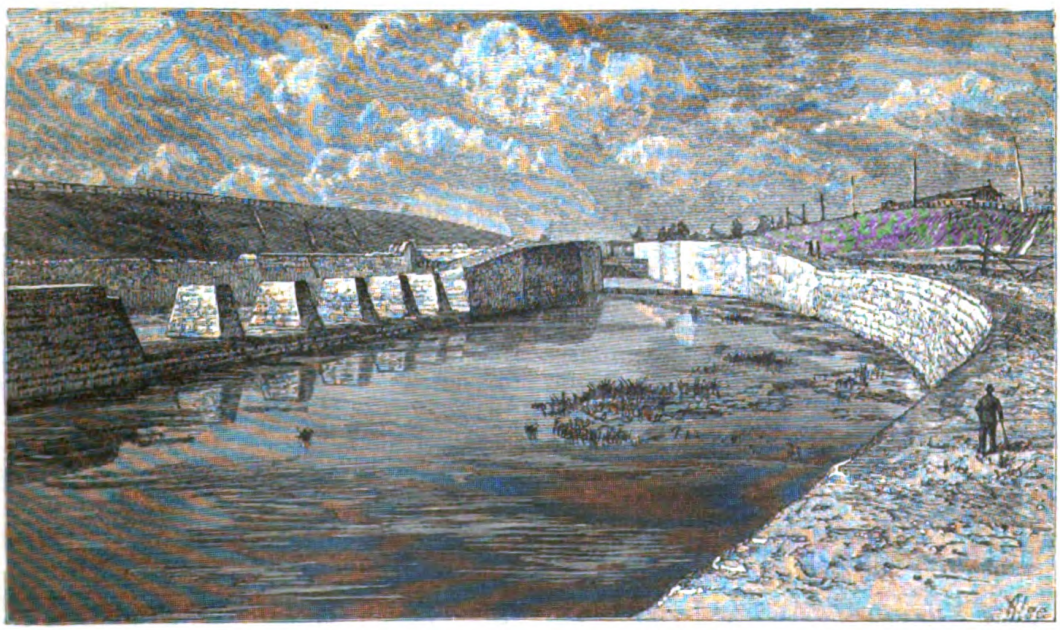


WILLIAM HAMILTON MERRITT.

I.—ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE ERIE CANAL AND THE ST. LAWRENCE SYSTEM OF CANALS.

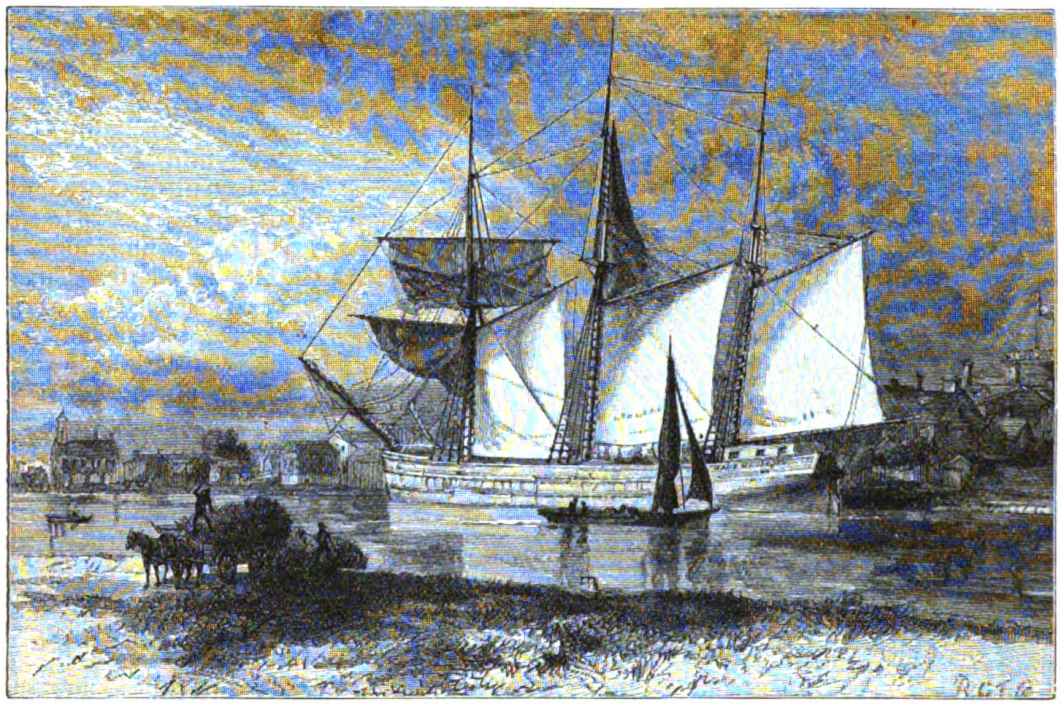
TO the sailor who enters the broad estuary of the St. Lawrence there is revealed but the slightest trace of the hills that rise far to the northward, and give the name "Laurentides" to one of the most remarkable mountain chains upon the Western continent. Skirting the shore of the estuary and the bank of the river at a respectful distance, and occasionally throwing up masses to the southward, these mountains reach the Ottawa River at Lac des Chats. Turning thence toward the south, they cross the St. Lawrence at Gananoque and the Thousand Islands. The northern spur runs from this point to Georgian Bay, and along the northern shore of Lake Superior toward the head-waters of Hudson's Bay. The southern spur is lost in the tops of the Adirondacks, while a small fissure gives space for Lake George, whose upper end is but seven miles from Schroon River, one of the chief tributaries of the Upper Hudson.

To the southward of the estuary the mountains of Notre Dame have an elevation of 4000 feet on the peninsula of Gaspé, but their altitude is gradually lessened as they pass to the westward. In the vicinity of Quebec, they turn first to the south and then to the west, and rising to more gigantic heights, they remain forever fixed in the mountains known as the Katahdin, of Maine, the White, of New Hampshire, and the Green, of Vermont. Chafed on the west by the waters of Lake



NEW WELLAND CANAL AT THOROLD, NEAR ST. CATHARINE'S, LOOKING NORTH.

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OLD WELLAND CANAL AT THOROLD.

Champlain, they become the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts and the Taconic Hills of New York. Thence they cross the Hudson at the Highlands, West Point, and the Delaware at the Durham Hills. Harper's Ferry marks the breach of the Potomac through their lines as they continue their southwestern trend, until they are lost in the cretaceous plains of Central Alabama. Once only is the noble Hudson turned from the course marked out by the range of Notre Dame, and that is where the Catskills abruptly end—a spur of the Alleghanies which traverses the counties of Greene, Delaware, Broome, and Tioga, until it reaches the highest ridge, in Potter County, Pennsylvania. Thence the rain-falls are carried, in one direction, through the Genesee River, to the St. Lawrence basin; in another, through the Susquehanna, to the Atlantic; and in a third, through the Alleghany, to the Mississippi. From this point to the Catskills the water-shed separates the waters of Chesapeake Bay from those of the Mohawk and Hudson, while the gentle slopes toward Lake Ontario afford the picturesque and beautiful scenery for which the "lake region" of Southern and Central New York is so justly celebrated.

Still farther to the westward, and crowding closely upon the southern and western shores of the great lakes, runs the low ridge that separates their waters from the waters that flow into the valley of the Mississippi. This ridge and the upper crest of the Alleghany chain, together with the Notre Dame Mountains of Lower Canada, form the southern boundary of the great St. Lawrence basin, the northern limit being the distant heights of the Laurentides. The area of this basin is 530,000 square miles, 130,000 of which are covered by water. Of the remaining 400,000 square miles only 70,000 are in the United States, the residue belonging to the provinces of Ontario and Quebec; and of the 330,000 square miles thus allotted to Canada, 280,000 are on the northern side of the St. Lawrence and the great lakes. No wonder that Lord Sydenham was carried away with enthusiasm for this great outlet toward the sea, and that on falling a victim to the bite of a fox he should charge his attendants with this last request, "Make my grave on the banks of the St. Lawrence."

From the St. Lawrence water-shed of Southern New York and Northern Pennsylvania as a point of observation, we may note two successive crests of a lesser altitude which divide New York from east to west, the dip of both being toward the south. At our feet the hills melt away

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MAP SHOWING THE WATERWAYS FROM THE NORTHWEST.

into the deep valleys that contain the lakes Canandaigua, Seneca, Keuka, Cayuga, Owasco, Skaneateles, Otisco, and Cazenovia. Upon the more remote side of the second crest lie Cross, Onondaga, and Oneida lakes, the ridge itself extending to Ohio on the left and to the Helderbergs on the right. Yet further to the north, and lying across the basset edges of the formations that run from the coal beds on the south to the Potsdam sandstone on the north, is the Niagara, or lower, escarpment. This reveals the middle silurian formation as it lines the banks of the Mohawk from Little Falls to Rome, and divides the upper branches of that river from the tributaries of Oneida Lake. Still more bold does it become at the point where the Genesee leaps its edge at Rochester, while the boldness increases with its progress westward until the heights of Lockport end in the bluff through which the great cataract has cut its way from Queenstown to Niagara. The escarpment continues toward Hamilton, at the head of Lake Ontario, forming the great physical feature of the peninsula, and holding back the restless waters of Lake Erie.

Although the Niagara escarpment gave to the world nature's way of jumping from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, yet during the earlier years of this century the practical merchants of Montreal and New York could see nothing in the famous cataract but an obstruction to navigation. With them the problem stood something like this: Given a large body of water (Lake Erie), into which the whole commerce of the great lakes must come on its way to the sea-board; given such a body of water 568½ feet above the tide at New York, Albany, or Montreal—how shall the commerce safely find the level of the ocean and return once more to the upper level?—for even if the level of Lake Ontario were reached, that elevation would still be $245\frac{15}{100}$ feet above the sea. Thus far but little improvement had been made in navigating the St. Lawrence route. For nearly two centuries the primitive bateaux of the early settlers were the only means of establishing settlements, maintaining missions, and carrying on the fur trade. Flat-bottomed boats succeeded the bateaux; but even the "Durham" boat of the Americans failed to secure the rapid transit so earnestly desired, and set both Canadians and Americans to thinking of some more economical and satisfactory method.

In the year 1768, a "passageway" for boats was built between the Mohawk and Lake Ontario, the route being through Wood Creek and Oneida Lake. At the same time Governor Sir Henry Moore recommended the Colonial Assembly of New York to build a canal around the rapids of the Mohawk at Little Falls. General Washington travelled through this locality in 1784, and urged a development of the canal system. In 1786, Mr. Colles reported petitions to that effect to the Legislature of New York, a charter being granted to the "Western Inland Lock and Nav-

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igation Company" in 1791. The canal was constructed with five locks at Little Falls, another at German Flats, and another at Wood Creek, the total miles of canal being seven, and the cost $400,000, for what proved to be a failure. Here the State of New York paused.

The Hon. Albert Gallatin, Secretary of the Treasury, took up the subject in 1807. In an able state paper, prepared at the request of the United States Senate, he advocated the joining of Lake Ontario and the Hudson by a second canal. The project met with nothing but derision, President Jefferson saying "it was very fine, and might be executed a century hence." Yet, in spite of incredulity, De Witt Clinton was in 1809 appointed member of a commission to survey a route from the lakes to the Hudson. The drift of public sentiment was that if any canal were built, it should traverse the entire length of New York, and terminate in the creek at Buffalo. The commissioner reported that no aid could be obtained from the United States, and recommended that the State of New York should construct the work out of its own resources. The war of 1812 caused delay, but the bill authorizing the Erie Canal was finally passed in 1817. Then came the war against Clinton's canal policy, his removal from the office of Canal Commissioner just as the work was nearing completion, his triumphant re-election to the Governorship, and the final end of the work, at a cost of $7,602,000, on the 26th of October, 1825.

From inception to completion the Erie Canal was watched by the Upper-Canadians. They became intensely interested in the discussion whether the route should be northward from the Rome level, through Oneida Lake to Lake Ontario (access to Lake Erie to be had by an American canal around Niagara Falls), or whether—as it finally proved—the waterway should cross the entire length of the State. The most interested of the Canadians was William Hamilton Merritt, a youth but little past his majority, whose ancestors were New-Yorkers of note in the French and Indian wars. With other British sympathizers, they removed to the Niagara Peninsula, and located upon "Twelve-mile Creek"—the present city of St. Catharines—in 1796. In the course of his trading along the banks of the Niagara it had occurred to young Merritt that a canal was practicable, and in 1818 he surveyed from Allanburgh to Chippawa with a water-level. In response to his statement, the Canadian Legislature voted £2000 for surveys, and a route was laid out from Chippawa to Burlington Bay (Hamilton), *viâ* Grand River. The impracticability of this route, and the certainty of the Erie Canal, made the construction of a Canadian canal a necessity. The avoidance of Niagara Falls by the Americans was the Canadians' opportunity. In 1821, their Legislature appointed a board of commissioners to report upon the most feasible route. A year later (1823), the commission recommended a canal large enough to accommodate any vessel then navigating the lakes—advice that led to the incorporation of the "Welland Canal Company" during the following year. Merritt and his associates subscribed £40,000, and the first sod was turned on the 30th of November.

The original project was to connect the two great lakes, Erie and Ontario, by a mere boat-canal for vessels of 100 tons. The route was up the valley of the Twelve-mile Creek to the foot of the Niagara escarpment; thence by a railway to the Beaver Dam Creek, from which point access to the Chippawa was had by a second boat-canal tunnelled through the "divide" on the site of the present Deep Cut. The importance of a larger canal becoming more evident, the capital stock was increased fivefold, and the stockholders were guaranteed a paid-up annual dividend of twelve and a half per cent. in case the crown should ever assume the canal. The board of directors reported every prospect for encouragement. Bishop Strahan left off his opposition to Lord Selkirk's Red River settlements, and remarked with enthusiasm that "the Welland Canal will in time yield only in importance to the canal which may hereafter unite the Pacific with the Atlantic." That wonderful colonizer of Upper Canada, John Galt, pledged the influence of his Canada Company in behalf of the new canal, while the Legislatures of both Upper and Lower Canada eased the work with temporary loans.

It was finally resolved to build a ship-canal, sixteen miles in length, to connect the mouth of Twelve-mile Creek with the Welland River, a tow-path along the banks of which would give a continuous passage from Lake Ontario to the Niagara River. Thirty-five locks were built to overcome the total rise of 323 feet; and a

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branch canal to the mouth of the Grand River was proposed in order to avoid the ice blockade at the mouth of the Niagara. But so frequent were the land-slides in the Deep Cut (Port Robinson) that the Welland River could no longer be used as the summit. By the advice of James Geddes, one of New York's most experienced engineers, the waters of the Grand River were brought from Barefoot Rapids (Caledonia) to the Deep Cut, which henceforth remained the summit, while the water of this upper level crossed the Welland by means of an expensive aqueduct. On the 30th of November, 1829—exactly five years after the enterprise was commenced—the schooners *Ana and Jane*, of Toronto, and *R. H. Boughton*, of Youngstown, New York, passed from Lake Ontario to Lake Erie.

Disappointed in their plan of using the Grand River to avoid the Niagara, with its swift currents in the summer and its ice blockade in the spring, the Canadians cast about for still further improvements. A direct cut of seven miles to Lake Erie was made, and the canal was completed on its present line on the 20th of May, 1833, the summit still being fed by the Grand River. There were forty wooden locks, 110 feet long by 22 feet wide, except the three lower ones, which were 130 by 32, and the one at Port Colborne, which was 125 by 24. The width in the Deep Cut was twenty-four feet, the general width being twenty-six feet. The depth was eight feet—sufficient for the passage of 400-ton boats. The length of the main ship-canal was twenty-eight miles; but if the old towing-paths along the Welland and Niagara, and the boat-canal, which served as the Grand River feeder, were considered, there were nearly eighty miles more of navigation. Three harbors were also erected—Port Maitland, at the mouth of the Grand River; Port Colborne, at the Lake Erie entrance, twenty miles above the head of the Niagara; and Port Dalhousie, at the Lake Ontario entrance, eleven miles to the west of the Niagara's mouth.

The honor of overcoming obstacles interposed by nature is greater than that of a victory over our fellow-men. Louis XIV. is remembered far more enduringly through his Languedoc canal than he is by his conquests. The Duke of Bridgewater's fame would not have survived the *edax* of a century had he not broken the hide-bound prejudice of his day, and built the first canal in Great Britain, although the idea was not a new one on the Continent. Lord Dalhousie's administration of Indian affairs gained him renown not more for his magnificent highways than for his Baree Doab and other canals throughout the Punjab. The State of New York will ever hold De Witt Clinton prince among her Governors for his resolute zeal in the matter of the Erie Canal; while to the Hon. W. H. Merritt belongs the credit of making a pathway to the ocean in spite of the Falls of Niagara.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Canadians were now able to float the tonnage of the upper lakes upon Lake Ontario, they were still $245\frac{15}{100}$ feet above their objective point—the sea-port of Montreal. The Lachine Canal was first built around the rapids of that name just above the city. This new channel of trade was opened in 1825, the depth being four and a half feet, and the breadth twenty-eight feet on the bottom. The Welland, as enlarged in 1833, led to the contemplation of a uniform system of canals large enough for the steamers of the upper lakes. While the subject was under discussion, four short canals were built to overcome the Cascades and Cedar and Coteau rapids in the channel of the St. Lawrence, between Lakes St. Louis and St. Francis. In 1845, the Beauharnois Canal replaced the four, the Cornwall Canal having recently been constructed upon the enlarged scale, to surmount the rapids of the Longue Sault. The Farran's Point, Rapid Plat, and Galops—known collectively as the Williamsburg Canals—were opened in 1847, thus completing the chain of navigation from Lake Erie to Montreal.

From the very beginning the immense carrying trade of the Erie Canal was the subject of common fame. A year later (1826), a contributor to the *London Quarterly Review* related that "not only no commercial town of importance has risen to the northward of New York since the Erie Canal was opened, but even the old established cities of Boston and Salem can scarcely hold their own." Of course the New-Yorkers were alive to their advantages. An enlargement was authorized and commenced even before the final completion of every part of the old canal, in 1836. The enlargement was not com-

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pleted till 1862, but the long delay was more than made good by the increased facilities afforded by the new work. The total length of the canal was shortened twelve and a half miles, and the total feet of lockage was reduced from 675½ feet to 655 feet. Instead of eighty-three locks 90 by 15, there were seventy-two locks 111 by 18. The size of prism in the one case was 40 and 28 by 4; in the other, 70 and 56 by 7. This allowed the passage of boats 98 by 17½ by 6½, or 220 tons; as against the smaller craft measuring 78½ by 14½ by 3½, or 75 tons.

While the Erie was in process of enlargement, the Welland Canal had passed into the control of the Canadian government. The new Board of Public Works in 1843 decided to replace the wooden locks with others of stone 150 by 26½, and nine feet of water on the mitre sills. This being completed in 1848, the depth was increased to ten feet in 1853 by raising the banks and lowering the channel of the summit level through the Deep Cut. The capacity of the canal was thus enlarged so that boats of 600 tons could pass, instead of 100 tons as formerly. The first vessel from Chicago to Liverpool passed through in 1855.

The dimensions of the Erie Canal and of the various canals forming the St. Lawrence system may be seen in the following table, the dimensions of the Welland being those of the canal as it existed before the construction of the new canal:

Dimensions.	Lachine Canal.	Beauharnois Canal.	Cornwall Canal.	Williamsburg Canals.			Welland Canal.	Total Canadian Canals.	Erie Canal.
				Farran's Point.	Rapid Plat.	Iroquois and Galop.			
Length.....	8½ m.	11½ m.	11 m.	¾ m.	4 m.	7⅝ m.	27 m.	69⅞ m.	350½ m.
Breadth at bottom .	80 ft.	80 ft.	100 ft.	50 ft.	50 ft.	50 ft.	26–70 ft.	..	56 ft.
Breadth at surface .	120 ft.	120 ft.	150 ft.	90 ft.	90 ft.	90 ft.	66–110 ft.	..	70 ft.
Number of locks...	5	9	7	1	2	3	27	54	72
Length of locks ...	200 ft.	200 ft.	200 ft.	200 ft.	200 ft.	200 ft.	2:200 ft. 24:150 ft. 1:230 ft.	..	110 ft.
Width of locks....	45 ft.	45 ft.	55 ft.	45 ft.	45 ft.	45 ft.	3:45 ft. 24:26½ ft.	..	18 ft.
Water on sills.....	2:16 ft. 3:9 ft.	9 ft.	9 ft.	9 ft.	9 ft.	9 ft.	10½ ft.	..	7 ft.
Total rise of lockage	44⅝ ft.	82½ ft.	48 ft.	4 ft.	11½ ft.	15¾ ft.	330 ft.	536½ ft.	655 ft.

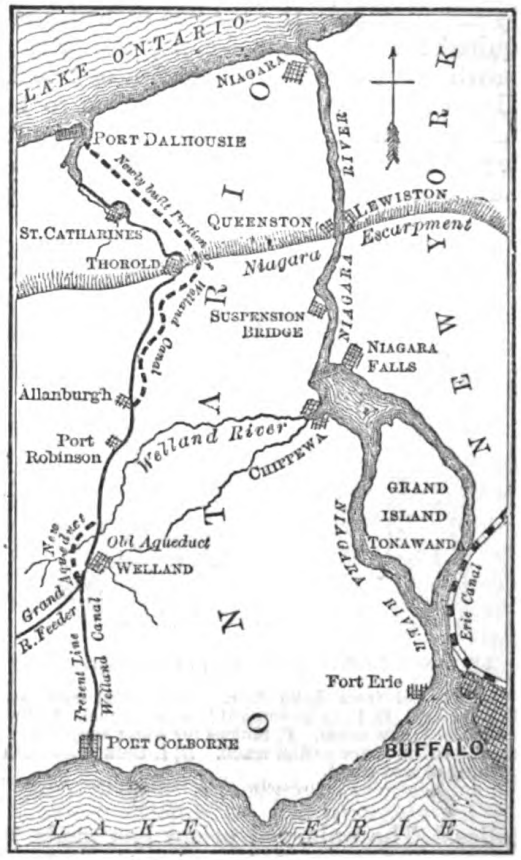
A new factor in the unsolved problem of water transportation came forth in spite of the increased facilities on both Canadian and American soil. Heretofore the canals had been enlarged as fast as the demands of trade would warrant the increased expenditure. But now the ancient "polliwogs," or freight-boats, were succeeded by vessels of 1000 tons, which would hold 50,000 bushels of grain; and vessels of 2000 tons were able to reach Lake Erie from Lake Superior by passing through the St. Marie Canal. Buffalo and the Erie Canal profited at the expense of the Welland, whose banks allowed the floating of 600-ton boats, while the largest craft that could pass through the St. Lawrence canals measured but 400 tons. The further enlargement of the Welland and St. Lawrence canals was therefore agreed to as a part of the scheme of Canadian confederation formed in 1867. The new Dominion of Canada having taken charge of the work, a commission in 1871 recommended the enlargement of the Welland to the width of 100 feet on the bottom and a depth of fifteen feet. The locks were to be 270 feet by 45 feet, with fourteen feet of water on the mitre sills. The summit, or Deep Cut, was to be lowered so that the whole canal would be fed from Lake Erie. The canals of the St. Lawrence were also to be enlarged to a uniform size. This work is completed so far as the Lachine is concerned, the locks having a depth of from fourteen to nineteen feet on the sills, and the prism of the canal allowing the passage of vessels that draw twelve feet. The channel between Montreal and Quebec has been deepened from two to five feet beyond the twenty feet attained by the Department of Public Works in 1865, thus admitting the larger class of ocean steamers to reach the entrance of the Lachine Canal. Of the Upper St. Lawrence canals, the Cornwall alone is in a forward state of enlargement. The Galops Rapids are in process of blasting, in order to give descending vessels sixteen feet of water instead of ten. Aside from this, little activity is manifested along the line of the St. Law-

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rence, and six or seven years must pass before the enlarged ship-canal is an accomplished fact.

II.—THE PROGRESS AND PRESENT CONDITION OF THE IMPROVED WELLAND CANAL.

What is known in Canada as the "Niagara Peninsula" was settled by "Protesters," who left the Mohawk Valley when the battle of Lexington had committed the colonies to a struggle for their independence. After the Revolution, the "United Empire Loyalists" joined the Protesters upon Canadian soil, both bands of exiles preferring to remain under the crown. The son of one of their number, Mr. W. H. Merritt, whose early career has been alluded to, bought the site of the present city of St. Catharines for $6000, and improved the property, already valuable for the water-power of Twelve-mile Creek. The war of 1812 being over, the new town grew apace. Through its confines was dug the serpentine course of the Welland Canal. Numerous mineral springs drew crowds of visitors, and dubbed the place "the Saratoga of British North America." During the civil war in the United States, St. Catharines became the head-quarters of Americans who disagreed with the government either on principle or without principle—as in the case of the bounty-jumpers. The wealth conferred by these unexpected sources had not been wasted ere the community began to reap the benefit of the presence of large contractors upon the new Welland. The hotels were still manned by the most obsequious of darkies, and the little city seemed likely to be prosperous for all time to come. Suddenly the contractors withdrew, their work in that locality being done. Better times in the United States placed greenbacks on a gold basis, and made it no object for Americans to trade "across the border." One by one the shops were closed; one by one the obsequious darkies left the town. Lighter business on the canal made still further inroads, until the visitor of to-day finds little to interest him in the little red brick houses and tin-spired churches that are left in place of a busy metropolis of 8000 people less than ten years ago. Henceforth St. Catharines must attract by the natural beauty of its surroundings. In business matters it must contend with a more vigorous world outside, and secure what it can of the smuggler's profit under the new protective tariff of the Dominion government.

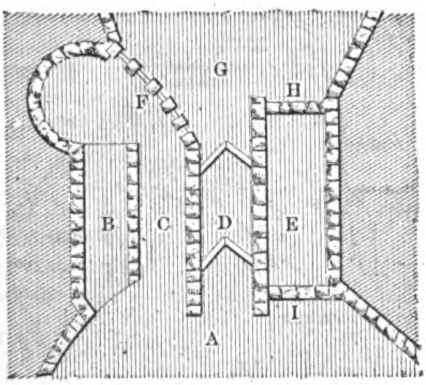


MAP OF NIAGARA PENINSULA, SHOWING ENTRANCES TO ERIE AND WELLAND CANALS.

From the heights of St. Catharines, Lake Ontario is plainly visible, and the investigator would naturally commence his labors at the neighboring port of Dalhousie, because the locks on the new Welland are numbered from that point southward, and also because the work thereabout has long since been completed, and now awaits, in silent grandeur, the finishing of the remaining portions elsewhere. But the visitor who is scientifically inclined will take the Welland Railway to Port Colborne, where the waters of Lake Erie enter the new canal. Hitherto the lake has not supplied a drop to the necessities of commerce. The "summit level" lies eight feet above its surface, and the upper branches of the Grand River flow through a feeder, thence into the canal, and finally into the great lakes on either hand. Half of the twenty-seven miles separating the two lakes is spanned by this summit level. The feeder, while sufficient for present demands, would signal-

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ly fail to supply the volume of water required for the enlarged canal, the prisms bearing the relative proportion of 1 to 3. Hence the entire water supply is to be taken from Lake Erie, and the "upper level" will run to a point beyond Allanburg—a distance of nearly eighteen



ENTRANCE TO WELLAND CANAL, PORT COLBORNE.

A. Channel from Lake Erie. B. Covered raceway. C. Raceway. D. Lock to summit level, old canal. E. Entrance lock, new canal. F. Sluices for water supply, new canal. G. Entrance to first reach. H, I. Bulkheads until opening of new canal.

miles. The enlarged prism has made it necessary to extend the west pier of Port Colborne harbor, and to excavate nearly 100,000 cubic yards of solid rock.

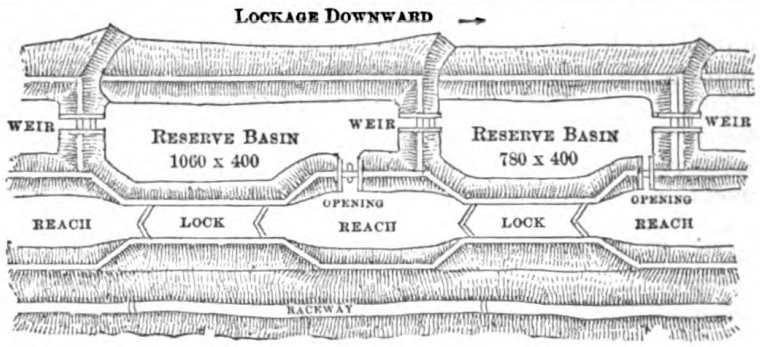
The result is that a safe and commodious shelter has been furnished, although at great expense, the piers being nearly a mile in length, and a quarter of a mile apart. Once inside of this shelter, the engineer was met with the problem of "fluctuations" in the level of Lakes Ontario and Erie. The main difference in their surfaces has been determined to be 326¾ feet, but their variations are identical neither in character nor in time. Observations covering the space of two years show that the depth of water on the lower sill of the lock at Lake Ontario ranged from 11′ 9″ to 15′ 7″, and on the lock at Lake Erie from 11′ 1″ to 16′ 8″. The average depth for three successive Junes ran as follows: for the Lake Ontario entrance, 15′, 13′ 2″, 13′ 9″; for the Lake Erie entrance, 14′, 12′ 7″, 12′ 11″. Frequent references to these fluctuations were found in the *Relations des Jésuites*, more than two hundred years ago, and it is nearly a century since Dr. Weld ascribed the phenomena to a series of tides. Later observers have rejected his theory, and have attributed these results to high winds, or to a blockade of ice. In 1854, the Niagara River was so completely ice-bound that only half of the usual volume poured over the falls, and the American manufacturers carried on their work well out into the bed of the stream. Three years later, a southwest wind caused the waters to rise nearly three feet, and on Lake Huron a rise for twenty hours resulted as follows: Lake Huron, 12″; Lake St. Clair, 7″; Detroit River, 3″. Whatever may be the cause of these phenomena, the problem of fluctuations is one of deepest concern to the engineer who draws his supply for slack-water navigation from such a varying source. For these reasons the Erie Canal was deepened for a distance of twenty-two miles from Black Rock, the waters of Lake Erie feeding as far eastward as the Montezuma level. And for like reasons a guard or tidal lock marks the entrance to the new Welland Canal.

Besides the guard lock at Port Colborne, the engineer has provided two raceways, one of them running under the main street of the village, and both emptying into a central basin, whence the supply of water is regulated by five massive sluices. The vast resources of Lake Erie will thus be drawn upon at will—a state of things that would surprise the old canallers of Condé-sur-Marne, where the water is pumped into the upper levels; and that would cause the lock-tenders along the Loire to open their eyes with astonishment, as they economize the flow of water by filling the lock chamber from the lower bay, and partially emptying it into the upper bay, thus making the prism of the lift do double duty, *à la* the Marquis of Coligny. And yet this inexhaustible supply is necessary, in order to overcome all losses from evaporation, filtration, and waste. The original specifications of the enlargement called for thirteen feet of water in the canal, and twelve feet on the mitre sills. Increasing draught and tonnage of lake vessels caused the plan to be changed to a depth of fifteen feet in the canal, and fourteen feet on the sills. The work being in part accomplished, the remainder has been completed on the enlarged scale, with locks 270 feet between gate quoins, and forty-five feet wide throughout the entire line. Nowhere else is the contrast between the old and the new so marked as at the entrance, where the new lock adjoins the old and

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the two raceways, thus forming a broad gateway of nearly two hundred feet for the inflowing supply from Lake Erie.

The whole of this long level has been formed by widening and deepening the channel of the present canal during the months when navigation was closed. Much of the work has been through the hard limestone rock that abounds in the peninsula, and even now the Rock Cut, two miles or more from Port Colborne, delays the completion of the canal almost as much as the new aqueduct at Welland. The Rock Cut, however, will be done in 1882, according to the contractor's estimates. Beyond this point the work has consisted of a new inverted siphon culvert for the passage of Lyon's Creek, and various new bridges with their approaches. In the town of Welland the greater part of the present lift lock has been so repaired that larger vessels than heretofore may be dropped from the canal into the Welland River, otherwise known as Chippawa Creek.



NEW WELLAND CANAL—PLAN OF RESERVE BASINS, REACHES, LOCKS, AND RACEWAY.

The new aqueduct over the Welland River is the least forward of all the uncompleted portions of the work, but it well repays a visit. The present aqueduct is 313 feet long, forty-five feet wide, and never less than twelve feet deep at navigable seasons. The rise of the river below has frequently caused the crown of the arches to be submerged. The new aqueduct, with six arches of forty feet span, lies seventy-five feet to the west of the old. It will furnish a channel fourteen feet in depth, with a width of eighty-seven feet, and a length of 277 feet, or a total length, including approaches, of 457 feet. This great undertaking has already caused more trouble than any other separate portion of the work. Two years ago a coffer-dam was built across half of the river to allow the construction of three arches; but it proved too weak; a second attempt resulted in the same way; until finally it was decided to draw the piles out and begin anew. This delay, the Minister of Public Works gave assurance, would not cause the postponement of the opening beyond the 1st of July, 1881; as in fact it did not, for the old aqueduct is already in use for vessels of the new canal size drawing twelve feet of water. A channel sixty feet wide and of full depth having been secured through the Rock Cut near Port Colborne, vessels will use the old (or existing) aqueduct until the new one is completed.

Beyond the aqueduct but little of interest is seen until the Deep Cut is reached. This lies from three to five miles south of Thorold, and it is by far the heaviest cutting on the line, more than 2,000,000 cubic yards having been removed to obtain a depth of sixty feet from the crest of the ridge. So heavy were the clay banks that on one occasion, when the water was withdrawn, the sandy bottom commenced to rise, and would have filled the bed of the canal if the equilibrium had not been restored by letting the water back into its former place.

The present canal is $27\frac{1}{5}$ miles in length; the new canal is $26\frac{2}{7}$ miles, the shortening being due to the new route from Allanburgh to Port Dalhousie—a distance of $11\frac{2}{3}$ miles. The original plan was to enlarge the old canal as far as Thorold, three miles beyond Allanburgh, and thence to build the new canal; but the plan was so altered as to build these three miles in the new canal, it being both cheaper and less obstructive to navigation. The level of Lake Erie is therefore preserved for a longer distance, the grade of the first lock being but three feet below that of the guard lock at Port Colborne, fifteen miles distant. The eight feet lift to the summit level of the present canal and the corresponding fall are saved thereby, the total lift in the new canal being only 330 feet, as against 346 feet in the old. The increase of lift in the locks has made it possible for the new work to re-

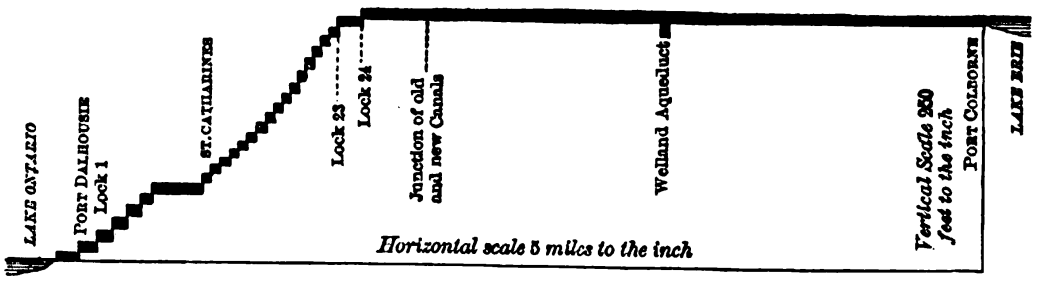
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duce the number by one—twenty-four in the new and twenty-five in the old, aside from the guard locks at either end.

The newly built canal crosses the Beaver Dam Valley, crosses the dividing ridge, and emerges from a ravine close upon the borders of Thorold, which stands at the head of the locks on the "mountain." This is the crest of the Niagara escarpment, the limestone consisting of various formations of the upper silurian age, known as the Niagara, Medina, Guelph, and others. The last-named—a peculiar dolomite—is more plainly visible to the westward, among the upper branches of the Grand River—a stream that drains one-half of the peninsula. The banks in this part are faced with dry walls of hammered stone, which lead up to Lock 24, the first of the great steps that let the vessels gently downward upon the placid bosom of Ontario. These walls are eighteen feet high, seven feet thick at the base, and three feet at the top. The walls of the locks are substantially built of Niagara limestone, ten feet in thickness, and bound together with hydraulic cement from the vein at Thorold. Heavy timbers laid at right angles make the foundation of the floors, the timbers being sheeted with heavy plank. The massive gates vary with the lift of the locks, the extremes reaching from four to fourteen feet. The heaviest gates are twenty-three and a half feet wide and twenty-eight feet high, and their gigantic proportions are severely tested by the lateral force of the water which they so stoutly resist.

Massive as are the locks and gates, they form only a part of the greatest canal enterprise upon the American continent. Wherever it has been practicable, reserve basins, connected by weirs, have been constructed between the locks. These reserve basins supply the reaches between the locks through openings in the canal-bank protected by side walls of masonry, the towing-path being carried across by a bridge. It is evident that the locks could not obtain a sufficient quantity of water without lowering the surface of the reaches, therefore every one of the reaches, or levels, has a reserve basin, the upper one being fed from the summit level of the canal, and each one in succession being fed from the one above it. The reserve basins practically form a second and larger canal for a space of several miles. Some of them cover an area of several acres, and are retained by walls thirty-five feet high, faced with most substantial banks of clay. A very satisfactory view of the new works may be had from the top of the mountain at Thorold, looking toward the northwest. In the foreground is Lock 22, with a raceway to the east, and a reserve basin to the west. Just below Lock 22 is Lock 21, with its own basin and raceway; and in the distance is the broad stretch of the "lower plateau," reaching well toward Lake Ontario.

In this substantial manner every step down the incline has been constructed. The tunnel for the passing of the Great Western trains is a marvel of solidity, 665 feet long, 16 feet wide, and 18 feet high. Even the culverts for the crossing of ordinary wagon-roads attract attention by reason of their massive parapet and rising walls. Lock succeeds lock, those from No. 16 to No. 11 being within the space of a mile. Indeed, the whole series thus far, from No. 24 to No. 11, drops 196 feet nearer the level of Lake Ontario within a space of less than three miles. Between Locks 12 and 11 the line deflects to the northward, and seven more locks succeed in the track of an arrow for nearly five miles. St. Catharines and the serpentine course of the old canal are thus avoided. The reaches between the locks become shorter and then longer, until the edge of the lower plateau is gained. A group of three locks drops the level down to a point



THE NEW WELLAND CANAL IN PROFILE.

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whence two locks only are necessary to make it equal to that of Lake Ontario.

The present exit of the canal at Port Dalhousie has been retained as the outlet of the new canal. It is easy of access, and is open throughout the year, save during the extreme of winter. The harbor is formed by piers like those at Port Colborne; but there are dangers here to which Port Colborne is not subject. Port Dalhousie is at the mouth of Twelve-mile Creek, and with every freshet its artificial barriers are strained to their utmost. The waste weirs to throw off the freshets are not always proof against this hydrodynamic power, as appeared by the destruction of one of them a year or two since. The harbor has been dredged to a depth of seventeen feet, and it now covers sixteen acres. Toward the shore, and on the eastern bank of the creek, is the entrance lock of the new canal; and just within its protection lies an immense basin of many acres in extent. Westward of the entrance lock is the first lock of the old canal, and from this point the old and the new routes separate for a dozen miles, until they join to the south of the escarpment, each having climbed the mountain after its own method. As seen in profile, the new Welland steps down from Erie into Ontario as shown in the diagram on the opposite page.

Looking back along the line over which we have come, noting the delays at the Rock Cut and at the aqueduct, and recalling the fact that so long ago as 1876 the contracts required the work to be done in that very year, the question naturally arises, "When will the new canal become an accomplished fact?" Of course the opposition to the present ministry has been loud in its complaints, and has prophesied a delay of five or six years. It is safe, however, to say that as the ministry has kept its word so far, and opened the new canal for the season of 1881, there will be no more delays than are necessary, and that two seasons hence will witness the operation of the new Welland over every portion of the line.

Such is the Titanic work by which the Canadians hope to divert the carrying trade not only from Buffalo, but even from New York, and to control the exports of the mighty West for more than half of every year. The original estimate of the enlargement was $9,500,000—a figure that was afterward increased by the sum of $3,000,000, in order to so construct that the ultimate plan of fifteen feet in the channel and fourteen feet on the sills might be practicable. During the most rapid building of the canal, several millions were voted by the government yearly; and even so late as 1877 and 1878, two millions were required for each year. But the expenditures for 1879 and 1880 were considerably short of one million each, the sum total reaching $20,000,000. The original cost of the Welland and St. Lawrence canals being a like amount, and the estimated cost of the enlargement of the St. Lawrence canals being $10,000,000, it follows that the new system will have cost the Canadians $50,000,000 before they are ready to take the larger class of lake vessels to Montreal, or across the ocean, without breaking bulk. It should be remembered, however, that a considerable part of this sum must be placed on the credit side of their profit and loss account, because it has served to open and develop their country.

III.—OTHER PRESENT AND PROSPECTIVE WATER ROUTES, BOTH CANADIAN AND AMERICAN.

Aside from the St. Lawrence system, the canals of Canada are of little service in the shipment of freight. The Montreal, Ottawa, and Kingston route extends from the harbor of Montreal to the port of Kingston, passing through the Lachine Canal, the navigable sections of the Lower Ottawa, the Carillon, Chute à Blondeau, and Grenville canals to Ottawa, and the Rideau navigation thence to Kingston—a total of 246¼ miles. The total lockage is 533½ feet—356½ rise, and 177 fall; and the number of locks is fifty-nine, the dimensions being 128 feet by 32. The depth is five feet, but in some parts it has been increased to ten feet. Over this route the St. Lawrence system offers an advantage of sixty-eight miles, twenty-seven locks, and 372 feet of lockage, to say nothing of the increased draught of the vessels. The Ottawa and Kingston route remains the useless relic of a time when canals were constructed to avoid the frontier in case of a war with the United States. The work, commenced by Sir John Franklin, and continued by Lieutenant-Colonel By, has never been put to its contemplated use; and even in the more peaceful avocation of freight-carrier, these combined canals remind one of the elder days of the bateaux.

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A second route, known as the Richelieu and Lake Champlain, commences at the confluence of the rivers St. Lawrence and Richelieu, forty-six miles below Montreal, and 114 miles above Quebec. The navigation continues along the river Richelieu to Lake Champlain, the ninety feet above tide-water being overcome by one lock at St. Ours and ten in the Chambly Canal. The grade ascends on the Champlain Canal till a height of 150 feet is reached. The total lockage, therefore, is 300 feet from tide-water on the St. Lawrence to tide-water on the Hudson. The locks number twenty-three on the Champlain Canal, or thirty-four in all. On the Chambly the locks measure 118 feet by 23½, with a depth of seven feet. On the Champlain these dimensions are ninety-seven, fourteen, and four feet, respectively. The total length of this route from Sorel to Albany is 265 miles, making a total of 640 miles from Buffalo to Albany, as against 350 by the Erie Canal, besides an extra lockage of 300 feet. The enlargement of the Champlain, however, would do away with some of these disadvantages. The water supply is ample; for the summit level drains the upper waters of the Hudson, the northern levels are fed by Wood Creek, and the southern levels by both the Hudson and the Mohawk.

Still more advantages would follow the building of the proposed Caughnawaga Canal, from the St. Lawrence, opposite the embouchure of the Ottawa River and the Lachine Canal, to the foot of Lake Champlain, near Rouse's Point—a distance of thirty-five miles. The surface of Lake Champlain is thirty feet above that of the St. Lawrence at Caughnawaga, and it is proposed to overcome this height by locks 200 feet by 45, with a depth of nine feet on the sills. Another plan provides for locks of the same depth as those on the enlarged St. Lawrence canals. Once in operation, the new route—the Champlain Canal also being enlarged—would allow the transfer of 1300-ton vessels from the upper lakes to New York; and the increased draught of the vessels, the Canadians think, would more than make up for the 219 miles in excess of the Erie. Although the advantages over the Richelieu navigation are obvious, yet it is doubtful if the Caughnawaga Canal will ever be built.

Another projected route is known as the Ottawa and Huron. This would leave Georgian Bay—the eastern arm of Lake Huron—at French River, and ascend to Lake Nipissing. Crossing this lake, it would follow the Matawan to the Ottawa, and descend thence to the capital of Canada. From that city the Ottawa navigation, heretofore mentioned, would be improved, and an exit to tide-water would be made through the Lachine Canal. The Upper Ottawa is already navigable for many miles above the city by means of several short canals, and the channel would be deepened by "flooding" out the frequent rapids, as far as practicable, thus reducing the miles of projected canal to about twenty. The lockage up to Lake Nipissing and down to the Lower Ottawa makes an extra lift of 157 feet over the St. Lawrence system; but as the route is 270 miles shorter than by the Welland, it is claimed that forty-four hours would be saved, and that the cost of transportation would be decreased one-ninth; also, that the "Ottawa route" from Chicago to Montreal is one-third less in distance than the route from Chicago to New York *viâ* Buffalo and the Erie Canal—a gain of space that represents twelve days in time. The advantages of avoiding the storms on Lakes Erie and Ontario are also pointed out, and the prediction is made that this route would give a luxurious ease to the lock-tenders on the Welland. This reason alone would be enough to defeat the project; for Canada will not spend additional millions to make the St. Lawrence system useless at a time when its utility trembles in the balance without the disturbing cause of the Ottawa or any other rival. If the Caughnawaga Canal is not built to supplement canals already existing, certainly no new ones will be built as its rivals, although they may have all the advantages of the Ottawa route. The early French *voyageurs* crossed to the upper lakes after this manner, but commerce will hardly follow in their footsteps.

Another project is that of a ship-canal to connect Lakes Huron and Ontario; thus, as in the former instance, making the Welland of no use, but placing the St. Lawrence canals still in commission. The route has been surveyed from Georgian Bay through Lake Simcoe to Toronto—a distance of ninety-seven miles. The estimates are for forty-two locks, with 600 feet of lockage. The chief argument advanced in its favor was that the Huron

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and Ontario Canal would be 398 miles shorter than the Welland route between Chicago and Montreal; but whether this gain is considered a fair offset to the fifty-three extra miles of canal, and the 270 extra feet of lockage, is not quite so apparent. The project has been before the Canadians for a quarter of a century, but they have never seen fit to authorize its commencement. The drain upon their resources, they thought, would be even greater than the proposed drain which they feared would soon empty Lake Simcoe each way from the summit level.

The other canals of Canada not already noted are only of local importance to the maritime provinces, or to the cities of Toronto and Dundas, on Lake Ontario. The Fort Frances Canal connects forty-four miles of navigable water on Rainy Lake with Rainy River and the Lake of the Woods, thus forming 200 miles of continuous navigation, which will in time open up the great Canadian Northwest to all the commerce that now penetrates as far as Lake Superior.

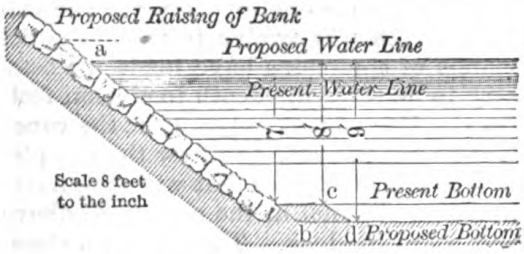
Of the American canals not already mentioned, perhaps the most important is the one built by the government of the United States to avoid the rapids between Lakes Huron and Superior. The St. Mary's Canal is one mile long. The original depth was twelve feet, but the demands of commerce have made it necessary to increase the depth to sixteen feet. On the 15th of November, 1880, the canal was closed in order to allow the completion of improvements that will give a sixteen-foot channel in the river both above and below the lock. The deepened channel will float vessels largely in excess of 2000 tons—the limit of the enlarged Welland. The "Limekiln crossing"—that *bête noire* of seamen near the mouth of the Detroit River—is also in process of deepening, so that vessels drawing eighteen feet may have a safe passage.

Every few years, with the regularity of a seventeen-year locust, the proposition to build an American canal around the Falls of Niagara comes up for discussion. But however practicable the project may have been in the past, the work is not likely to be undertaken until the new Welland has worked out the problem of its own existence, not to say usefulness. It is far more probable that the canal between Lakes Michigan and Erie will be built long before the American canal at Niagara is attempted. The route of the Michigan and Erie Canal lies from a point on the southeastern coast of Lake Michigan to the city of Toledo on Lake Erie.

TABULATION OF ROUTES ALREADY DESCRIBED.

From Chicago and Duluth to the Atlantic Sea-Board.						
Routes.	Feet of Lockage.	Number of Locks.	Miles of Canal.	Miles of River.	Miles of Lake.	Total Miles.
1. Chicago to Montreal, viâ the Welland and St. Lawrence canals	553	54	71	185	1005	1261
2. Chicago to Montreal, viâ the proposed Ottawa Canal	710	69	58	373	560	991
3. Chicago to Montreal, viâ the proposed Huron and Ontario and the present St. Lawrence canals	806	69	124	145	701	970
4. Chicago to New York, viâ Buffalo and the Erie Canal	655	72	352	202	865	1419
5. Chicago to New York, viâ the Welland Canal and Oswego	955	94	224	196	983	1403
6. Chicago to New York, viâ the present St. Lawrence and proposed Caughnawaga canals	717	72	158	363	1116	1637
7. Chicago to New York, viâ the proposed Ottawa and Caughnawaga canals	872	87	125	572	671	1368
8. Chicago to New York, viâ the proposed Huron and Ontario, the present St. Lawrence, and the proposed Caughnawaga canals	1091	90	224	291	812	1327
9. Duluth to Montreal, viâ the Welland and St. Lawrence canals	572	56	72	230	1095	1397
10. Duluth to Montreal, viâ the proposed Ottawa Canal	729	71	30	456	610	1096
11. Duluth to Montreal, viâ the proposed Huron and Ontario Canal	825	71	125	155	911	1191
12. Duluth to New York, viâ the present St. Lawrence and the proposed Caughnawaga canals	736	74	159	417	1206	1782
13. Duluth to New York, viâ the proposed Ottawa and Caughnawaga canals	891	89	126	626	721	1473
14. Duluth to New York, viâ the proposed Huron and Ontario, the present St. Lawrence, and the proposed Caughnawaga canals	1110	92	225	301	1022	1548

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SECTION OF PROPOSED ENLARGED ERIE CANAL.

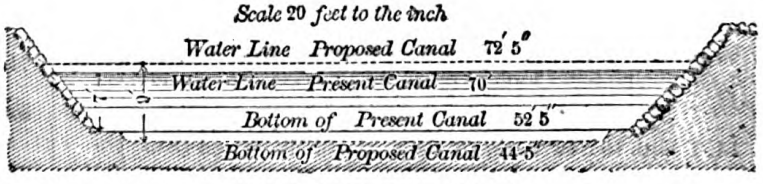
A line of canal 200 miles in length would thus replace 1000 miles of navigation on dangerous inland seas that are ice-locked many weeks longer than the new artificial channel would be. The projectors of this route support their claims by the exploded doctrine of "a military necessity"—the great danger to lake transportation within American waters in the event of a war with Canada. Their claims, however, are worthy of notice when they assert the value of the canal in holding the great bulk of American trade, and making inroads into the Canadian as well.

The most practicable of all the suggested improvements in American water routes appears to be the further enlargement of the Erie Canal. The channel from Buffalo to Lockport is already nine feet deep, and from Lockport to Rochester it is eight feet. For the remainder of the distance the dimensions are as follows: width at surface, 70 feet, depth 7 feet, width at bottom 52½ feet, with side slopes in the proportion of 1¼ to 1; area of surface pressed for each lineal foot, 75 feet. The enlarged canal, as proposed, will be 72½ feet wide at the surface and 9 feet deep, with slopes as above; area of surface pressed, 78$\frac{9}{10}$ feet. This result is to be attained by filling the banks one foot, and excavating the bed to the same amount. The existing slope walls do not extend below the bottom of the canal. Hence the bottom of the enlarged canal, instead of being fifty feet wide, will be only forty-four and a half feet, on account of the necessity of leaving an earth bench to support the toe of the slope walls. This is made more evident by the above section of one of the banks as projected, it being plain that the excavation could not follow the right line from a to b, on account of danger to the wall, but that the line from c to d must be followed.

The areas of waterway, as seen in sections, may be compared as follows: the present canal, 428¾ square feet; the enlarged canal, 546½ feet, or as 78 to 100. The quantity of water required per mile per minute will be 38.55 cubic feet in excess of the 200 cubic feet now used to supply losses from all sources. As there is a surplus of water on the eastern and western divisions, the increased quantity will be difficult to furnish upon the middle division only, where steps must soon be taken to supply present needs. It might also be found practicable to reduce the number of locks by altering some of the levels. Lake Erie feeds as far eastward as the Montezuma level, whence two locks are needed to reach the Peru level. A single lock drops to the Syracuse level, and then three locks make the ascent to the Rome level. Port Byron and Syracuse are on the surveyor's level, although there are lower canal levels between. By reducing them to a frontage on a continuous level, three locks would be dispensed with, thus leaving the number at sixty-nine instead of seventy-two. The number of locks decreased from eighty-three to seventy-two, by the enlargement of the Erie between the years 1836 and 1862.

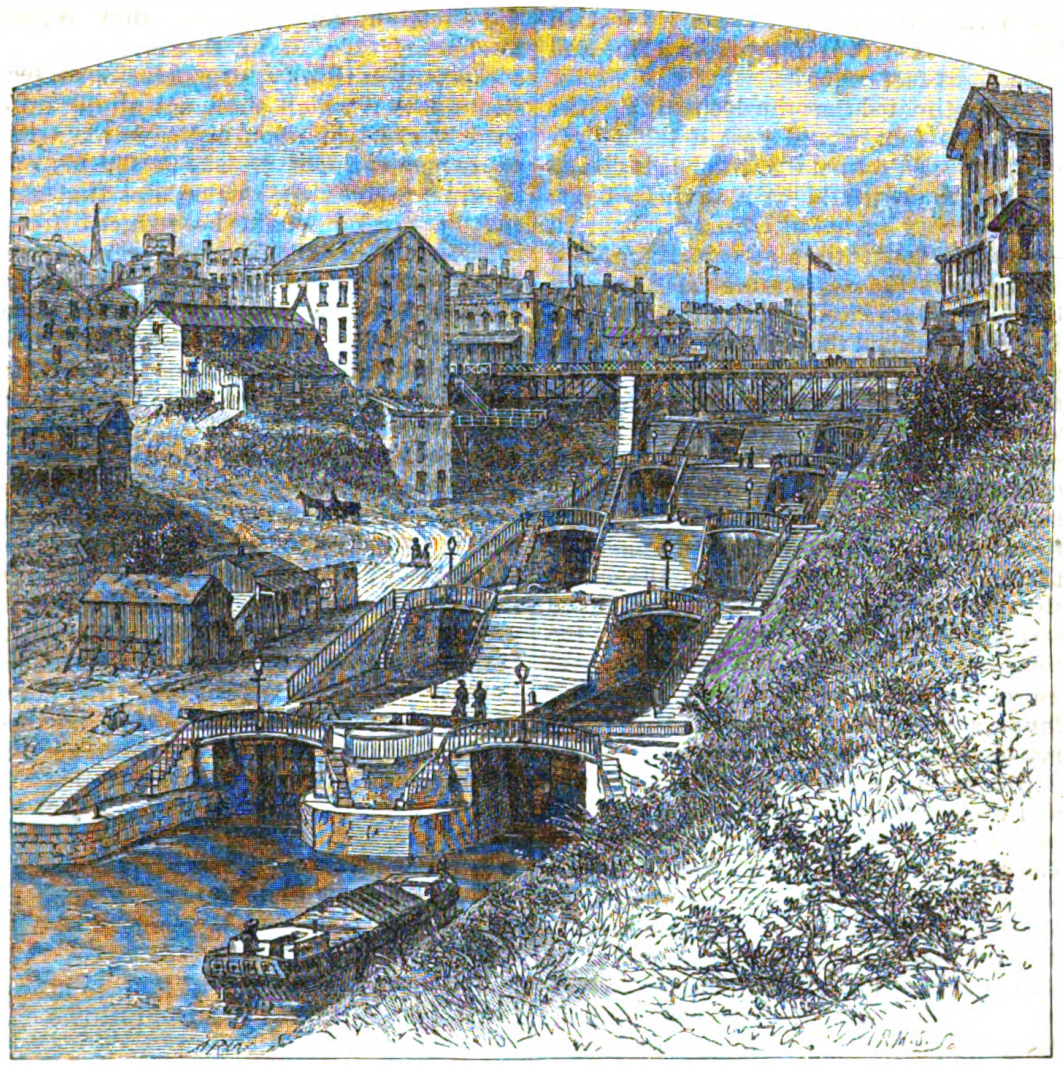
IV. — THE PRACTICAL EFFECT OF AN ENLARGED ERIE CANAL, THE NEW WELLAND CANAL, AND OTHER LAND AND WATER ROUTES, IN SOLVING THE PROBLEM OF TRANSPORTATION.

In considering the future of the Erie Canal, and its part in solving the constantly changing problem of transportation from the great Northwest, it must be remembered that the proposed enlargement is not the only one that has been suggested. Enthusiasts have urged the enlarging to a size sufficient to allow the passage of the larger lake vessels to tide-water. Aside from the engineering difficulties to be encountered, the enormous expense of such



SECTION OF ERIE CANAL.

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COMBINED LOCKS ON THE ERIE CANAL AT LOCKPORT.

an undertaking would be resisted by the tax-payers of New York. The financial difficulties would be insurmountable, even for half of the distance—from Oswego to Albany—in case the new Welland should prove a success, and Oswego should become ambitious to be the terminus instead of Buffalo.

It has also been suggested that the depth be increased four feet, making a uniform depth of eleven feet throughout. This depth would so economize the power of the steamers as to result in a speed of five to six miles per hour, instead of two as at present. The time between Buffalo and New York would then be four and a half days by steamer, and considerably less than the thirteen days now required by the average horse-boat. For an expenditure of about $4,000,000 the people of New York are promised such rapid transits that the expense from Buffalo to New York would be reduced to the ocean freight from New York to Liverpool—one mill per ton per mile; and the expense of the return trip is placed at two mills.

Still another proposition is to construct one tier of locks the entire length of the canal, to be twenty-six feet in width and 236 feet long between gates, with sufficient height of walls for ten feet depth of water. The bed of the canal is to be dredged to the depth of one foot. The earth removed is to be placed upon the banks and retained by walls of timber. Additional earth upon the banks will give ten feet of water in the canal and nine and a half feet upon the culverts and aqueducts. The prism is not to be widened, except at the shorter curves. This improvement would

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allow the navigation of boats 216 feet in length, twenty-four feet in breadth, and with eight feet draught.

It is estimated that the deepening of the canal one foot would cost a trifle over $1,000,000; in return for which it is claimed that there would be a saving of one cent on every bushel of wheat transported—an equivalent to the abolition of the tolls. This gain is due not to more rapid transit, but to the increased bulk of the cargoes. It is also claimed that steam-power can be used far more profitably than horse-power even with the slight increase of depth above noted. The opponents of this great improvement over the present facilities urge that only one-quarter of a cent per bushel will be gained, while the time of transportation will remain the same, and that, if any change is made, the canal should be deepened from four to seven feet in addition to the present depth. Between these extremes the proposition to increase two feet meets with considerable favor among those best versed in canal matters. It appears to be the golden mean which will give the most immediate relief and the quickest returns for the smallest outlay; the logic of the matter being beyond dispute that if the Canadians risk their all on the doubtful success of the Welland Canal, there is no reason why New-Yorkers should risk a heavy stake by increasing the Erie to mammoth proportions that may never be required. Still, the proposition to increase one foot is better than not to increase at all.

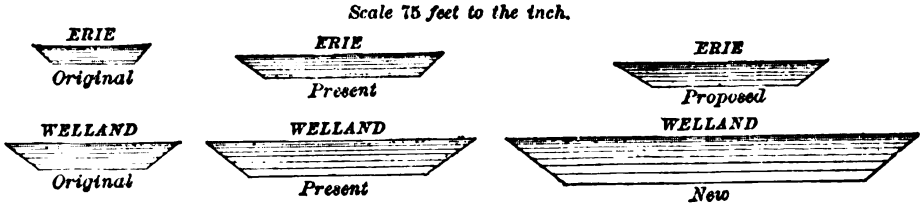
With the deepening of the Erie Canal will come such improvements as the use of steam for operating the locks and for shortening the passage of boats. This will save the large quantities of water now wasted by "drawing in" the boats and "flushing" them out. It has also been suggested that the capacity of the locks should be increased by doubling the length of the present chambers, the lower gates being left in the middle. The Belgian system of towing by a submerged cable has been tried with little success on the stretch of canal between Buffalo and Rochester. Mr. John B. Ferris, a most competent authority, proposes to supply steam-power which shall act along railroad tracks laid upon either bank, with an expenditure of $7,500,000 for his apparatus. Mr. Ferris calculates that the cost of towing would be reduced from 25.55 cents to 10.50 cents per mile per boat; and that the trip from Buffalo to Troy and return would be reduced four days—a saving of nearly $40. Still another plan is that of laying a track in the bed of the canal and placing thereon an engine incased in a hull, the traction of the motor being sufficient to move a fleet of from six to eight boats. In the mean time the various styles of steamers are on trial, and the result can not fail to commend itself, in spite of all the interests that are opposed to any change from the present slow and laborious plan of towing. Many of these good results were seen in the season of 1880. The following table of the comparative time of towing between Buffalo and New York and return has been compiled:

Boats, load east and light west	from 22 to 25	days.
Boats, load both ways	" 25 to 28	"
Steamers, load both ways	" 18 to 22	"
Steamers, with consort, load both ways	" 20 to 25	"
Boats towed by cable	" 30 to 45	"

The comparative cost of motive power has been ascertained to be as follows, for each boat per mile:

Horse (two teams)	15 to 17	cents.
Steam	15 to 18	"
Steam (with consort)	18 to 20	"
Cable	20	"

The policy of the State of New York toward the canal is also in process of modification. Old and useless branches have been abandoned, and the tolls have been reduced from time to time, always with the effect of lessening the cost of transportation. Before the year 1870 the tolls on a bushel of wheat were six cents. This rate has been gradually diminished, until now it is fixed at one cent per bushel.



SECTIONS SHOWING AREAS OF WATERWAYS, ERIE AND WELLAND CANALS.

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This liberal policy has been carried out more fully within the past four years, with the following result as to tolls and tonnage:

	1877.	1878.	1879.	1880.
Tolls ..	$880,896	$993,348	$941,574	$1,155,257
Tonnage	4,955,963	5,171,320	5,362,372	6,462,290

So exceedingly profitable has been the business done under the policy of a reduction of tolls that the number of canal-boats has largely increased, and something like a score of the largest lake vessels—too large for the new Welland—have been built to connect with the Erie at Buffalo. This prosperous state of affairs must continue under the new order abolishing the tolls on west-bound freight. The entire abolition of tolls, it is claimed, will give still further inducements to the canal men to enlarge their business, which, in these days of monopolies, has the rare merit of being open and free to all. The only drawback would be the clause of the Constitution that forbids the expenditure of more money on the canals in any one year than the sum of their gross receipts for the previous year. Even in this view of the case it is claimed that the canal can be deepened one foot as fast as the surplus of revenue will allow. Although the creation of any debt for the maintenance of the canals should be avoided, it should be regarded as an offset, wholly or partially, that the State does more business and feeds more mouths than heretofore. With such decided advantages as the Erie now enjoys, and with the several methods for strengthening it that are readily available, the State of New York must still contain one of the great water highways from the West. Increased terminal facilities, established rates for elevating grain (such as were incorporated in the Alvord bill of last winter, and which must become a law by another winter), and an opportunity for a return load unexcelled in the world—all these cheer the heart of the mariner on the Erie, and dismiss his former fears that "the ditch" may be filled up, and that his occupation may be gone. The election of one of his guild to the Presidency of the United States should also have a share in his encouragement.

While the traffic of the Erie has so materially increased, that of the Welland has fallen off to an alarming extent. The freight passing through the Welland between the years 1870 and 1874 averaged 1,413,265 tons per annum. In 1879, the average had fallen as low as 1,049,293, the total for the year being only 918,924 tons—a smaller amount than had passed through since 1868. So evident was the decadence of trade that a committee of Canadian merchants visited Ottawa in order to inform the government of the facts, none of which were more significant than the statement that in 1878 the flour and grain received at Montreal was only 7.12 per cent. of the total amount received at the cities of the Atlantic sea-board, while in 1879 the proportion of the whole had dwindled to 6.80 per cent. The proportionate amount of grain received at Montreal in 1873 was ten per cent. of the whole; in 1879 it was but five per cent. The committee also represented that the reason why the lock-tenders on the Welland were sometimes not called upon for twenty-four hours to turn a gate winch was because of the sharp competition of American canals and railways, complaint being made that the oldest line of steamers on the lakes had been withdrawn from the Welland route, thus leaving no American line through this canal.

The committee declared that the present ruinous depression of the Canadian carrying trade and Canadian tonnage must continue till the Dominion government should pursue a more liberal policy. To an outsider this change of policy appears to be no easy matter, although it is on record that the receipts of grain at Montreal increased from 3,389,017 bushels in 1859 to 16,824,864 bushels in 1862 in consequence of the Order in Council of May 19, 1860, whereby a ninety per cent. refund of tolls at Port Colborne and the free navigation of the St. Lawrence canals were guaranteed. But when the order was repealed, in 1863, the quantity fell to 8,822,029 bushels in 1864. Hence it was argued that the tolls should be abolished, and the Dominion suffer to the extent of $300,000 annually. It was not strange, therefore, that the committee was informed by the Minister of Public Works that Canada was not in the business of building canals by a tax upon the whole people, and then opening them free of charge to such of the people as happened to own or command the vessels that wished to pass through.

This serene contemplation of the situation by the Canadian government gave

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place to alarm at the largely increased business of the Erie Canal during the season of 1880. Perceiving that some prompt action must be taken, the government issued the following Orders in Council in April, 1881:

"*First.* That freight westward bound from Montreal to Lake Erie shall pay existing rates of toll on the St. Lawrence canals, and pass free through the Welland Canal.

"*Second.* That freight eastward bound between Lake Erie and Montreal shall pay existing rates of tolls on the Welland Canal, and pass free through the St. Lawrence canals.

"*Third.* That freight consigned to any port west of the St. Lawrence canals may be reshipped from said port, and pass through the Welland Canal free of charges.

"*Fourth.* That articles coming under Class 4 shall, if in transit westward, pay twenty cents per ton for passage through the St. Lawrence canals, and be passed free through the Welland Canal. If passing eastward, they shall pay twenty cents per ton for passage through the Welland Canal, and be passed free through the St. Lawrence. (It may be mentioned that this Class 4 is under the former tariff described 'as all of the articles not enumerated,' and tolls on the Welland Canal were forty cents, so that this is a reduction of tolls to one-half.)

"*Fifth.* That goods not otherwise provided for under Classes 3 and 4, except coal, shall, if using the Welland Canal only in transit westward, pay fifteen cents per ton. Coal is to pay, as at present, twenty cents passing through the Welland Canal either way.

"*Sixth.* Rye is to be charged the same as other grain."

This radical measure is consistent with Canada's treatment of her public works—improvements that are valued at one hundred millions as an offset to a total cost, in principal and interest, of three hundred millions. Take the St. Lawrence system of canals—the Welland included—and we note that the original cost was nineteen millions; cost of present enlargement, thirty millions; interest charge to date, thirty-two millions—a total of eighty-one millions, representing, at five per cent., an annual interest charge of four millions. All of this vast expenditure Canada is willing to sacrifice, so far as revenue is concerned, for the sake of taking away the commerce of the Erie Canal, and making Montreal the terminus instead of New York. To the east-bound shipper she says: "You pay the Welland tolls, and the St. Lawrence canals shall be free." To the west-bound shipper she says: "You pay the St. Lawrence tolls, and the Welland Canal shall be free." This policy leaves the carrier on Lake Ontario with a free outlet, whether he is going east or going west. These advantages are shared by American bottoms as well as by Canadian bottoms, in accordance with the Treaty of Washington.

Whether the facilities of the Welland Canal for passing ocean-built vessels really exist is a matter of doubt. Every boy intrusted with the sale of a horse knows that he will "eat his head off" if he is kept too long before closing a bargain. Every reasonably well informed ship-owner knows that good returns are seldom expected unless the vessel has as many tons capacity as there are miles in her voyage. This "rule-of-thumb law" applies to ocean steamers as well, very few of this craft for the Atlantic service now being constructed of less than 2500 tons measurement. On the chain of the great lakes this rule would require vessels of 1261 tons from Chicago to Montreal, and vessels of 1406 tons from Duluth to Montreal, these figures representing the distance of either route in miles. The present Welland passes vessels of only 600 tons, which thus eat their own heads off long before they reach Montreal, to say nothing of crossing the Atlantic. The only alternative left to the Canadian government, therefore, was to enlarge the Welland and St. Lawrence canals, in order to admit vessels of 1500 to 2000 tons capacity. But while the canals are still in process of enlarging, the ship-builders have constantly increased the size of their vessels, so that the lakes above Buffalo contain numerous craft that are both too long and too deep to enter the Welland when it is strained to its utmost. The larger the vessels, the more profitable they become, and consequently the immense hulls that carry the grain to Buffalo and the Erie Canal are in demand more and more, while the extra expense for the breaking of bulk at that port is more than offset by the thorough fanning of the grain and the diminished tendency to "heat."

Just at this point we are led to note a recent discussion in the Canadian press in regard to the practicability of navigating the ocean and the lakes with the same bottoms. The result of the discussion is that the most experienced seamen declare ocean and lake bottoms to be two distinct things—a decision which the Canadian government has so far shared as to prac-

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A LAODICEAN.

BOOK THE THIRD.—DE STANCY.

CHAPTER VIII.

HIS serenity continued during two or three following days, when, continuing at the castle, he got pleasant glimpses of Paula now and then. Her strong desire that his love for her should be kept secret, perplexed him; but his affection for her was generous, and he acquiesced in that desire. Meanwhile news of the forth-coming dramatic performance radiated in every direction. And in the next number of the county paper it was announced, to Somerset's comparative satisfaction, that the cast was definitively settled, Mr. Mild having agreed to be the King, and Miss Power the French Princess. Captain De Stancy, with becoming modesty for one who was the leading spirit, figured quite low down, in the secondary character of Sir Nathaniel.

Somerset remembered that, by a happy chance, the costume he had designed for Sir Nathaniel was not at all picturesque; moreover, Sir Nathaniel scarcely came near the Princess through the whole play.

Every day after this there was coming and going to and from the castle of railway vans laden with canvas columns, pasteboard trees, limp house fronts, woollen lawns, and lath balustrades. There were also frequent arrivals of young ladies from neighboring country houses, and warriors from the X and Y batteries of artillery, distinguishable by their regulation shaving.

But it was upon Captain De Stancy and Mrs. Calverton that the weight of preparation fell. Somerset, through being much occupied in the studio, was seldom present during the consultations and rehearsals; until one day, tea being served in the drawing-room at the usual hour, he dropped in with the rest to receive a cup from Paula's table. The chatter was tremendous, and Somerset was at once consulted about some necessary carpentry which was to be specially made at Markton. After that he was looked on as one of the band, which resulted in a large addition to the number of his acquaintance in this part of England.

But his own feeling was that of being an outsider still. This vagary had been originated, the play chosen, the parts allotted, all in his absence, and calling him in at the last moment might, if flirtation were possible in Paula, be but a sop to pacify him. What would he have given to impersonate her lover in the piece! But neither Paula nor any one else had asked him.

The eventful evening came. Somerset had been engaged during the day with the different people by whom the works were to be carried out, and in the evening went to his rooms at the King's Arms, Markton, where he dined. He did not return to the castle till the hour fixed for the performance, and having been received by Mrs. Goodman, entered the large apartment, which had been transfigured into a theatre, like any other spectator.

Rumors of the projected representation had spread far and wide. Six times the number of tickets issued might have been readily sold. Friends and acquaintances of the actors came from curiosity to see how they would acquit themselves, while other classes of people came because they were eager to see well-known notabilities in unwonted situations. When ladies, hitherto only beheld in frigid, impenetrable positions behind their coachmen in Markton High Street, were about to reveal their hidden traits, home attitudes, intimate smiles, nods, and perhaps kisses, to the public eye, it was a throwing open of fascinating social secrets not to be missed for money.

The performance opened with no further delay than was occasioned by an obstinate refusal of the curtain for some three minutes to rise more than two feet six inches; but this hitch was remedied, and the play began. It was with no enviable emotion that Somerset, who was watching intently, saw, not Mr. Mild, but Captain De Stancy, enter as the King of Navarre.

Somerset, as a friend of the family, had had a seat reserved for him next to that of Mrs. Goodman, and turning to her, he said, with some excitement, "I understood that Mr. Mild had agreed to take that part."

"Yes," she said, in a whisper, "so he had; but he broke down. He did very

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well at the first rehearsal; then he got more and more nervous, and at last, this very morning, said he could not possibly enact the part. Luckily Captain De Stancy was familiar with it, through having coached the others so persistently, and he undertook it off-hand. Being about the same figure as Lieutenant Mild, the same dress fits him, with a little alteration by the tailor."

It did fit him indeed; and of the male costumes it was that on which Somerset had bestowed most pains when designing them. It instantly burst upon his mind that there might have been collusion between Mild and De Stancy, the former agreeing to take the captain's place, and act as blind till the last moment. A greater question was, could Paula have possibly been aware of this, and would she perform as the Princess of France, now De Stancy was to be her lover, or throw up the part and stop the play?

"Does Miss Power know of this change?" he inquired.

"She did not till quite a short time ago."

He asked no further question, from very pride, and controlled his impatience till the beginning of the second act. The Princess entered; it was Paula. But whether the slight embarrassment with which she pronounced her opening words,

"Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise,"

was due to the newness of her situation, or to her knowledge that De Stancy had usurped Mild's part of her lover, he could not guess. De Stancy appeared, and Somerset felt hot as he listened to the gallant captain's salutation of the Princess, and her response.

De S. "Fair Princess, welcome to the court of Navarre."

Paula. "Fair, I give you back again; and welcome, I have not yet."

Somerset listened to this, and to all that which followed of the same sort, with the reflection that, after all, the Princess never throughout the piece compromised her dignity by showing her love for the King; and that the latter on this account never addressed her in words in which passion got the better of courtesy. Moreover, as Paula had herself observed, they did not marry at the end of the piece, as in Shakspeare's other comedies. Somewhat calm in this assurance, he waited on while the other couples respectively indulged in their love-making and banter, including Mrs. Calverton as the sprightly Rosaline. But he was doomed to be surprised out of this humor when the end of the act came on. In abridging the play for convenience of representation, the favors or gifts from the gentlemen to the ladies were personally presented; and now Somerset saw De Stancy advance with the necklace fetched by Paula from London, and clasp it on her neck.

This seemed to throw a less pleasant light on her hasty journey. To fetch a valuable ornament in order to lend it to a poorer friend was estimable; but to fetch it that the friend's brother should have something magnificent and attractive to use as a lover's offering to herself in public—that wore a different complexion. Moreover, if the article were recognized by the spectators as the same that Charlotte had worn at the ball, which it probably was, the presentation by De Stancy of what must seem to be an heirloom of his house, assumed the color of symbolizing a union of the families.

De Stancy's mode of presenting the necklace, though unauthorized by Shakspeare, had the full approval of the company, and set them in good-humor to receive Major Calverton as Armado the braggart. Nothing calculated to stimulate jealousy occurred again till the fifth act, and then there arose full cause.

The scene was the outside of the Princess's pavilion. De Stancy, as the King of Navarre, stood with his group of attendants awaiting the Princess, who presently entered from her door. The two began to converse as the play appointed, De Stancy turning to her with this reply:

"Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
The virtue of your eye must break my oath."

So far all was well; and Paula opened her lips for the set rejoinder. But before she had spoken, De Stancy continued:

"If I profane with my unworthy hand
[*Taking her hand*]
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss."

Somerset stared. Surely in this comedy the King never addressed the Princess in such warm words; and yet they were Shakspeare's, for they were quite familiar to him. A dim suspicion crossed

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his mind. Mrs. Goodman had brought a copy of Shakspeare with her, which she kept in her lap and never looked at. Borrowing it, Somerset turned to *Romeo and Juliet*, and there he saw the words which De Stancy had introduced as gag, to intensify the mild love-making of the other play. Meanwhile De Stancy continued:

"Oh, then, dear Saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.
Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged!"

Could it be that De Stancy was going to do what came next in the stage direction—kiss her? Before there was time for conjecture on that point, the sound of a very sweet and long-drawn osculation spread through the room, followed by loud applause from the people in the cheap seats. De Stancy withdrew from bending over Paula, and she was very red in the face. Nothing seemed clearer than that he had actually done the deed. The applause continuing, Somerset turned his head. Five hundred faces had regarded the act; and four hundred and fifty mouths in those faces were smiling. About one-half of them were tender smiles; these came from the women. The other half were at best humorous, and mainly satirical; these came from the men. It was a profanation without parallel, and his face blazed like a coal.

The play was now nearly at an end, and Somerset sat on, feeling what he did not and could not express. More than ever was he assured that there had been collusion between the two artillery officers to bring about this end. That he should have been the unhappy man to design those picturesque dresses in which his rival so audaciously played the lover to his, Somerset's, mistress, was an added wring to his disquietude. He could hardly go so far as to assume that Paula was a consenting party to this startling amourette; but her otherwise unaccountable wish that his own love should be clandestinely shown lent immense force to a doubt of her sincerity. The ghastly thought that she had merely been keeping him on, like a pet spaniel, to amuse her leisure moments till she should have found appropriate opportunity for an open engagement with some one else, trusting to his sense of chivalry to keep secret their little episode, filled him with a grim heat.

CHAPTER IX.

At the back of the room the applause had been loud at the moment of the kiss, real or counterfeit. The cause was partly owing to an exceptional circumstance which had occurred in that quarter during the progress of the play.

The people had all seated themselves, and the first act had begun, when the tapestry that screened the door was lifted gently, and a figure appeared in the opening. The general attention was at this moment absorbed by the newly disclosed stage, and scarcely a soul noticed the stranger. Had any one of the audience turned his head, there would have been sufficient in the countenance to detain his gaze, notwithstanding the counter-attraction forward.

He was obviously a man who had come from afar. There was not a square inch about him that had anything to do with modern English life. His visage, which was of the color of light porphyry, had little of its original surface left; it was a face which had been the plaything of strange foreign pestilences, that had moulded to whatever shape they chose his originally supple skin, and left it pitted, puckered, and seamed like the bed of a dried water-course. But though the unwholesome and treacherous airs of remote climates had done their worst upon his exterior, they seemed to have affected him but little within, to judge from a certain robustness which showed itself in his manner of standing.

The face marks had a meaning, for any one who could read them, beyond the mere suggestion of their origin: they signified that this man had either been the victim of some terrible necessity as regarded the spots on which he had passed his life, or that he was a man of dogged obstinacy, from sheer *sang-froid* holding his ground amid lairs of baleful distemper when others would have fled affrighted away.

As nobody noticed him, he dropped the door-hangings after a while, walked silently along the matted alley, and sat down in one of the back chairs. His manner of entry was enough to show that the strength of character which he seemed to possess had phlegm for its base, and not ardor. One might have said that perhaps the malarious fevers he had passed through had taken all his original warmth

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out of him. His beaver hat, which he had retained on his head till this moment, he now placed under the seat, where he sat absolutely motionless till the end of the first act, as if he were indulging in a monologue which did not quite reach his lips.

When Paula entered at the beginning of the second act, he showed as much excitement as was expressed by a slight movement of the eyes. When she spoke, he turned to his next neighbor, and asked him in cold level words which had once been English, but which seemed to have lost the accent of nationality, "Is that the young lady who is the possessor of this castle—Power by name?"

His neighbor happened to be the landlord at Sleeping Green, and he informed the stranger that she was what he supposed.

"And who is that gentleman whose line of business seems to be to make love to Power?"

"He's Captain De Stancy, Sir William De Stancy's son, who used to own this property."

"Baronet or knight?"

"Baronet—a very old-established family about here."

The stranger nodded, and the play went on, no further word being spoken till the fourth act was reached, when the stranger again said, without taking his narrow black eyes from the stage, "There's something in that love-making between Stancy and Power that's not all sham."

"Well," said the landlord, "I have heard different stories about that, and wouldn't be the man to say what I couldn't swear to. The story is that Captain De Stancy, who is as poor as a gallicrow, is in full cry after her, and that his only chance lies in his being heir to a title and the old name. But she has not shown a genuine fancy for anybody yet."

"If she finds the money, and this Stancy finds the name and blood, 'twould be a very neat match between 'em—hey?"

"That's the argument."

Nothing more was said again for a long time, but the stranger's eyes showed more interest in the passes between Paula and De Stancy than they had shown before. At length the crisis came, as described in the last chapter, and De Stancy saluted her with that semblance of a kiss which gave such umbrage to Somerset. The stranger's thin lips lengthened a couple of inches with satisfaction; he put his hand into his pocket, drew out two half-crowns, which he handed to the landlord, saying, "Just applaud that, will you, and get your comrades to do the same."

The landlord, though a little surprised, took the money, and began to clap his hands as desired. The example was contagious, and spread all over the room; for the audience, gentle and simple, though they might not have followed the blank verse in all its bearings, could at least appreciate a kiss. It was the unusual acclamation raised by this means which led Somerset to turn his head.

When the play had ended, the stranger was the first to rise, and going down stairs at the head of the crowd, he passed out of the door, and was lost to view. Some questions were asked by the landlord as to the stranger's individuality; but few had seen him; fewer had noticed him, singular as he was; and none knew his name.

While these things had been going on in the quarter allotted to the commonalty, Somerset in front had waited the fall of the curtain with those sick and sorry feelings which should be combated by the aid of philosophy and a good conscience, but which really are only subdued by time and the abrading rush of affairs. He was, however, stoical enough, on the fall of the curtain, to accept Mrs. Goodman's invitation to accompany her to the drawing-room, fully expecting to find there a large company, including Captain De Stancy.

But none of the acting ladies and gentlemen had emerged from their dressing-rooms as yet. Feeling that he did not care to meet any of them that night, he bade farewell to Mrs. Goodman after a few minutes of conversation, and left her. While he was passing along the corridor, at the side of the gallery which had been used as the theatre, Paula crossed it from the latter apartment toward an opposite door. She was still in the dress of the Princess, and the pearl necklace still hung over her bosom as placed there by Captain De Stancy.

Her eye caught Somerset's, and she stopped. Probably there was something in his face which told his mind, for she invited him by a gesture into the room she was entering.

"I congratulate you on your performance," he said, mechanically, when she

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pushed to the door, having only greeted him by a serene inclination and smile.

"Do you really think it was well done?" she asked.

"It was startlingly done; the part from *Romeo and Juliet* pre-eminently so."

"Do you think I knew he was going to introduce it? or do you think I didn't know?" she asked, with that gentle sauciness which shows itself in the loved one's manner when she has had a triumphant evening without the lover's assistance—a transitory faithlessness which the sense of her own power has instilled.

"I think you may have known."

She flushed. "No," she said. "It took me as much by surprise as it probably did you. But why should I have told?"

Without answering that question, Somerset went on: "Then what he did at the end of his gag was of course a surprise also?"

"He didn't really do what he seemed to do," she hastily answered.

"Well, I have no right to make observations—your actions are not subject to my surveillance; you float above my plane," said the young man, with some bitterness. "But to speak plainly, surely he—kissed you?"

"No," she said. "He only kissed the air in front of me—ever so far off."

"Was it six inches off?"

"No, not six inches."

"Nor three."

"It was quite one," she said, with an ingenuous air.

"I don't call that very far."

"A miss is as good as a mile, says the time-honored proverb; and it is not for us modern mortals to question its truth."

"How can you be so off-hand!" broke out Somerset. "I love you wildly and desperately, and you know it well."

"I have never denied knowing it," she said, softly.

"Then why do you, with such knowledge, adopt an air of levity at such a moment as this? You keep me at arm's-length, and won't say whether you care for me one bit or no. I have owned all to you; yet never once have you owned anything to me."

"I have owned much. And you do me wrong if you consider that I show levity. But even if I have not owned everything, and you all, it is not altogether such a grievous thing."

"You mean to say that it is not grievous, even if a man does love a woman, and suffers all the pain of feeling he loves in vain? Well, I say it is quite the reverse, and I have grounds for knowing."

"Now don't fume so, George Somerset, but hear me. My not owning all may not have the dreadful meaning you think, and therefore it may not be really such a grievous thing. There are genuine reasons for women's conduct in these matters as well as for men's, though it is sometimes supposed to be regulated entirely by caprice. And if I do not give way to every feeling—I mean demonstration—it is because I don't want to. There, now; don't expect me to say more."

"Very well," said Somerset, with repressed sadness; "I will not expect you to say more. But you do like me a little, Paula?"

"Now!" she said, shaking her head with symptoms of tenderness, and looking into his eyes. "What have you just promised? Perhaps I like you a little more than a little, which is much too much. Yes—Shakspeare says so, and he is always right. Do you still doubt me? I see you do."

"Because somebody has stood nearer to you to-night than I."

"An elderly man like him!—half as old again as either of us! How can you mind him? What shall I do to show you that I do not for a moment let him come between me and you?"

"It is not for me to suggest what you should do. Though what you should permit *me* to do is obvious enough."

She dropped her voice. "You mean, permit you to do really and in earnest what he only seemed to do in the play?"

Somerset signified by a look that such had been his thought.

Paula was silent. "No," she murmured at last. "That can not be."

It was said none the less decidedly for being spoken low.

"You quite resent such a suggestion: you have a right to. I beg your pardon, not for speaking of it, but for thinking it."

"I don't resent it at all, and I am not offended. But I am not the less of opinion that it is possible to be premature in some things; and to do this just now would be premature. I know what you would say—that you would not have asked it but for that unfortunate improvisation of it in the play. But that I was not

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responsible for, and therefore owe no reparation to you now.—Listen!"

"Paula! Paula! Wherever are you?" was heard resounding along the corridor, in the voice of her aunt. "Our friends are all ready to leave, and you will surely bid them good-night?"

"I must be gone. I won't ring for you to be shown out: come this way."

"But how will you get on in repeating the play to-morrow evening if that interpolation is against your wish?" he asked, looking her hard in the face.

"I'll think it over during the night. Come to-morrow morning to help me settle. But," she added, with coy yet genial independence, "listen to me. Not a word more about a kiss, mind. I don't want to go so far, and I will not—not yet at least—I mean not at all. You must promise that, or I can not see you again alone."

"It shall be as you request."

"Very well. And not a word of this to a soul. My aunt suspects: but she is a good aunt, and will say nothing. Now that is clearly understood, I should be glad to consult with you to-morrow early. I will come to you in the studio or Pleasance as soon as I am disengaged."

She took him to a little chamfered doorway in the corner, which opened into a descending turret, and Somerset went down. When he had unfastened the door at the bottom, and stepped into the lower corridor, she asked, "Are you down?" And on receiving an affirmative reply, she closed the top door.

CHAPTER X.

SOMERSET was in the studio the next morning about ten o'clock, superintending the labors of Knowles, Bowles, and Cockton, whom he had again engaged to assist him with the drawings on his appointment to carry out the works. When he had set them going, he ascended the staircase of the great tower for some purpose that bore upon the forth-coming repairs of this part. Passing the door of the telegraph-room, he heard little sounds within which led him to pause. They came from the instrument, that somebody was working. Only two people in the castle, to the best of his knowledge, knew the trick of this—Miss Power, and a page in her service called John. Miss De Stancy could also dispatch messages, but she was at Myrtle Villa.

The door was closed, and much as he would have liked to enter, the possibility that Paula was not the performer led him to withhold his steps, since he had no legitimate reason for intruding. He went on to where the uppermost masonry had resisted the mighty hostility of the elements for five hundred years without receiving worse abrasions than half a century produces upon the face of man. But he still wondered who was telegraphing, and whether the message bore on the subject of housekeeping, architecture, theatricals, or love.

Could Somerset have seen through the panels of the door in passing, he would have beheld the room occupied by Paula alone.

It was she who sat at the instrument, and the message she was dispatching ran as under:

"*Can you send down a competent actress, who will undertake the part of Princess of France in 'Love's Labor's Lost' this evening in a temporary theatre here? Dresses already provided suitable to a lady about the middle height. State price.*"

The telegram was addressed to a well-known theatrical agent in London.

Off went the message, and Paula retired into the next room, which was her boudoir, leaving the door open between that and the one she had just quitted. Here she busied herself with writing some letters, till in less than an hour the telegraph instrument showed signs of life, and she hastened back to its side. The reply received from the agent was as follows:

"*Miss Barbara Bell, of the Regent's Theatre, could come. Quite competent. Her terms would be about twenty-five guineas.*"

Without a moment's pause, Paula returned, for answer:

"*The terms are quite satisfactory.*"

Presently she heard the instrument again, and emerging from the next room, in which she had passed the intervening time as before, she read:

"*Miss Barbara Bell's terms were accidentally understated. They would be forty guineas, in consequence of the distance. Am waiting at the office for a reply.*"

Paula set to work as before, and replied:

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"*Quite satisfactory; only let her come at once.*"

She did not leave the room this time, but went to an arrow-slit hard by, and gazed out at the trees till the instrument began to speak again. Returning to it with a leisurely manner, implying a full persuasion that the matter was settled, she was somewhat surprised to learn that

"*Miss Bell, in stating her terms, understands that she will not be required to leave London till the middle of the afternoon. If it is necessary for her to leave at once, ten guineas extra would be indispensable, on account of the great inconvenience of such a short notice.*"

Paula seemed a little vexed, but, hardly disturbed from her usual calm, she sent back with a readiness scarcely politic in the circumstances:

"*She must start at once. Price agreed to.*"

Her impatience for the answer was mixed with curiosity as to whether it was due to the agent or to Miss Barbara Bell that the prices had grown like Jack's beanstalk in the negotiation. Another telegram duly came:

"*Travelling expenses are expected to be paid.*"

With decided impatience she dashed off:

"*Of course; but nothing more will be agreed to.*"

Then, and only then, came the desired reply:

"*Miss Bell starts by the twelve-o'clock train.*"

This business being finished, Paula left the chamber and descended into the inclosure called the Pleasance, a spot grassed down like a lawn. Here stood Somerset, who, having come down from the tower, was looking on while a man searched for old foundations under the sod with an iron bar. He was glad to see her at last, and noticed that she looked serene and relieved, but could not for the moment divine the cause. Paula came nearer, returned his salutation, and regarded the man's operations in silence awhile, till his work led him to a distance from them.

"Do you still wish to consult me?" asked Somerset.

"About the building, perhaps," said she. "Not about the play."

"But you said so?"

"Yes; but it will be unnecessary."

Somerset thought this meant superciliousness, and merely bowed.

"You mistake me as usual," she said, in a low tone. "I am not going to consult you on that matter, because I have done all you could have asked for without consulting you. I take no part in the play to-night."

"Forgive my momentary doubt!"

"Somebody else will play for me—an actress from London. But on no account must the substitution be known beforehand, or the performance to-night will never come off; and that I should much regret."

"Captain De Stancy will not play his part if he knows you will not play yours—that's what you mean?"

"You may assume as much," she said, smiling. "And to guard against this, you must help me to keep the secret by being my confederate."

To be Paula's confederate! To-day, indeed, time had brought him something worth waiting for. "In anything!" cried Somerset.

"Only in this," said she, severely. "And you know what you have promised, George Somerset; and you remember there is to be no—what we talked about. Now will you go in the one-horse brougham to Markton Station this afternoon, and meet the four-o'clock train? Inquire for a lady for Stancy Castle—a Miss Bell; see her safely into the carriage, and send her straight on here. I am particularly anxious that she should not enter the town, for I think she once came to Markton in a starring company, and she might be recognized, and my plan be thus defeated."

Thus she instructed her lover and devoted friend; and when he could stay no longer, he left her in the garden, to return to his studio. As Somerset went in by the garden door, he met a strange-looking personage coming out by the same passage—a stranger, with the manner of a Dutchman, the face of a smelter, and the clothes of an inhabitant of Guiana. The stranger, whom we have already seen sitting at the back of the theatre the night before, looked hard from Somerset to Paula, and from Paula again to Somerset, as he stepped out. Somerset had an unpleasant conviction that this queer gentleman had been standing for some time in the doorway unnoticed, quizzing him and his mistress as they talked together. If so, he might have learned a secret.

When he arrived up stairs, Somerset went to a window commanding a view of

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the garden. Paula still stood in her place, and the stranger was earnestly conversing with her. Soon they went round the corner and disappeared.

It was now time for him to see about starting for Markton, an intelligible zest for circumventing the ardent and coercive captain of artillery saving him from any unnecessary delay in the journey. He was on the platform ten minutes before the train was due; and when it drew up at the platform, the first person to jump out was Captain De Stancy in sportsman's attire, and with a gun in his hand. Somerset nodded, and De Stancy spoke, informing the architect that he had been ten miles down the line shooting water-fowl. "That's Miss Powell's carriage, I think?" he added.

"Yes," said Somerset, carelessly. "She expects a friend, I believe. We shall see you at the castle again to-night?"

De Stancy assured him that they would, and the two men parted, Captain De Stancy, when he had glanced to see that the carriage was empty, going on to where a porter stood with a couple of dogs in leading-strings.

Somerset now looked again to the train. While his back had been momentarily turned to converse with the captain, a lady of five-and-thirty had alighted from the compartment occupied by De Stancy. She made an inquiry about getting to Stancy Castle, upon which Somerset went forward, and introducing himself, assisted her to the carriage, and saw her safely off.

De Stancy had by this time disappeared, and Somerset walked on to his rooms at the King's Arms, where he remained till he had dined, picturing the discomfiture of his alert rival when there should enter to him as Princess, not Paula Power, but Miss Bell of the Regent's Theatre, London. Thus the hour passed, till he found that if he meant to see the issue of the plot, it was time to be off.

On arriving at the castle, Somerset entered by the public door from the hall as before, a natural delicacy leading him to feel that though he might be welcomed as an ally at the stage-door, in other words, the door from the corridor, it was advisable not to take too ready an advantage of a privilege which, in the existing secrecy of his understanding with Paula, might lead to an overthrow of her plans on that point.

Not intending to sit out the whole performance, Somerset contented himself with standing in a window recess near the proscenium, whence he could observe both the stage and the front rows of spectators. He was quite uncertain whether Paula would appear among the audience to-night, and resolved to await events. Just before the rise of the curtain, the young lady in question entered and sat down. When the scenery was disclosed, and the King of Navarre appeared, what was Somerset's surprise to find that though the part was the part taken by De Stancy on the previous night, the voice was that of Mr. Mild; to him, at the appointed season, entered the Princess, namely, Miss Barbara Bell.

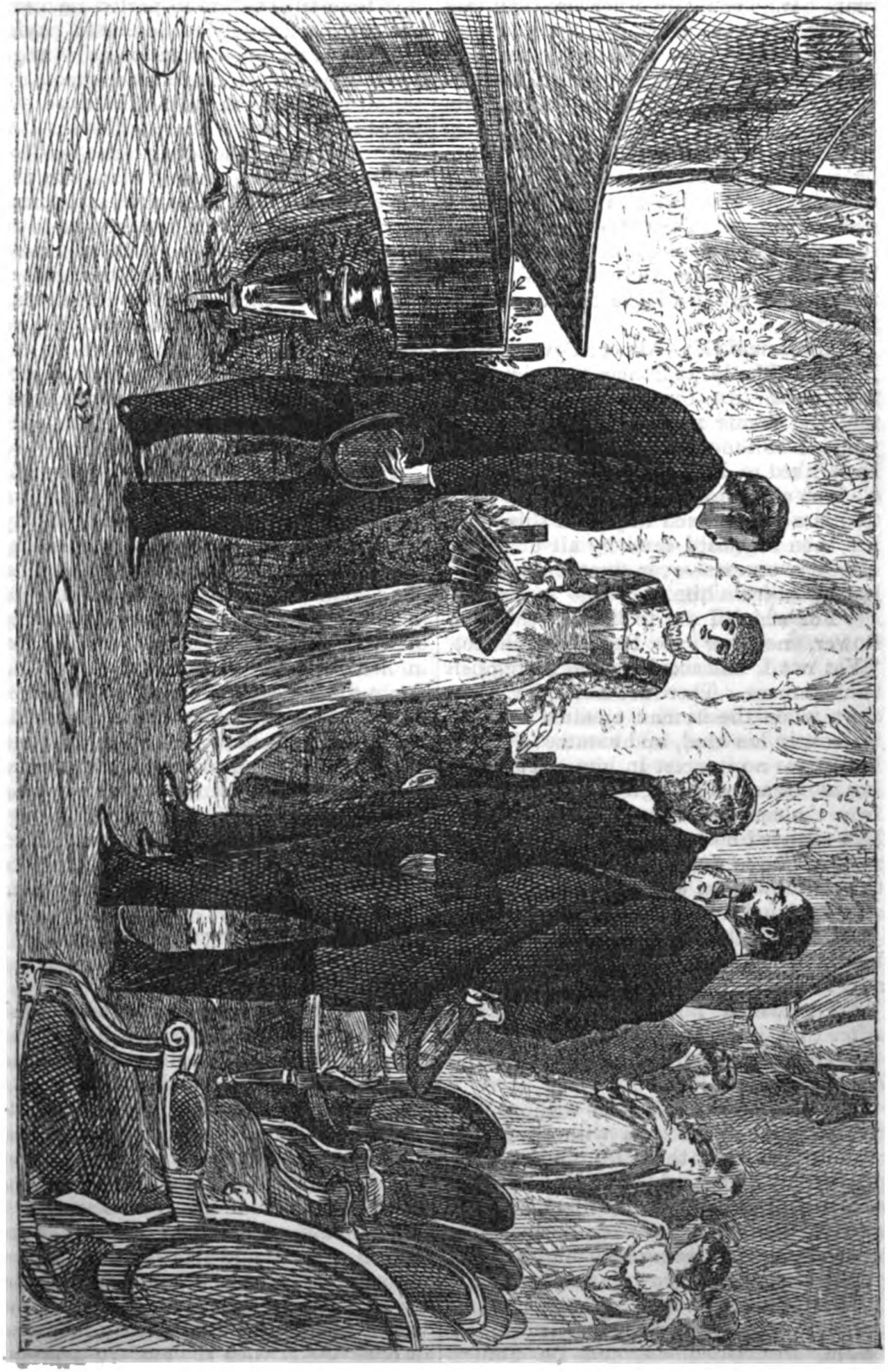
Before Somerset had recovered from his crest-fallen sensation at De Stancy's elusiveness, that officer himself emerged in evening dress from behind a curtain forming a wing to the proscenium, and Somerset remarked that the minor part originally allotted to him was filled by the subaltern who had enacted it the night before. De Stancy glanced across, whether by accident or otherwise Somerset could not determine, and his glance seemed to say he quite recognized there had been a trial of wits between them, and that his had proved the stronger.

The house being less crowded to-night, there were one or two vacant chairs in the best part. De Stancy, advancing from where he had stood for a few moments, seated himself in one not far from Miss Power.

On the other side of her he now perceived to be sitting the same queer elderly foreigner (as he appeared) who had come to her in the garden that morning. Somerset was surprised to perceive that Paula with very little hesitation introduced him and De Stancy to each other. A conversation ensued between the three, none the less animated for being carried on in a whisper, in which Paula seemed on strangely intimate terms with the stranger, and the stranger to show feelings of great friendship for De Stancy, considering that they must be new acquaintances.

The play proceeded, and Somerset still lingered in his corner. He could not help fancying that De Stancy's ingenious relinquishment of his part, and its obvious reason, was winning Paula's admiration. His conduct was homage carried to unscrupulous and inconvenient

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"'MY UNCLE, MR. ABNER POWER,' SAID PAULA."

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lengths—a sort of thing which a woman may chide, but which she can never resent. Who could do otherwise than talk kindly to a man, incline a little to him, and condone his fault, when the sole motive of so audacious an exercise of his wits was to escape acting with any other heroine than herself?

His conjectures were brought to a pause by the ending of the comedy, and the opportunity afforded him of joining the group in front. The mass of people were soon gone, and the knot of friends assembled around Paula were discussing the merits and faults of the two days' performance.

"My uncle, Mr. Abner Power," said Paula, suddenly, to Somerset, as he came near, presenting the stranger to the astonished young man. "I could not see you before the performance, as I should have liked to do. The return of my uncle is so extraordinary that it ought to be told in a less hurried way than this. He has been supposed dead by all of us for nearly two years—ever since the time we last heard from him."

"For which I am to blame," said Mr. Power, nodding to Paula's architect. "Yet not I, but accident and a sluggish temperament. There are times, Mr. Somerset, when the human creature feels no interest in his kind, and assumes that his kind feels no interest in him. The feeling is not active enough to make him fly from their presence, but sufficient to keep him silent if he happens to be away. I may not have described it precisely; but this I know, that after my long illness, and the fancied neglect of my letters—"

"For which my father was not to blame, since he did not receive them," said Paula.

"For which nobody was to blame. After that, I say, I wrote no more."

"You have much pleasure in returning at last, no doubt," said Somerset.

"Sir, as I remained away without particular pain, so I return without particular joy. I speak the truth, and no compliments. I may add that there is one exception to this absence of feeling from my heart, namely, that I do derive great satisfaction from seeing how mightily this young woman has grown and prevailed."

This address, though delivered nominally to Somerset, was listened to by Paula, Mrs. Goodman, and De Stancy also. After uttering it, the speaker turned away, and continued his previous conversation with Captain De Stancy. From this time till the group parted he never again spoke directly to Somerset, paying him barely so much attention as he might have expected as Paula's architect, and certainly less than he might have supposed his due as her accepted lover.

The result of the appearance, as from the tomb, of this wintry man was that the evening ended in a frigid and formal way, which gave little satisfaction to the sensitive Somerset, who was abstracted and constrained by reason of thoughts on how this resuscitation of the uncle would affect his relation with Paula. It was possibly also the thought of two at least of the others. There had, in truth, scarcely yet been time enough to adumbrate the possibilities opened up by this gentleman's return.

The only private word exchanged by Somerset with any one that night was with Mrs. Goodman, in whom he always recognized a friend to his cause, though the fluidity of her character rendered her but a feeble one at the best of times. She informed him that Mr. Power had no sort of legal control over Paula, or direction in her estates; but Somerset could not doubt that a near and only blood-relation, even had he possessed but half the still, static force of character that made itself apparent in Mr. Power, might exercise considerable moral influence over the girl if he chose. And in view of Mr. Power's marked preference for De Stancy, Somerset had many misgivings as to its operating in a direction favorable to himself.

CHAPTER XI.

SOMERSET was deeply engaged with his draughtsmen and builders during the three following days, and scarcely entered the occupied wing of the castle.

At his suggestion, Paula had agreed to have the works executed as such operations were carried out in old times, before the advent of contractors. Each trade required in the building was to be represented by a master-tradesman of that denomination, who should stand responsible for his own section of labor, and for no other. By this means the thoroughness of the workmanship would be greatly increased in comparison with the modern arrangement, whereby a gentleman-builder, who

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can certainly know no more than one trade intimately and well, and who often does not know that, undertakes the whole.

But notwithstanding its manifest advantages to the proprietor, the plan added largely to the responsibilities of the architect, who, with his master-mason, master-carpenter, master-plumber, and what not, had scarcely a moment to call his own. Still, the arrangement being upon the face of it the true one, Somerset liked it, and supervised with a will.

But though so deeply occupied as to be removed from immediate contact with the household, there seemed to float across to him on the air from thence an intimation that things were not as they had been before; that an influence adverse to himself was at work behind the ashlared face of inner wall which confronted him across the ward. Perhaps this was because he never saw Paula at the windows, or heard her footfall in that half of the building given over to himself and his myrmidons. There was really no reason other than a sentimental one why he should see her. The uninhabited part of the castle was almost an independent structure, and it was quite natural to exist for weeks in this wing without coming in contact with residents in the other.

But a more pronounced cause than vague surmise was destined to perturb him, and this in an unexpected manner. It happened one morning that before leaving his chambers at the King's Arms, he glanced through a local paper while waiting for the pony-carriage to be brought round in which he often drove to the castle. The paper was two days old, but to his unutterable amazement he read therein a paragraph which ran as follows:

"We are informed that a marriage is likely to be arranged between Captain De Stancy, of the Royal Horse Artillery, only surviving son of Sir William De Stancy, Baronet, and Paula, only daughter of the late John Power, Esq., M.P., of Stancy Castle."

Somerset dropped the paper, and stared out of the window. Fortunately for his emotions, the horse and carriage were at this moment brought to the door, so that nothing hindered Somerset in driving off to the spot at which he would be soonest likely to learn what truth or otherwise there was in the newspaper report. From the first he doubted it; and yet how should it have got there? Such strange rumors, like paradoxical maxims, generally include a portion of truth, and what this portion was he found it impossible to guess. Five days had elapsed since he last spoke to Paula: could anything have happened in that interval to lead the tantalizing girl to smile encouragingly on De Stancy?

Reaching the castle, he entered his own quarters as usual, and after setting the draughtsmen to work, walked up and down, pondering how he might best see her without making the disturbing paragraph the ground of his request for an interview; for if it were absolutely a fabrication, such a reason would wound her pride in her own honor toward him, and if it were partly true, he would certainly do better in leaving her alone than in reproaching her. It would simply amount to a proof that Paula was an arrant cruel coquette, the explanation of whose guarded conduct toward himself lay in the fact that she wished not to commit herself in playing her game with him.

But all this, or any of it, was too agonizing and too ungenerous a thought to entertain for an instant. It re-opened the whole problem of her bearing from the beginning, and was painful even when rejected as absurd.

In his meditation he stood still, closely scanning one of the jamb stones of a doorless entrance, as if to discover where the old hinge hook had entered the stonework. He heard a footstep behind him, and looking round, saw Paula standing by. She held a newspaper in her hand. The spot was one quite hemmed in from observation—a fact of which she seemed to be quite aware.

"I have something to tell you," she said; "something important. But you are so occupied with that old stone that I am obliged to wait."

"It is not true, surely?" he said, looking at the paper.

"No; look here," she said, hastily, holding up the sheet. It was not what he had supposed, but a new one—the local rival to that which had contained the announcement, and was still damp from the press. She pointed, and he read:

"We are authorized to state that there is no foundation whatever for the assertion of our contemporary that a marriage is likely to be arranged between Captain De Stancy and Miss Power of Stancy Castle."

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Somerset pressed her hand, and spoke his feelings, not by language, but by the more pathetic vehicle of eyes. "It disturbed me," he said, "though I did not believe it."

"It astonished me as much as it disturbed you; and I sent this contradiction at once."

"How could it have got there?"

She shook her head.

"You have not the least knowledge?"

"Not the least. I wish I had."

"It was not from any friends of De Stancy's? or himself?"

"It was not. His sister has ascertained beyond doubt that he knew nothing of it. Well, now, don't say any more to me about the matter."

"I'll find out how it got into the paper."

"Not now—any future time will do. I have something else to tell you."

"I hope the news is as good as the last," he said, looking into her face with anxiety, for though that face was blooming, it seemed full of a doubt as to how her next information would be taken.

"Oh yes; it is good, because everybody says so. We are going to take a delightful journey. My new-created uncle, as he seems, and I, and my aunt, and perhaps Charlotte, if she is well enough, are going to Nice, and other places about there."

"To Nice!" said Somerset, rather blankly. "And I must stay here!"

"Why, of course you must, considering what you have undertaken," she said, looking with steady composure into his eyes. "My uncle's reason for proposing the journey just now is that he thinks the alterations will make residence here dusty and disagreeable during the spring. The opportunity of going with him is too good a one for us to lose, as I have never been there."

"I wish I was going to be one of the party! . . . . What do *you* wish about it?"

She shook her head impenetrably. "Who knows? Time will tell."

"Are you really glad you are going, Paula?—as I *must* call you just once," said the young man, gazing earnestly into her face, which struck him as looking far too rosy and radiant to be consistent with ever so little regret at leaving him behind.

"I take great interest in foreign trips, especially to the shores of the Mediterranean; and everybody makes a point of getting away when their house is turned out of the window."

"But you do feel a little sadness, such as I should feel if our positions were reversed?"

"I think you ought not to have asked that so incredulously," she murmured. "We can be near each other in spirit, when our bodies are far apart, can we not?" Her tone grew softer, and she drew a little closer to his side with a slightly nestling motion, as she went on: "May I be sure that you will not think unkindly of me when I am absent from your sight, and not begrudge me any little pleasure because you are not there to share it with me?"

"May you? Can you ask it? . . . . As for me, I shall have no pleasure to be begrudged or otherwise. The only pleasure I have is, as you well know, in you. When you are with me, I am happy: when you are away, I take no pleasure in anything."

"I don't deserve it. I have no right to disturb you so," she said, very gently. "But I have given you some pleasure, have I not? A little more pleasure than pain, perhaps?"

"You have, and yet— But I don't accuse you, dearest. Yes, you have given me pleasure. One truly pleasant time was when we stood together in the summer-house on the evening of the garden party, and you said you liked me to love you."

"Yes, it was a pleasant time," she returned, thoughtfully. "How the rain came down, and formed a gauze between us and the dancers, did it not? and how afraid we were—at least I was—lest anybody should discover us there! and how quickly I ran in after the rain was over!"

"Yes," said Somerset, "I remember it. But no harm came of it to you. . . . And perhaps no good will come of it to me."

"Do not be premature in your conclusions, sir," she said, archly. "If you really do feel for me only half what you say, we shall—you will make good come of it—I mean in some way or other."

"Dear Paula—now I believe you, and can bear anything."

"Then we will say no more; because, as you recollect, we agreed not to go too far. No expostulations, for we are going to be practical young people; moreover, I won't listen if you utter them. I simply

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echo your words, and say I too believe you. Now I must go. Rely on me, and don't magnify trifles light as air."

"I *think* I understand you. And if I do, it will make a great difference in my conduct. You will have no cause to complain."

"Then you must not understand me so much as to make much difference; for your conduct as my architect is perfect. But I must not linger longer, though I wished you to know this news from my very own lips."

"Bless you for it! When do you leave?"

"The day after to-morrow."

"So early! Does your uncle guess anything? Do you wish him to be told just yet?"

"Yes, to the first; no, to the second."

"I may write to you?"

"On business, yes. It will be necessary."

"How can you speak so at a time of parting?"

"Now, George—you see I say George, and not Mr. Somerset, and you may draw your own inference—don't be so morbid in your reproaches. I have informed you that you may write, or, still better, telegraph, since the wire is so handy—on business. Well, of course it is for you to judge whether you will add postscripts of another sort. There, you make me say more than a woman ought, because you are so obtuse and literal. Good-afternoon —good-by. This will be my address."

She handed him a slip of paper, and was gone.

Though he saw her again after this, it was during the bustle of preparation, when there was always a third person present, usually in the shape of that breathing refrigerator, her uncle. Hence the few words that passed between them were of the most formal description, and chiefly concerned the restoration of the castle.

They were to leave by an early afternoon train, and Somerset was invited to lunch on that day. The morning was occupied by a long business consultation in the studio with Mr. Power and Mrs. Goodman on what rooms were to be left locked up, what left in charge of the servants, and what thrown open to the builders and workmen under the surveillance of Somerset. At present the work consisted mostly of repairs to existing rooms, so as to render those habitable which had long been used only as stores for lumber. Paula did not appear during this discussion; but when they were all seated in the dining-hall, she came in dressed for the journey, and, to outward appearance, with blithe anticipation at its prospect blooming from every feature. Next to her came Charlotte De Stancy, still with some of the pallor of an invalid, but wonderfully brightened up, as Somerset thought, by the prospect of a visit to a delightful shore. It might have been this, and it might have been that Somerset's presence had a share in the change.

It was in the hall, when they were in the bustle of leave-taking, that there occurred the only opportunity for the two or three private words with Paula to which his star treated him on that last day. His took the hasty form of, "You will write soon?"

"Telegraphing will be quicker," she answered, in the same low tone; and whispering, "Forget me not," turned away.

How unreasonable he was! In addition to those words, warm as they were, he would have preferred a little paleness of cheek or trembling of lip, instead of the bloom and the beauty which sat upon her undisturbed maidenhood, to tell him that in some slight way she suffered at his loss.

Immediately after this they went to the carriages waiting at the door. Somerset, who had in a measure taken charge of the castle, accompanied them and saw them off, much as if they were his visitors. She stepped in, a general adieu was spoken, and she was gone.

While the carriages rolled away, he ascended to the top of the tower, where he saw them lessen to spots on the road, and turn the corner out of sight. The chances of a rival seemed to grow in proportion as Paula receded from his side; but he could not have answered why. He had bidden her and her relatives adieu on her own door-step, like a privileged friend of the family, while De Stancy had scarcely seen her since the play night. That the silence into which the captain appeared to have sunk was the placidity of conscious power, derived from sources that Somerset knew not of, was scarcely probable; yet that adventitious aids existed for De Stancy he could not deny. The link formed by Charlotte between De Stancy and Paula, much as he

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liked the ingenuous girl, was one that he could have wished away. It constituted a bridge of access to Paula's inner life and feelings which nothing could rival, except that one fact which, as he firmly believed, did actually rival it, giving him faith and hope—his own primary occupation of Paula's heart. Moreover, Mrs. Goodman would be an influence favorable to himself and his cause during the journey; though, to be sure, to set against her there was the phlegmatic and obstinate Abner Power, in whom, apprised by those subtle media of intelligence which lovers possess, he fancied he saw no friend.

Somerset remained but a short time at the castle that day. The light of its chambers had fled, the gross grandeur of the dictatorial towers oppressed him, and the studio was hateful. He remembered a promise made long ago to Mr. Woodwell of calling upon him some afternoon; and a visit which had not much attractiveness in it at other times recommended itself now, through being the one possible way open to him of hearing Paula named and her doings talked of, this being a turn the discussion would inevitably take. Hence in walking back to Markton, instead of going up the High Street, he turned aside into the unfrequented footway that led to the minister's cottage.

Mr. Woodwell was not in-doors at the moment of his call, and Somerset lingered at the doorway and cast his eyes around. It was a house which typified the drearier tenets of its occupier with great exactness. It stood upon its spot of earth without any natural union with it: no mosses disguised the stiff straight line where wall met earth; not a creeper softened the aspect of the bare front. The garden walk was strewn with loose clinkers from the neighboring foundry, which rolled under the pedestrian's foot, and jolted his soul out of him before he reached the porchless door. But all was clean and clear and dry.

Whether Mr. Woodwell was personally responsible for this condition of things, or whether it resulted from a landlord's taste, unchallenged by a preoccupied tenant, there was not time to closely consider, for at this minute Somerset perceived the minister coming up the walk toward him. Mr. Woodwell welcomed him heartily, and yet with the mien of a man whose mind has scarcely dismissed some scene which has preceded the one that confronts him. What that scene was soon transpired.

"I have had a busy afternoon," said the minister, as they walked in-doors; "or rather an exciting afternoon. Your client at Stancy Castle, whose relative, as I imagine you know, has so unexpectedly returned, has left with him to-day for the south of France; and I wished to ask her before her departure some questions as to how a charity organized by her father was to be administered in her absence. But I have been very unfortunate. She could not find time to see me at her own house, and I awaited her at the station, all to no purpose, owing to the presence of her friends. Well, well, I must see if a letter will find her."

Somerset asked if anybody of the neighborhood was there to see them off.

"Yes, that was the trouble of it. Captain De Stancy was there, and quite monopolized her. I don't know what 'tis coming to, and perhaps I have no business to inquire, since she is scarcely a member of our church now. Who could have anticipated the daughter of my old friend John Power developing into the ordinary clever woman of the world as she has done? Who could have expected her to associate with people who show contempt for their Maker's intentions by assuming other characters than those in which He created them?"

"You mistake her," hastily murmured Somerset, in a voice which he vainly endeavored to attune to philosophy. "Miss Power has some very rare and beautiful qualities in her nature, though I confess I tremble—fear lest the De Stancy influence should be too strong."

"Sir, it is already. Do you remember my telling you that I thought the force of her surroundings would obscure the pure daylight of her spirit, as a monkish window of colored images attenuates the rays of God's sun? I do not wish to indulge in rash surmises, but her oscillation from her family creed of Calvinistic truth toward the traditions of the De Stancys has been so decided, though so gradual, that—well, I may be wrong."

"That what?" said the young man, sharply.

"I sometimes think she will take to her as husband the present representative of that impoverished line—Captain De Stancy—which she may easily do, if she chooses, as his behavior to-day showed."

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"He was probably there on account of his sister," said Somerset, trying to escape the mental picture of farewell gallantries bestowed on Paula.

"It was hinted at in the papers the other day."

"And it was flatly contradicted."

"Yes. Well, we shall know in the Lord's good time: I can do no more for her. And now, Mr. Somerset, pray take a cup of tea."

The discovery that De Stancy had enjoyed the coveted privilege of seeing the last of his angel, coupled with the other words of the minister, depressed Somerset a little, and he did not stay long. As he went to the door, Woodwell said: "There is a worthy man—the deacon of our chapel, Mr. Havill—who would like to be friendly with you. Poor man, since the death of his wife he seems to have something on his mind—some trouble which my words will not reach. If ever you are passing his door, please give him a look in. He fears that calling on you might be an intrusion."

Somerset did not clearly promise, and went his way. The minister's allusion to the mysterious announcement of the marriage reminded Somerset that she had expressed a wish to know how the paragraph came to be inserted. It had been but carelessly spoken; but so immense and dreary was the vacancy caused by her absence, that any deed relating to her was attended with a sad satisfaction, and he went to the newspaper office to make inquiries on the point.

The reply was unexpected. The reporter informed his questioner that in returning from the theatricals, at which he was present, he shared a fly homeward with a gentleman who assured him that such an alliance was certain, so obviously did it recommend itself to all concerned as a means of strengthening both families. The gentleman's knowledge of the Powers was so precise that the reporter did not hesitate to accept his assertion. He was a man who had seen a great deal of the world, and his face was noticeable for the seams and pock-marks on it.

Somerset recognized the portrait as that of Paula's uncle.

Hostilities, then, were commencing. The paragraph had been meant as the first slap. Taking her abroad was the second.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE coming of the French guests to the Yorktown Centennial ought to revive in Newport this summer the recollection of the Revolutionary days when the French military officers surrounding General Rochambeau, and the naval retinue of the Chevalier De Tiernay, gave to the somewhat bleak society of the happy island the charm and grace of the French salon of the old régime. The social traditions of no place in the country are more interesting than those of Newport, which at the opening of the Revolution was a more important sea-port than New York, and which has never lost its supremacy among the gayest summer resorts. The French occupation was a brief and brilliant passage in the history of the island, and it is curious that the social annals of that period, and of a place in which some of the chief families were Quakers, should have been written by Frenchmen like the Marquis de Lauzun, famous even in the *Chronique Scandaleuse* for their dissolute lives. But the Abbé Robin confesses that Newport was the exception to the rule of French license.

In the Newport of a generation ago there were still many relics of the gay French days. The head-quarters of Rochambeau, where the count received and entertained Washington when he came to Newport just a hundred years ago, in 1781, were at the Vernon house, at the corner of Clarke and Mary streets. It was a handsome mansion, and in the days when the Easy Chair knew it, the window-panes were scratched with the names of beaux and belles, vanished with Rochambeau, Washington, and De Tiernay, with Biron, the Viosmenils, De Vauban, De Chastellux, De Chabanes, De Champceretz, and Bozon de Talleyrand, the fascinating group of French gentlemen and heroes, of whom the charmed Newport beauties knew only that they came and went. There is a fine glimpse of Washington in one of the French memoirs, as he walked bareheaded, with Rochambeau at his side, from the wharf to his head-quarters, between the lines of soldiers of both armies drawn up three deep. "I regarded him," says the Frenchman, "with the attention which the sight of great men always inspires. We half expect to find in their features the genius which distinguishes them above their fellows. Washington is adapted more than any other man to produce this impression—tall, noble, well-proportioned, with an open, sweet, and calm expression, and an entirely modest air, he impresses and interests French and Americans, and even his enemies."

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Do the loiterers on cottage piazzas at Newport to-day know how full of ghosts is the air around them? Do they smile at the quaint old belles and their stately minuets of a century ago? Would the lithest of the lovely figures of this evening, floating on air, exchange the turn with the incomparable waltzer for a grave bow from Washington as a partner? For he too has danced in Newport. In honor of his visit the citizens gave a ball at the Assembly-Room in Church Street, and he was requested to open the festivities. In later days, when the Prince de Joinville, on his way to St. Helena for the dust of Napoleon, stopped at New York, and went to a private ball, there was great flutter of excited curiosity as to the first partner whom he would select after the host's daughter. It is singular that the lady whom he asked became afterward the wife of a French gentleman, an adherent of the Duchesse de Berri. Tradition cherishes the name of Washington's partner at the Newport ball. He solicited the honor of the hand of the beautiful Miss Champlin with a high-bred respectful courtesy which the incomparable waltzer of to-day might well emulate, and he asked his partner to name the dance. The lovely Champlin selected "A Successful Campaign"—a dance in high favor—and as the hero led out his partner upon the floor, the French officers, with graceful gallantry, took the instruments from the musicians, and played, while Washington and the Champlin bowed and stepped and courtesied in the minuet. She had beautiful eyes, said the Prince de Broglie, a sweet mouth, a perfectly shaped face, fine figure, pretty foot, and an air altogether attractive. She was dressed and coifed with taste; "that is to say," adds the true Parisian, "*à la Française*"; and she spoke the prince's language.

A quarter of a century ago the grandson of that famous beauty was living in her father's house, where Washington took tea on the evening of the ball. It had been the home of five successive generations, and on one of the windows—memorial windows were they all—was still legible, scratched with a diamond, the name of Betsey Haliburton. The name of another of the belles whom the Frenchman saw is familiar from that of the famous library founded by Abraham Redwood. His daughter was "exceedingly beautiful," and tradition declares, without fear of denial, that sailors, stepping ashore from long sea-voyages, lifted their hats as she passed, and gazed as if they had seen an angel. Boys of a generation before that which the Easy Chair recalls remembered a grave old lady mixing wine and eggs and sugar in a pan, then stepping into the paddock where the cow was grazing, and returning with a foaming syllabub. It was the beautiful Redwood, the friend of the Champlin and of the daughters of William Ellery, who signed the Declaration of Independence, one of whom was the mother of Dr. Channing and the grandmother of the wife of Washington Allston. There were other beauties whose names survive. The Misses Hunter were "rivals in beauty and reputation" of the adorable Champlin, the elder of whom "dresses as well, but not quite so freshly, perhaps," while the younger, if not of so lofty an air, "is a rose in person."

But the queen of the fairies was a Quaker Titania. All the French memoirs glow and palpitate with the charms of Polly Lawton. "The goddess of grace and beauty," exclaims De Broglie: "I confess that this seductive Lawton appeared to me to be the *chef-d'œuvre* of nature." "A nymph rather than a woman," says De Segur: "so much beauty, so much simplicity, so much elegance, and so much modesty were perhaps never combined in the same person." The divine Quakeress reproached him for making war, and for obeying the king rather than God. "What could I reply to that angel?" sighs the captive, doubtless recalling Madame la Comtesse de Segur; "for in truth I was tempted to believe that she was a celestial being." The prince and the count departed, as the duke and the marquis and all the gay and gallant gentlemen of Rochambeau's army had departed two years before, and five years later came Brissot de Warville, and in this paradise, from which in the late summer midnight, as an old-fashioned wanderer lingers upon the beach, he seems to hear in the pauses of the surf the faint beat of festal music far away, and to catch the glimmer of the lovely faces of "dear dead women," the French *citoyen* saw "hideous women, lean children, wan men.... Newport seemed to me like a tomb where living corpses dispute about a few roots."

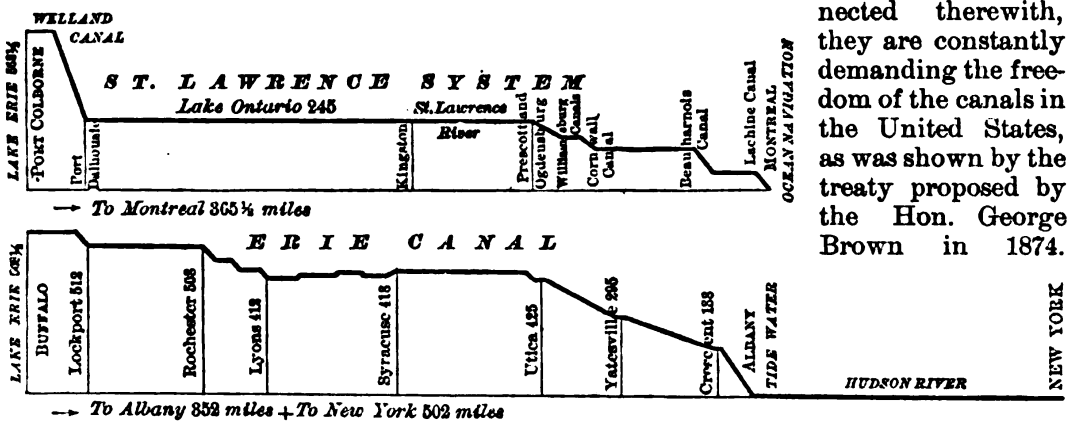
As the great-grandchildren of the Frenchmen who helped us to win our great victory come to help us to celebrate its centennial anniversary, they will look with singular interest at the old French camping ground, and upon the scenes which their fathers saw. They will doubtless assert—true children of their fathers!—yet why should they deny what is undeniable?—that the lovely Champlin, the adorable Lawton, the beautiful Redwood, the Hunters and Ellerys, and their fascinating peers, even if some of them have changed their names, still hold their fairy court, gliding in the waltz instead of stepping in the minuet; driving on the crowded avenue instead of sauntering in the solitary pastures by the sea; but still nymphs rather than women, still goddesses of grace and beauty, still angels and celestial beings. It is still true of the happy island, as the Easy Chair said a generation ago when speaking of Newport, "The plot is the same, the play is not different, and the summer moon of this year sees a spectacle as fair as that of a century ago."

THE Greek play at Harvard will be a tradition when this Magazine is issued, but it was so memorable an event and so successful an

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tically abandon, for the present, the attempt to send deeply laden vessels seaward, relying upon the radical reduction in tolls to force a competition with the canals of New York.

If transhipment pays so well at Buffalo, transhipment ought to pay along the St. Lawrence route. Those canals not being advanced to the same stage of completion as the Welland, must fill their boats from the larger ones at Kingston. Having never yet been used to one-tenth of their full capacity, they will not be enlarged till the Welland has worked out its own financial and commercial *raison d'être.*



COMPARATIVE PROFILES OF THE ST. LAWRENCE AND ERIE ROUTES FROM LAKE ERIE TO TIDE-WATER.

Previous to the recent reduction of Canadian tolls the prospect was that the most immediate effect of the enlarged Welland would be to build up the ports of Lake Ontario at the expense of those upon Lake Erie—a very natural result of bringing the Erie level down to that of Ontario, and not dropping it to the level of Montreal. Whatever commerce thus refused to stop at Lake Erie would stop at Lake Ontario, to the great benefit of Charlotte, Oswego, Watertown, and Ogdensburg. From these points transfer might be readily made to the American sea-board, a large proportion of American vessels passing through the Welland to these ports in the future as in the past. And yet, even with the situation as it was before the Canadian Orders in Council reduced the tolls, the actual damage to the ports upon Lake Erie, Buffalo included, was problematical, for the improvements in the St. Mary's River and at the St. Clair Flats make the surface of that lake practically the surface of every lake above it in the chain. A cheaper rate *viâ* the Ontario ports was the only thing that the Erie ports had to fear, and cheaper rates *viâ* Ontario meant Canadian bankruptcy.

That cheaper rate has been ordered, and yet there is not so much to fear as the Canadians threaten. Their present canals were built to meet such a contingency as now stares them in the face, and they have miserably failed. In spite of their boasts of superior canals, and the facilities connected therewith, they are constantly demanding the freedom of the canals in the United States, as was shown by the treaty proposed by the Hon. George Brown in 1874. They are ever demanding this freedom "in accordance with the Treaty of Washington," whereas they should know that the United States government is not able to force the State of New York to open her waterways free to foreigners. Therefore, with a new Welland that simply drops vessels to Ontario, where they must still break bulk, with excessive harbor dues confronting them at Montreal, and pilot fees down the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the navigator of the Canadian route sees little if any advantage over the Erie route. Once let this route be reasonably enlarged throughout the Empire State; let elevator and insurance rates be kept within bounds; let still further reductions in the tolls result as did the abolition of the west-bound tolls in a reduction of seventeen and a half cents a ton, or half a cent on a bushel of wheat, thereby extending the grain territory tributary to the Erie a long distance westward into the heart of America's granary; let New York cease to exact a visible *quid pro quo* for every canal expenditure—and all the bugbears of Canadian increased facilities for shipment will be dissipated like a fog before the rays of the morning sun.

A far greater source of competition to both the Erie and the Welland is the movement of grain down the Mississippi

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River. Last February, with the opening of navigation, a number of barges were laden with cereals, and towed to New Orleans in nine days. Tow after tow followed, until the New York Produce Exchange called the attention of the Legislature to the facts and their resultant—the reduction of rates from St. Louis to Liverpool *vid* New Orleans. Again, in April, the tows of a single day, bound to New Orleans from St. Louis, aggregated 680,000 bushels of grain, or nearly 1400 carloads. The effect has been that each bushel is carried from St. Louis to the sea-board at New Orleans for six cents, while the lowest point yet reached from Chicago to New York has been twenty-two cents.

So great is the danger to Chicago and the routes thence to New York that a great impetus has been given to the Hennepin Canal—a project to connect Rock Island, on the Mississippi River, with Hennepin, on the Illinois River. This would give a much more direct means of reaching Chicago from Davenport and the upper Mississippi than is now afforded by the Illinois and Michigan Canal. In a word, it is Chicago's bid for the carrying trade which St. Louis threatens to take away from her.

Eastward of Chicago and St. Louis a vast net-work of railways disputes the precedence with any and all other routes of transportation. There is now a fiercer rivalry than ever before. On Canadian soil the Grand Trunk Railway parallels the St. Lawrence system of canals, and extends beyond their Montreal terminus as far to the east as Quebec and Portland. The western terminus is overlapped by the distance between Port Colborne and Detroit, Sarnia, Collingwood, and other upper lake ports. At Collingwood a friendly railroad relieves the steamers of freight that they so recently carried through the Welland, and delivers it to other bottoms or to the Grand Trunk at Toronto. In 1878, grain to the value of $274,803 passed over this route for the Eastern or foreign market. In 1879, the value of grain transported was $1,536,351. This remarkable increase of traffic is to receive the attention of the United States government as a matter affecting the collection of customs and the interest of American shippers in general.

Still other railroad routes in Canada are to contest the carrying trade. The building of the Pacific Railway has been undertaken by a syndicate of English capitalists, and when once completed, it will be a formidable rival of the water routes. Indeed, the chief arguments advanced for its construction are based upon the taking of the lion's share in transporting the grain of the Northwest—a claim which, if founded on fact, will close the new Welland Canal from the moment the railway is opened. Connecting at its eastern terminus—Lake Nipissing—with the Canadian railways, the Canada Pacific will find eastern outlets without the aid of the St. Lawrence canals; while, if the Coteau Bridge is built, Ottawa will become a railroad centre, whence diverging lines to the southward will send the traffic to American ports in spite of the proximity and terminal facilities offered by Montreal.

The great trunk lines of the United States have also asserted their right to a proportion of the carrying trade. Rolling stock has been marvellously increased, terminal facilities have been established or improved at every Atlantic port where transhipment is necessary, and the great Northwest—American and Canadian alike—the granary of the world, tapped by a Northern Pacific Railway, sends its products to the sea-board. America is the granary of the world, according to the following ratio: United States, 150; France, 105; Russia, 80; Germany, 45; Spain, 42; Italy, 39; Austria (with Hungary), 39; Great Britain, 38.

A few figures tell the story of transportation more briefly than words. The five great Atlantic ports—considering Montreal as such—are New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Montreal. Between the years 1873 and 1880, New York, with all its railways and its lake and canal navigation, has dropped from sixty per cent. to fifty-one per cent. of the whole amount of grain received at the above-named ports. Within the same period Montreal, with better canals but poorer railroads, has varied greatly, but now drops to 7.5 per cent. On the other hand, the three remaining ports, supplied exclusively by rail, have steadily increased, as may be seen by the following table, the data for 1876 not included:

	1873.	1874.	1875.	1877.	1878.	1879.	1880.
New York	53.4	57.8	53.7	59.7	50.7	49.1	51.1
Boston	6.2	5.5	7.4	8.2	7.4	9.9	10.0
Philadelphia	14.5	11.9	13.8	13.2	15.4	14.2	14.3
Baltimore	9.1	11.6	11.3	15.0	16.3	20.1	17.1
Montreal	10.0	7.1	8.2	8.2	5.2	6.7	7.5

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Although New York has not succeeded in holding the proportion of the sum total of grain reaching the sea-board, as compared with 1874 and 1877, yet it holds its own with Montreal. And when we consider the sources of supply, we find that during the last season of navigation (1880) the receipts of grain at New York were fifty-six and a half million bushels by rail, sixty-nine and a half million bushels by canal, and four million bushels by river and coastwise—the largest business ever done on the State waterways. The canal men take courage from these figures, and predict a very prosperous season for 1881.

With the interests of the whole people guarded against further encroachments by the land routes, and with the early completion of enlarged waterways on both American and Canadian soil, the outlook for a cheaper transportation of breadstuffs bids fair to be bright. The greater the facilities for shipping grain, the better for all lake ports east of Toledo and Detroit; and the less temptation will the prairie farmer have to burn his corn for fuel because its worth to him is ten cents, while in Liverpool the expense of carrying has increased the cost to 103 cents. Competition is the life of trade; and no rail routes, present or prospective, no improved Erie, no enlarged Welland, and no Mississippi route, can hope to secure a monopoly of the carrying trade. In bringing about this result, as we have seen, the great waterways are performing—and will perform—a most important part.

MISS PICKETT.

I HAD been for years strangely interested and fascinated with Miss Pickett. It was wholly unaccountable. Hardly an hour in the day but she recurred to my thoughts, and at night she was present in my dreams. I sought in vain to find a reason for this fascination. The very mystery of it gave me anxiety. Dickens writes: "If there be fluids—as we know there are—which, conscious of a coming wind, or rain, or frost, will shrink and strive to hide themselves in their glass arteries, may not that subtle liquor of the blood perceive, by properties within itself, that hands are raised to waste and spill it, and in the veins of man run cold and dull?" Would any such theory, I used to ask myself, explain the mystery of the fascination Miss Pickett always exerted upon me? Was it possible that in the future her destiny might become involved in mine? But how, and why?

Let me explain our relative positions. I was a young clergyman in charge of a large parish in a thriving New England city, and Miss Pickett was simply one humble individual in a large congregation. She was much older than I. The young people, especially the young ladies, called her an old maid, and it must be admitted that her very appearance suggested the epithet. She was small in stature, very thin, and very plain. Her dress must have been an heirloom from previous generations. The old-fashioned bonnet, which never was changed to meet the demands of fashion, with high crown and flaring brim—the bonnet vulgarly called "poke"—made her thin face look smaller than it really was: the young people described it as "a pin in a meeting-house." An old-fashioned shawl seemed to have some of the qualities of the modern "India" or "camel's-hair," in that it was suited to all weathers; it kept out the winter's cold, and it kept out the summer's heat. She never appeared in public without it. Miss Pickett was very demure, and was modest to a painful degree of bashfulness. She seldom spoke above a whisper. She never engaged in conversation. She humbly answered the questions as to her health, and occasionally asked a similar question in return. Miss Pickett was a constant worshipper at church: I never missed her. Involuntarily, as I began service, my eyes would glance toward her accustomed seat, and she was always there, quiet, reverent, attentive. She would glide into her pew noiselessly, and as noiselessly she would slip out, speaking to no one, apparently noticing no one. If the day was stormy, and only a few were present, whenever I used the familiar words of the Prayer-book, "where two or three are gathered together," I always thought of Miss Pickett, and felt as if the prayer had been provided especially to invoke a blessing upon her constancy.

Miss Pickett's circumstances in life were very humble. She lived in chambers, and the family was composed simply of her mother and herself. I never knew just how the expenses were met. She did a little sewing and a little fancy-

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work, and sometimes I sent her anonymously a little gift that might help to pay the rent. I called upon her only some two or three times in the course of a year. Our acquaintance never progressed beyond a certain point. She always met me very politely, and then came the usual order of remarks, something about the weather, inquiries about her own and her mother's health, some little information as to her own rheumatism or an occasional headache—and this was about all. Then would come painful pauses, growing longer and more frequent, till at last I would rise and bid her good-day. There was never any change in this monotony. Miss Pickett never trusted herself to speak about religion: her piety was not on the surface. Once in a while she would speak a word of commendation of some sermon I had recently preached, and instantly her face would crimson with blushes as if ashamed or frightened at her boldness and presumption.

Those chambers were wonderfully neat. The old antique furniture shone with no artificial polish. How bright the brass candlesticks always looked on the high shelf! and how the brass andirons and the handles to the bureau drawers gleamed and lit up the plain and homely room! Miss Pickett seemed to have no circle of acquaintance: I never knew of any one calling on her: and so her humble life moved evenly on, alternating regularly between her chambers and her church. What was it, then, in Miss Pickett that so fascinated me? Why was she so constantly in my thoughts? I never went out on my daily round of calls but I considered the possibility of meeting Miss Pickett. I never went to church without the thought whether Miss Pickett would be there. She haunted me, she worried me, and this went on for years. At length there came some lighting up of the mystery, but with little alleviation of the anxiety and worry.

One morning, as my door-bell rang, the servant came to my study and handed me a card—"Mrs. Kimberley; a private interview desired; important"—and immediately the caller was shown in. Mrs. Kimberley was one of those ladies to be found in every congregation. She was the wife of one of the principal officers of the parish—active in all good works, very zealous in visiting the poor, prominent in the Sunday-school, the president of several charitable societies, and generally, in the parish and in the city, a recognized leader in all benevolent enterprises. "I have called, Mr. Smith," she began at once, "upon a matter of considerable importance, which requires your advice and decision. I ought to apologize for coming in the forenoon; and if you can not attend to me now, will you appoint a later hour in the day, for really the matter is very serious, and must be settled to-day. I have called for Miss Pickett."

I started involuntarily. Was Miss Pickett in trouble? I thought. Mrs. Kimberley looked very grave, and yet I imagined I detected just a little twinkle in her eyes; but I replied at once: "My dear Mrs. Kimberley, the present hour shall be at your service. I know you would not call at this time except upon a matter of importance; and, besides, I have always felt a deep and unaccountable interest in Miss Pickett, and shall be only too glad if I can render her any service."

"Thank you, Mr. Smith," said Mrs. Kimberley. "The story is a long one, and I must begin at the beginning, and, so far as I can, will give the whole thing in Miss Pickett's own words. You know, Mr. Smith, how quiet and reserved Miss Pickett always is, seldom speaking above a whisper, and saying but very few words. Well, perhaps you can imagine my surprise when she called upon me, an hour ago, under the greatest excitement, and began to talk so rapidly that I could hardly realize it was Miss Pickett who was talking, and truly I had for a while serious doubts as to her sanity. She began at once, as soon as she entered the room:

"'Oh, Mrs. Kimberley, I am so troubled! I want to see Mr. Smith, my pastor. I need his advice in a very serious matter, and I don't dare to call upon him. I went out yesterday to see him, and I walked up and down in front of the house a dozen times, but I couldn't muster up courage to ring the bell. And this morning, all the morning, I have been doing just the same thing, walking up and down the street, not daring to stop; and yet the matter must be decided to-day. And so I thought I would come and see you, Mrs. Kimberley, and ask you to go over and see my pastor for me, and then let me know what he says.'

"I told Miss Pickett I would gladly do anything I could for her," proceeded Mrs.

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Kimberley, "and that I was astonished that she was afraid to call and see you herself."

Poor little Miss Pickett, I thought. Afraid of me, when I had thought of her so much! "But go on, Mrs. Kimberley," I replied; "I am anxious to know in what way I can do anything for Miss Pickett."

"Well," resumed Mrs. Kimberley, "Miss Pickett went on with her story:

"'You know Mr. Jones, Mrs. Kimberley, the countryman, who has a little farm about eight miles back, and who comes in two or three times a week to sell butter and eggs and chickens and vegetables?'

"I nodded an assent.

"'Well, Mrs. Kimberley, he has been in the habit of stopping at our house for a year or two past. Of course I never bought much of him; our family is so small, only mother and I, that we don't need much. Sometimes I have bought a pound of butter, and once in a while a few eggs; but nothing to amount to anything, you know. And yet he always came just as regularly as if I was his best customer. Sometimes he would bring in a little present—a nice head of lettuce, or a little cream. He has always been very kind, always would ask for mother. And one day he brought in some dried corn cobs; said he had dried them himself for mother and me, because they were a certain cure for rheumatism—just to rub your arm or shoulder with them, you know; and really they have done us a great deal of good. Well, Mrs. Kimberley, sometimes he would walk up into our room, and sit down and talk, and would stay a long while. I used to fear he wouldn't have time to sell out, because he spent so much time some days at our house. But then it was kind of pleasant, you know, to have him call. He told us all about his farm—how many chickens he had, and how many cows; and he'd tell how pleasant it was in the early spring to see the buds and blossoms. And sometimes he'd say he thought we would be in a great deal better health if we lived in the country. And he has often asked me whether I hadn't rather live on a farm than be cooped up in chambers here in the city. And I always said I would; and so I would, but I didn't mean anything, and I didn't think anything, when I said so to him.

"'Well, Mrs. Kimberley, judge of my surprise: he came in to make a call last Sunday evening. Well, I was greatly surprised, for I knew he wouldn't be selling vegetables and such like on Sundays. And really I hardly knew him; he didn't have on his every-day clothes, but was dressed up real smart, and looked quite like a gentleman. I told him how surprised I was to see him on a Sunday, and he began to tell how he was kind of lonesome at home, and that since his old mother died, there was only the girl that did the work, and that he thought he'd drive in and spend the evening with me. I was a little frightened, Mrs. Kimberley, because, you know, I have never been accustomed to have gentlemen visit me, and especially on Sunday evenings; but I thought it was kind of him, and I made him a cup of tea, because I thought he might be tired. Well, about eight o'clock, Mrs. Kimberley, mother went off to bed, and I was left alone with Mr. Jones. He began to talk again about his farm, told me what a nice farm he had got, and how pleasant it must be for a woman to attend to the chickens and see to the cream; and then every little while he would ask me if I wouldn't like to live on a farm, and if I didn't think it would be healthier for me and better for mother, and I always said I would; but, Mrs. Kimberley, I didn't mean anything, and I didn't think anything. Well, if you'll believe it, Mrs. Kimberley, after this talk had gone on till the clock had struck eleven, and he had asked me ever so many times if I wouldn't like to live on a farm, and I had answered I would, he jumped right up, and said, "Miss Pickett, will you be my wife, and come and live on my farm?" Why, Mrs. Kimberley, I never was so frightened in all the days of my life.'

"'What did you say?' I asked.

"'Say!—why, Mrs. Kimberley, I couldn't speak a word. I had never thought of being married. It seemed to me there was a great lump in my throat. And so I sat perfectly still for five minutes at least; and then Mr. Jones said again, "Miss Pickett, will you be my wife, and come and live on my farm?" And then all I said was that I must ask Mr. Smith, my pastor, and that I should do just as he said, and that I couldn't say anything more. And so Mr. Jones agreed to come on Thursday, and know what I had decided. And here it is Wednesday, and I haven't seen Mr. Smith yet—and oh! I don't know what I shall do. I told

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you I started yesterday to go and see him, and my courage failed me; I was afraid he would think it so foolish for me to be thinking of such things, and I know he would ask me questions whether I realized the responsibility of being married, and whether I could promise "to love, honor, and obey," and I wouldn't know what to say. And so, Mrs. Kimberley, will you be good enough to go and see Mr. Smith for me, and let me know what he says? I can't see Mr. Jones again until I know and can tell him what my pastor has decided.'

"There," said Mrs. Kimberley, "now, Mr. Smith, you know the whole story, and now what shall I say to Miss Pickett?"

I was completely bewildered. Here was the explanation of all the strange fascinations that had clustered around Miss Pickett, the unveiling of the mystery, and the cause of all my worry and anxiety. I was to settle the whole question of her future life. Her happiness or misery was placed in my hands.

"Mrs. Kimberley," I said, "I must have time to think. It is a most serious and important matter. It requires caution and sound judgment." And so I considered. Suppose I said Yes, and Miss Pickett should be married, and then her married life should prove unhappy, why, then she would be laying all the blame on me. Suppose I said No, and Mr. Jones should take another bride to his home, and should make her happy, and Miss Pickett should know of it, and contrast his wife's ease and comfort with her own hard life of care and toil and painful economy, why, then again she would blame me; and so I kept considering, until at length I said: "Mrs. Kimberley, you may give my answer, but you need not give my reasons. Mr. Jones can not be a bad man, for if he was, he would never think of selecting Miss Pickett for his wife. The only other alternative is that he may be somewhat foolish and weak-minded, and if so, I don't think it would be any hinderance to congenial tastes and sympathies. So say to Miss Pickett that her pastor gives his hearty consent, and sends her his best wishes." And so Mrs. Kimberley departed on her errand.

And now there came other considerations, very new and very strange to me. Although Miss Pickett was much older than myself, yet it seemed, my consent to her marriage having been sought and granted, as if she belonged to me—as if, although I was a bachelor, she was my daughter, and that surely I must do something more for her than simply give my consent to her being married. I must see, of course, that she has something of an outfit. For the first time in my life there came to me questions so strange that they frightened me—the questions: What will she wear? Will she come to be married in that old-fashioned bonnet and that antiquated shawl? That must not be! Yet I, a gentleman and a bachelor, can not attend to such things; and yet if I don't, no one else will. Miss Pickett would never think of such things herself, she is too humble and unworldly. And so I came to the terrible conviction that it would devolve upon me in some way to arrange for Miss Pickett's bridal trousseau; and thus my cares increased, and Miss Pickett haunted me and worried me more than ever.

The rest of the day on which Mrs. Kimberley called was spent in nervous restlessness and utter inattention to my duties, and that night I hardly closed my eyes in sleep. Miss Pickett was ever moving around in the dream-land between sleeping and waking. Abercrombie, in his *Intellectual Philosophy*, in writing of dreams, tells us that it is a well-known fact that when clergymen of the Established Church dream of engaging in the public services of their office they are always troubled with imaginary difficulties—that they can not find the right places in the Prayer-book, or something always interrupts the service. And that night I verified the truth of his statement. Whenever for a moment I dropped asleep I was trying to perform the marriage service between Miss Pickett and Mr. Jones, but I couldn't get through with it; and, besides, all the time Miss Pickett in her wedding dress looked in my dreams so strange and so unlike the real Miss Pickett I had known that I was haunted by the fear that somebody had stolen into her place, and that I was marrying Mr. Jones to the wrong woman; and so the troubled night passed on.

For a while the morning brought no relief. Uppermost in my every thought was the distressing question, What should I do about Miss Pickett's outfit? At length came a bright thought, Why not get the Ladies' Sewing Society to attend to the whole matter? Here was a whole gleam

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of sunshine. The society would meet that afternoon. I went to it, and I stated the whole matter. Never, amid the thousand and one sewing societies of our country, was there one so elated as this one at the prospect before it. They, the lady members, had sent box after box to poor missionaries, clothing to China and Africa, and to the poor Indians of our Western wilds; but never had they experienced the rare enjoyment of providing a wedding outfit right at their own doors. All entered into it with the keenest zest, and the ladies immediately took Miss Pickett under their care, and entered at once into most secret and confidential relations.

This sewing society was of a type rapidly passing away. The modern development has a great deal to do with resolutions and circulars and secretaries and public meetings, etc. But this one was a semi-monthly parish picnic on a large scale. The ladies met from house to house, came early, and went home late. They had supper at six o'clock, to which the minister and the other gentlemen of the parish were invited, and the evening was given to music and games and fun. The gentlemen soon learned of the new work that was imparting such renewed vigor to the society, and increasing so largely its attendance. And from week to week we all had glimpses of some parts of the wedding wardrobe. Article after article was exhibited to the visitor; comments were made upon this or that. Imagination was excited to the utmost as to how Miss Pickett would look; and one evening, when the articles were nearly completed, one of the young ladies dressed herself in the bridal costume, and amid peals of laughter personated Miss Pickett.

And so, as the weeks rolled on, the interest increased, and expectation reached fever heat. Rarely has marriage in high life excited deeper interest, and hundreds anticipated the rare pleasure of being numbered among the wedding guests, and privileged to behold the marriage service. But now again new cares and anxieties were awakened for Miss Pickett, and once more I worried for her sake. How frightened she would be, I thought, if she knew of all the excitement awakened by her expected marriage. If all these eager friends who had worked for her, and enjoyed the toil, were present, neither she nor her intended husband would be able to do their part in the marriage service. And so I decided, notwithstanding the disappointment it might cause, that Miss Pickett had better be married privately; that I would go down to her snug little rooms, so neat and home-like, and there tie the golden knot; and when I had made in my own mind this decision, my anxieties were quieted, and the time drew rapidly near.

At length Miss Pickett herself came to see me. She said Mr. Jones was too busy to call, and she had come to make the arrangements about the marriage. She would like to be married at eight o'clock on such an evening; and she had always loved her church so much, she would like to be married in the church. Had Mr. Smith any objections?

What could I say? I could not wound that sensitive little nature by any objections. Had she not as good a right as any one to be married in church? "But," I said, "my dear Miss Pickett, I would not mention to any one that your wedding is to take place in church, nor would I mention the precise date to any one. Sometimes, you know, a great many people come at such times—just out of curiosity; and if there should be a great many present, it might prove very embarrassing—especially to Mr. Jones," I added. I further especially charged the sexton to preserve the strictest silence. And thus in the confident assurance on my part that everything would be quiet, and that only two or three would be present, the eventful evening arrived.

About ten minutes before the appointed hour I walked around to the church. To my astonishment, it was all ablaze with light. Carpets were spread upon the sidewalks; policemen were keeping open a passageway from the street to the main entrance; carriages were constantly arriving, and fashionably attired ladies were passing in. I entered, and the spacious church was crowded. The grand old organ, as if conscious of all the associations that clustered around the hour, was sending forth—never more triumphantly—the strains of the Wedding March. Gentlemanly ushers in white kids were in attendance, and conducting to their seats the beauty and fashion of the city. While I had been fancying that I had outwitted the ladies of the sewing society, they had quietly outwitted me, and had planned this brilliant scene as the fitting close of the weeks and months of preparation.

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I fairly trembled as I thought of Miss Pickett. How could she endure all this? Nay, I thought, with all that had gone before, if any mistake should occur, the feelings of the excited crowd would not be restrained either by the sacredness of the place or their natural sense of decorum. Never in all the public ministrations of my whole ministry was I so anxious, never did I tremble so much, as in the few remaining minutes before the appointed hour.

At length the doors were thrown open, and up the aisle marched Mr. Jones and Miss Pickett. He was the tallest of men, more than six feet in height, and she so small that she could barely reach up her little hand and clasp his arm. He was evidently painfully conscious of the terribleness of the ordeal through which he was to pass, and he came up the aisle with the strides of a mountaineer, which Miss Pickett could match only by an occasional skip and run. But there she was, just as our fancy had painted her. There was the new hat, the new dress, everything which had become so familiar to us all; and, in spite of all repression, smiles were audible.

Can I describe that marriage ceremony? Only the pencil of a Hogarth or a Nast, or the pen of a Dickens or a Thackeray, could do it justice. Can I describe, as Miss Pickett knelt for a moment at the chancel rail in silent prayer, how the bridegroom, attempting to imitate her example, and doubtless to follow her instructions, had fallen on his knees on the floor three steps below her, and then noticing his mistake, went up those three steps on his knees to reach her side, while the church was filled with suppressed laughter? Can I describe his difficulty in finding the wedding ring? The hands that were wont to guide the plough were now, probably for the first time, incased in a heavy pair of black leather gloves. How he fumbled to find the ring in his vest pocket, and was unable to get hold of it; how at last he was forced to the conclusion that at least one glove must come off; how he grasped it with the energy of a blacksmith, and tugged, but to no purpose; how he placed his hand between his knees, and pulled again as uselessly; how at last he gathered all his powers, and in the attitude of drawing a reluctant cork from a bottle, tugged and pulled, till the veins in his neck and forehead were distended, and the perspiration rolled down in streams; and at length, when he conquered, the glove was a wreck! No pen can fully describe all this, photographed on the memories of all the eye-witnesses.

But the service came to its close at last. The benediction was pronounced. Again the organ sent forth its most joyous notes. Miss Pickett, no longer now Miss Pickett, went down the aisle, leaning on her stalwart husband. Yes, she went down to live on his farm, and to find how much a woman can enjoy herself looking after the chickens and the cream and the eggs. She went down to a pleasant home, and to a loyal if not a brilliant husband. As, week after week, the vegetable wagon went its rounds, Miss Pickett that was rode beside her husband. Often she stopped at the rectory to leave a present for the pastor whose gracious permission had secured her all this happiness. Yes, Mr. Jones *was* right. The country air improved her health, and improved her looks also. Each week she looked rosier and plumper. In a word, Miss Pickett was happy, and at length my cares and anxieties for her were forever at an end, and my dreams were untroubled.

ASSASSINS AND NIHILISTS.

TWO organized societies have made murder a factor in politics. Their founders were separated by hundreds of years in time, and by thousands of miles in space, and lived, one in a Christian, the other in a Mohammedan country. Both reached their terrible practical goal by paths which started from abstract philosophical disquisitions. The corruption of Arabian theology produced Hassan-Ben-Saba; the degeneration of European philosophy produced Bakunin.

When God created the world—so runs an Arab tradition—He took two pieces of clay. One He cast upward, with the words, "This to heaven, and I care not"; the other He hurled downward, saying, "And this to hell, and I care not." According to Palgrave, the tradition in no wise exaggerates the orthodox Mussulman doctrine of predestination. Against such teaching revolt was inevitable, and equally inevitable was it that revolt against the dogma was followed or accompanied by rebellion against the "Commander of the Faithful," whose sword upheld the dogma.

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The East, even during the age of the Companions of the Prophet, swarmed with heresies. There were sects that held anthropomorphic views, and sects that held allegorizing views. There were sects that affirmed the rule of reason. There were pantheistic sects which identified or confounded the Creator and His creation. There were, to use the word in E. von Hartmann's sense, Nihilist sects which reduced God to pure being, and, without formulating into a creed *Das Sein ist das Nichts*, left their disciples to draw the inference. The heresiarch Djalm denied that any attributes could be predicated of God, and that the will was free, and he asserted that rebellion was lawful. At the great university established at Cairo by the Fatimite or Ismailite caliphs, there were professors who denied the inspiration of the Koran, who asked why God took six days to make the world, when, if He were omnipotent, He could have made it in a moment, and who ridiculed the statements that Moses walked through the Red Sea, that Christ raised the dead, and that Mohammed cut the moon in two by a wave of his cimeter. According to the Arabian historians Makrisi and Nowairi, the pupils of this institution passed through a regular curriculum of skepticism, which culminated in the maxim, "Nothing is to be believed; everything may be done."

At Nishapoor, in Persia, there was a great teacher of the law, the Imam Mowaffek. "I found there," writes one of his pupils, Nizam-ool-moolk, "two other pupils of my own age newly arrived, Hakem Omar Khayyam and the ill-fortuned Ben-Saba. Both were endowed with sharpness of wit and the highest natural powers, and we three formed a close friendship. One day Hassan-Ben-Saba said to us, 'It is a universal belief that the pupils of Mowaffek attain to fortune. If we all do not attain thereto, one of us surely will. What shall be our mutual pledge?' We answered, 'What you please.' 'Well,' he said, 'let us make a vow that to whomsoever this fortune falls, he shall share it with the rest equally.' 'Be it so,' I replied. I went from Khorassan to Ghuznee and Cabool, and rose to be the Vizier of the Sultan Alp Arslan." The poems of Omar give indications of the thoughts that filled the breasts of the three youths. He was a profound mathematician as well as a poet, and has, not undeservedly, been called the Lucretius of the East. He revolted from the religion of his country, and flung his genius and learning into the abyss of general ruin. He writes, "I came like water, and like wind I go." To him life is

> "A moment's halt, a momentary taste
> Of Being from the well amid the waste,
> And then the phantom caravan has reached
> The Nothing it set out from."

He questioned the universe as to its secret; but earth gave no answer, nor the seas "that mourn in flowing purple, nor the rolling heavens." There was a door to which he could find no key, a veil which his eyes could not penetrate.

> "Oh threats of hell, and hopes of paradise!
> One thing at least is certain—this life flies;
> One thing is certain, and the rest is lies:
> The flower that once has blown forever dies."

His political sentiments, if he had any, are not expressed in the verses in which he has embodied his Epicurean philosophy. He says, indeed,

> "I sometimes think that never blows so red
> The rose as where some buried Cæsar bled."

But the glories of the world had as little attraction for him as the Prophet's paradise. He rejected the offers of his old school-fellow. With far different spirit, Hassan demanded, in the tone of neglected virtue, his share of office and of power. His claims were admitted; but he used his high place only to intrigue against his benefactor. He was driven from the court of Bagdad, and fled to Ispahan, a moody and disappointed man. His religious opinions became unsettled; his belief in human friendship had experienced a shock. "Oh, that I had," he exclaimed, "but two faithful friends at my devotion!" Finally, like Augustine, like Ignatius Loyola, like Wesley, like Newman, like Mills, he experienced that crisis in his spiritual life which is most fitly styled "conversion." He writes: "From my childhood, even from the age of seven years, my sole endeavor was to acquire knowledge. I had been taught to oppose the doctrines of the Ismailites; but the arguments of a friend made a great impression upon me. When he parted from me, I fell into a severe fit of sickness, during which I reproached myself, saying that the doctrine of the Ismailites was undoubtedly true, and that, should death overtake me, I should die

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without having attained the truth." A strange confession when we think of Hassan's after-career.

Still striving after the truth, he sought teacher after teacher, and finally set out from his distant home to visit the spot which he now deemed the very source of truth, the skeptical college of Cairo. The ex-minister of a sultan, Hassan was no ordinary convert, and met with no ordinary reception. The head of the college, the *dai el doat*, or "missionary of missionaries," met him at the frontier, the high officers of the court waited upon him when he arrived, and the Caliph placed a palace at his disposal. Henceforth Hassan seems to have held that the highest truth was the formula already quoted, "Nothing is to be believed; everything may be done." For a second time Hassan's ambition and spirit of intrigue soon led to banishment. He returned to Persia by devious wanderings, making converts as he advanced. By their aid he obtained possession of a hill fort, Alamoot, "the Vulture's Nest," where he could defy the troops of the sultan. It was to Hassan what Geneva was to Bakunin. From it he derived the title by which his successors are best known in the history of the Crusades, the Old Man of the Mountain. There he organized his society into ever-narrowing circles of Aspirants, Believers, Teachers, and Devoted. Thence he and his successors decreed death to the bravest and proudest of his foes. Against the wielders of the sword the Assassins brandished the dagger, and neither prince nor caliph, Mohammedan nor Christian, could escape their reign of terror. Conrad of Montferrat, King of Jerusalem, was stabbed to death in the streets of Tyre by two Assassins who had been for six months in his service waiting for the opportunity. The Sultan Saujar found a dagger implanted in his pillow, and received a letter bidding him to take warning, or the next time the dagger would be lodged in his heart. Henceforth, in fact, no man's life in the East was safe. The chiefs of the Assassins always affirmed that they killed no man for money or private revenge. "It is our habit," says a letter attributed to one of their chiefs, "to admonish those who have acted injuriously in anything toward us or our friends, and if they despise our admonition, to punish with severity by our ministers"—almost the identical words which the executive committee of the Nihilists published in their organs respecting the death of Alexander II.

During the reign of the Emperor Nicholas, Moscow was the head-quarters of the opposition to his system of government. Old Believers who hated the Established Church, old Russians who hated modern ideas, Slavophils who detested the German influence, Panslavists who dreamed of a still larger Russia, discontented nobles, romantic poets, freethinking philosophers, liberals of all shades, found there a Cave of Adullam. Ivan Bakunin, the son of a wealthy noble, had been educated at the imperial school of artillery cadets. He graduated honorably, but instead of being placed in the Guards, he was sent to a lonely post in the interior. Here, with nothing but trivial details demanding his attention, and cut off from all congenial society, the young lieutenant became melancholy and reflective. He neglected his duties, was forced to resign, and at once proceeded to Moscow. Here he met Herzen, Tourguéneff, Aksakoff, and others, all young, all enthusiastic, and all devoted students of Hegel. Their days were spent in perusing the "Logik" and "Æsthetik" of their oracle, and their nights in animated discussions as to his meaning. Friends who in other respects had been inseparable fell out for weeks together over their various conceptions of the nature of Absolute Intelligence, and of *Das an und für sich sein*. Bakunin declared that he would make the study of Hegel's Logic the business of his life. "Hegel's views," he wrote, "are allied to our socialistic theories. His philosophy makes men free; it leaves no stone in Christendom unturned; it liberates the world from obsolete traditions." Having learned all that Moscow could impart, he went to Berlin, and listened to the Hegelian expounder Michelet. But even Berlin did not satisfy his thirst for knowledge. He removed to Halle, and imbibed wisdom from the lips of Arnold Roge. In the Halle *Jahrbücher* for 1842, Bakunin made his first appearance in print. "The Positive," he writes, "exists only in the contrary of the Negative; the destruction of the one is the completion of the other. Moderation is impossible, for it implies that both are equally true or false. The Negative alone determines the balance, and comprehends

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the totality of the contrast." Then, leaving mere discussion of the master's great principle of the "identity of contraries," he waxes more impassioned: "Let us cry aloud, 'Repent, repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand!' The spirit of Intelligence, the ever young, the ever newborn, is not to be looked for among the ruins of the past. It destroys and annihilates only because it is the fathomless and ever-creating fountain of all life." Noble words, which, alas! like Hassan-Ben-Saba's search for truth, ended in strange results.

We need not speak of Bakunin's life during the eventful years of 1848 and 1849. He was in the thick of every insurrection. From Paris he went to Prague, from Prague to Dresden. He advised the insurgents to burn Dresden in order to save it from capture, and when taken prisoner himself, declared to his captors, "In politics the issue alone determines what is a crime and what is a noble action." The Saxon government handed him over to Austria, Austria transferred him to Russia, and after long confinement in the Schlüsselburg, the most dreaded of Russian prisons, the hapless Hegelian was sent to Siberia. He escaped under circumstances which involved that violation of his parole from which men of honor shrink. When he returned to Europe, his welcome was a cold one. He alienated all shades of the revolutionary party by his cynicism and inconsistency. When, in 1867, the International Society was formed, Bakunin joined it, but soon formed from among its more advanced members a new body, "L'Alliance de la Démocratie sociale." The programme of this new society was at entire variance with the programme of the International. It demanded "the abolition of the state, the extirpation of all religion, collectivism not communism, an organization of society from below by its own voice, not from above by authority." Even within this alliance Bakunin organized a smaller and more select body, "The Secret College of Brethren," which carried on the organization after his death. It is these secret brethren who teach that "killing is no murder, but a just punishment," who threaten kings on their thrones and ministers in the cabinet, who demand the "suppression of God," and proclaim that their immediate object is anarchy. The field of action of Bakunin's society is Russia, because there it finds a people at once simple-minded and fanatic, there it finds a nation honey-combed with secret sects of the wildest tenets and strangest practices, and because there it can command the faith of disciples as self-sacrificing as Hassan's "Devoted Ones." During the Crusades, Henry, Count of Champagne, visited the Syrian chief of the Assassins. The Frank prince boasted of the courage of his fellow-Crusaders; the Assassin made signs to two of his followers to leap from the towers of his castle, and they plunged down to certain death. Peter the Great and Frederick I. of Prussia are the subjects of a similar story. "Let us see," said the Czar, "which of us is obeyed the best. Order one of your troopers to jump down this precipice." Frederick gave the word. The German soldier asked permission to go home and say good-by to his wife before making the leap. Peter signed to a Cossack. The man dashed forward to the giddy verge, when the Czar dragged him back. "My subjects," he exclaimed to Frederick, "place my orders before their families." Such, to-day, is the devotion of the Nihilist to the orders he receives: martyrs are always ready when the executive committee calls for them. This dreaded body assumed its present form in 1878, when, in the dark woods and forests of Litepsk, the first convention of terrorists was held. The organization is at once elastic and strong; it consists of autonomous groups and an ever-shifting centre. One day the committee meets in London, another day in St. Petersburg, another day in Geneva. It has command of large sums of money, for on entering the society the neophyte surrenders his fortune as well as his liberty of action, and it employs all the resources of modern science for its destructive ends.

The successor of Hassan-Ben-Saba still exists, a prosperous gentleman, near Bombay. Time has changed his modes of action: he no longer wields the dagger; he sends that prosaic instrument, a writ, to his adversaries. About five years ago the surviving representative of the Old Man of the Mountain was a party to a lawsuit respecting the funds of the society, which was brought before Sir Barnes Peacock at Poonah.

Strangely enough, the destruction of the Assassins as an independent organization is contemporaneous with the destruc-

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tion in Russia of those old Slavonic institutions which the rational Nihilists seek to revive. In the year 1218, the Mongols were on the Oxus; in 1222, they overthrew the Russians under Mistislaw Romanovitch at Kalka, near Marianopol, in the province of Ekaterinoslaw; in 1247, Alexander Newsky went as a suppliant to the tent of the conqueror; and in 1257, the same Mongol invaders destroyed the last stronghold of the Assassins, their famed fortress of Alamoot.

SHELTERED.

It was a cloudy, dismal day, and I was all alone,
For early in the morning John Earl and Nathan Stone
Came riding up the lane to say—I saw they both looked pale—
That Anderson the murderer had broken out of jail.

They only stopped a minute, to tell my man that he
Must go to the four corners, where all the folks would be;
They were going to hunt the country, for he only had been gone
An hour or so when they missed him, that morning just at dawn.

John never finished his breakfast; he saddled the old white mare.
She seemed to know there was trouble, and galloped as free and fair
And even a gait as she ever struck when she was a five-year-old:
The knowingest beast we ever had, and worth her weight in gold.

He turned in the saddle and called to me—I watched him from the door.
"I sha'n't be home to dinner," says he, "but I'll be back by four.
I'd fasten the doors if I was you, and keep at home to-day;"
And a little chill come over me as I watched him ride away.

I went in and washed the dishes—I was sort of scary too.
We had 'ranged to go away that day. I hadn't much to do,
Though I always had some sewing work, and I got it and sat down;
But the old clock tick-tacked loud at me, and I put away the gown.

I thought the story over: how Anderson had been
A clever, steady fellow, so far's they knew, till then.
Some said his wife had tried him, but he got to drinking hard,
Till last he struck her with an axe and killed her in the yard.

The only thing I heard he said was, he was most to blame;
But he fought the men that took him like a tiger. 'Twas a shame
He'd got away; he ought to swing: a man that killed his wife
And broke her skull in with an axe—he ought to lose his life!

Our house stood in a lonesome place, the woods were all around,
But I could see for quite a ways across the open ground;
I couldn't help, for the life o' me, a-looking now and then
All along the edge o' the growth, and listening for the men.

I thought they would find Anderson: he couldn't run till night,
For the farms were near together, and there must be a sight
Of men out hunting for him; but when the clock struck three,
A neighbor's boy came up with word that John had sent to me.

He would be home by five o'clock. They'd scour the woods till dark;
Some of the men would be off all night, but he and Andrew Clark
Would keep watch round his house and ours—I should not stay alone.
Poor John, he did the best he could, but what if he had known!

The boy could hardly stop to tell that the se-lec'men had said
They would pay fifty dollars for the man alive or dead,
And I felt another shiver go over me, for fear
That John might get that money, though we were pinched that year.

I felt a little easier then, and went to work again:
The sky was getting cloudier, 'twas coming on to rain.
Before I knew, the clock struck six, and John had not come back;
The rain began to spatter down, and all the sky was black.

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I thought and thought, what shall I do if I'm alone all night?
I wa'n't so brave as I am now. I lit another light,
And I stirred round and got supper, but I ate it all alone.
The wind was blowing more and more—I hate to hear it moan.

I was cutting rags to braid a rug—I sat there by the fire;
I wished I'd kep' the dog at home; the gale was rising higher;
I own I had hard thoughts o' John; I said he had no right
To leave his wife in that lonesome place alone that dreadful night.

And then I thought of the murderer, afraid of God and man;
I seemed to follow him all the time, whether he hid or ran;
I saw him crawl on his hands and knees through the icy mud in the rain,
And I wondered if he didn't wish he was back in his home again.

I fell asleep for an hour or two, and then I woke with a start;
A feeling come across me that took and stopped my heart;
I was 'fraid to look behind me; then I felt my heart begin;
And I saw right at the window-pane two eyes a-looking in.

I couldn't look away from them—the face was white as clay.
Those eyes, they make me shudder when I think of them to-day.
I knew right off 'twas Anderson. I couldn't move nor speak;
I thought I'd slip down on the floor, I felt so light and weak.

"O Lord," I thought, "what shall I do!" Some words begun to come,
Like some one whispered to me: I set there, still and dumb:
"I was a stranger—took me in—in prison—visited me;"
And I says, "O Lord, I couldn't; it's a murderer, you see!"

And those eyes they watched me all the time, in dreadful, still despair—
Most like the room looked warm and safe; he watched me setting there;
And what 'twas made me do it, I don't know to this day,
But I opened the door and let him in—a murderer at bay.

He laid him right down on the floor, close up beside the fire.
I never saw such a wretched sight: he was covered thick with mire;
His clothes were torn to his very skin, and his hands were bleeding fast.
I gave him something to tie 'em up, and all my fears were past.

I filled the fire-place up with wood to get the creature warm,
And I fetched him a bowl o' milk to drink—I couldn't do him harm;
And pretty soon he says, real low, "Do you know who I be?"
And I says, "You lay there by the fire; I know you won't hurt me."

I had been fierce as any one before I saw him there,
But I pitied him—a ruined man whose life had started fair.
I some how or 'nother never felt that I was doing wrong,
And I watched him laying there asleep almost the whole night long.

I thought once that I heard the men, and I was half afraid
That they might come and find him there; and so I went and staid
Close to the window, watching, and listening for a cry;
And he slept there like a little child—forgot his misery.

I almost hoped John wouldn't come till he could get away;
And I went to the door and harked awhile, and saw the dawn of day.
'Twas bad for him to have slept so long, but I couldn't make him go
From the City of Refuge he had found; and he was glad, I know.

It was years and years ago, but still I never can forget
How gray it looked that morning; the air was cold and wet;
Only the wind would howl sometimes, or else the trees would creak—
All night I'd 'a given anything to hear somebody speak.

He heard me shut the door again, and started up so wild
And haggard that I 'most broke down. I wasn't reconciled
To have the poor thing run all day, chased like a wolf or bear;
But I knew he'd brought it on himself; his punishment was fair.

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I gave him something more to eat; he couldn't touch it then.
"God pity you, poor soul!" says I. May I not see again
A face like his, as he stood in the door and looked which way to go!
I watched him making toward the swamps, dead-lame and moving slow.

He had hardly spoken a word to me, but as he went away
He thanked me, and gave me such a look! 'twill last to my dying day.
"May God have mercy on me, as you have had!" says he;
And I choked, and couldn't say a word, and he limped away from me.

John came home bright and early. He'd fell and hurt his head,
And he stopped up to his father's; but he'd sent word, he said,
And told the boy to fetch me there—my cousin, Johnny Black—
But he went off with some other folks, who thought they'd found the track.

Oh yes, they did catch Anderson, early that afternoon,
And carried him back to jail again, and tried and hung him soon.
Justice is justice; but I say, although they served him right,
I'm glad I harbored the murderer that stormy April night.

Some said I might have locked him up, and got the town reward;
But I couldn't have done it if I'd starved, and I do hope the Lord
Forgave it, if it was a sin; but I could never see
'Twas wrong to shelter a hunted man, trusting his life to me.

Sometimes I think—I'm getting old—that when I come to die
Out of the stormy night of life, sinful and tired, I
Shall be let in; and Anderson will meet me if he can,
For he repented, so they say, and died a Christian man.

PRESIDENT MADISON AND THE BAPTIST PREACHER.

THE distinguished part that Mr. Madison took in the formation of the Constitution of the United States is well known. As one of the delegates of one of the oldest States to Annapolis and Philadelphia, his influence in the formation of the instrument, his large and able contribution to the papers of the *Federalist*, are as well known to all acquainted with the history of the period as his subsequent career as fourth President of the government he had so greatly aided to erect.

In was in connection with his election to the Virginia Convention, which met in Richmond on the 2d day of June, 1788, to consider the adoption or rejection of the Constitution of the United States, that the following anecdote is related.

There was great excitement of the public mind in all the country, and especially in Virginia, and great division of sentiment of the people upon the adoption of the proposed Constitution. No question ever so much interested and excited all classes of men. Universal interest was taken in the election of the delegates, who were, in fact, to decide for all the thirteen States the adoption of the Constitution, which in its terms was not to take effect unless adopted by nine States, and eight States having voted for it, and there being great doubts about the rest, Virginia had really to decide the question whether this great American government was to be established. At that time Virginia was divided into three geographical sections, which differed so much from each other as greatly to modify and shape the opinions of their inhabitants. The Tide-water, or eastern section, the first settled portion of the State, was divided into counties very small in extent and population. The section between the falls of the great rivers and the foot of the Blue Ridge—the Piedmont region—was divided into larger counties, with a larger and more dense population, and if the basis of representation in the Convention, instead of an arbitrary rate of two members from each county, had been fixed either upon population or property, this section would have decidedly controlled the other two sections combined. The third section—the trans-Alleghany region—at that time comprising the State of Kentucky, was sparsely populated by the pioneers of the wilderness. This geographical difference produced a difference of opinion and interest among the people of these sections. The Tide-water

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region contained the remains of the old landed gentry of the colonial period, who, although not now holding their estates by the laws of primogeniture and entail, had not then lost them, and being a wealthy and educated class, controlled public opinion, and desiring to keep up the consequence which they had held in the colonial time, were all in favor of a strong, powerful, and magnificent government.

The inhabitants of the Piedmont or hill country had but little of this class among them. The farms were small, and owned by the middling class—a body of independent yeomen freeholders. In this region, and with this class of people in all parts of the State, Patrick Henry was omnipotent in influence, and he was elected by acclamation to the Convention, upon the ground that he was wholly opposed to the adoption of the Constitution, and would do all in his power to defeat it. The western section was in favor of a strong government to protect their infant settlements from Indian incursions. Not was Henry only, but also a large number of the leading men of the State were opposed to the adoption of the Constitution. Among the seven delegates appointed by the State to prepare a Constitution instead of the Articles of Confederation, Mr. Henry resigned, and in his place General Nelson, and after him Richard Henry Lee, were appointed, and both of them declined. Edmund Randolph, then Governor of the State, after the defeat of his proposition for a central government, known as "the Virginia plan," retired from the Convention at Philadelphia, and was elected to the Virginia Convention upon the ground that he was opposed to the adoption of the Constitution. Among all the members appointed, General Washington, the President of the Convention, James Madison, and John Blair only signed the Constitution. With the influence of such men as Henry, Grayson, Lee, and others, and with the popular majority against it, the election of delegates was held; and from the known opinion of those elected, it was universally conceded that the defeat of the Constitution was a foregone conclusion. This would have been the case but for the defection of Governor Randolph and other delegates elected like himself, which secured, with the aid of Mr. Madison and others, original friends of the Constitution, its adoption, upon the first test vote, by a bare majority of eight, in a body composed of 170 delegates, in which an arbitrary basis of representation gave an immense advantage to its friends. In the debates and proceedings of the Convention, in argument and persuasion, and the change of sentiment of delegates elected as opposed to the adoption, no one was more prominent or influential than Mr. Madison. The impetuous eloquence of Henry could only be neutralized by the clear and simple reasoning of Madison.

Mr. Madison, having declared himself a candidate for the Convention as a delegate from the county of Orange, and being nominated together with James Gordon, as both were so generally esteemed, influential, and popular, did not at first think that any opposition against them, however strong, would avail; but in the course and near the end of the canvass he was informed that John Leland, a Baptist preacher in the lower end of the county, although not a candidate himself, would control all the votes in that section in a solid body, and unless he could change Leland, he would certainly be defeated.

After the part he had taken at Annapolis and Philadelphia, his known advocacy of the Constitution in the *Federalist* (which was a series of papers addressed by Jay, Hamilton, and himself to the people of the State of New York), the fact that he knew that the eyes of all America were upon the action of Virginia, then the largest, most influential, and the pivotal State that was to decide the question, we may suppose that he was as much interested in the votes of the people of Orange County as he was afterward in the votes of the people of the United States.

John Leland was a remarkable man. Rough and uneducated, and sprung from the lower orders, of strong and vigorous mind and iron will, he had been a soldier in the Revolution, and considering himself called to preach from on high, and having declaimed in his fiery and coarse invective against the Established Church, he had suffered imprisonment, for the alleged offense of preaching without license, in Orange and Culpepper jails, from the iron bars of which he continued to preach to the sympathetic crowds who thronged around them. He lived in the lower end of Orange—a very poor region, known as the "poison fields," being the upper end of the section in Orange and Spottsylvania counties now known through the

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whole Union as "the Wilderness," the battle-ground on which the strength of the very government which Leland opposed was afterward to be sorely tried. Of course it was no vain boast to say that such a man as John Leland would not only carry the members of his church and his whole neighborhood, but also all the middling-class people of Orange, even in sight of Montpelier.

Mr. Madison saw his danger, and determined to have an interview with Leland. Very early in the morning he left Montpelier on horseback, and having travelled several miles below Orange Court House upon the old turnpike, which was afterward the plank-road between Orange Court House and Fredericksburg, about the middle of the day met Leland riding up the road. Having accosted each other, and commencing upon the all-absorbing question of the day, they talked upon horseback until they tired. They dismounted, and tied their horses to the swinging limbs of a lonely oak, which is now standing near the road, on the very edge of the Wilderness. Leland, in his characteristic strong manner, said that he did not want erected a grand, aristocratic, and powerful government, a republic only in name, which was to absorb the States and to take away the liberties of the common people. Such a one he had shed his blood to be delivered from. Such a one had restrained his conscience, denied his right of private judgment, and for his faith had cast him into a dungeon.

Madison mildly assenting to some objections, removed more. He reminded Leland of his efforts for religious liberty in the Virginia Legislature, and that his father, James Madison senior, was County Lieutenant of Orange, who marshalled the county militia in the Revolution, and that his brother William, with him, at Yorktown, had poured hot shot into the lines of Cornwallis. He pressed his points of argument with that mild and insidious eloquence so peculiarly his own. It grew late. The sun had hidden his disk behind the southwest mountains, and Leland, now convinced, but bold and impetuous as ever, rose to his feet, and said, "Mr. Madison, I will vote for you." "Then," said Mr. Madison, "you will elect me."

The election day arrived. Leland and his followers came to the polls. Madison and Gordon were elected by a large majority. His election more than anything else changed the complexion of the Convention. Washington, a childless man, is called the "Father of his Country." Madison, alike a childless man, deserves the name of "Father of the Constitution and Government of the United States."

The hill country of Virginia, which constitutes the water-shed from which the springs of the James, the York, and Rappahannock rise and flow onward in different directions, was the birth-place and residence of some of the greatest sons of the Old Dominion. Mr. Jefferson lived at Monticello, less than a half day's ride from Montpelier, the residence of Madison. The two Barbours, the governor and the Federal judge, James and Philip, lived in the immediate neighborhood, one at Barboursville and the other at Frescati, and near them William C. Rives (the United States Senator, and the biographer of James Madison), at Castle Hill.

Many traditional anecdotes now afloat illustrate more than either biography or history the greatness, goodness, and purity of these men. The Barbours, although brothers, were remarkably dissimilar in their manner of speaking. The Governor, James, was magniloquent; the judge, Philip, was metaphysical. The eccentric and caustic John Randolph, of Roanoke, stated this difference in his peculiar way: "Phil aims at a horse-hair, and splits it; James aims at a barn door, and misses it." When asked what he thought of one of Governor Barbour's eloquent and impressive speeches in Congress, he said, "He clothed a beggarly idea in imperial purple, and called down the thunder of heaven to kill a gnat upon a bull's horn."

It was the habit of these retired statesmen, President Madison and Governor Barbour, to address their neighbors and friends, the people of Orange and the vicinity, at the court-house on court days, upon the important questions of the day. Both were eloquent, both instructive. The difference in their style of speaking was strikingly depicted by a plain countryman, who had listened, as all did, to the speeches of both. He was asked which was the greater man, Madison or Barbour. He replied, "Barbour." When asked the reason, he said, "Barbour is so great a man that I did not understand a word he said; I understood every word Madison said, and he did not tell me anything I did not know before."

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undertaking that it will always have a certain freshness of interest. It was a hazardous experiment. Harvard in her great measures of late years has failed in nothing, and to fail in the performance of a Greek play, whether in *éclat* or in any way whatever, would have been a misfortune.

"The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories, once foil'd,
Is from the book of honor razèd quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd."

This was especially a scholarly enterprise, and anything short of triumph would have been a leaf of rue in the laurels of the university. Even Oxford and Cambridge had not attempted the representation, except when Oxford played the *Agamemnon* last year. Was it temerity, it would have been asked, which inspired this younger school of the New World?

Happily there is no doubt of the triumph. In the brilliant and distinguished audience which filled the Sanders Theatre that rainy May evening—an audience memorable also, and worthy of the occasion—there were doubtless two positive feelings: a persuasion among the many that, however courtesy might suppress the signs of ennui, there would be intolerable weariness of three hours' steady presentation of a Greek drama; and among the few, the conviction that the conditions must be so absolutely inadequate as to destroy the proper impression of the greatest of tragedies. Both anticipations were natural. The audience, eminent and singularly intelligent and accomplished as it was, could not be expected, save with few exceptions, to follow the drama as it would follow a play of Shakespeare. The exceptions—and they were very distinguished—were the chief Grecians of the country, the scholars who had gathered from colleges and universities and academies to look with critical eyes and to hear with critical ears. They could instinctively detect false quantities and mispronunciations, and measure the real intelligence of the actors. For the actors, indeed, it was a tremendous ordeal. They were to recite before the austerest body of Greek scholars—an appalling Sanhedrim—who were intent upon testing Harvard methods and thoroughness, as well as upon trying the general effect by their idea of the Greek dramatic and histrionic tradition. These experts, much more than the general amiable multitude, would be the conscious audience of the players. There could be no evasion of them, however the players might delude the listener who does not read Greek as constantly as newspaper English.

But even these, recognizing the absence of the mask and the cothurnus and the open day, and with a clear conception of the lofty height and Greek aspect and many years of *Œdipus*, could not deny the excellence and the satisfaction of the presentation, while the rest were impressed and awed and swept along with the torrent of the tragedy. The interest was cumulative from first to last, and doubtless many a hearer not unfamiliar with the Greek felt that for the first time he had a full conception of the Greek drama. The Greek dramatic poets are generally read in parts, even if continuously, from day to day. But here was the complete unity of effect, as in seeing *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*, or in reading them at a sitting. The hard, drear force of fate was distinctly felt throughout. It entered with the stooping gray-beard leading in the youths to sit at the palace gate of the King, and deepened until the blind and doomed King staggered and plunged from view. If the inevitable circumstances of such a representation gave a certain modern impression which was felt to be somehow alien, yet it was modern only like Keats's ode upon a Grecian urn. Indeed, one of the essential charms of the performance was the strong impression of the identity of human passion and emotion under the most absolutely different forms. Even the Greek in the legendary epoch, victim of a cruel destiny, and represented with no humanizing accessory of scene or association, was still the man we know. It is not the whole world only, but every age, which is kin.

There was some queer discussion of the morality of the play; but it is inconceivable how any one who saw it, and who was susceptible to the emotion which it naturally produced, could have missed its import so totally. Of course, if it be supposed that a tale of wholly unconscious action, in which the simplest and most upright of men is involuntarily entangled in revolting incidents, is in itself immoral, there is no further argument, because there can be no agreement upon terms. But immorality, in the ordinary sense, is no more to be alleged of the *Œdipus* than of *Macbeth*. An agreeable story it certainly is not, nor is the story of *Lear* or *Othello* agreeable. The criticism to be made upon the Greek drama from the modern standard is that the catastrophe is not developed from character, but is superimposed. The actors are not persons, but puppets. They pay the penalty of other people's sins. This is pagan and Jewish, and it is an eternal law that the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children. It is a general Christian doctrine, also, that "In Adam's fall we sinnèd all." But modern dramatic criticism holds that a catastrophe for which the victim is personally irresponsible is melodramatic, and not legitimate tragedy.

These are depths into which we shall not plunge. It is enough now to record the happy and memorable triumph of the venerable university, and to pay our homage to the young men who so admirably wrought a fresh laurel for their mother's brow. In the generous emulation of our higher schools there is no honorable precedence which is grudged to Harvard, the alma mater in time of all our colleges, the reverend parent of good learning in America.

It is the good fortune of our age and of these last few weeks to have seen the New Testament the most widely sold and distrib-

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uted of all books. Two millions of copies are said to have been sold in London within one week, and more than a quarter of a million were sold in New York in one day. It was offered in every cheap form by newsboys upon the railroad trains, and it was piled upon all the news stands as more attractive than the last novel. Reviews, magazines, and newspapers broke into a chorus of comment, and clergymen in their pulpits discussed and criticised the revision. To those who with fond and devout affection cling to the English form of the Greek version as in itself an inspiration, and who thus ascribe to the work of King James's translators the sanctity with which they invest the very word of God, any disturbance of that work, any change of word or phrase, or even of traditional form of chapter and verse, must seem to be sheer sacrilege. This, indeed, has been the tone of a few clergymen, who, to calm spectators, have seemed much more anxious to acquire cheap popularity among the ignorant by pandering to prejudice than to ascertain whether the new English version is or is not more faithful to the Greek, which is the only question involved.

The great mass of persons in Christendom to whom the Christian gospels are the word of God do not know in what way that word has taken its present form. Unconsciously, doubtless, and without reflection, they assume that it was inspired as it is presented to them in their own language; or if they go so far as to know that in their own language it is a translation, they assume that the infallible wisdom which dictated the original record, in whatever tongue, also guided the reproduction in other forms of speech. To this feeling a change of any kind is blasphemous tampering with the Word of God. But the ill-informed clergyman who appeals to this misconception ought to know and to state that the revision is the work of most earnest and devout Christian doctors, whose sole object is to render what they reverently hold to be the word of God, purified from all inaccuracy and obscurity of form. Certainly it is not fantastic ignorance but the most serious scholarship and knowledge which is alone competent to deal with the subject, and it is inevitable that the precious associations of generations with the received text, the precise form of which has become the most familiar and the most cherished literature of universal Christendom, makes the slightest departure a shock and a seeming wrong.

Nevertheless, it is a matter with which most persons are incompetent to deal. It is chiefly a question of scholarship. The first duty is to secure accuracy, by whatever change. Yet the good sense which may be always presupposed in any large body of modern scholars may be trusted to preserve every word and phrase hallowed by old familiarity if a change be not necessary to secure accuracy. Perhaps the most striking and important alteration of a word peculiarly hallowed in Christian usage is in the famous thirteenth chapter of Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, which celebrates charity. The revision substitutes for charity the word love: "If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass or a clanging cymbal." This is a serious change, and it will seem to many to be deplorable. Yet every scholarly clergyman, when reading this chapter, has explained that the word charity ought to be rendered love, and the translators have merely corrected an obvious error. Paul is celebrating the most distinctive Christian grace, and that is love. In the use of the language the word charity expresses a restricted meaning of love, which is the whole matter. God is love, and to be full of love is to be God-like.

There is little doubt that the new revision will gradually become the accepted version. It is universally known that there was no other purpose whatever in making it than to secure greater accuracy, and it is also known that, without violation of sacred and tender usage, it is a truer rendering of the Greek text. It is improbable that an inaccurate version can withstand permanently the introduction of a purer text; and after the slight sense of strangeness passes away, the English-speaking Christian people will acknowledge their great obligation to the single-minded and accomplished scholars who have done this memorable work.

AMERICAN triumphs in England have become familiar since the victory of the yacht *America*, but even John Bull must have been aghast when an American horse won the Derby. It was a success which followed hard upon that of Edwin Booth at the theatre. But they are all triumphs in the family. Iroquois had been under English training, and was ridden by the most noted of English jockeys; and Edwin Booth is the son of an Englishman. "The greatest of American tragedians," as the *Biographical Dictionary* says, "was born in London." The father of Edwin, the elder Booth, did not come to this country until he was twenty-four years old. The stage, too, is here largely English. Its traditions, and many, perhaps most, of its great names, are English. In a very obvious sense Edwin Booth, playing in London, is going home; and indeed the English-speaking race everywhere goes home when it returns to the British island. It was with an instinctive affection, which did not show him less an American, that Hawthorne called his book of English sketches *Our Old Home*, and the truest and most faithful American heart often recognizes its own feeling in Boughton's pathetic picture of the return of the *Mayflower*.

The welcome of the younger Booth in London recalls the permanent welcome which the elder Booth commanded in this country. He led a wild and wayward life, and toward the

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end it was always doubtful whether he would be in a condition to appear when he was announced. But it was a prodigious appearance when there was no disappointment. The Easy Chair saw him long ago in a small city where an old barn had been transformed into a theatre, and where the accessories were amusingly imperfect and unsatisfactory. The barn held but a few hundreds of persons, and was very much the kind of play-house in which the Crummles company appeared, and Mr. Folair intoned deep tragedy. But to inexperienced eyes it had all the charm which Charles Lamb found in Drury Lane or the Haymarket—a charm which the perfectly appointed metropolitan theatres of a later day do not rival. To the young mind the name Booth was merely that of the most famous actor of the time. But to the elders who had seen Edmund Kean, and whose rapt delight and awe had been fitly expressed by the elder Dana in the very first number of the *Idle Man*, he was interesting as the one man who had rivalled Kean in the favor of the English audience. Cooke, also, and Conway, they remembered, and now they were to scan critically an aspirant to a crown which their favor had already allotted.

That first evening in a theatre was absolutely unique, until long afterward in Paris Rachel passed across the stage. The play was the *Iron Chest*, and Booth as Sir Edward Mortimer was harrowing. He was overwhelming. It is an unrelieved sombre tragedy, and it is inconceivable that people should deliberately go to see it for pleasure. But its effect upon that audience was indescribable. There were gusts of passionate action which swept the actor about the stage as if whirled by a tornado, and the Easy Chair recalls perfectly the feeling of satisfaction in its young heart that, whatever happened, the terrible man could not be whirled into the balcony where it was sitting, holding very hard by a protecting hand. The deep, penetrating, and infinitely pathetic tone of Booth's voice was exquisite. As sometimes in fine oratory, it was the music of the intonation, more than the words spoken, which went ringing and thrilling to the heart. The intense gloom of the play was an atmosphere which always recurs when the name of Sir Edward Mortimer or of the elder Booth is mentioned. What Dana said of Kean is singularly true to the recollection of Booth in this dismal drama: "In his highest-wrought passion, when every limb and muscle are alive and quivering, and his gestures are hurried and violent, nothing appears ranted or overacted, because he makes us feel that, with all this, there is something still within him vainly struggling for utterance." Powerful as the action was, it was felt to be inadequate to the actual passion.

The younger Booth resembles the elder only in an occasional intensity of feeling and expression. For the rest, he would be described in the comparison as graceful, refined, classical—words which would not naturally occur in speaking of the elder. He contrasts with him as Macready would contrast with Edmund Kean. The whirlwinds of passion, without mere declamation and rant, vanished with the elder Booth.

The English welcome of the younger has been so cordial that Mr. Irving ought to give America the opportunity of showing him how heartily also America would welcome the Englishman.

THERE is a very charming glimpse of Dickens in a late number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which is in happy contrast with the view we get of him both in Forster's *Life* and in the *Correspondence*. The last two books reveal, indeed, his astonishing and exuberant vitality, his wonderful spirits and gayety, but they leave him a painfully self-involved figure, and it is very certain that they do not deepen the admiring personal regard which is the natural feeling toward such a benefactor. But the writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* tells us of Dickens the editor, and describes his thoughtfulness and friendly sympathy and good-nature toward his co-laborers. It confirms the impression of the crowded activity of his life. Indeed, it is impossible to think of Dickens at rest. His abounding ardor characterized everything that he did. The eagerness and boisterous fun at home were but one aspect of the irrepressible impulse which sent him on his endless walks by night as well as by day—walks which he kept up when last in this country. Besides his books and more serious letters, he was always pouring out notes and notelets, and all full of briskness if not of rollicking humor.

The same driving and unceasing energy appears in the paper in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which describes him as tramping briskly along the Strand at eleven o'clock in the morning, fresh from his country home in Kent, and keen and ready for the day's editorial work, with his little black bag, full of manuscript and proof, in his hand. Humming, perhaps, although the writer does not say so; pushing along at the same rapid pace through Maiden Lane, past "Rule's," through Tavistock Street to Wellington Street and the office, in a pleasant, bow-windowed, miniature building, with its cheerful, sunshiny editorial den. The hatter knew him, and all the other shop-men, with whom he exchanged good-morning in a bright, breezy way, and who were naturally proud of their easy acquaintance with the famous man. At work in the office he wrote with blue ink upon blue paper, in a very small hand, trying for everybody but the printers who had mastered it. There was a certain finish about the manuscript: the writing regular, the stops and dots, the dashes and indentations, all in the right place; a trim, handy, pretty manuscript. "I should like to have been Shakespeare's call-boy," said Thackeray. Did the printer's devil

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in the sunny office of *Household Words* know whose copy he was carrying?

But this writer says that it was in his relations with his literary brethren "that this amiable and engaging man appears to the most extraordinary advantage." There was the most untiring good-humor, the kindest allowance and desire to please, the utmost modesty, as if to efface himself and his renown from the consciousness of the contributor; eagerness to welcome and consider every suggestion, reluctance to convey the disagreeable truth; a disposition to say no without hurting. For the enormous outer world of writers there was necessarily a circular carefully expressed, but for his friends and his friends' friends who wished to try their fortune in literature there could be no circular. To them he must address himself personally, and he did so with the most sympathetic kindness and skill. For the contributors upon whom he relied for the Christmas number of his magazine he prepared a little prospectus of the general character of the proposed work, and patiently discussed every detail, making capital suggestions, smoothing and stimulating and helping everything along without the least friction or disagreeable assertion. He was, indeed, according to this author of more than twenty novels, whoever he or she may be, the most incomparable of editors, the most truly friendly of men. "I frankly confess that having met innumerable men, and having had dealings with innumerable men, I never met one with an approach to his genuine, unaffected, unchanging kindness, or one that ever found so sunsl ny a pleasure in doing one a kindness."

This is the kind of editor that Dickens himself would have described in a Christmas story, and it is description in accord with the feeling that we naturally have for the author of the *Carol* and the *Chimes*. He reasons patiently with his correspondent, who evidently tried him with carelessness, for his interest and pride in his magazine were such that he tried to make the work of contributors as good as possible. He suggested titles and changes; he commented upon incidents and characters; he pointed out from his own experience how this or that affected the reception of a story, and says, shrewdly, in one of his notes, "It is remarkable that if you do not administer a disagreeable character carefully, the public have a decided tendency to think that the story is disagreeable, and not merely the fictitious person." Nothing could be more admirable in an editor working to a common end, as Dickens and his associates were in preparing a Christmas number, than this disposition to make the labors of his companions his own, which is shown throughout this pleasant paper. Nothing, certainly, could present a great author in a more delightful aspect, free from every kind of assumption or egotism, simple, generous, and full of sympathy. It is a tender service to his memory which this lover of Dickens has done, and every reader will be grateful who sees in this affectionate description a picture of the kindly nature which the reader of his books instinctively ascribes to the creator of Pickwick.

Editor's Literary Record.

MR. CARLETON'S *Farm Festivals*[1] is marked by the same genial and hearty characteristics that have made its predecessors so widely acceptable. Never reaching the heights of poetical excellence, and often marred by long stretches of garrulous colloquial verse but little above the average of clever doggerel, the causes for the popularity which his poetical effusions have enjoyed and deserved are not far to seek. He is always thoroughly in earnest. Even his levity has a serious side, and his most roundabout and apparently objectless and vagabond garrulities clothe a meaning—often a double meaning, the one a clear-cut nugget of homely practical wisdom, the other a subtle shadowing of some sentiment, either gentle or tender, pathetic or romantic, but always sterling and true. Again, his earnestness is never expended on make-believe sentimentalities, but on realities which are worth being earnest about. Then his themes are on a level with the understanding and lie very near the hearts of his readers; and so the touching or tender, the happy or sorrowful, the exultant or reproachful, memories which they revive, the familiar landmarks in the life history of the individual or of society they commemorate, and the incidents they describe with genial gravity, or gentle pathos, or mirth-compelling humor, rarely fail to touch the chord of sympathy. Nor is Mr. Carleton deficient in the dramatic faculty, as witness the touching catastrophes in "The First Settler's Story" and "The Second Settler's Story," and in the ballad on "The Death Bridge of the Tay." The volume is a series of stories, tales, and monologues, interlaced with songs and colloquies, illustrating the life of the pioneer and farmer, and celebrating the characteristic institutions—the Country Store, the Singing-School, the Town-Meeting, the County Fair, Christmas, and Thanksgiving—with which he is most familiar.

THE reader who takes up Mr. Laurence Oliphant's *Land of Gilead*[2] with the idea that

[1] *Farm Festivals.* By WILL CARLETON, Author of Farm Ballads. 8vo, pp. 151. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[2] *The Land of Gilead.* With Excursions in the Lebanon. By LAURENCE OLIPHANT. 8vo, pp. 480. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

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it deals, as do most books on the Holy Land, with the antiquities or the archæology of Palestine, or with the scenes described in or the sentiments evoked by the Bible narrative, or even with the incidents of modern travel in Syria, and their inevitable accompaniments of Turks and Bedouins, robbers and dragomans, will be speedily freed from such an impression by a perusal of the book. Of course no intelligent traveller could traverse the Holy Land and be utterly silent on these subjects; and being a traveller of unusual intelligence and experience, Mr. Oliphant is not silent. But the stock topics of Palestinian scholars and travellers, being either wide of his mark or merely incidental to his purposes in this volume, are assigned a secondary and modestly subordinate part in it. The object he has had in view in its publication is a purely practical one, partly commercial and partly political in its nature. He believes that the Treaty of Berlin renders inevitable an external interference in the domestic affairs of misgoverned Turkey of a more pronounced character than has ever before been proposed, and that this interference must produce serious complications unless it can be averted by reforms springing from the Sultan's own initiative. Mr. Oliphant is of the opinion that, to be effectual, these reforms must begin at the centre by a reconstruction of the official system at Constantinople; or, if that is not yet possible, by providing for the better administration of the government and affairs of the provinces of the Turkish Empire. It occurred to him that an experiment on a small scale might be made in this latter direction, without arousing the jealousy or the sensitiveness of the Turkish government, which would afford the Porte the evidence of the advantages to itself and all concerned of the development of a portion of a single province, under conditions that would increase the revenue of the empire, add to its population, production, and resources, secure protection to life and property where it does not now exist, and enlist the sympathies of Europe, without affecting the sovereign rights of the Sultan. This experiment Mr. Oliphant proposes to try as a commercial enterprise in the form of a colonization society, originated under the auspices of the Sultan, and chartered by and accountable to him, whose attention shall be first given to a portion of the Turkish dominions that is capable of being made accessible to the rest of the world by railroad and other communication, that is available for colonization by the facts that no considerable proportion of the land is owned in fee by the sparse population that inhabit it, and that it is sufficiently rich in mineral, building, agricultural, and other resources to invite desirable colonists, and endow the enterprise with the elements necessary for successful self-support and for commercial intercourse. Mr. Oliphant's book is an account of a visit to Constantinople and a tour through Syria about a year ago, with the object of procuring from the Sultan the necessary grants and guarantees for such an enterprise, of determining by inspection upon the tract sufficiently large for the purpose, and combining all the needful internal requisites and exterior possibilities, and also of ascertaining the kind of colonists that would be least objectionable to the Turkish government, while they possessed such qualifications for agricultural or commercial pursuits as would insure self-support from the outset, and an exhaustive development of the natural resources of the country as years roll on. Mr. Oliphant made a careful survey of the country from Beirût to Baalbeck and Damascus, in the northern part of Palestine, and again from Beirût to Saida (Sidon), and from thence by two different routes, the one southerly along the Mediterranean coast to Haifa, and thence inland to Nablûs, Jerusalem, and the junction of the Jordan with the Dead Sea, and the other penetrating directly to the interior, east of the Jordan, and traversing Gilead to the Dead Sea, where it intersected the route from the coast through Nablûs and Jerusalem. The examination comprised a consideration of the means of internal and external communication, of the capability of the tract to be chosen to maintain a dense population, and of the labor problem generally; and the result was the selection for the proposed settlement of the entire district of the southernmost division of Gilead, known as the Belka, from the Jabbok on the north to the Arnon on the south, the whole forming a parallelogram of a million and a half acres, the upper half of which is bounded on the west by the Jordan, and the southern half by the Dead Sea. This region has been famous since the time of Reuben for its pastoral and agricultural qualities, and in other respects also is the most favored portion of Palestine. Its variety of soil and climate offer exceptional advantages from an agricultural point of view. It is rich in deposits of coal, iron, lime, salt, chlorate of potassium, petroleum, bitumen, and other minerals, lignites, and chemicals, and it is accessible by means of easy grades for railroads, or by water, to the other populations of Syria, and to the outside world. This tract, so far as extinguishing the title of its present inhabitants is concerned, many of whom would remain upon it, may be secured without difficulty at low figures, and the Sultan's obstructiveness is all that stands in the way of the immediate prosecution of the scheme for its colonization and development. A colony of one hundred families of Jews at Bucharest are already prepared to enter upon the tract, with every element of self-support, and it is with the view of enlightening and stimulating public opinion in Europe, especially the public opinion of Englishmen, that Mr. Oliphant publishes his book, in the hope that through its silent and peaceful pressure the charter may yet be granted by the Sultan, which had been carefully framed by his law-advisers, and which offers

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effectual guarantees for the just and satisfactory administration of the colony, and the protection of the interests of the share-holders and colonists, without infringing upon the sovereign rights of the Sultan. Mr. Oliphant thinks, however, that under any circumstances it is impossible that the region in question, which embraces the luxuriant pasture-lands of Jaulan (the Land of Uz), the magnificent forest-clad mountains of Gilead, the rich arable plains of Moab, and the fervid sub-tropical valley of the Jordan, can remain much longer neglected, since, whether it be regarded from an archæological, an industrial and commercial, or a political point of view, it possesses an interest and importance unrivalled by any other portion of Asiatic Turkey. Mr. Oliphant's scheme is attracting the earnest attention of many eminent and practical Jews throughout Europe, to which race the Turkish government has no objections as colonists, while it looks with suspicion on all other nationalities. If the Sultan is wise, he will give Mr. Oliphant and the shrewd and wealthy Jews who indorse his colonization project, and will make it a success if success be possible, an opportunity to test the experiment of reform at their expense and under his auspices, else, following the example of England with Cyprus, the European powers may wrench another and another of his misgoverned provinces from his feeble grasp, and administer them according to their own ideas of reform.

To the great body of Americans, Portugal is almost as literally a *terra incognita* as Patagonia. Lying close by the heart of European civilization, it presents the most striking anomalies to the visitor—combinations of elegance and refinement with simplicity of manners and customs nearly approaching the rudeness of uncivilized countries, and the most strongly contrasted conditions of urban and rural life, of institutions, traditions, pursuits, and peoples, in close juxtaposition, impressing the beholder by their diversity and dissonance. Mr. Oswald Crawfurd, British consul at Oporto, for many years a resident of Portugal, himself a land owner and cultivator there, has lifted the veil from this comparatively unknown land, in a very agreeable volume, entitled *Portugal Old and New*,[3] which abounds in practical and interesting information. Mr. Crawfurd judiciously prefaces his notes on Portugal with three valuable chapters in which he gives a succinct account of ancient Portugal—of its rise as a nation, of its heroic period under its great warrior-king Affonso Henriquez, and of the poetry and literature of the Portuguese renaissance. After this historical prelude he introduces the reader without further ceremony to the Portugal of to-day, and in a series of graphic chapters successively describes, sometimes in minute detail, its country life and sports, its agricultural products, methods, resources, and capabilities, its city and rural life, its inns, homes, farms, vineyards, crops, and industries, its secular and religious customs and traditions, its climate and soil, its political institutions, and its historic remains. Of special value and interest is an elaborate chapter on wines and wine-making, describing at some length the cultivation of the vine, the districts yielding the most celebrated wines, the methods pursued in preparing them for use and for market, the adulterations and sophistications that are practiced, and embodying much curious and useful information as to the relative qualities of the different Portuguese wines, especially of the famous port-wine and claret, and the way to discriminate the inferior and the superior kinds. Those who are connoisseurs in wine may derive much impartial information from Mr. Crawfurd's intelligent report of his long practical experience as a wine producer and expert.

[3] *Portugal Old and New.* By Oswald Crawfurd. 8vo, pp. 386. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The *Resources of Southwest Virginia*[4] is the title of a volume prepared by one of its resident mining engineers, Mr. C. R. Boyd, elaborately setting forth the massive material resources of the region, with the object of stimulating capitalists and those who are engaged in extensive industrial enterprises to their early development. Before the Revolutionary war the region described by Mr. Boyd was known as the County of Augusta, but since then it has been broken up into the sixteen counties of Montgomery, Pulaski, Wythe, Smyth, Washington, Giles, Bland, Tazewell, Russell, Scott, Lee, Wise, Buchanan, Floyd, Carroll, and Grayson. These counties compose the elevated spur jutting westward between and separating Kentucky and Tennessee, and stretching from the Blue Ridge on the east to the Cumberland Mountains on the west, in whose bosom vast mineral veins and lodes of inexhaustible extent and richness lie awaiting the hand that shall smite the rock, and bid its treasures flow into the channels of commerce and manufactures. Mr. Boyd gives a systematic account of each of the counties composing this vast mineral store-house, in the order given above, describing the geology, mineral deposits, hot and mineral springs, railroad, water, and other transportation facilities, the timber, stone, and other building materials, the water-power, manufactories, furnaces, and forges, the agricultural staples and productions (including cattle, sheep, horses, fruits, grains, and tobacco), and the rain-fall and climate of each, with painstaking fullness and scientific precision. To this statement of the material wealth of each county is added, in its proper place, a de-

[4] *Resources of Southwest Virginia.* Showing the Mineral Deposits of Coal, Iron, Zinc, Copper, and Lead. Also the Staples of the Various Counties, Methods of Transportation, Access, etc. By C. R. Boyd, E.M. 8vo, pp. 321. New York: John Wiley and Sons.

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scription of its topography, scenery, and natural curiosities, and succinct accounts of its educational facilities, and of the towns and villages that lie within its bounds. Independently of the value of the volume to large business and industrial interests, it is an acceptable contribution to physical geography, especially valuable for the minuteness with which it considers a limited but exceedingly rich and important field of observation.

AMONG the controversies of the day none is so absorbing, and so profoundly engages the attention of large numbers of thoughtful, learned, and generally candid and earnest men, as the controversy that is waging on the fundamentals of religious belief, between the rationalist and skeptic on the one side, and the believer in the truth of revelation on the other. While both sides are active, of late there has been a preponderating increase of activity on the part of the defenders of religion, and concurrently with their increased activity the latter have also manifested a greatly augmented ability in the handling of the discussion, resulting doubtless from their greater familiarity with the grounds occupied by their opponents, and the methods in which they deliver their attack. Among the most effective of these responses to the challenges of the skeptic and unbeliever, and best adapted for popular reading, are eight lectures directed against the assumptions of scientific unbelief, which form the last volume of the "Boston Monday Lectures" for 1880–1881, under the title, *Christ in Modern Thought*.[5] The lectures are brief, incisive, easily understood, and wear an air of triumphant assurance strongly in contrast with the merely defensive and apologetic tone hitherto used. Moreover, having been prepared, for the most part, by men of acknowledged eminence as practiced thinkers, who are also men of recognized candor, they will carry conviction to the minds of many who have feared that the foundations of faith had been fatally undermined by the enemies of spiritual truth. The scope of the lectures may be sufficiently indicated by the subjects treated in several of them. Of these, the most important are a consideration of "Moral Law in its Relations to Physical Science and to Popular Religion," by President Robinson; an essay on "The Place of Conscience," including a criticism of the modern hypotheses of development and evolution, by Dr. Mark Hopkins; a powerful paper on "Development: its Nature; what it can do, and what it can not do," by President McCosh; and able papers on "The Seen and the Unseen," by Bishop Clark; on "Old and New Theologies," by Dr. Crooks; and on "The Significance of the Historic Element in Scripture," by Rev. Dr. Thomas.

DR. CALDERWOOD, the distinguished Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Aberdeen, was selected by the faculty of the Union Theological Seminary in this city to deliver the "Morse Lecture" for 1880. The lecture was established by the late S. F. B. Morse, of electric telegraph memory, who stipulated in founding it that the general subject of the lectures should be "the relation of the Bible to any of the sciences, as geography, geology, history, and ethnology; the vindication of the authenticity of the Bible against attacks made on scientific grounds; and the relation of the facts and truths contained in the Word of God to the principles, methods, and aims of any of the sciences." Under this lectureship Dr. Calderwood delivered eight lectures, now collected in a volume appropriately entitled *The Relations of Science and Religion*,[6] in which he undertakes to indicate the measure of harmony that is traceable between recent advances in science and the fundamental character of religious thought, and the extent to which harmony is further possible. And the plan that he pursues to this end is to bring under review the great facts of scientific inquiry, advancing from unorganized existence to man; to present the most recent results of research in these separate fields; as far as possible to allow scientific observers to state results in their own words; and finally to examine carefully the reasonings deduced from ascertained facts, and the bearing of facts and inferences on religious thought. The general result of Dr. Calderwood's inquiry is that marked modifications of thought concerning the structure and order of the universe have arisen on account of scientific discoveries, which must be accepted by theologians as by all thinkers; that the bearing of these modifications on religious conceptions have been greatly mistaken and much exaggerated by many scientific observers; that while scientific methods are reliable within their own spheres, science can bear no testimony and can offer no criticism as to the supernatural, inasmuch as science is only an explanation of ascertained facts by recognition of natural law; and that science does not reach, far less deal with, the problem concerning the origin of nature, the solution of which can only be found by transcending nature, that is, by recognizing the supernatural. The volume is a masterpiece of close and cogent reasoning, eminently fair and candid, and must promote a better understanding of the relative positions of scientists and theologians on questions which seem to involve serious but not necessarily irreconcilable antagonism.

THOSE who would acquaint themselves with the protean forms that unbelief has assumed

[5] "Boston Monday Lectures, 1880–1881." *Christ in Modern Thought.* With a Preliminary Lecture on the Methods of Meeting Modern Unbelief. By JOSEPH COOK. 16mo, pp. 315. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[6] *The Relations of Science and Religion.* The Morse Lecture, 1880, connected with the Union Theological Seminary, New York. By HENRY CALDERWOOD, LL.D. 12mo, pp. 328. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

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from the primitive Christian era until now, and who would study the diverse methods that have been employed by skeptics to assail the fundamental articles of Christian faith and doctrine, will be greatly assisted by the historical sketch of unbelief and unbelievers which Dr. Cairns has embodied in the "Cunningham Lectures for 1880," now collected in a volume entitled *Unbelief in the Eighteenth Century.*[7] Although the largest share of attention is given to the history of unbelief in the last century, and its relation to antecedent and later forms of unbelief, the first and second lectures contain a well-digested outline of the unbelief of the first four centuries and of the seventeenth, with sketches of the philosophy of those who were its most influential and able advocates. The lectures are comprehensive and impartial encyclopædic summaries of the principles maintained by the various schools of unbelief —deistic, pantheistic, skeptical, rationalistic, materialistic, and mystical, as successively represented by Lord Herbert, Hobbes, Bayle, Toland, Woolston, Tindal, Dodwell, Bolingbroke, Hume, Gibbon, Voltaire, the Encyclopædists, Rousseau, Helvetius, and the German rationalists and transcendentalists of the seventeenth century, and by Strauss, Baur, the Tübingen school, Renan, and John Stuart Mill in the present century. The lectures are an invaluable guide to those who desire to trace the fluctuations and modifications that skeptical warfare has undergone, and to become familiar with the methods that have been employed at different stages of the campaign by its ablest representative leaders.

THE Messrs. Harper have published two convenient editions of the *Revised New Testament*,[8] one of them being a handy pocket volume, and the other a single number of the popular "Franklin Square Library." Both are an exact reproduction of the English edition, with the exception that the list of "Readings and Renderings preferred by the American Committee, recorded at their desire," instead of being printed at the end of the volume, are separated into two divisions, those which refer to "General Passages" being given in the page immediately following the preface and before the text, and the "Special Readings and Renderings" being given in foot-notes under the texts to which they relate. It would be unbecoming and, indeed, presumptuous in one who is not an accomplished Biblical scholar, neither critically familiar with the tongue in which the books of the New Testament were originally written, nor with the merits or history of the various manuscripts which form the basis of the revision, to pronounce a dogmatic judgment upon this important and epochal work. Without immodesty, however, he may state his general impressions concerning it. And, first, as to its elision of unquestionably spurious passages, there can be no hesitation with men of candid minds. The Bible is the Word of God, and therefore is the Truth. As God hates a lie, His Word ought not to be incrusted with, nor does it need to be bolstered up by, falsehood, or by error which becomes falsehood when we know it to be error, and persist in giving it currency as truth. The revisers, therefore, have done an acceptable service—as creditable to their courage as to their candor—in striking out all interpolations of human invention. The Book of Books is stronger, more consistent, more impregnable to attack, for the exclusion of all such impertinent additions. The same may be said of the rejection of words which clearly had been rendered erroneously, and which conveyed meanings that did not reside in the original. In both these respects the revisers have exercised a wise and temperate reserve, the fundamental changes in a work of such magnitude being so few as to increase our admiration of the ability of the translators of the Accepted Version, and to inspire us with confidence in the insight and candor of the scholars who have conducted the Revision. This commendation, however, is subject to some drawbacks, though happily not on matters of grave importance. Unfortunately the revisers have not in all cases exercised the judicious reserve which we commended when speaking of their treatment of mistranslations and spurious additions. In their antipathy to words which they deemed archaic, they have hunted down and out of the text many of the tersest and most expressive words of our noble vernacular, and have supplied their places with others infinitely less vigorous and significant. In not a few instances they have been obliged to substitute several feeble and inexpressive words to convey in a roundabout way the sense that resided in a single one of the more sinewy and suggestive words that their pedantry rejected. This unnecessary verbal squeamishness is so provoking, and often results so injuriously, as to cause us to regret that the revisers had not confined themselves exclusively to the domain of the genuineness of the text and the accuracy of the translation, and had not presumed to meddle with questions of style. Then we should not have been obliged to liken much of their work to the attempt of some nineteenth-century tailor to patch an ancient robe of sober but rich and indestructible material with glossy but flimsy modern shoddy. Whether the Revision will ever supplant the Accepted Version remains to be seen, and we shall not

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[7] *Unbelief in the Eighteenth Century as Contrasted with its Earlier and Later History.* Being the "Cunningham Lectures for 1880." By JOHN CAIRNS, D.D. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 58. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Same. 12mo, pp. 216. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[8] *The New Testament of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.* Translated out of the Greek. Being the Version set forth A.D. 1611. Compared with the Most Ancient Authorities, and Revised, A.D. 1881. 18mo, pp. 442. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Same. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 121. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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venture to penetrate the future. It is our impression, however, that it will be chiefly valued as the best, fullest, most authoritative, and trustworthy commentary on the New Testament that has yet been executed, and a worthy companion and safe interpreter and expositor of the Received Version.

LAST year some writings of Professor W. Robertson Smith, of Aberdeen University—more particularly an article he contributed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* on the Hebrew language and literature—met with vehement disapproval in the Scotch Free Church for their alleged heretical or rationalistic tendencies, which disapproval at length found expression by the institution of ecclesiastical proceedings against him, with the result that during the past winter he was withdrawn from the ordinary work of his chair in the university. The Free-Churchmen (as the members of the Scotch Free Church are designated) of Scotland were far from being a unit in the matter, however, and during the first three months of the present year, at the request of some six hundred members of the denomination in Edinburgh and Glasgow, Professor Smith delivered twelve lectures to large and sympathetic audiences in both those cities, which are an elaborate exposition of his views on the subject of the authenticity of portions of the Old Testament canon, and of his methods of Biblical interpretation and criticism. These lectures, now collected in a volume entitled *The Old Testament in the Jewish Church*,[9] by a noteworthy coincidence were published in this country almost simultaneously with the publication of the Revised New Testament and the receipt of the intelligence of their author's virtual suspension from his professorship by a resolution of the General Assembly that it no longer considers it safe or advantageous for the Church that he should continue to teach in one of her colleges. Candor compels us to say that if nothing can be found in the writings of Professor Smith more compromising of his belief and teachings than we find in these lectures, the charges of heresy, rationalism, or skepticism that have been raised against him are absurdly groundless. Professor Smith fully and heartily accepts every fundamental doctrine of the Christian faith. He believes in the Trinity, in the Divinity of Christ, in the Atonement, and in the Resurrection. He receives Holy Scripture as an inspired revelation from God. But he finds, as have thousands of other men, that much which has passed for Scripture is not Scripture; that portions of the Accepted Version are interpolations; that portions which are undoubtedly genuine are attributed to men who were not their authors, and to times long anterior to their production; that other portions are palpable mistranslations, the result of error, ignorance, or design; and that while the Bible is indeed God's Book, as read and understood by many it is God's Book *plus* a very large element of human tradition, addition, and interpretation. If, then, in tracing the history of the sacred canon, and of the various versions to which it has been subjected, he is forced by indubitable evidence to reject as unauthoritative and of purely human origin portions that have been received, and if he points out undoubted errors in the statement of historical fact or of translation, he is no more susceptible to the charges that have been brought against him than are the revisers of the New Testament, who deal with the later canon precisely as Professor Smith deals with the earlier. The lectures are an able and lucid exposition of the newer or progressive Biblical criticism which has resulted from the advances that have been made in philological studies, and from the discovery of texts that were not accessible to the translators of our earlier version. They are written in popular style, and present a continuous argument, resting at every point on historical evidence, and so framed that it can be followed by any English reader who is familiar with the Bible and is accustomed to consecutive thought. The author's aim is not to discredit the Old Testament Scripture as a Divine message, but to relieve it of its merely adventitious human, traditional, and unhistorical incrustations, so that having separated the human from the divine, we may see the latter with more distinctness, and receive it with a more implicit faith. Believing that God has no message to the soul which the Bible does not set forth in living and experimental form, he also believes it to be of the utmost importance that we should discover exactly what that message is, and not mistake for it the additions or inventions of men.

[9] *The Old Testament in the Jewish Church.* Twelve Lectures on Biblical Criticism. By W. ROBERTSON SMITH, M.A. 12mo, pp. 446. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

IF few biographers have had as ample materials at their command as were within reach of Mr. Parton while he was preparing his *Life of Voltaire*,[10] still fewer have understood as well as he the art of extracting from such materials as they possessed every item of attractive information that would serve more fully to illustrate the genius and the career of the person they commemorated, or to display more clearly the blended or conflicting lights and shades of his character. In the case of Voltaire the mass of material to be examined and utilized was oppressive in the extreme. As Mr. Parton remarks, "Voltaire was buried under a mountain of heterogeneous record," and the very abundance of unsorted information that was in existence concerning him defied and discouraged all ordinary research. Voltaire's own writings consisted of more than two hun-

[10] *Life of Voltaire.* By JAMES PARTON. Two Volumes, 8vo, pp. 639 and 668. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

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dred and sixty separate publications, containing fifty thousand printed pages. His published correspondence comprised more than ten thousand letters. The works relating to him and his doings form a catalogue of four hundred and twenty-eight entries. Nearly every page of this vast volume of matter contains some interesting or suggestive atom of biography, as Mr. Parton writes biography, and the task to which he addressed himself was to collect these scattered atoms, and weave them into a life of Voltaire, picturing the man chiefly as delineated by himself. Mr. Parton's unwearied industry and tact have resulted in a biography which has been rarely equalled for copiousness of detail, giving us a fair conception of the man in all the phases of his composite and phenomenal character, and presenting us with a vivid idea of his productions, and of the vicissitudes, incidents, rivalries, conflicts, associations, and companionships of his long and restless career. Broken up into brief chapters, the longest of which may be read in ten minutes, and thus affording frequent convenient rests and pauses, there is not a dull page in the work, not one but piques the curiosity and compels the attention. Mr. Parton is not far from being an indiscriminate panegyrist of Voltaire. He does not affect to conceal his sympathy with Voltaire's opinions, and throughout manifests a relishing sense of his most audacious and even sacrilegious impieties, and at the same time, while extenuating or applauding them, he habitually sneers at those who were more virtuous or more religious than Voltaire. Still, the work carries the antidote along with the bane. So full and photographic is its account of the life and doings and thinkings of Voltaire, that, however much the reader may be fascinated by his wit, his inimitable grace and elegant mockery, his benevolence, his sympathy for the wronged and oppressed, his noble efforts as a reformer of the criminal law, his hatred of cruelty and intolerance, and his splendid genius, he can not fail to be disenchanted by his insincerity, duplicity, and mendacity, his hypocrisy and sycophancy, his innumerable petty meannesses and small tricks of trade, and his unspeakable immorality and want of common honor and decency. There are extended passages in the biography, especially many of those which detail Voltaire's connection with the De Chatelets, which should have been suppressed or greatly abbreviated, their uncleanness not being sufficiently compensated for by their exhibition of the baseness of the philosopher and moralist who scoffed at the religion of Christ. Voltaire's dramatic, philosophical, historical, and poetical productions are admirably described by Mr. Parton, together with the difficulties that attended their publication and performance, and he gives innumerable exceedingly interesting glimpses of them while in process of composition or modification, as well as intelligent outlines of them when completed. Besides being a minute record of the life of one of the most extraordinary men of modern days, the biography is rich in material concerning Voltaire's contemporaries, and presents as in a microcosm a reflection of French and Continental life, manners, literature, society, morals, and opinion in the last century. As a rule, the work is a record of authentic and carefully sifted facts; but there are notable exceptions; for, notwithstanding the overwhelming mass of material which Mr. Parton was obliged to reduce to order, and from which he undertook to winnow out the false and the unfounded, carried away by his insatiable industry, he has expanded his text with a large amount of matter that is unsustained by any better evidence than an impertinent "probable" or "probably," or a gossiping "it may be," "it may have been," "it might be," "it seems," and the like.

SHOULD the question "Where is the Pepacton River?" be propounded to the millions of pupils in our public schools, we may safely predict that scarcely one in a hundred, even in the State through whose "high pastoral land," and amid whose "long, round-backed hills and rugged wooded ranges," its placid current meanders, would be able to reply offhand. Nor would the result be much more satisfactory if the young gentlemen in our colleges and universities were invited to solve this geographical puzzle without a recourse to the map, or to Lippincott's all-embracing Gazetteer. If, however, the genial volume which Mr. John Burroughs has christened *Pepacton*,[11] in honor of his favorite river, be as widely read as it deserves, the ignorance we lament will be dissipated. The volume consists of eight charming essays in Mr. Burroughs's best style, which he has gathered, as it were, into a golden sheaf, and bound together with a strand woven from his recollections of the stream he loves so well, the first of them being a description of the Pepacton, and a chronicle of the sweet surprises and secrets of nature that were revealed in the course of a summer voyage on its sparkling bosom, together with an account of the sylvan and sporting incidents, and the companionships of boy and bird and beast and fish and insect that diversified it. The essays are a succession of idyls of the fields and woods, the hills and streams, of Eastern New York, in which rare glimpses are caught of nature in her kindliest moods, and the habits of her sweetest children are described with the minute and zestful garrulity of a poet-naturalist. Several of them, notably those on our wild flowers and plants, and on springs and foot-paths and the memories and associations they revive, are delicious papers for reading aloud.

TO say of Miss Goodale's *Diary of a Farmer's*

[11] *Pepacton.* By JOHN BURROUGHS. 16mo, pp. 260. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

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Daughter[12] that it is highly creditable to the youthful author would be doubtful and unmeaning praise. It is deserving of a verdict on its intrinsic merits; and if judged strictly by these, will bear a favorable comparison with some of the best work, in the same unpretentious line, of veteran authors of acknowledged rank in literature. There is nothing in this simple and sweet idyllic record of the months, so far as its structure is concerned, and very little in its interior spirit—its thoughts, fancies, sentiments, and reflections—that betrays the hand of a novice. On the contrary, it is commendable alike for the grace, purity, simplicity, and expressiveness of its diction, its apt and oftentimes felicitous collocation of words and phrases, the easy flow of its style, and its mastery of those technicalities of composition and construction perfection in which is usually vouchsafed only after long-continued practice. The critic will search the book in vain for any of those weedy extravagances of expression or those voluble and effusive sentimentalities which commonly infest the handiwork of the neophyte. The plan of the book is of the simplest: merely an eight months' journal of life on a farm from the stand-point of a farmer's daughter who is not a drudge, as is the case with too many farmers' daughters, but who is favored by higher opportunities, and is able to stand a little aside from the engrossing toil and commonplace interests of a farm, and to picture Nature as she reveals herself on it from the point of view of the poetic dreamer and artist. The record of each day is brief, but it is redolent with life, and picturesque with gentle beauty—in fine, a prose idyl such as Gibson's genius delights to reduce to form, and worthy of his magic graver.

One of the most effective novels that have appeared recently, *The Chaplain of the Fleet*,[13] is the joint production of Walter Besant and James Rice. Written in the stately and swelling but not ungraceful colloquial style of the last century, so happily reproduced by Thackeray in *The Newcomes* and *The Virginians*, its dramatic periods and situations seem the more vivid for the dignified propriety of their garniture. The story is thoroughly unconventional. By the death of her father, a country clergyman who might have served for a model of Chaucer's "Poure Persone," a beautiful and tenderly reared girl is left with no other dowry than the memory of his learning and virtues, a small purse of gold, the friendship of a neighboring family of gentle birth, and a letter which her father had charged her on his death-bed to deliver to her maternal uncle, a doctor of divinity in London, to whose guardianship he also intrusted her, and whom he solemnly charged her to obey. Simple, guileless, trustful, and innocent, but withal spirited and courageous, she leaves the sweet country air of her childhood for the foul and murky atmosphere of London, and places herself in the care of her uncle, who, having been lost sight of for many years by her father, had degenerated from a popular preacher distinguished for his learning and eloquence, to an inmate of the Fleet Prison, or rather a beneficiary of its "Rules," where he pursued the scandalous calling of marrying couples of all sorts, without question and without the customary notice, and lived the hilarious and boisterous life of a bacchanal, surrounded by all sorts of base characters, his partners in degradation, or the servants of his imperious lawlessness. The advent of the friendless girl—beautiful, sensitive, pure, and refined—to this atmosphere, saturated with prison odors and associations, is depicted with great delicacy and power. The uncle is a strong character, who in his degraded life retains something of the greatness of a fallen archangel. Unscrupulous in a thousand things, he still has a tender heart for the poor, the needy, the wronged, the helpless, and the innocent, and by stealth lavishes a grand generosity upon them. Amid all the reeking vice of his prison haunts and companionships, he still cherishes the memory of his old ideals of womanly refinement and purity; and although, from mixed motives of revenge against a perfidious friend and of genuine solicitude for the future of his niece, he tricks her into a marriage with a half-unconscious nobleman whom she had never seen before, and from whom she is immediately separated without his having looked upon her face, his guardianship of her is generally exercised with exemplary affection and faithfulness. At length she emerges from the unpropitious environment of the Fleet, and under the auspices of a pure and refined gentlewoman, upon whose gratitude her uncle has a strong and deserved claim, and who adopts her as her niece and ward, she becomes the mistress of every elegant accomplishment, and is launched into polite society. The experiences of the heroine in the Fleet, her career in the world of beauty and fashion at Epsom, where she is chosen by acclamation "Queen of the Wells," and where she falls in with the man to whom she had been married, and who falls in love with and wooes and wins her in ignorance that she was already his wedded wife, make up a story of profound and varied interest that is told with great power and spirit. Besides its other attractions, the story is a delightful reproduction of the society and manners of the last century, and of the Fleet Prison, and the peculiar laws, customs, usages, and immunities that centuries had crystallized around that famous institution.

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[12] *Journal of a Farmer's Daughter.* By Elaine Goodale. 18mo, pp. 183. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[13] *The Chaplain of the Fleet.* A Novel. By Walter Besant and James Rice. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 87. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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MR. KNOX'S *The Young Nimrods in North America*[14] is a spirited chronicle of the sporting experiences of a party of young Americans, one of whom is a fairly experienced hunter, in the wilds of California and the mountains of the far West, on the plains, in British America, in the Adirondacks, on Long Island, and on the North Pacific. The reader is introduced, through the medium of a narrative of the adventures of these youthful Nimrods, to all the phases and expedients of a hunter's life among the wild animals of our forests and plains, among the Indians, among the trappers of the Hudson Bay Fur Company, and among the loggers and lumbermen of Maine, comprising yachting experiences, experiences of bear-hunts, fox-hunts, and moose, elk, and seal hunts, experiences of fishing and angling in our Eastern streams and bays, and experiences of shark and whale fishing on the Pacific. Mr. Knox has ingeniously woven together a variety of facts and anecdotes illustrating a hunter's life, ways, and devices for discovering and bagging game, and numberless interesting and instructive observations with reference to the natural history and habits of the principal animals of North America. Many of his "yarns" are spiced with exciting or mirthful incidents; and coupled with these is a fund of practical information relative to the equipment and outfit of the hunter, and the methods he must pursue if he would become skillful in the pursuit of game. In addition to this, they are invested with an air of reality; however extraordinary the incidents, exploits, and hair-breadth 'scapes they recount, they are always probable; and he must be a dull lad who can read them without becoming more manly in his tastes, or without extracting substantial knowledge as well as amusement from them.

MORE than half a score of novels, sketches, and tales—among them a popular reprint of De Foe's evergreen history of the *Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*[15]—lie upon our table, too readable to be passed over in silence, and too numerous to permit extended notice. We can only announce their titles, as follows: *Harry Joscelyn*,[16] by Mrs. Oliphant; *A Child of Nature*,[17] by Robert Buchanan; *The Miller's Daughter*,[18] by Anne Beale; *My First Offer, and Other Stories*,[19] by Mary Cecil Hay; *A Matter-of-Fact Girl*,[20] by Theo. Gift; *Who Was Paul Grayson?*[21] by John Habberton; *Bellah*,[22] by Octave Feuillet; *Mademoiselle Bismarck*,[23] by Henri Rochefort; *Manuela Paredes*,[24] another of the "No Name Series"; *A Question*,[25] by Georg Ebers; and lastly, an exceedingly curious and ingenious autobiographical romance exemplifying the theory of metempsychosis by weird memories and incidents drawn from the pretended previous existence of the writer and his wife, whose interjectional title, *! ! !*,[26] is fairly typical of its character.

MR. THOMAS H. S. HAMERSLY, of Washington, D. C., has compiled a *Regular Army Register of the United States*,[27] for the hundred years from 1779 to 1879, to which the word "complete" is an appropriate prefix. Of course, in covering so wide a period of time, and such a multitude of names, the notice of each officer is brief, but it comprises all the official facts of his military record, and to this extent is invaluable for reference. The record of every officer of the regular army, embracing the army of the Revolution and of the war of 1812, the general staff of volunteers in the Mexican war and the war of the rebellion, and all the appointments made in the volunteer service by the President from 1861 to 1865, is given from the original record of each officer on file in the War Department, and its accuracy may therefore be safely relied upon. In addition, the *Register* contains the names of all the cadets from the establishment of the Military Academy in 1800 till 1879; a history of the Department of War and of each of its bureaus; lists of the military forts, arsenals, camps, barracks, etc., and of all the engagements and battles fought by the armies of the United States from 1775 till 1865, together with a number of valuable tables relating to the army. As General Sherman remarks, in a private note, Mr. Hamersly has "certainly succeeded in compressing in a single volume an immense amount of most valuable matter."

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[14] *Hunting Adventures on Land and Sea.* The Young Nimrods in North America. A Book for Boys. By THOMAS W. KNOX, Author of The Boy Travellers in the Far East, etc. Copiously Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 299. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[15] *The Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner.* "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 100. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[16] *Harry Joscelyn.* A Novel. By MRS. OLIPHANT. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 87. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[17] *A Child of Nature.* A Romance. By ROBERT BUCHANAN. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 55. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[18] *The Miller's Daughter.* A Novel. By ANNE BEALE. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 65. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[19] *My First Offer, and Other Stories.* By MARY CECIL HAY. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 39. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[20] *A Matter-of-Fact Girl.* A Novel. By THEO. GIFT. 16mo, pp. 351. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[21] *Who Was Paul Grayson?* By JOHN HABBERTON. 18mo, pp. 169. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[22] *Bellah.* A Tale of Brittany. By OCTAVE FEUILLET. 12mo, pp. 292. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

[23] *Mademoiselle Bismarck.* By HENRI ROCHEFORT. 12mo, pp. 334. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[24] *Manuela Paredes.* A Novel. "No Name Series." Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[25] *A Question.* An Idyl. By GEORG EBERS. 18mo, pp. 125. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

[26] *! ! !* By GEORGE P. HEPWORTH. 16mo, pp. 196. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[27] *Complete Army Register of the United States for One Hundred Years* (1779 *to* 1879). Together with the Volunteer General Staff During the War with MEXICO, etc., etc. Compiled, Edited, and Published by THOMAS H. S. HAMERSLY. 8vo, pp. 1345. Washington: T. H. S. Hamersly.

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Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 20th of June. —The United States Senate, May 18, postponed the resolution asserting the Monroe doctrine in the case of the Isthmus ship-canal until December.—The nominations of Mr. Merritt as Consul-General at London and of Judge Robertson as Collector of the Port of New York were confirmed May 18, and those of Blanche K. Bruce as Register of the Treasury and George B. Loring as Commissioner of Agriculture May 19. On the 20th the Senate adjourned *sine die*. The nomination of William E. Chandler as Solicitor-General was rejected.

The New York Legislature began balloting for successors to Messrs. Conkling and Platt as United States Senators May 31, but up to the date of this writing there has been no election.

The Virginia Anti-Bourbon Convention met at Richmond June 2, and nominated William E. Cameron for Governor, and John F. Lewis for Lieutenant-Governor. The platform adopted declares for free schools, a free ballot, and free citizens.

A bill to re-establish capital punishment was passed by the Michigan House May 26.

The Ohio Republican State Convention met at Cleveland, June 8, renominated Governor Foster, and indorsed President Garfield's administration.

The British government, June 2, paid to the United States £15,000, the sum agreed upon as compensation for damages inflicted upon American fishermen in the Fortune Bay affair.

Lord Elcho's motion condemning the Irish Land Bill was rejected in the British House of Commons, May 19, by a vote of 352 to 176.

The Departmental Elections Bill was passed by the French Chamber of Deputies, May 19, and rejected by the Senate, June 9.

MM. Victor Lefranc and Henry Didier have been elected life Senators in France.

The French Senate, May 27, ratified the treaty with Tunis.

The Turco-Greek frontier convention was signed May 24.

The Emperor William of Germany has appointed Herr Von Puttkammer to be Minister of the Interior and Herr Von Gossler as Minister of Public Worship. Prince Bismarck has been granted a leave of absence to recruit his health.

A new Italian cabinet was formed May 28, as follows: Depretis, President of the Council and Minister of the Interior; Mancini, Foreign Affairs; Magliani, Finance; Zanardilli, Justice; Baccarini, Public Works; Bacelessi, Instruction; Berti, Agriculture; General Ferrero, War; Vice-Admiral Acton, Marine.—The Italian Chamber of Deputies, June 15, by a vote of 220 to 154, rejected Signor Crispi's amendment to the reform bill conferring the franchise on all who can read and write.

General Ignatieff, the successor of General Melikoff, May 18, addressed a circular to the Governors of the provinces, explaining the principles of the Russian imperial manifesto. He said that the peasantry might be sure that the government would not only maintain all the rights accorded to them, but that it would relieve the people as much as possible of the burden of taxation, in order to improve their material condition. At the same time the government would take measures to establish a system for securing participation of local forces in the execution of the Emperor's plan. —The Russian revolutionists answered the Czar's manifesto by a second utterance, dwelling on the wretchedness of the peasants, the deportations to Siberia, the gagging of free speech and public journals, and declaring that false counsellors are in possession of the Czar's ear. The document concludes as follows: "Let your Majesty assemble your people around you, and listen to their wishes in an unprejudiced spirit, and then neither your Majesty nor the state will have any reason to apprehend further catastrophe."

DISASTERS.

May 24.—Excursion steamer *Victoria* collapsed near London, Ontario, Canada. Over 200 lives lost.—Explosion at St. Joseph, Missouri. Several negroes killed.

May 30.—Accident on the Pennsylvania Railroad at Bear Swamp, near Trenton, New Jersey. Several killed.

June 1.—Boiler explosion, Kensington, Philadelphia. Several killed and wounded.—Schooner *Carrie S. Dagle*, from Gloucester, Massachusetts, March 15, given up for lost, with a crew of twelve men.

June 9.—Fire in Quebec, destroying 800 houses, and causing a loss of $1,500,000.

June 12.—Violent storms in Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, and Missouri, destroying many lives and much property.

OBITUARY.

May 17.—At Vienna, Austria, Franz von Dingelstedt, the German poet, aged sixty-seven years.

May 19.—At Nice, Count von Arnim, the Prussian diplomatist, aged fifty-seven years.

May 21.—At Woodburn, Pennsylvania, Colonel Thomas A. Scott, ex-President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, aged fifty-six years.—In this city, Professor Alexander I. B. Schem, aged fifty-five years.

May 22.—In Paris, France, M. Proper Duvergier de Hauranne, author, and member of the French Academy, aged eighty-three years.

June 2.—At Albany, New York, Alfred B. Street, poet, aged seventy years.—In Paris, France, Maximilien Paul Émile Littré, publicist and philologist, aged eighty years.

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Editor's Drawer.

OLD Mr. P—— had been, after a fashion, a Baptist preacher for fifty years. He was quite proud of a claim he frequently made from the pulpit that in his line he was the oldest in the State. There was but one man who disputed this claim, and thus Mr. P—— was accustomed to dispose of him: One Sunday, bringing as usual into the sermon his favorite parenthesis, he spoke about as follows: "Brethern and sisters, I've been a-preachin' this blessed Gospel fur fifty year, the second Sunday o' last Jinuary. I'm the oldest preacher in the State. Now old Brother J——, I've heerd, 's been a-disputin' me on that p'int, and say *he's* the oldest. Now, my brethern and sisters, Brother J—— ain't a ezactly countin' fa'r. Brother J—— *have* been a-standin' in the pulpit fur fifty-*two* year; it's a fact, and I'm not a-goin' to deny it; but"—then the old man smiled in a triumph that, though mild, was most decided—"but, brethern and sisters, the first four year o' that preachin' o' Brother J—— *he were a Methodis'*, and I count that no preachin' at all; and accordin' to *my* calkilation that fetches him down to forty-eight year, jes two year behind me."

The same parson was sometimes quite pointed in his rebukes for disorderly deportment in church. One Sunday a young lady in the congregation had changed her seat several times during the delivery of the sermon. As she was about taking yet another seat, he said to her: "That 'll do, my darter, set down now, and keep still fur the balance o' the sarmint. *Everybody done seed your new calliker frock.*"

On another occasion he thus began his discourse, after having chosen a simple text: "Well, to-day, my brethern and sisters, I'm goin' to preach a little defferent from common. I've been a-preachin' big theological sarmints fur some time, but to-day I'm goin' to preach jes a common plain sarmint—*one that the wimming and niggers can understan'.*"

"IF the town of Salem, in Massachusetts," said Bob Billingsby, "thinks she has had the onliest witches in this country, all I got to say about it is that she is simply mistaken. Now there was old Brother McGraw and old Sister Hutton—"

Bob's story, in short, was thus: Old Brother McGraw and old Sister Hutton were members of Philip's Bridge Church. Brother McGraw was a consistent member, but old Sister Hutton, to say the truth, was regarded somewhat as a heathen, and even addicted to witchcraft. A calf of Brother McGraw's, of uncommon promise, dwindled in spite of uncommon pains, and finally died, and the good man, persuaded in his mind that his neighbor, although a spiritual sister, had bewitched it, set out in his wrath for her house, and taking her by the head, gave her a violent wrench. Sister Hutton reported the case to the church; and at the Conference one Saturday, Brother McGraw, being mildly remonstrated with, went so far as to say that he would have to think about it. The Moderator blandly suggested to him to withdraw for a few moments, retire into the woods, reflect, and pray over the matter. He did so. On returning, the Moderator and the brethren were gratified to observe the calm regret that was visible upon his countenance. This Moderator was a man of power, both as to intellect and character. It was Silas Mercer. Then this dialogue ensued:

Mr. Mercer: "Well, Brother McGraw, I see you've returned, and I think you've come to a just conclusion in the matter about which you have been reflecting." He looked inquiringly at the aged brother, and the aged brother answered his inquiring look with meek silence. "I think you feel sorry, Brother McGraw," suggested Mr. M., in a kindly, leading tone.

"Yes, Brer Moderator," answered the aged brother, "wery sorry; I'm wery sorry."

Yet there was some gruffness in his tone, which led the Moderator to doubt the nature of his regret. "Brother McGraw," said he, "will you let the church know what *sort* of sorrow it is you feel? Is it a *godly* sorrow, Brother McGraw?"

Then the aged brother lifted high his head, looked the Moderator full in the face, and answered, "*Brer Moderator, I'm sorry—I'm wery sorry—that I didn't break her neck.*"

WE do not know that the following anecdote was ever in print. It used to be told by John C. Breckinridge of a bet in Mississippi between two Democrats of the old times. The bet was for ten dollars, as to which of the two was the purer Democrat.

"Gentlemen," said one to the judges, "I claim the money: I never bolted the Democratic ticket in my lifetime."

"Nor I, neither," said the other; "nor never thought o' sich a mean thing."

"Gentlemen," said the first, "I were out and out for McNult, the repudiator."

"Gentlemen," said the second, triumphantly, when this was admitted to be the full of his adversary's claim, "I not only never scratched a Democratic ticket, I not only went in strong for McNult and repudiation, but—*I feel like I wanted to steal something now.*"

EARLY in the late civil war, John Dennis, a full negro, believing himself fired with patriotic zeal, and able to serve his country, besought his master, a Georgian, and obtained permission to accompany a regiment from that State, which was soon placed under the command of General Floyd. The history of that

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campaign is well known. On the retreat John became homesick, and was allowed to depart. He had become well known to General Floyd and all his command. On his departure, he went to take leave of the general, when the following dialogue was had:

GENERAL FLOYD. "Well, John, you are going to leave us, eh?"

JOHN. "Yes, Mars Floyd; it 'pears like I could do more good at home now dan bein' here; so I thought I'd go home and 'courage up our people to hold on."

GENERAL F. "That's right, John. But are you going to tell 'em that you left us when running from the Yankees?"

JOHN. "No, sir; no, Mars Floyd, dat I ain't. You may 'pend upon my not tellin' nothin' to 'moralize dem people."

GENERAL F. "But how will you get around telling them, John?"

JOHN. "Easy enough, Mars Floyd. It won't do to 'moralize dem people. I'm goin' to tell 'em dis—dat when I left de army it was in first-rate sperrits, and dat, owin' to de situation of de country and de way de land lay, *we was a-advancin' back'ards, and de Yankees was a-retreatin' on to us.*"

REV. Mr. Bullinger said one day, from the pulpit, these words about Bill Jones, after commenting upon the effects upon St. Peter of the look which our Lord had given the latter after his repeated denial of Him: "Yes, and there was Bill Jones, the hard-heartedest and onconsarnedest sinner in this neighborhood. Arfter I had showed what effects our blessed Saviour had on Peter by lookin' at him arfter all his meanness, I fastened my eyes on Bill, *and I give him jes sich another look. But it was no go.* He went straight outen the meetin'-house, and went to laughin' and kickin' up his heels."

AT the late Unitarian Convention in Boston, the Rev. Mr. C——, who was staying with the Rev. Mr. W——, an Episcopalian minister, was addressed by a Unitarian brother, "Oh, so Herod and Pilate have come together!"

"Oh no," replied Mr. C——; "Paul and Barnabas, without any previous rupture."

A CORRESPONDENT at Bloomfield, New Jersey, sauntering in the grave-yard at that place, noticed the following epitaph cut on a stone over the grave of a young lady of sixteen:

> Too sweet a flower to bloom on earth,
> The rose that crowned our little plot
> Has withered here to blossom forth
> In a superior flower-pot.

MR. HUBERT O. THOMPSON, Commissioner of Public Works of New York, is as much at home among fashionable folk as he is in the multifarious and responsible duties of his office, or in perhaps the less agreeable employment of managing politicians and conventions. Not long since an acquaintance said to him, "I perceive among the society announcements that you are in great request as a leader of 'the German.'"

"Well," replied Mr. Thompson, "my occupation just at present is mainly in leading the Irish."

HAPPENING to be in Lynchburg, Virginia (writes a friend), which, like Rome, is built on seven hills, and the steepest I have ever seen, I asked an intelligent "contraband," "Uncle, what ever made any one build a city in such a hilly part of the country?"

"Dunno, boss," replied Sambo; "'spec's dey couldn't do nuffin else wid de land."

THERE is much good fun and many hits at "society" in *Helen Troy*, a bright story recently published by Harper and Brothers. Thus:

"'That woman is a sarcasm of fate,' Arthur said. 'She is the wife of a recent millionaire, and came from nobody knows where; but by dint of giving capital dinners, and by virtue of her own adorable idiocy, she has secured recognition in society. She will sit looking, as you say, like a muse of poetry, and twaddle by the hour about her butcher, her babies, or her butler. Did I tell you her last *mot*, Helen, which has been repeated at the club? She was telling somebody about the "funny mistake" made by one of her husband's friends when looking round their gallery. "I like that French fellow's pictures first-rate, *Maison Dorée*, you know," had remarked the visitor. "Of course," his hostess explains, with charming confidence, "the poor man meant to say *Gustave Mason*, the celebrated French artist, you will understand."'

"'Like Madame De Talleyrand's inquiries about Sir George Robinson's *Cher Vendredi*,' Savary replied; 'or that fair compatriot of yours who astonished us in Paris a few years ago by saying she had been asked to lead the *cancan* at a ball before leaving New York.'"

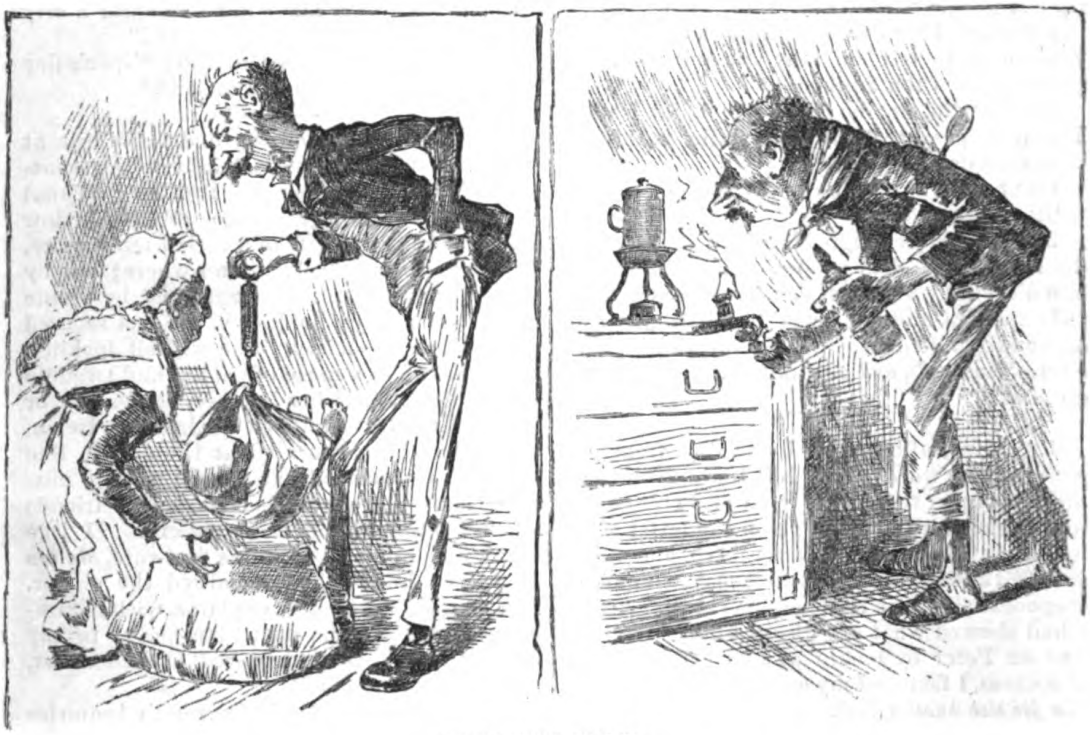
Here is a neat sketch of a good bishop. There are several hereabouts who could be taken for the original:

"A brief effort of his sweet persuasiveness, joined to his keen insight into the workings of the human heart, sufficed to win Helen's story into his keeping, and after that the healing work began. The bishop's sunny temper, his wonderful power of taking at will a young head upon his old shoulders, and the young heart he carried in his old bosom all the year round, were of priceless value to Helen at this time. Like Arnold, of Rugby, his aim was to apply the language of common life to the cases of common life, but ennobled and strengthened by those principles and feelings which are found only in the Gospel; and by this method she, like many another, was led from the shadows of doubt and fear and unbelief out into the clear daylight, to breathe the air of heaven. To the steadfast outstretched hand of him

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whom his evangelical brethren chose sometimes playfully to scoff at as a 'worldling,' a 'jolly diner-out,' an 'apostle of the genteels,' Helen owed the best of all her blessings."

Elsewhere we note an allusion to "a fashionable girl whose pew was immediately in front of her most intimate enemy," and of certain devout ritualistic ladies who "reserved for Ember-days the review of old dresses, ribbons, and furbelows, when they also go over the visiting-list, weeding it of such acquaintances as it does not pay to retain."



THE FIRST BABY.

"Thirteen and three-quarters, sir."

Time, 3 A.M.; thermometer, 33°.
FIRST VOICE (*small one, within*). "Yi-yi-yi-yi! yi-i-i-i!"
SECOND VOICE (*feeble one, within*). "Do hurry up with it, dear."
THIRD VOICE (*strong one, without and within*). "D-d-d-d-d-d-m-m-u— Yes, dovey."

A LAWYER in Central New York gives the Drawer the following account of one of his first cases:

"My client sued a neighbor for the alleged killing of a favorite dog. The proof consisted in the mysterious disappearance of the animal, and the possession of a dog's skin by the defendant, which, after considerable argument, was brought into court in evidence. It was marked in a singular manner, and was positively identified, with many tears, by the plaintiff's wife and daughter as the undoubted integument of the deceased Bose. In summing up to the jury, I was in the midst of a highly colored picture of the virtues of the deceased, and of the love of the children for their four-footed friend, when I was interrupted by a slight disturbance in the crowd near the door of the little school-house which served as court-house. Looking around, I saw my client's youngest son, a tow-headed urchin of twelve, coming forward with a dog whose skin was the exact counterpart of the one put in evidence. The dog wagged his tail with good-natured composure, and the boy cried, in his childish treble, 'Paw, Bose has come home.' I gathered up my law-books and retreated, and I have never had perfect confidence in circumstantial evidence since."

The same correspondent adds: "In the winter of 1879–80 I was compelled by business to spend some time in a small village in Lower Canada. I formed the habit of attending the services at the Catholic church, there being no other place of public worship in many miles. The priest was a very worthy man, more distinguished by zeal than by learning, and his manner of managing his flock was often very amusing. On one occasion he described the Church as a ship 'sailing proudly on, with the waves of sin in vain striving to overwhelm her, and the waters of error gurgling under her prow. But, my children,' he said, re-assuringly, 'they can never prevail against this ship; and why? Because *she is founded on a rock!*' His audience, it is needless to add, were not sea-faring people, or it might have occurred to them that it was time to man the life-raft."

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Rob: Herrick

A DIALOGVE BETWIXT MYSELFE & MISTRESSE ELIZA WHEELER VNDER Y NAME OF AMARILLIS

My dearest loue, since thov wilt go
And leaue me heare behind thee;
For loue or pitie let me know
The place where I may find thee

AMARIL

In country meadowes pearl'd with dew
And set above with lillies;
There fillinge maunds with cowslips,
May find yovr Amarillis.

HER:

What haue the meades to do with thee,
Or with thy youthfvll howres? Be
Liue thov at covrt where thov mayst
The queen of menne, not flowers.

Let country wenches make 'em fine
With poesies since 'tis fitter
For thee with richest jemmes to shine
And like ỳ starres to glitter.

AMARIL:

Yov set too high a rate vpon
A shepheardesse so homely

HER

Believe it, dearest, ther's not one
I'th' covrt that's halfe so comly



I prithee stay AMARIL: I mvst away
Ere Kisse first then we'l seuer

ALBO

And tho' we bid adiv today
Wee shall not part forever

E. A. Abbey Sep. 12. 1890

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCLXXVI.—SEPTEMBER, 1881.—Vol. LXIII.



THE LITTLE KINGS AND QUEENS.

Monarchs whose kingdom no man bounds,
No leagues uphold, no conquest spreads,
Whose thrones are any mossy mounds,
Whose crowns are curls on sunny heads!

The only sovereigns on the earth
Whose sway is certain to endure:
No line of kings of kingliest birth
Is of its reigning half so sure.

No fortress built in all the land
So strong they can not storm it free;
No palace made too rich, too grand,
For them to roam triumphantly.

No tyrant so hard-hearted known
Can their diplomacy resist;
They can usurp his very throne:
He abdicates when he is kissed.

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No hovel in the world so small,
So meanly built, so squalid, bare,
They will not go within its wall,
And set their reign of splendor there.

No beggar too forlorn and poor
To give them all they need to thrive;
They frolic in his yard and door,
The happiest kings and queens alive.

Oh, blessed little kings and queens,
The only sovereigns in the earth!
Their sovereignty nor rests nor leans
On pomp of riches or of birth,

Nor ends when cruel death lays low
In dust each little curly head.
All other sovereigns crownless go,
And are forgotten, when they're dead;

But these hold changeless empire past,
Triumphant past, all earthly scenes:
We worship, truest to the last,
The buried "little kings and queens."

THE ENGLISH AT THE SEA-SIDE.

THE English are, from many causes, indefatigably aquatic. It becomes them to bathe, and they all know the sea and the fine flavor of the breeze that has blown over salt-water. The country is so narrow that reaching the coast from the interior is never a matter of great cost, either of time or money; and though the island is girt by waters that are uncomfortably chilly, and a day is seldom yielded to the past without a drenching rain, no recreations are more sought than those that may be had where the waves break in against the chalky cliffs of the south, or on the low beaches of the northwest.

Coming into Liverpool from America on a bleak September day, when the clouds have been packed under the sky in sunless masses, and torrents have been falling, I have seen the bathers at New Brighton enjoying themselves with ludicrous unconcern for the inclemency of the weather, though the waters of the Mersey are not inviting, having neither surf nor purity; and in storms to which the most eager excursionist at Long Branch or Newport would never dream of exposing himself, the English sea-side is crowded with apparently satisfied pleasure-seekers, who do not complain of the wet, or feel the communicative despondency of nature.

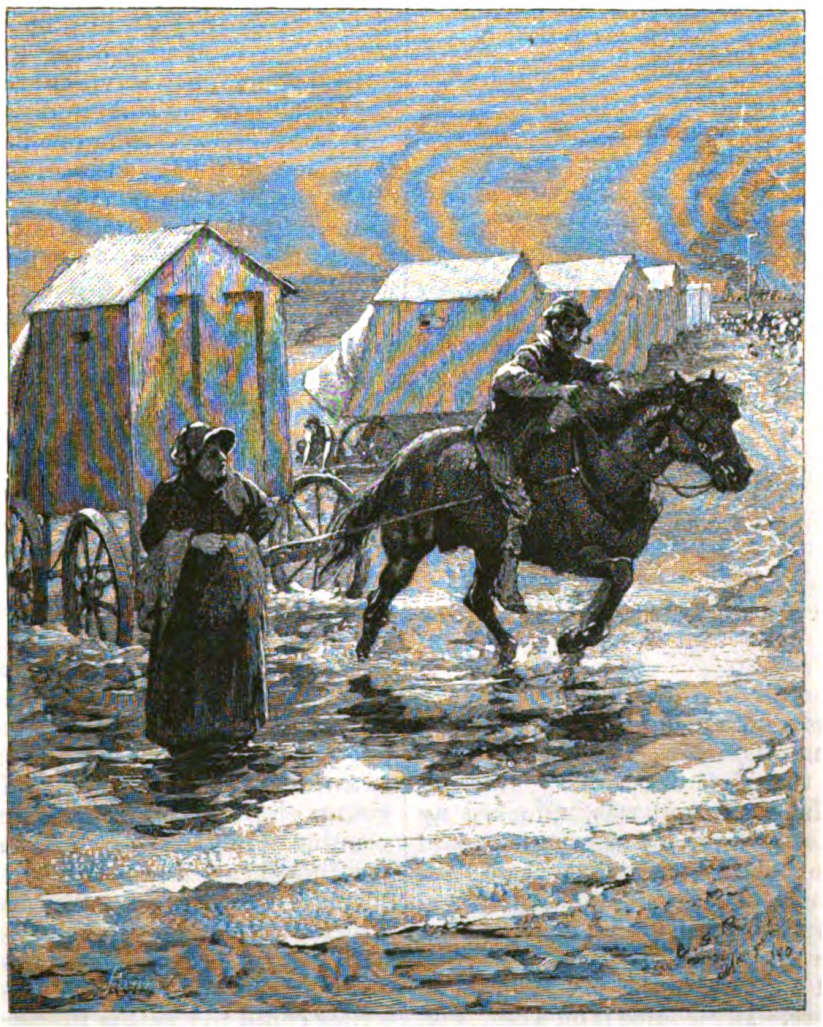
The therapeutic value of salt-water has become an article of general faith; and for the benefit of those who can not leave their homes it is supplied from a salubrious part of the coast in cans daily, each containing three gallons, for which, including delivery in London, the charge is sixpence. The salt-water bath in one's own room is a poor substitute, of course, for a plunge into the sea itself; for in the former the immersion, with its quickly followed exhilaration, comprehends all the utility, while in the latter there is, after the stimulating shock of the first dip, a potent gladness in the exhalations of the water and in the beat of the waves, which lash the body as a whip in the hands of some ardent votary of pleasure, who would drive all the lagging misanthropes to his altar. But though the bottled ocean is better than no bath at all, the English are much too fond of the open air and the sea itself to accept it for the actual thing, and while using it when out-of-door bathing is impossible, they continue to flock to the shore in larger numbers each successive year, and new watering-places are springing up, sometimes on sites discovered by the astute promoters of some ambitious joint-stock hotel and bathing concern, and sometimes where quiet old fishing villages have stood for centuries without seeing one tourist. A map of the south coast from Gravesend to Penzance needs constant revision, so often are the little places in the bays of the great chalk cliffs, which previously have scarcely found recognition in the most voluminous gazetteers, seized upon and fitted for summer visitors, and on the Welsh coast and on the sand-hills of Lancashire the increase of bathing-places is American in its frequency and expedition.

But, looked at from Trouville or Manhattan Beach, the English do not know how to bathe, nor how to be picturesque. They go to the sea-side in their overcoats, and wear dark colors, which are not pleasing to the spectator, and which give the throngs a penitential seriousness of aspect. The spectator has a claim to be considered in the matter: good society is always expected to be interesting. And the climate, with its massing of clouds and hazy atmosphere, its variability and its sombre tone, is not wholly accountable for the sobriety, not to say lugubriousness, of the

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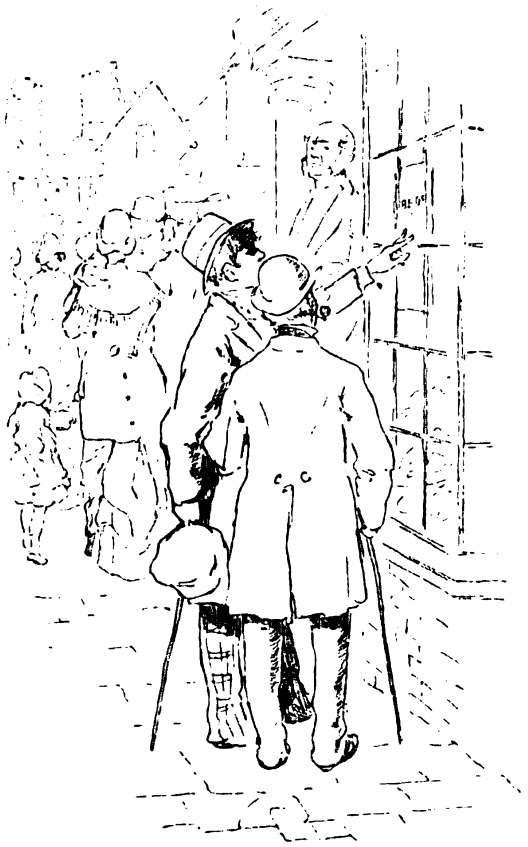
scene, nor for the inconvenience of the customs. They venerate what has been bequeathed to them, and look with suspicion on any innovation; and they have yet to be convinced that it is not comfortable or necessary to be transported to the water's-edge in a sentry-box on wheels, that it is not immodest or unsafe for the sexes to bathe together, and that the bathing dresses in use are not what they should be, but so hideous that in one sense at least the association of the sexes is dangerous, in so far that while in matchless slovenliness these garments prevent any illusion, they also cover or misrepresent every natural grace. The much better way in which these things are done across the Channel is ignored, or regarded as being very improper.

Whatever the character of the situation is, one sort of architecture also prevails in nearly all of the watering-places; and the favorite model has been the semi-classic style of stuccoed and pilastered fronts which came into vogue with the Prince Regent, and which may be seen to best advantage in the famous London street named after him. In Southport, as in Hastings, this is the shape which the more ambitious buildings are given, and all are painted a whitish-gray, a pale drab, or a nauseating yellow. Behind the esplanade, or marina, as the street facing the water is sonorously called, the circuitous passages of the old village that knew no summer boarders wind and connect the thatched or tiled cottages of the aborigines, which have an interest of their



BATHING VANS, MARGATE.

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'ARRY LOOKING FOR CHEAP LODGINGS.

own. The air in those alleys is savory of lobsters and shrimps, and the retrospective mind sweeps away the newer buildings that shut out the bay, and sees a time when the sand was hillocked up around the cottages, and the women could watch the boats, with their oak-tanned sails and high black hulls, coming in from the fishing grounds. Here and there a difference may be found between one place and another, but it is not often in architecture. Ilfracombe is on a cliff, and Lytham on a sand-hill, but both possess rows of the pilastered and bilious-looking visitors' houses. The main points of deviation are in the months which bring the fashion, and the existence of a promenade pier and aquarium. The season at Scarborough is from the middle of July to the middle of October, and at Brighton from October on. Southport and Brighton have aquariums. Margate and Blackpool have not. Such variety as there is usually exists in situation, climate, and the class of visitors, not in the character of the amusements nor the manner of life. But it would be unfair not to add that in situation and salubrity places like Scarborough, Ilfracombe, Torquay, and Llandudno have an indisputable charm to all who do not mind the persistent rain of the English sea-coast. At Torquay the average number of days on which rain falls in a year is 132; at Penzance, 178; and at these two places the climate is exceptionally fine.

Torquay is the queen of all in beauty. It covers more space in proportion to its population than any other town in the United Kingdom. Its villas are set among the terraces of the surrounding cliffs and hills, and screened from one another by a profusion of foliage; the upper windows show Torbay, with its encircling promontories. The water is pure, and delicate in color; the sun shines—when it shines at all—through a film of gold, and the air feels like unwoven silk drawn across the face. It reminds one of Newport in the luxuriousness of its foliage, the elasticity of its lawns, and its masses of flowers.

There is no fault to be found with the situation of most of the watering-places, in fact; but at Torquay, as elsewhere, the bathing is done without the exercise of common-sense, except by the men and boys, who retire to a sheltered part of the shore, and strike out *in puris naturalibus*, and what especially strikes one is the seriousness and unpicturesqueness of the crowds. The vulgar excursionist—the London 'Arry—can guffaw enough, and put plenty of vigor into his antics; he is as awkward, though not so amusing, as a young giraffe at play, and his mirth is not genuine. But the sparkle, the animation, the light-heartedness, and the variety of costume which are seen in America, and which contribute to a dramatic or, if you will, theatrical effect, are missing at the English sea-side, and an aspiring playwriter could not gather the faintest inspiration from it in his most impressionable mood.

To see one of the most characteristic phases of watering-place life, one should go to Southport, which is between the estuaries of the Mersey and the Ribble, in Lancashire, and is nearly equidistant from Liverpool and Manchester, and which exists on the patronage of both cities. Southport used to be a dignified old place, with sandy streets, and many charming little cottages occupied by elderly ladies, who cultivated the flowers in their gardens, economized with pennies, dressed in obso-

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lete fashion, and went abroad in donkey-carriages. I have a recollection of a certain cottage and a certain old lady—the old lady, benign and stately, dividing her abundant leisure between her flowers, miniature painting, and embroidery; the cottage full of mahogany, with curved griffin-like legs to the chairs, and very light brass handles to the drawers. There were bureaus filled with robes and linen, with pallid sprays of lavender between the folds; a reaper mowed the hours across the face of a solemn old clock; soft rugs were spread here and there, and the footsteps of a boy seemed like a profanation. I mention these things because they were characteristic of many interiors in Southport twenty years ago or more, and because the mistress of the cottage had a sisterly resemblance to many other old ladies, who, like her, dressed in faded and voluminously flounced silks, and wore short tubular curls over their temples, and lived in Southport because it was healthy, and adapted to the limitations of a moderate income. The exoteric "cheap tripper," with his lunch basket and bad manners, occasionally came down upon this peaceable community, but he was by no means overwhelming, as he has since become.

Then, in one of his moments of relaxation, it struck the reconstructive and pitch-into-it Manchester man that it would be a good idea to attach a watering-place to his stifling city, and that this could be done, possibly with pecuniary as well as other advantages, in annexing Southport and "improving" it; which he did through various joint-stock companies, the improvements being several large hotels, an aquarium, and a pier. The sleepy quiet of old is no more. The dowagers and spinsters, with their small incomes and eminent respectability, no longer give the place its character; the donkey-carriage has almost disappeared from the streets, and fronting the sea is a long street, with examples of many kinds of modern architecture, especially the deal and stucco style which we have before mentioned as being so common in England. There are some old ladies left, with the remembered air of superannuation and decayed grandeur, but the excursionist from Manchester, Liverpool, Bolton, St. Helen's, and Wigan has made the place his own.

It is a pleasant stroll along the iron pier, which extends nearly a mile outward from the sea-wall. The parade has an appearance of solidity and permanence not unmixed with beauty. There are many handsome villas and hotels



ON BRIGHTON PIER.

upon it, and near the southern end the pale green dome of the winter garden and aquarium looks like a tinted cloud. The pier itself is like the quarter-decks of a score or more *Great Easterns* laid togeth-

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er, and is carried over a vast reach of sand mixed with alluvium which holds the print of every footstep. Under a gray sky the beach touches one with sadness, it is so long, so low, and so desolate. There is a vari-colored row of bathing-machines here and there, a lugger looming up high and dry, a cart gathering sand and sea-weed, ribs of a creamy and beady scum, and shallow pools which the last tide has left behind. About a third of the width of the pier is occupied by a tramway, up and down which open cars are operated by an endless wire cable and a steam-engine, and the novelty of the ride induces many to take it who could better walk. There are also side shows on the pier, including mechanical toys which perform various manœuvres when a penny is dropped into a convenient box, and some Yankee-like advertisements appear, which urge the visitors "not to forget the dear ones at home." Bath-chairs are propelled to and fro, and the crowd of pleasure-seekers is emphatically provincial. When the end of the pier is reached, the distance is so great that the houses on the parade are no longer distinctly visible, and the low muddy beach looks peculiarly vast. A winding channel comes in here, and though the water is sluggish and turbid, it is the best that Southport affords, and a few bathers dabble in it in a feeble and half-hearted manner as the muddy ripples break around their knees. The tide slowly reclaims the wide and dreary beach, floating the boats, and compelling the removal of the bathing-machines. It comes up in a sneaking fashion, and when it has been to within about a quarter of a mile of the parade, it goes out again, as if ashamed of itself. There is scarcely more bathing at high water than at low. The Southport people take their sea-baths under cover in a large building on the parade, into which the water is pumped and filtered. In the evening a band plays at the end of the pier, and if the tide is up and the weather is fair, the scene is mildly gay. The excursionists find recreation in donkey-riding and negro-minstrel entertainments, which are supported by voluntary contributions. The better classes have the aquarium and winter garden, both of which are well stocked and judiciously managed. Lord Street is a fine thoroughfare, some ninety feet wide, in which new buildings for commercial and other purposes are alternated with many old-fashioned dwellings, before which long gardens, sweet with roses, geraniums, and jasmines, reach to a sidewalk in irreproachable condition. But Southport is not cheerful; it is even pathetic when we survey the dull yellow plain of alluvium, called a beach for courtesy or convenience, and the fatuous endeavors of the bathers to immerse and exhilarate themselves in the shallow wavelets which lap the mixture of mud and sand on the shore and take its color. And when we think of the white beaches along the Atlantic coast from the Isles of Shoals to Old Point Comfort, of the gladness of the blue waters and the bubbling of the surf, it seems to us that while showing, by adhering to their old customs in bathing-dresses and bathing-machines, that they do not know how to bathe, or, at least, how to get the most enjoyment out of the sea, the English have no such opportunity as those of us who are situated near Boston, New York, or Baltimore.

At one little place in Devonshire a change for the better has been made. A pavilion for ladies has been built with a number of well-arranged dressing-rooms in two rows, separated by a corridor. Each box is neatly furnished with seats, mirrors, and toilet requisites. The pavilion is prettily decorated, and a reading-room is attached to it. The bathers wear tasteful dresses, and are conveyed to the water in a little tram-car. But this is unique, and fully a century ahead of the accommodations elsewhere in England.

The "biggest thing" in English watering-places is Brighton, which is sometimes called London-by-the-Sea, and which in size and solidity corresponds with the great metropolis, and is a worthy and appropriate "annex" to it. It is practically no farther from Belgravia than Coney Island is from Madison Square. The fast trains whirl down to it in a little more than an hour, at a cost to the passengers of from eight shillings, second class, to twelve shillings, first class. A business man may leave his office in the city at a late hour in the afternoon, and have time for dinner and a walk on the pier or a drive along the King's Road before dark. It is London repeated on a small scale, without the smoke and the slums, and with a purer atmosphere, though with scarcely less of a crowd. The shops are London shops, the actors at the theatre

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GIRLS BATHING, BRIGHTON.

belong to London companies, the faces and dresses have become familiar in the Strand or Piccadilly, and the Cockney dialect, with its soft drawl and misused aspirates, is heard oftener than any other. Like London, too, its social life is sustained by many classes circulating in a general current, but never affiliating, and while in one quarter coronets are no rarity, and a prince leads society, in another the excursionist of a day, or the tradesman spending a two-weeks' holiday, smokes his brier or cutty and eats his shrimps without feeling the disparity, and without realizing that Brighton was not made especially for the delectation of his own class.

But though practically incorporated with it, Brighton is fifty miles away from the city, and lying between the two are undulating English landscapes with many shady lanes and ancient villages, through which the train flies when it is once beyond the spacious limits of London. Under the Box Hill Tunnel, which is the scene of a story by Charles Reade, and has often done service in fiction, over the lofty spans of the Seven Bridges, through deep and friable cuttings of chalk and limestone—this is the way to London-

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by-the-Sea; and as we come nearer to it the land is hillier, the foliage less abundant, and flocks of sheep are seen fattening on the nutritious grasses of the breezy South Downs.

What sort of a place is it where the big metropolis airs itself? There are so few who have not seen it, and made up their minds about it, that any one with a first impression to record has something out of the common; it is one of the sights, like Westminster Abbey and the Tower, which every Englishman feels it incumbent upon him to include in his experience, and among all the passengers we alone, apparently, are entering the unknown. Visions of what it will be like follow each other in our expectations, and when, with a precursory screech, the engine flashes it upon us, it is wholly different from anything we have imagined. Any one with definite information who could correctly picture Brighton to himself in advance of seeing it would be more fortunate in his power of divination than reasonable in his conjecture. In that part where the dépôt is, its appearance is so unlike what anticipation has made it that it provokes a smile. No sea is visible, no fine houses, no massive hotels, no wide streets. The colder and stronger air and the mists flying overhead give some assurance that the sea is not far away, but we walk a mile or more before we hear it falling on the shingly beach with a sharp, reiterated hiss.

Looking to the east from the train as it enters the terminus, we see a compact region of houses, with a pale drab effect, apparently built in terraces, which in the twilight seem like the benches of an immense amphitheatre, and leaving the dépôt, we come out on a hilly and narrow street, with a preponderating number of economical restaurants and taverns, whose tariffs are profusely displayed in the windows and at the doors. Most of the buildings are old, and many of them have bulging fronts and bay or oriel windows; the common material is brick or stucco, and when it is the latter, it is painted the customary drab, which in some praiseworthy instances is substituted by a less objectionable lemon-color. The eating-houses divide the occupation of the street with small shops of all sorts, wine and liquor vaults, and some boarding-houses with cards in the windows announcing apartments to let. Branching from it are other winding streets, going up hill on one side of the artery, and down on the other, which usually mislead any one unacquainted with their sinuosities, and in between are many small alleys and courts, a few feet wide, which, enticing the stranger into them by their air of mystery and antiquity, or appealing to his sense of the picturesque by their peaked gables, galleried fronts, scarlet tiles, and clustered chimney-pots, involve him in a labyrinth of old shops and old houses, to extricate himself from which is nearly as easy as a Chinese puzzle. This is in the heart of Brighton, and these old byways were serviceable to those who knew them long before London had appropriated and reconstructed the fishing village for its recreation. There are second stories overlapping first stories, and dormer windows, like hooded sun-bonnets, on the sunken roofs. A favorite style of architecture is a plaster surface to the walls, with stones as large as a man's foot imbedded in it for ornament; and the same sort of stones is used in the pavement, which slopes into an open gutter. Neither in the main streets nor in the complicated tributaries are there any distinguishing signs of a watering-place; the "local atmosphere" is singularly uncharacteristic; excursionists stare into the shop windows, and crowd the sidewalks, and for all that is obvious to the contrary, we might be in some country town on market-day.

Eventually, however, we reach the bottom of the hill, and there before us lies the sea, chafing against a long, narrow, and pebbly beach, with nothing between it and the horizon. There is a masonry wall all along the water-front, extending from which are many sloping jetties to prevent the encroachment of currents, which before now have eaten away good slices of the town. The jetties divide the beach into sections, and the sections are of varying levels, the pebbles having been heaped up several feet higher in some than in others. From the sea-wall inward is an excellent macadamized road, an ample promenade, and spaces of grass, flowers, and shrubbery, fronting upon which is a continuous line of buildings, forming a street over three miles long, without a sign of shabbiness from end to end. There are modern hotels six and seven stories high, old-fashioned taverns with bay-windows and an air of fastidious cleanliness, rows of dwelling-houses

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which it is not extravagant to call palatial, handsome shops with costly displays in the windows, and bathing establishments scarcely smaller than the largest hotels. Toward the western end the parapet is from six to sixteen feet above the beach, the town being built up from it in a lateral valley. Farther east the street curves up a cliff, with a smooth and white escarpment, where it is over sixty feet above the level of the beach. Here and there the street debouches into a crescent or square of luxurious dwelling-houses, with inclosed parks and gardens. The architecture is that of Mayfair and Belgravia. The aquarium is built under the cliff, and its picturesque clock tower and arched entrance are practically all of it that is above-ground. It is an enchanted domain below, where in crepuscular avenues the silent and lithe creatures of the deep come and stare and gasp at us with stoic unconcern, and seem to dissolve in the water that contains them. An hour in the aquarium will supply all the accessories of nightmare for a month: we have been thrice devoured by a lobster with eyes like black globular beads; the scallops have danced to our whistling in uneasy dreams; and a sturgeon has haunted us with the demonaic pertinacity of De Quincey's Malay.

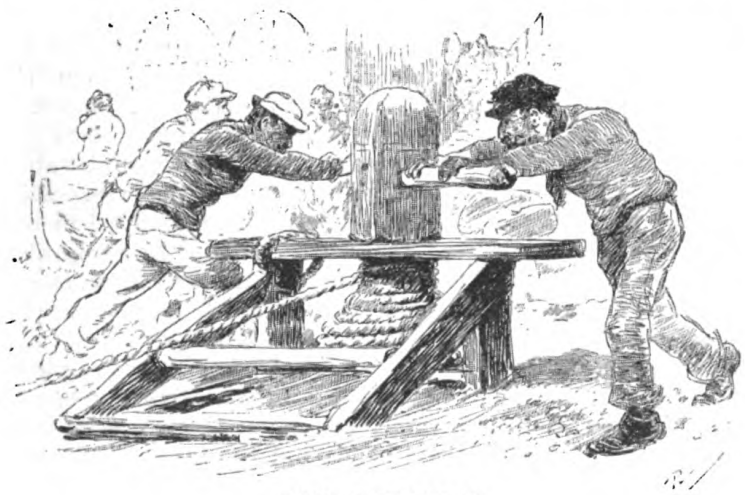
It is to be remembered that with the exception of the crescents and squares and intersecting streets, there is no break in the three miles of buildings which abut on the sea; the houses, shops, baths, and hotels are set together without any unoccupied lots between them. But to fully comprehend the extent of Brighton, one should go out on the pier, and then the place may be seen in its complex and substantial entirety. Compared to it, the most crowded American watering-place—Coney Island, Atlantic City, or Long Branch—is nothing more than a camp. It is veritably, and not in any fancifulness of nomenclature, a city by the sea—a city modelled on London, and having the structural permanency of the metropolis. It is not built on the banks of a river, nor at the head of a gulf, nor in the shelter of a bay. It is immediately on the coast; the chalk cliffs, with their grassy summits, are at either side of it, and the water is never more than a few yards from the esplanade. The solidity and compactness of the frontage of buildings, and the heights covered with houses, are things which must excite the wonder of any one who sees them for the first time.

Brighton is not busy for a few summer months only, and then left to the gales, the fishermen, and the coast-guard. Though the fashionable season does not begin until late in September or early in October, the excursionists crowd it from the early summer until late in the year. From August to December the climate is most salubrious—warm, elastic, and bracing. An east wind keeps visitors away in the first months of the year, and the place is then deserted except by a mere handful of people—about one hundred and four thousand—who constitute the resident population.

The history of this village runs through a good many centuries, and introduces not a few interesting persons. Thackeray has said that George the Fourth invented Brighton, and in one sense this pre-eminent blackguard of a prince developed it by giving it his royal patronage; but to say nothing of the Romans, who have left their foot-prints and some other things in the neighborhood, it was the scene of several historic episodes long before the dissipated Hanoverian's time. On the night of October 14, 1651, a tall, swarthy young man with a companion slipped into the George Inn and said he would wait to meet a sea-faring acquaintance. In earlier days the host had been employed in one of the London palaces, and he recognized in his seedy visitor Prince Charles, son of the monarch who more than two years before had been beheaded at Whitehall. After the battle of Worcester the young king had experienced many adventures, and worn many disguises; there was a price upon his head; but the innkeeper, either from loyalty or discretion, did not offer to molest the fugitive or his companion. The captain of a collier, Nicholas Tettersell, then appeared, and took Charles and his companion, who was the Earl of Rochester, on board his vessel, and landed them in France, for which service many things were promised. The Restoration came, but none of the gifts, and Tettersell therefore sailed into the Thames and moored off Whitehall, where his dingy bark attracted the attention of the king, who, being thus reminded, gave the captain a ring, a perpetual annuity of £100 a year, and took the collier into the navy under the name of the *Lucky Escape*.

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Brighton at this time was a small fishing village, named after Brighthelm, a Saxon bishop; and in 1703 it was destroyed by a storm, some of the houses being found buried in the sand fifteen feet below the surface a century later. Dr. Johnson, the Thrales, and Goldsmith visited the village which replaced the old one. A noted physician indorsed the place; and in 1781 the Prince of Wales bought a house for himself, and entered upon a course of profligacy which drove the more decent visitors away. He built the Pavilion, a preposterous edifice, with reminiscences of Russia, Algiers, and Constantinople in its architecture—a medley of domes, campaniles, and pinnacles, which is still one of the shows of the City by the Sea. Among his boon companions were three men nicknamed Hellgate, Newgate, and Cripplegate, and their sister, who, for obvious reasons, was called Billingsgate. There was also Sir John Lade, who had been a stableman, and his wife, whose accomplishments may be judged from the fact that to swear like Letty Lade was the ambition of all the other inmates of the Pavilion. Mrs. Fitzherbert had a house fronting on the Old Steyne, a pretty square, the name of which Thackeray has adopted for his villainous old marquis, and when the prince was in his most innocent moods he was to be found in her drawing-room. Chancellor Thurlow, Warren Hastings, Sheridan, and Sir Philip Francis, one of the supposed authors of the Junius Letters, were among the more reputable guests. These and the prince passed away; Mrs. Fitzherbert died here, and Brighton then attracted a better class of customers than, excepting a few, it had known in the associates and followers of George the Fourth. Thackeray was fond of Brighton. "One of the best physicians our city has ever known is Dr. Brighton," he has written in the *Newcomes*. "Hail, thou purveyor of shrimps and honest preserver of South Down mutton! There is no mutton so good as Brighton mutton; no flies so pleasant as Brighton flies; nor any cliff so pleasant to ride on; no shops so beautiful to look at as the Brighton gimcrack shops, the fruit shop, and the market."



WINDLASS, BRIGHTON.

If the people are heavy in their mirth, and the bathing accommodations are not what they might be, and if the architecture is monotonous and the weather capricious, still the crowd is always so restless, and is made up of so many elements, that it is entertaining, and the longer one stays in Brighton, the more one is apt to like it, and to be impressed with its size. The beach is of no great width, and except toward the east, and where there are some detached masses of rock coated with moss and sea-weed, and a space of sand, which is left wet and spongy at low water, it is formed of pebbles, reddish and amber in color, upon which the water breaks with a force that piles them up in furrows and terraces. The everlasting rattle, as the waves pour over them, is like a fusillade of rifles when the wind is blowing from the sea, and at other times it is comforting, and sways the listener into a mood of pensive laziness. They are drained so quickly that if their hardness is not objected to, they are safer to rest on than the sand, and lying on them, or sitting on one of the benches, which are placed a few yards apart, we can see how the crowd engages itself. The benches are in one sense a shave. It seems natural that they should be provided for the benefit of visitors by the corporation, but they are a part of a private speculation, and no sooner is a seat taken than a beach-man with a scarlet tan on his face like that which Nicholl

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LOOKING EAST AT LOW TIDE, BRIGHTON.

paints, and a blue Guernsey shirt, touches his fur cap and demands a penny. The pitch of the beach is steep, and the bathing-vans are lowered to the water's edge by ropes attached to windlasses near the sea-wall, which are worked like a ship's capstan. The vans and bathing-places for women are far apart from those reserved for men, but any exhibition which either sex makes of itself is open to the gaze of the spectators on the beach, who are in no way fenced off from the bathers. The men have the best of it. They are allowed to bathe in drawers, and can plunge off one of the small boats that patrol the front of the beach; while the women have to endure a variety of discomforts which far outweigh any possible compensation.

We can not describe the van better than by likening it again, as we have already done, to a sentry-box on wheels; it is about six feet in length and width, and about eight feet high, with a peaked roof. Sometimes it is colored with the fantastic lavishness of a canal-boat, and sometimes the whole of the superficial space is covered with advertisements. It has a door behind and in front, and as the floor is four feet above the ground, it has to be reached by a step-ladder. Having left her "valuables" in the hands of the bathing-woman, whose office is in a small wooden box, the bather closets herself; and when, in the opinion of the managers, she has had time to disrobe, the van is lowered to the edge of the water by the windlass, shaking her violently as it rolls over the pebbles. The equipment consists of a bench, a damp flannel gown, and two towels. The only light is from an unglazed opening in the roof; there is no mirror, and no fresh-water. The bather enters the surf by the front door, descending by another step-ladder like the one behind; and if she can not swim, the portly and sunburned nymph in attendance encircles her waist by a strong cord, attaching the shore end to the van. This precaution is very necessary, for the slope of the beach is precipitous, and the water breaks upon it with a sudden and vindictive force which only those who are strong can endure, and which often knocks down those who are weak. She whom we saw fifteen minutes before with a smiling face, and silken hair woven into obedient folds, and with a fastidious orderliness of dress, stands in a line with half a dozen or more other bathers, each tied to a van, receiving in an ungraceful and apprehensive stooping posture the blows of the incoming waves, which reach their waists in breaking, and scarcely cover their ankles

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THE PHOTOGRAPHER, BRIGHTON.

in retiring. The shapeless sacks that cover them are all bedraggled; their hair is tangled and matted; they dash handfuls of water into their faces, and paddle with their feet; and all the time they are preoccupied and fearful lest one of the violent waves should catch them unawares. They look less like women than an inferior sort of dolls, with some of the sawdust let out. When they have dabbled for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, and are unspeakably dishevelled, the bathing-woman hauls them in, and, with a beaming countenance, inquires of each as she enters the van, "'Ad a nice bath, mum?" That the answer to the question is usually in the affirmative shows, as we have insisted upon before, that the English can not know to the full extent what nepenthe there is in sea-bathing. Omitting Dawlish, the methods that prevail in Brighton are much the same as at other places on the benighted little island, except in the size or color of the vans, or the means adopted to bring them to or from the water, and, under the circumstances, it is not strange that many people prefer to take their sea-baths in buildings on shore.

But there are other amusements than bathing. A fleet of sloops is drawn up, high and dry on the pebbles, at the margin of the water, and with a shilling to pay, it is possible to go to sea in one of them for an hour—an inducement hoarsely reiterated by their crews, while the prospect of getting wet and seasick without additional charge is delicately left unmentioned, though it is something of a certainty. The departure of the boats is effected in a novel and exciting manner. They have all sails set, and are gradually loaded while lying on the beach. One passenger after another is beguiled on board with the assurance that the moment he embarks the vessel will be dispatched. The testimony as to which is the fastest and finest boat out of Brighton conflicts in the mouths of a score of vociferous solicitors. "Come, gents, come," the captain persuasively cries—"come and 'ave a nice jolly sail." "Come on, come on," his mate repeats; "a nice sail of ten miles for a shilling!" When all the seats are taken, and twenty or more passengers are on board, a stranger wonders how she is to be launched; but though it seems to be hazardous, it is usually done without any difficulty. The beachmen put their shoulders to the stern and gunwale, and

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with a little pushing she glides over the slope of loose pebbles as over rollers, and plunges deep into the surf, her passengers screaming with excitement as a sea breaks over the bow; she recovers in a moment, her head lifting to meet the next wave, and with filling sails she dances out by the end of the pier, beyond which the passengers may be left to their own emotions.

The boats, with bunting flying, and their white canvas shining, are going and coming constantly, and the pleading of their crews for customers drowns the sibilant noise of the sea. As they return from their trips they come full on to the beach with all sail set, and with an impetus that seems sure to throw them on their beam ends. Until a spectator becomes used to it, the speed with which they head in is alarming; but as they strike, the force simply carries them up the pebbles without injury, and a hawser being cast ashore, it is spun around one of the windlasses, by which the boats are hauled out of the reach of the surf, only a little water being shipped over the stern in the mean time.

The Brighton crowd is usually well-behaved under all circumstances, but it is composite; and that noisy and unwholesome creation of modern English life, the London 'Arry, is here among the rest. He is dressed in fancy materials of loud patterns; he wears big gilt rings and a heavy gilt watch chain, with nothing at the end of it; his shirt is crumpled, and spotted with tobacco juice and relics of the dinner table, and he always seems to have come out of a debauch. Wherever 'Arry goes he has his picture taken, as many other public characters have theirs; and we see one of the itinerant photographers who abound at the English sea-side, and practice their art for his delectation with a battered old camera under extraordinary difficulties, posing him on a capstan that his sweet image may be perpetuated. He has a cigar in the extreme corner of his mouth, his crimson neck-tie is drawn into four blades like the arms of a windmill, and his hat is placed so far to one side that it might have been designed to cover his right ear. When he is told to smile, his mouth expands fabulously. "That's fine, old man!" exclaims the photographer, in a burst of serious admiration, and 'Arry cheerfully puts a shilling into his hand in payment.

East of the Chain Pier, which was built nearly sixty years ago, and of which Turner has made a picture, there is a low reach of smooth beach, upon which, when the tide is out, the figures of the girls tracing their names in the moist sand, and the children paddling in the shallow water, look like silhouettes. The pier is black also, and in the distance the blue-white cliffs loom up that form the southern wall of England. A crowd of mud-larks, with their breeches rolled up over their thighs, and their sleeves above their



"CHUCK US IN A PENNY."

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OLD DOWAGER, BRIGHTON.

elbows, importune the passer-by to throw a "copper" into the water; and if their solicitations are gratified, they scramble for the coin, unconscious of their clothes, and indifferent to the wet. This is great fun for 'Arry, though it is not often that he contributes any money. As every craft and condition of life has some celebrity to point out, so even the mud-larks have had an illustrious precursor in the brawny Tom Sayers, who, when a boy, stood under the Chain Pier and dived for pennies.

Only people of a romantic or solitary turn come down to the sands, and to see the crowd one must be on the new pier when the band is playing. There are unnaturally elongated soldiers, with bulging chests enveloped in red jackets, and silly little caps stuck on the sides of their heads; there are shop-boys who have come from London for the day, and young collegians with "trenchers" on, from the many educational establishments in the neighborhood; there are well-dressed elderly gentlemen with a military air, and some compactly built young fellows, with the high color that comes from exposure, dressed in shaggy-looking Tweeds; there are gentlemen whose costume shows that it is the absorbing business of their lives, and pinchbeck imitators of them who are pitiably fatuous in their ambition; there are voluminous elderly ladies, with a lobster-like complexion that once, no doubt, was the peachy glow and bloom which we admire in the faces of the crowds of supple, active, athletic girls who wear glove-like bodices, and who outnumber all others on the pier. Some are afoot, and many are in Bath-chairs. There is an old dowager who sits in serene majesty in a Bath-chair, large and serious, and sharing the vehicle with a snappy terrier, attended by a meek little man, despairing yet submissive, and drawn by a jaded servant, who is nearly overcome by her avoirdupois. There is also a fragile invalid, a pale girl, with a remote look in her eyes; and in another chair comes a gigantic man, whose massive frame is ill matched with the emaciation of his face. Suffering edges along by the side of exuberant health, and the poor old hack dragging the invalid's chair times his step as

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nearly as he can to the music of the opéra bouffe. It is not a gay crowd, but it is made up of many classes. There are Germans and French in it, and here are faces that we saw in Broadway the week before last. The activity is constant, and out of the coffee-room window of our tavern in the King's Road we see a procession all day long.

It is an old-fashioned tavern, from which coaches start to London every day, and in which the beds have four posts and heavy curtains, and the waiters are senatorial in manner, and nothing can be had without a delay of an hour or more. The customers are plethoric old gentlemen who have sat in the same corners and done the same things during most of their natural lives.



HASTINGS CASTLE.



ON MARGATE PIER.

The old tavern was the genuine article. Some Americans doubt whether the real old-fashioned tavern has an existence, but this was one; and in the good old-fashioned way, when the day of reckoning came, we were presented with an account based on the most liberal scale (in the landlord's favor), and as we departed, all the servants, from the boots to the head waiter, stood in a row before us, with "a look" in their faces that made fees for services never done more compulsory than any item in the bill.

Brighton is midway between a score of other watering-places more or less supported by London patronage. At one side of it are Eastbourne, St. Leonard's, Hastings, and Dover; on the other side is the Isle of Wight, Bognor, Swanage, Bournemouth, and Weymouth. Perhaps of all none is more charming than Hastings and St. Leonard's, which are practically one, an archway being the only point of separation. They are built under and upon

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ON MARGATE SANDS.

the great cliffs. At one end is a nest of fishermen's cottages, swarming up the heights, with red-tiled roofs and black walls, and along the edge of the precipices are the parapets of a gray old castle built by William the Conqueror, who landed near by.

Sixty miles or so to the northeast is Ramsgate, and ten miles farther on is Margate, both of which, like Brighton, have been in one sense incorporated with the big metropolis, which sends thousands of excursionists to them daily. The beach at each place is low and sandy, and the water is muddy and yellow. Quiet lodgings are to be had both at Ramsgate and at Margate, but if "selectness" or tranquillity is desired, the beach at neither one nor the other can be recommended. That at Ramsgate has all the features of a country fair, and the laborious merriment of 'Arry has full swing. There are scores of peddlers and public entertainments. The music of bands, barrel-organs, fiddlers, harps, and penny whistles, the screams of the bathers, the cries of showmen, the laughter of children, and the entreaties of boatmen swell together in tremendous discord. From ten in the morning until dark the sands are crowded with vigorous and dishevelled holiday-makers, who push and shout as if their enjoyment depended on the extent of their muscular energy. Here is 'Arry "chaffing the gals," the swell-mob man, the laborer out for one day in the whole year with his wife and little ones, the swell tradesman, and the soldier on furlough. The display of juvenile nakedness at the water's edge has no conventional limit, and prodigious feats of engineering are conducted by numbers of small persons with buckets and wooden spades. There are men selling buns, milk, lemonade, ice-cream, crabs, and shrimps, each peddler vociferating his wares in the highest key. There are "Ethiopian serenaders" and "Hibernian minstrels." Here is a very respectable-looking woman with a guitar, singing songs which she announces to be of "her own composition," and here is a small clog-dancer dancing to the music of a sinister-looking old man. The performances are all supported by voluntary contributions, and the throng passes from one to another, bestowing more coppers than it would consent to give if the payment were arbitrary. Much of the fun is innocent, but 'Arry is dominant, and vicious as well as unpleasant, and has spoiled more than one English watering-place.

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TO-MORROW AT TEN.

A NEWPORT IDYL.

How the band plays to-night all those lovely Strauss airs
That I danced here last year, or sat out on the stairs,
With Mulready and Blakesley, and that English cadet
Of her Majesty's service—little Beresford Brett!
Tum-ti-tum—there's that perfect "Blue Danube." Oh dear!
How I wish that Mulready or Blakesley were here!
What's to-day or to-night to the nights that are fled?
What's the rose that I hold to the rose that is dead?

But speaking of roses reminds me of those
That I wore at the French frigate ball, at the close
Of the season. 'Twas in early September,
Just a little bit coolish and chill, I remember,
But a heavenly fair night; and the band, how it played!
And how to its music we waltzed there! and staid
Deep into the midnight, or morning, before
We thought of departure. Then that rowing to shore
In the chill and the dark, I shall never forget.
At my left hand sat Blakesley, and at my right Brett,
Whispering foolish soft nothings—Brett, not Blakesley, I mean,
For Blakesley was dumb. But under the screen
Of the darkness I saw him quite clear
Kiss the rose that I wore above my left ear.
Ah! as soft on my cheek I felt the light touch
Of his breath as he bent there, my heart beat with such
A wild pulse for a moment, that, giddy and faint,
I turned to the breeze, with a sudden complaint
Of the air I found close: and the air was like wine—
A strong western wind from a sky clear and fine.
It was just at that moment our boat came to land,
And I stumbled and fell as I stepped on the sand,
And 'twas Brett's arms that caught me, and I never knew quite
What I said in that instant, for I thought, in the night,
It was Blakesley who held me; and Blakesley, it seems,
Was somewhere behind, and—but what foolish old dreams
Of that dead and gone time! for what do I care
For the things of last year, its mistakes or despair,
When here's to-day and to-night with such untroubled skies,
And laid at my feet the season's great prize
For my taking or leaving, and to-morrow at ten
I'm to give him my answer—this prize amongst men.

Of course I have made up my mind to accept,
And to-night I must burn up that rose I have kept
From last year, and the notes signed T. B., and cease to recall
That foolish old time of the French frigate ball.
Tom Blakesley indeed! as if I should care
But to scorn such a stupid— Hark! there's a step on the stair--
And I told John to-night to say, "Not at home,"
To any and all of my friends that might come.
And he's hunting me out with some card he has brought,
The donkey! Now, John— What! Mr. Blakesley! I thought—
Oh, Tom! Tom! let me go. How can you—how dare—
What, you thought that I chose little Beresford there
That night in the boat, and that you— Let me go, sir.
You're the stupidest man— A whole year! Don't you know, sir,
That to-morrow - What is that?—in Egypt and Rome

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All this year—and meeting last month little Brett, you came home
In the very next steamer—and 'twas love, love, you say,
And despair, that sent you, and kept you away?



"WHAT IS THAT?—YOU'VE BEEN ILL ALL THIS YEAR?"

H-m!—well, it may be; but, you see, other men
Have not been so stupid; and I—well, to-morrow at ten
I'm to give— What is that?—you've been ill all this year?—
Come home but to die? Oh, Tom, Tom, my darling, my dear,
Not to die, but to live; and I—yes, to-morrow I'll give
My refusal at ten; and you—ah, you'll stay, Tom, and *live!*

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LOTOS LAND.

WE found Lotos Land at last. Up and down through many strange lands we had wandered, like Homer's Great Tramp, looking for some spot around which, during a brief vacation, we might draw the charmed circle which should shut out all the fretting incidents and crushing cares of yesterday, and where we might forget all the toil and turmoil and multiplied burdens of the great bustling world in which we lived and struggled the rest of the year.

Vain was the search. Business and not rest, politics and not quiet, ethics and not peace, fashion and not contentment, heart-burnings and not heart's-ease, entered still the daily rounds of life, and the din of the world's ceaseless conflict struck heavily upon our ears. Is there no place, then, where we may live in dreamy forgetfulness of this great thundering machine which we call the world? Must a man die and be buried before he can forget, even for one delicious hour, what State and city he lives in, what business he follows, what interests yield him his bread and butter?

Season after season, as the dog-days came on, these thoughts pressed heavily upon us, while the winds of chance or perversity drove us hither and yon, until one year the summer breezes blew us, not like Ulysses upon the Libyan shores, but upon the broad bosom of the River St. Lawrence; and here we found our rest. Between these shores we float and fish, we sing and sleep amid the wondrous beauties of this lovely archipelago, until we forget that once we knew other scenes and other men, until every day seems like a new and separate life, and we have almost to pinch ourselves to realize that beyond this river is another world, where there are loved ones waiting our return, business that soon will be crying for our care, vulgar dollars and cents to be reckoned, or scrambled for.

And so Lotos Land is, to us, no longer a creation of old Homer's fervid imagination. For three delightful summers we have seen and touched the real land of dreamy forgetfulness. We know, by grace of the geologists, whence it is, and that it was evolved from some grand convulsion of Nature's mighty forces, when thousands of islands pushed their heads

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above the waters, and rocks were rent asunder, and upward through ten thousand narrow, sinuous rifts the volcanic substances rose from their fiery beds to cool their hot faces in the light of day, and bathe their shapeless forms in the limpid waters of the lakes. Mighty river and inland sea, mountain and plain, island and continent, Nature in her sweet and placid aspect, and in her dark and awful mood, all are blended here to form that singular combination of elements which the Iroquois Indians so appropriately named *Man-a-to-ana*—"the Garden of the Great Father."

My first knowledge of the Thousand Islands was, like almost all good things, obtained without any thanks being due therefor to my own perceptions or wise forethought. Among the many royal good fellows who live and move and have their being in that longest and narrowest, richest and poorest, most Christian and most heathen city west of the Atlantic, was my friend John. His search in life was, not for forgetfulness, but for the health which had been shattered years before by too assiduous a pursuit of business. Together John and I had been all the spring planning for our vacation. Now the scheme embraced two weeks in the saddle among the White Mountains; again it took the form of a rough trip to the Newfoundland Banks with a mackerel fleet; and later, of a yachting cruise up the Sound and along the coast to Mount Desert.

But as the weeks slipped by, and the time drew nearer, John's cheeks grew more pinched and his hacking cough worse, until it was plain that these vigorous pursuits must be abandoned, and he must seek quiet surroundings and healing air. Some one suggested the Thousand Islands, and because we knew nothing against them, and not because we knew the first fact in their favor, except their reputation for ozone, there we decided to go. Accordingly there was an exodus from Gotham, and one steaming hot night four of us were tucked away in that modern sweat-box denominated by common courtesy a sleeping-car, en route for Cape Vincent, viâ the New York Central. One of our sleeping-car companions was a silk-merchant, who could tell the whole interesting story of silk-culture in the Orient, and knew the entire St. Lawrence region intimately. I became deeply interested in his silk narrative, and could not help overhearing afterward his gossip with two young men from Ottawa, which displayed a knowledge of Canadian genealogy most creditable to his memory. Here was the man, thought I, who could direct me to the spots most desirable to see, and save no end of dreary hunting after interesting facts. To my anxious inquiry what there was to see, and was there any special point a visitor ought to see, he thoughtfully and hesitatingly replied, "Nothing but the islands." The dog-days had departed: it was chilly as November. This man had seen the whole world, he knew all the ins and outs of business, his early home was on the St. Lawrence, and all *he* had seen about the Thousand Islands was their plurality. Not very encouraging that to a man who had given up the glories of a two weeks' gallop through the mountains!

But the chill was yet to be deepened. I confess to a disappointment in my first view of the Thousand Islands from the deck of the mail-steamer from Cape Vincent. She rushed along the main American channel, past points, and coves, and islands great and small, but too distant to display their wild and varied beauty. A cold storm was coming on, and I stood shivering in a light overcoat, and cross-legged to keep my knees warm at high noon, while the noon before I had trodden the hot pavements of Wall Street mopping my reeking brow under a dog-day sky. That weather was exceptional, however, and while it is never hot to us Gothamites—except occasionally at midday—it is generally about like early June in New York, except that the nights are always cool enough for comfortable sleeping.

From Cape Vincent, where we took the little river steamer, there is little to engage the eye except the broad and magnificent expanse of river widening just beyond the cape into the grander expanse of Lake Ontario. We stopped at Clayton, at which point the Utica and Black River Railroad has its terminus, and then steamed away for Round Island, where a large hotel has recently been built upon a small island, which is designed specially as a resting-place for the Baptists. Indeed, the various religious denominations are vying with each other in the establishment of watering-places in this Garden of the Great Father. A

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THOUSAND ISLAND PARK—BOAT-HOUSES AND COTTAGES.

few miles below we stopped again at Thousand Island Park, where the Methodists have erected a thousand-acre plot at the head of Wells' Island into a resort after the general plan of Ocean Grove. It is the most advanced, in many respects, of any summering place among the islands, except that it as yet lacks good hotels. The number of cottages is considerable, and some are very handsome, while hundreds of tents are leased during the season to transient parties. One feature at this pretty location, however, strikes the visitor most strangely, and that is the untimely thrift of the association, which imposes an admittance fee of fifteen cents for every passenger entering the grounds. Even the regular cottagers and lot owners are required to pay every day they leave the park and return, though they may purchase monthly tickets at a reduced rate. Directly opposite, upon the American mainland, is Fisher's Landing, which has a hotel well filled through the season, and glories in a telegraph station. Hub Island, lying close to Wells', is a little bare rock, upon which is a hotel almost entirely covering it. We saw skiffs lying at the kitchen door unloading milk, fish, and vegetables directly upon the kitchen floor—Venice on a small scale. Near by is Grinnell's Island, which is very little larger than the hotel it supports; and off further toward the Canadian shore stands yet another hotel upon the dark steep sides of Hemlock Island, accessible only from the

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ALEXANDRIA BAY.

river, and then by long flights of wooden steps.

The stop at Thousand Island Park was barely long enough to grasp these facts as the obliging engineer pointed them out, and we were again on our way. Now we were running nearer the shores, and the passengers began to lean over the rail, and show their delight at the beauties of nature unfolding to view. Presently we pass four white cottages nestling among the oak-trees side by side, which their owners have christened the "Jolly Oaks." And they look jolly. Hammocks are swung beneath the ample branches of the oaks; below the bank their pretty skiffs rest at the water's edge; and the inmates of all four houses stand on their piazzas, waving a welcome to our snorting little propeller as she passes. Such were the Jolly Oaks when first I saw them; such they have been every time we have passed their hospitable doors since. We have steamed by early and late, on the mail-steamer and in one of those pretty St. Lawrence steam-yachts; but never yet has the puff of our engine failed to bring the

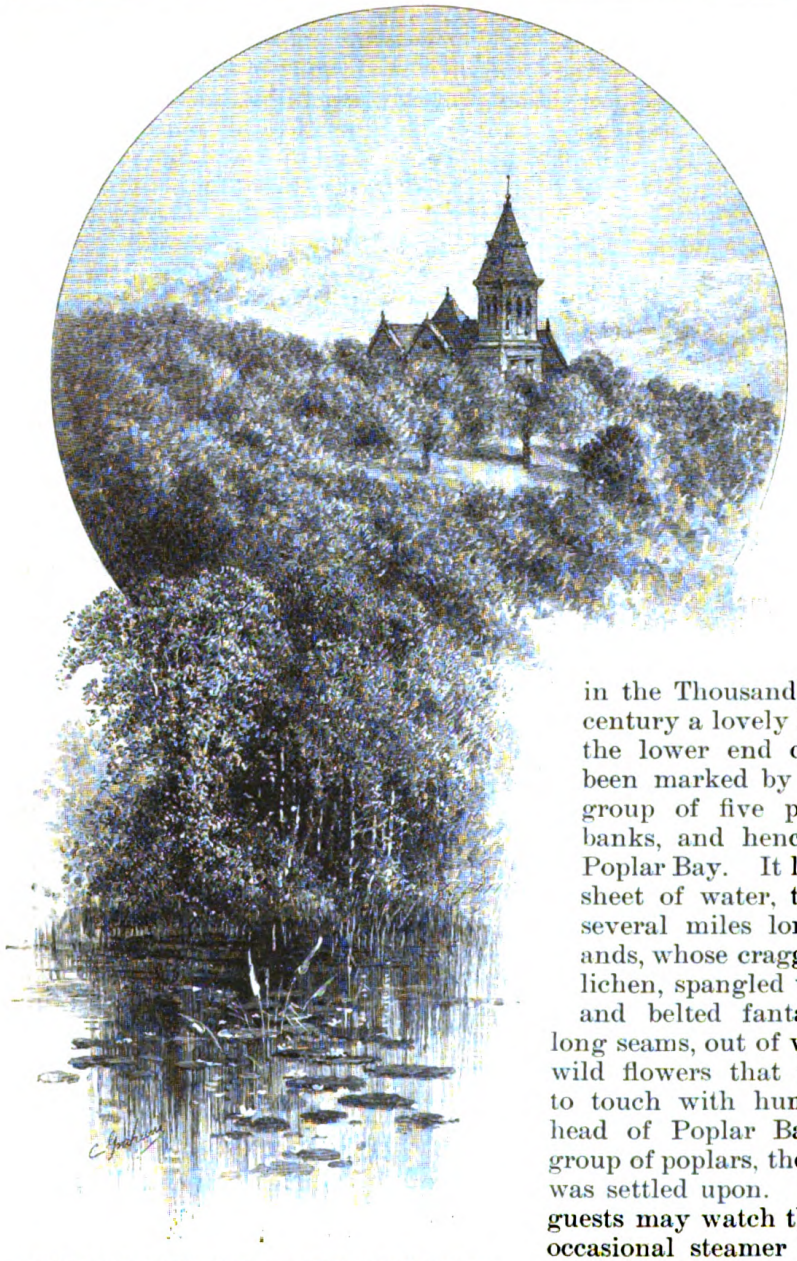
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Jolly Oaks settlement to the front in full force, waving hats, handkerchiefs, flags, and on one particularly inspiring occasion giving to the ozone-charged breeze what bore suspicious resemblance to a table-cloth. And now the islands thicken in the channel. Islands to right of us, islands to left of us, islands in front of us, lift up their heads, crowned here with jutting rocks, there with forest trees, and again flanked by grassy slopes extending to the water's edge, and fringed with trees whose drooping branches reach down their leafy tips to drink the clear green waters of the river. The view grows more charming as we proceed. Channels open between the islands in every direction, and as our little steamer drives swiftly along the main and broadest channel, the shifting scenes go by us like a panorama. To our left still lies Wells' Island, nine miles long, shutting out all view beyond, while off to the right we catch through the rock-bound channels an occasional glimpse of the American mainland. A run of half an hour more brings us to Alexandria Bay. This is the central point of interest. For ten miles up and an equal distance down the river the islands lie thickest, the cottages are most numerous, and the fishing most alluring. The village, which takes its name from the bay, is perched upon a rocky headland on the American shore. Little can be said concerning the attractiveness of the little town itself, but it is surrounded by some of the finest scenery in the world, and has two very comfortable hotels.

Every day at Alexandria Bay witnesses a comical scene. Each of the principal hotels intrusts its interests with the travelling public, so far as choice of house is concerned, to "men and brudders" of sable hue, and the rivalry of these dusky runners, each clad in the livery of his house, and wearing a broad gold-lace band upon his cap, is of a deadly bitterness. Before the plank is thrown to the dock the entertainment begins. The representative of the older house is rather slender and short of stature, and scorns to ask an ally in his daily warfare. The rival house sends down two mighty champions. One is tall and distinguished-looking, with Burnside whiskers and an eagle eye, and his assistant is one of the fattest, oiliest negroes out of Congo land. Aldermanic in his measure between the suspender buttons, epicurean in the development of neck and jowl, intensely economical in the proportions of the upper part of the head, and lavish to a fault in the matter of feet, he provokes a smile from all beholders as he rolls himself to his place beside his chief at the head of the plank, and clears his always husky throat for action. Their rival calls out from the opposite side of the plank, in shrill clarion notes, "This way to the C—— House"; and the moment the first word has escaped his lips, Burnside strikes in with his deep trombone, determined to spoil the rest of his rival's sentence by his overwhelming, "This way to the T—— House." Burnside is dramatic, too. He stands erect, as a commanding officer should; his manly head is tilted back to allow his stentorian voice free exit, and his gold-laced arm moves first toward the moving column of passengers, and then is brought with majestic sweep across his manly breast, with index finger extended toward his left shoulder. At this point the alderman takes up the last note of his chief, and in cracked and husky thunder tones bellows, "To de right fo' de T—— House." Not till the last passenger has left the plank do these worthies cease their almost superhuman efforts to drown the clarion notes of the opposition runner; and then our alderman strips off his coat to handle baggage, and battle afresh with the minion of the rival house. Each was trying one morning to get his baggage first from the great pile of trunks, and after sundry vigorous elbowings and hunchings of each other, the alderman brought a prolonged dispute to a summary termination by bursting out with: "Wot's mine's mine; wot's yourn's yourn. Dat's all 'bout it, now."

Opposite Alexandria Bay, at the foot of Wells' Island, lies Westminster Park, founded four years ago by a Presbyterian association, of which the Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson was president. To call it, however, a denominational watering-place, would be now incorrect, for it differs from the other resorts among the Thousand Islands only in the facts that the unsold lots are owned by the Westminster Park Association, that Sunday excursion parties are not permitted to land or disturb the quiet of its peaceful Sabbaths, and that the liquor traffic is entirely prohibited. The association has erected a chapel upon the summit of Mount Beulah, just behind the hotel, and its tower, rising

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CHAPEL ON MOUNT BEULAH, WESTMINSTER PARK.

above the dense mass of forest trees crowning the eminence, is a landmark for many miles around. From this tower is one of the finest views to be had anywhere. Over one hundred islands may be seen from this point dotting the broad expanse of water. Down the river the sweep of vision extends till the woody sides of Dark Island and the high flat top of Corn Island shut off the view. Behind lies that singular and lovely sheet of water, the "Lake of the Isles"—a lake within a river, of which we shall see more presently. To the right are the white houses and imposing hotels of Alexandria Bay, and to the left, beyond the rocky points of La Rue and Club islands, are the eight houses clustered upon the Canadian mainland, which international courtesy requires us to recognize as the village and custom-house station of Rockport. At our feet, just clear of the lines of trees, stands our hotel, the "Westminster," and here was our summer home. The location is unquestionably the finest in the Thousand Islands. For over a century a lovely little bay, jutting into the lower end of Wells' Island, has been marked by the river pilots by a group of five poplar-trees upon its banks, and hence took the name of Poplar Bay. It looks out upon a great sheet of water, three miles wide and several miles long, studded with islands, whose craggy sides are gray with lichen, spangled with mossy cushions, and belted fantastically across with long seams, out of which grow ferns and wild flowers that none can ever hope to touch with human fingers. At the head of Poplar Bay, and close to the group of poplars, the location of this hotel was settled upon. From one piazza the guests may watch the distant form of an occasional steamer toiling slowly along near the Canadian shore on her long journey from Montreal to Toronto, and wonder at the strange and rapid prismatic changes constantly taking place in the appearance of the waters of the bay. From the two other piazzas he gets a view of the American shore, and Alexandria Bay with its beautifully improved islands. One of these islands, now called "Fairy-land," has more than ordinary interest, not only for its beauty and the adornment which the taste of its owners has added, but for the circumstances connected with its adornment. The story was told me as follows: A wealthy family from Columbus, Ohio, brought an invalid

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POPLAR BAY.

daughter to the islands in an almost hopeless search for health. She was so weak that friends were required to carry her in arms, but before the season was over she had experienced so marked an improvement from this remarkably ozone-laden air that an island summer home was decided upon. This island was purchased, and two brothers built upon it each his house. The invalid began a systematic and carefully considered course of exercise in rowing. By degrees her strength came back. Everything that love could suggest and wealth purchase was added to her island home to make it beautiful. Grounds were tastefully laid out; summer-houses, observatories, and rambles were built; docks, boat-houses, and bathing-houses were constructed. By courtesy of the occupants a party of us was permitted to land, and roam over the island. It was a fairy-land. Art had gone just far enough. Nature had been adapted to man just far enough, and left unmolested for the rest. A trim little steam-yacht, the property of the two families, was lying at the little dock. Nothing was lacking to make her complete, not even an organ, which we fancied we could hear accompanying the chorus of happy voices as

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the boat ploughed the water. And all this outlay and loving care had brought its full recompense and reward, for the daughter was well again; and now every summer brings these families back, and each season sees "Fairy-land" grow more and more suggestive of its even now appropriate name.

Near by is Manhattan Island, and very near is Hart's, and down the river a little is Packer's, and over on the American shore, upon a headland, behind which just enough water flows to make it an island, is Bonnie Castle, the summer home of the celebrated author Dr. J. G. Holland. The symmetry and beauty of his home are suggestive of the grace and tenderness of "Bittersweet," while its solidity and practical air call back the stanch virility of "Timothy Titcomb's Letters to Young Men." Dr. Holland has the prettiest place among the Thousand Islands. Manhattan Island is composed of three islands, if you will pardon the Hibernicism. Three little islands are joined together by pretty rustic bridges thrown across the dividing channels, and these form the settlement known as Manhattan Island. At Packer's Island three insular fragments make a unit in a similar manner. The latter is owned by the family of the late Judge Packer, whose beneficent life and munificent testamentary disposition of his vast estate have won such proud and just distinction. At night the islands which are built upon present a beautiful spectacle. Many of them have adopted devices contrived by means of colored lights. One is a heart, others are anchors, crosses, stars, and circles, and their effect is extremely beautiful, reflected upon the smooth surface of the river. A little further up the river is Pullman's Island, where the palace-car inventor has erected a handsome chalet. Opposite Clayton is Governor's Island, the summer home of ex-Lieutenant-Governor Alvord.

Three miles below Cape Vincent is Carleton Island, where a number of stone chimneys attract the attention. These are the ruins of a fort built by the British troops during the Revolution. The stone parapet, and the ditch cut in the limestone rock, still mark the outlines of the fort. Three more historic incidents of minor interest are connected with these islands. Grenadier Island, nearly opposite Alexandria Bay, became during the war of 1812 a refuge in storm for the unlucky expedition fitted out at Sackett's Harbor, under General Wilkinson, for the proposed capture of Montreal. It was an ill-advised affair. The expedition was storm-stayed on Grenadier some time, and finally proceeded down the river to Chrysler's Farm, near the Long Sault, where the undertaking terminated with the defeat of the American army. The guide-books point out the battle-ground, which may be seen from the steamer's deck. The second was the war of Grindstone Island, a boundary dispute in 1823, at which time an earth-work, yet visible, was thrown up at the foot of that island. And the third was the burning of the Canadian steamer *Sir Robert Peel*, in 1838, by Bill Johnson and a lot of "patriots." Everybody who comes here must hear this story, with all its apocryphal incidents, and take a look at the dock on Wells' Island where the vessel was burned—and therefore I forbear.

Many tourists rush through the Thousand Islands by daylight, in true American style, on a big steamer, drop the morning paper or latest novel just long enough to glance over the rail at a pretty vista of channel or a cozy island home, and imagine they have seen the Thousand Islands. Just so the swift Yankee spends fifteen mortal minutes by the watch in "doing" the Louvre, or St. Peter's, or the galleries at Munich. Whoever does that loses one of the most inspiring opportunities of a lifetime. There is only one such archipelago in the world, and no man looking for the gems of nature's handiwork can afford to sail through the Thousand Islands and not know what they are.

To really know what the Thousand Islands are, one should stop among them for at least a week or two, put up at a good hotel, secure a skiff for the term of his stay, and then paddle, paddle, paddle in and out of these beautiful coves and bays, across and through these winding and rock-bound channels, and visit island and promontory and cliff. He must float slowly over this clearest of all water on a calm day, and see the vast aquarium beneath his keel, where six, eight, twelve feet down through the green sparkling river is such an under-water garden as the wildest fancy never dared to picture on God's footstool.

The flora of the river-bed is most luxuriant and beautiful. No aquarium was ever constructed by the hand of man equal to

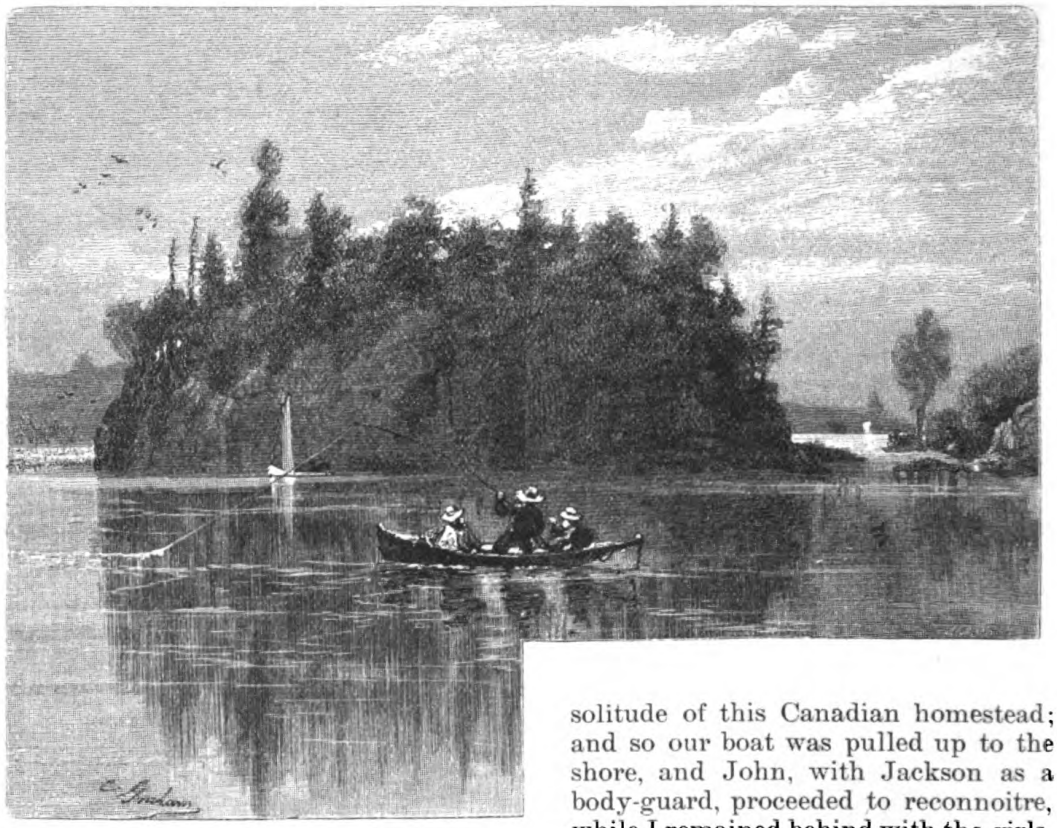
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DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

that over which we sail here for miles and miles. The water must be smooth, and the sun needs to shine, but, with these primary conditions, there is offered to a lover of nature a feast of delights that he will remember for many a day. The first aquarium I found among the islands was in the Lake of the Isles. This is located partly in Westminster Park, and is some three miles long and a mile in extreme width. It opens out of Muscalonge Bay, just above the Hotel Westminster, by an outlet so narrow that, except at a given range, it seems as though the high woody hills formed a continuous chain. As our little skiff nears it, a scene of strange wild beauty reveals itself. Straight ahead is the narrow cleft, through which we catch a glimpse of the lake beyond. On one side the crags stand out bare in all their solid roughness, and away up near the top a square jutting rock overhangs like a sentry-box upon a wall. The other side is less precipitous, and we ran our boat alongside, and picked from the face of the rock a huge cushion of moss set richly with delicate ferns and wild flowers that defied our botanical vocabulary. This narrow water-pass is several hundred yards in length, and then we find ourselves in the lake, and shut in on every side with rocky cliffs or heavily wooded hills. The lake is entirely within Wells' Island, except for three-fourths of a mile at its

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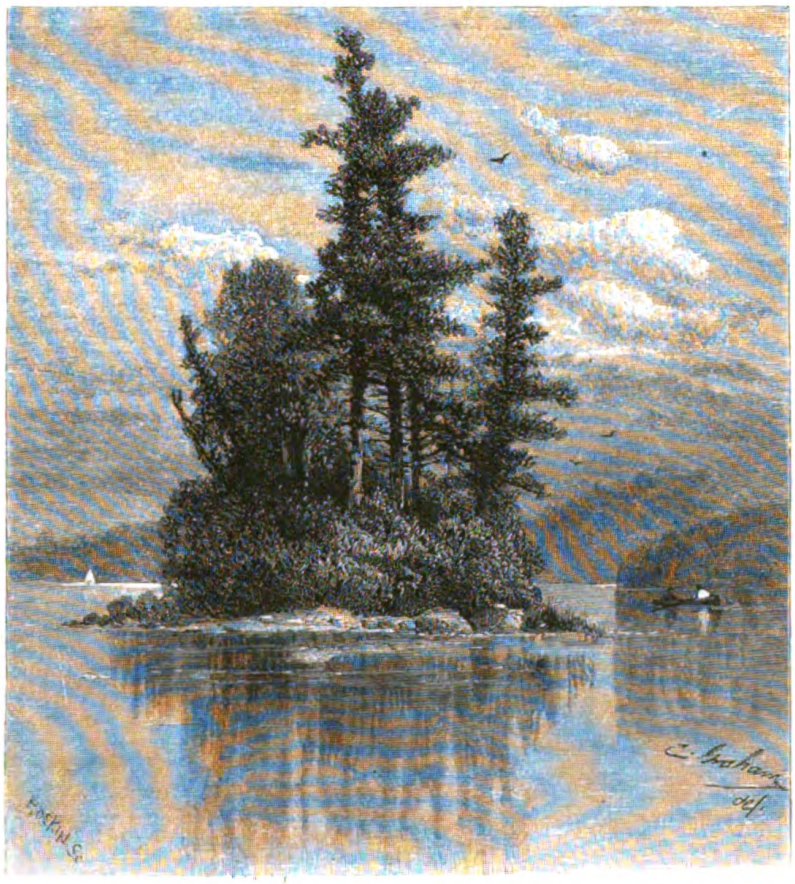


THE RIFT—ENTRANCE TO THE LAKE OF THE ISLES.

mouth, where La Rue Island crowds up toward its larger sister, and forms the western boundary of its outlet. Thus is formed a lake within a river, while within the lake are a number of small islands. Upon one little rocky island we saw a curious outline, which, on closer approach, proved to be a solitary tree, whose double trunk had divided and shot upward, then died, and all the branches dropped away, leaving a perfect stringless lyre, around whose frame the wild vines had twined themselves. We forthwith held a solemn conference, and, with all the gravity of the ancient discoverers, said, "We name this, Lyre Island." This lovely lake has always been to us a favorite resort. One bright day we took our little skiff, a huge hamper of provisions, plenty of reading matter, and last, but not least, our trusty oarsman, Jackson, and went up the lake for a family picnic. A quiet little farm-house stands upon the western shore, whose air of seclusion from and absolute indifference to the rest of this busy world had excited our envy. John, who, like most little men, is nothing if not bold, resolved to pierce the solitude of this Canadian homestead; and so our boat was pulled up to the shore, and John, with Jackson as a body-guard, proceeded to reconnoitre, while I remained behind with the girls. John and Jackson were gone so long that we had begun to fear that they had fallen among the Anthropophagi before they returned with the intelligence that they had actually rented the farmer's log-cabin for the day, and he and his family were to domicile themselves meantime in the adjoining frame house. The boat was drawn up to the Bailey family mooring, our hamper of goodies carried to the log-house, and we took formal possession. Jackson, who was an excellent plain cook, set himself at work to prepare our repast, and the girls spread the table, while John and I went over to talk with Farmer Bailey. The girls had finished their work, and Jackson his cooking, when we returned to the log-house, and sat down to an excellent dinner, with the cool breezes from the lake blowing through the open doors and windows. It was a repast and an occasion long to be remembered. We were at home in a Canadian farm-house, sitting down to broiled chicken, fresh corn, real cream, and all the intermediates that these imply, looking out upon the glassy surface of the lake, with no sign of human existence visible except immediately about us. The robins were singing merrily in

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the woods above us, and upon the lake rested a stillness and solitude unbroken except by the screaming of a distant bird of prey, and the low hum of the invisible life about us. Human conception can scarcely equal the visible reality of beauty at the bottom of the Lake of the Isles. Now we look down upon tangled grasses of a hundred rich varieties; again on slender, graceful ferns; again on mosses that look like pale green coral; and then on tall waving weeds that reach up from their alluvial beds almost to the water's surface, and nod a welcome to our oar-blades just above their heads. Countless fish, which a quiet boatman may watch for hours, roam among these lovely gardens, and in the high weeds the swift pickerel hides, waiting the approach of a tinier fish, at which he darts, and makes a breakfast at one snap of his wide jaws. Anon our boat glides over a vast subaqueous desert, covered with brown rocks, through whose fissures the short dark form of the much-prized black bass is visible. The diversity of scenery under water is equalled only by that of the islands themselves. Further up the lake, behind a headland, stands another log-cabin, which we visited one day. It is owned by a mason named Knell, who works at his trade upon the various islands or at "the Bay," while his broad-shouldered wife conducts family affairs. Mrs. Knell thinks nothing of rowing six miles, in any kind of a sea, after a pound of tea, and as her brawny arms pull the heavy skiff, she improves the time by trolling for pickerel, with her line held in her teeth. Remote from settlements, and having no access to the world except by water, there are many weeks in winter when communication is cut off by floating ice or snow too heavy upon the river for a single traveller to make his way, and so this hardy family lay in three months' provisions in the fall, and nothing short of the heavens falling can disturb their equanimity.



THE SENTINEL—ENTRANCE TO THE LAKE OF THE ISLES.

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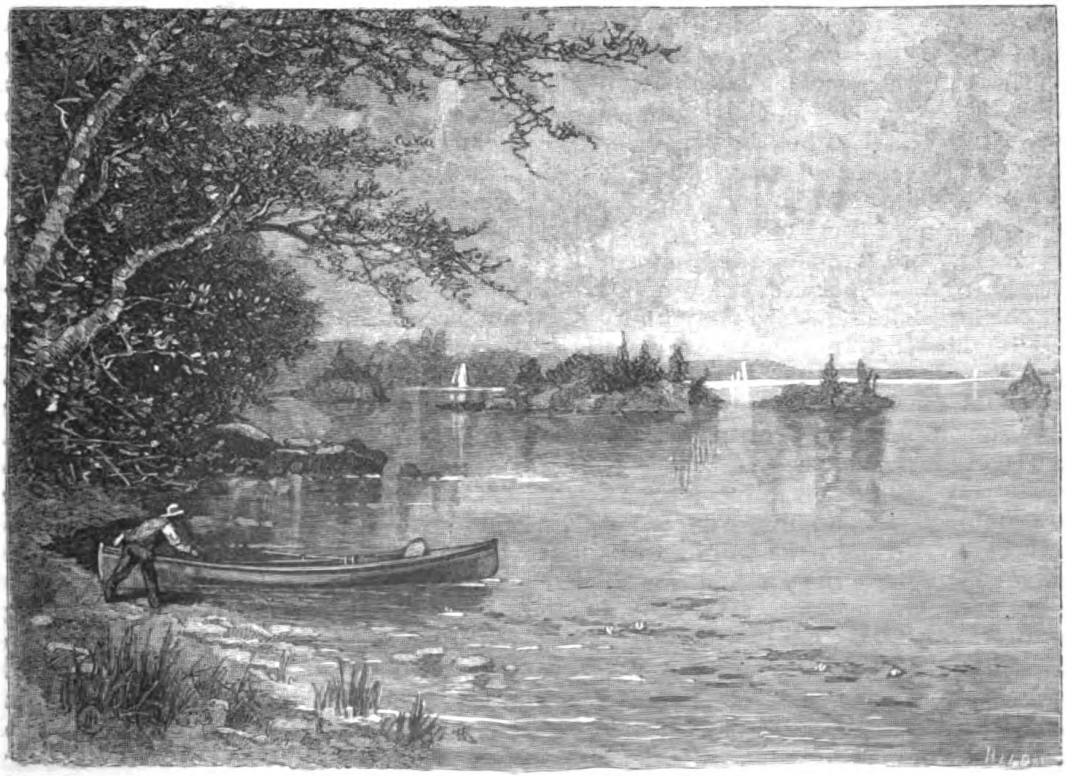
A PICNIC.

One of the great attractions of the Thousand Islands is the good fishing. The principal catch is pickerel, which can be taken even by an unskillful fisherman, and is very plentiful. Pickerel are usually taken with a trolling-line from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty feet in length, terminating with what the fishermen call a trolling-spoon. This consists of a stout brass wire to which a spoon-shaped piece of polished metal is fastened so that it can revolve around the wire. Just at the end of the spoon are three stout barbs. The boat being kept in constant motion by the oarsman, the line drags astern its full length, and this motion causes the spoon to spin around its wire axis, and present the appearance of a little fish swimming. The pickerel from his hiding-place sees his supposed victim flashing through the water, and with one quick plunge seizes the spoon, barbs and all, in his capacious mouth. It is an exciting moment in the boat. The rod bends almost double as the enraged and terrified fish dives, with that infernal machine in his jaws, back to his refuge among the tall weeds. He plunges madly about, lashing the water furiously in his wild struggles for freedom. Often rising to the surface, he bounds clear from the water many feet into the air. Will we land him? If the hooks are not securely fastened, the fierce plunges will free him, as his powerful muscles work

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against the line which slowly and steadily draws him in. Sometimes he swims with lightning speed up the line, and getting slack line faster than the fisher can take it up, turns suddenly in the opposite direction, and gets a momentum which snaps everything, and restores him to liberty with a bad case of face-ache. As he nears the boat his struggles become more desperate; he darts under it, and beats his body against the keel in sullen rage. Now the work must be carefully done, or he will escape. Slowly and steadily he is drawn to the front, and in a moment more the gaff has struck his side, and he is safe. It is no uncommon record for a skiff containing two persons besides the oarsman to come in, after a day's fishing, with a hundred-weight or more of fish. Excellent still-fishing can be had in almost any of these waters, and by this means most of the black bass are caught. But sitting still, in a small boat at anchor, holding a pole, and watching a "bob," is poor sport compared with trolling for pickerel in and out of bay and cove, skirting rocky cliffs and grassy slopes, and drinking in the rare and ever-changing beauties of nature in this Garden of the Great Father. This may be a sorry confession that I am an unscientific fisherman, but the world nowadays gives its thirsty children such immense draughts of science and such tiny sips of nature that some of us enjoy an occasional mixture of nature and science more than taking the latter unadulterated —especially in the matter of fish.

One of the best of days' sport is to be had upon a fishing picnic. These enjoyable affairs come off from Westminster Park every few days. A party of ten to twenty-five ladies and gentlemen set off in a steam-yacht for some distant fishing-ground, taking liberal supplies from the hotel, and half as many oarsmen as there are excursionists. Each oarsman takes his own skiff and fishing-tackle, the skiffs being towed in single file behind the yacht, presenting the appearance of a marine kite with a very long tail. On one of these picnics we went some ten miles up the river to Stave Island. Here the yacht was run up to the shore, and the party separated, each skiff taking a different direction, with the understanding that we should rendezvous again at the yacht at half past twelve. At the appointed hour the fishers returned, and the oarsmen set at work preparing dinner. The yacht carried boards for tables, and



IN CANADIAN WATERS.

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the island furnished rocks to support them, as well as for seats. A fire-place was quickly improvised out of more rocks, and the savory odors of a hot dinner for a hungry company soon mingled with the piny odors from the woods.

Meanwhile one of the young ladies and I set off on an exploring expedition. Opposite Stave Island is a little wild-looking island, covered with tangled undergrowth, and seeming to defy the inquisitiveness of man. Running our skiff upon the rocks, and climbing up the bowlders that fringed its shores, we found shells among the bushes, which seemed so strangely out of place that we resolved to push exploration still further. Over beds of moss and fallen trees and crags of rock we slowly made our way, till, at the upper end of the little island, beneath a group of taller trees, we came upon the ruins of a little log-cabin. We could distinctly trace the dimensions of the hut. The logs, with bark unpeeled, lay in crumbling lines to mark the sides and ends; the stones of the fire-place were thrown down on the spot where once they had stood erect; but there was no pathway to the hut, and no landing-place anywhere upon the island. Why had this mysterious being built his house in so forbidding a spot, when Stave Island, close by, furnished sites more eligible? Why this seclusion? What was the secret of this strange abode? Was it some smuggler, some fugitive from justice, or only some man aweary of the wicked world, who had lived in this solitude? We debated these questions at dinner, without further result than to respectfully refer them to the readers of the Magazine, and to change the name of the island from Little Stave to Hermit Island.

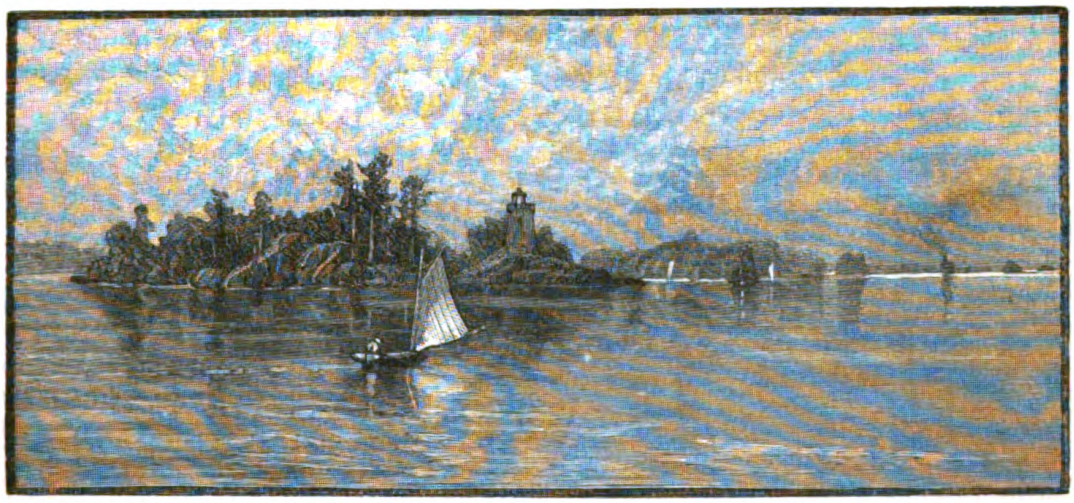
The afternoon was spent by many lovers of the sport in fishing, while others had their picnic in the woods, or took a siesta in the cabin of the yacht. When the slanting rays gave warning of the close of day, the yacht's whistle called back the scattered boating parties, and we were off for home. The homeward course lay through the minor Canadian channels, where the islands are thicker than at any other point. Nothing I ever saw equalled the beauty of this scene. Hundreds of islands lay along and across our winding and zigzag course, no two of which were alike. It was an intricate labyrinth of channels, out of which none but an experienced pilot could steer. At times our little craft seemed to be in a lake but a few acres in extent, tightly hemmed in by sloping hills. The next minute she would be running between two rocky cliffs whose sides could almost be touched from the deck, while just ahead the land shut off further progress. Suddenly a channel opened to our left behind a rocky headland, and we were again upon a broad expanse of water, with islands clustering about us, and a dozen different channels, like so many noble rivers, disclosed to our delighted eyes. In this labyrinth are "Lost Channel"—most appropriately named—and "Fiddler's Elbow," a channel which turns sharply between the rocks.

Land days at Westminster Park are scarcely less delightful than water days. The grounds embrace a great variety of woodland, where forest trees grow tall and thick, and deer run wild, and game abounds, while nearer the haunts of men numerous groves of maple and oak and birch flutter their invitation to swing a hammock, or organize a picnic in their alluring shade. Thirty miles of drives have been laid out, and more are in progress. Under the trees near Mount Beulah is the spot where Captain Kidd was supposed to have buried his treasure, and so firmly was this conviction implanted in the native breast that it is but a few years since they ceased digging for his mythical loot. The grounds contain a crystal spring, whose waters are far superior to those of the river, which alone furnishes the drinking water for most other resorts in this region.

The air of the Thousand Islands is heavily charged with ozone, whose first effect is to induce a delicious drowsiness, helping us amazingly to forget the harassing cares of the business we left behind. The acknowledged wholesome effect of this air upon consumptives is due, however, not only to the ozone, but also to the piny breezes blowing across the vast Canadian forests, and gathering new richness from the woods of the islands themselves. The island air is, moreover, remarkable for its dryness. The ladies may play croquet, in slippers, in the early morning without gathering any dampness from the grass; and neither piazzas nor hammocks threaten their occupants, even at night, with rheumatism or ague. Excellent bathing can be had at many points where sandy beaches are found;

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and as for boats, fifty cents a day will hire a first-class skiff, fitted with comfortable arm-chairs and cushioned seats. In the season there is good duck-shooting upon the river, the birds being mostly of the teal variety. Another water-fowl, passing here under the name of loon, but probably misnamed, frequents these waters in the fall of the year, and stories are told of the immense quantities a skillful sportsman may bag, which need to be taken, as the birds are, *cum grano salis*.



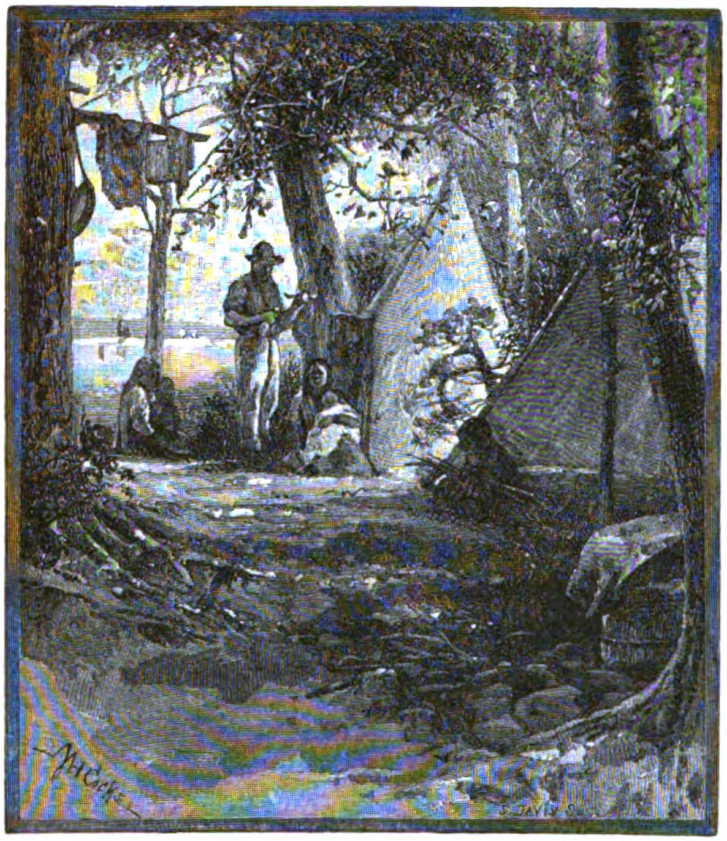
LIGHT-HOUSE AT THE ENTRANCE TO LOST CHANNEL.

These make complete the charms of the spot. We have seen many people come and go these three years. We have seen them come for a day, and spend a fortnight, or come to spend a week, and stay the season through. Season after season witnesses their return, until it has passed into a proverb that he who comes for one season to the Thousand Islands becomes a resident. A clergyman from Indiana passes scores of new watering-places along the great lakes, and spends $150 in railroad fares to bring his family here, and this he has done every year since the park was opened. Whoever gave to this magnificent archipelago the name of the Thousand Islands I do not know, but of his nationality one thing is certain—he was not an American. No typical Yankee was ever yet guilty of such an underestimate of any treasure over which the American eagle had spread its wings.

Common tradition puts the number of islands at 1800, but the official charts show 1692 islands, if we count everything appearing above the surface of the river. In many cases these are no more than bare rocks of half or even a quarter of an acre in extent, and range upward to nine miles in length. Their foundations are mostly granite overlaid with limestone, and in many places with Potsdam sandstone, through which long fissures have been made by some great upheaval, and these are filled with molten rock, coal, quartz, and copper and iron ore. The volcanic matter is, in many cases, imperfectly fused, and excellent specimens of coal, and copper and iron ore, can be easily obtained. Frequently where the face of a rock thus cleft has been long exposed to the elements, the original sandstone has worn away more rapidly than the volcanic matter, which thus protrudes beyond the edges of the fissure, and at a short distance presents the appearance of a great serpent basking upon the rock. The action of the glacial drift is plainly traceable among these islands. Great drift-grooves are cut into the solid granite many yards in length, several feet deep, and almost always as straight as an arrow, showing where the towering ice-plane of centuries ago had caught some huge rock in its under surface, and rasped it with incalculable pressure across the face of its larger sisters. Many of the smaller islands are bare rock, others are covered with a thin earth deposit, which yields a scanty sustenance to the hardier species of tree and plant.

Some rocky islands rise perpendicularly from the water to a considerable height, and yet have a good depth of soil, while

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INDIAN CAMP.

most, and notably the larger ones, are well covered with arable land, and yield reasonable returns for the slight care which the island farmer bestows upon his agriculture. Hundreds upon hundreds of desirable islands are yet uninhabited, and of those which are improved as summer homes almost all are in American waters. For forty miles along the River St. Lawrence the islands extend, beginning at the outlet of Lake Ontario. The international boundary line divides them into two unequal portions, giving the larger share to our Canadian cousins. The American islands are owned by private citizens, but the Canadian government holds titles to almost all those situated on its side of the line. The water of the dividing channels is in some cases one hundred and twenty feet in depth, and ordinary soundings show from thirty to sixty feet. This is the land we call our Lotos Land. Such, briefly and inadequately described, are its manifold attractions. Every season we bring a widening circle of friends within their influence, and every succeeding season they too become missionaries in the same good cause—the cause of health and strength, of happiness and rest, of increased opportunities and capacities for usefulness. Do you wonder that we think we have found the real Lotos Land?

It would be too bad for one to spend a summer among these peaceful shores, where picturesqueness and rest are the traits written over all the land and water, rather than pomp and sublimity, and not see the strongly contrasted features of the river one day's sail below. Here the St. Lawrence holds its Thousand Islands upon a bosom calm and currentless, reflecting back their rocks and trees like a vast mirror. If there be aught but peace and quiet in its clear green tide, it gives no sign thereof to the dwellers among these islands. There is no suggestion here of power or purpose in the flood. But, fifty miles below us, all this aspect changes. Here, presumptuous man imagines himself master of the sluggish tide which invites his lazy dreams; there, he knows what pigmies men and their proudest inventions are in the grip of Nature's mighty forces, when they have once roused from their habitual slumber to do her bidding.

Twenty-eight miles below Ogdensburg we enter the Long Sault, nine miles in length, through which the mighty flood runs at the rate of twenty miles an hour. During part of this distance the descent is so rapid that you enjoy the sensation of perceptibly sailing down hill on a big steamer at a tremendous speed. The water is quite smooth, except at four or five places; but there it rushes and eddies and whirls till the angry waters are dashed in massive, foamy billows straight up into the air twelve or fifteen feet, and, unlike the ocean waves, which "travel" and smite a ship with all their strength, these thick and formidable masses of seething water stand there immovable across the steamer's path. When the vessel nears these spots, steam is turned off,

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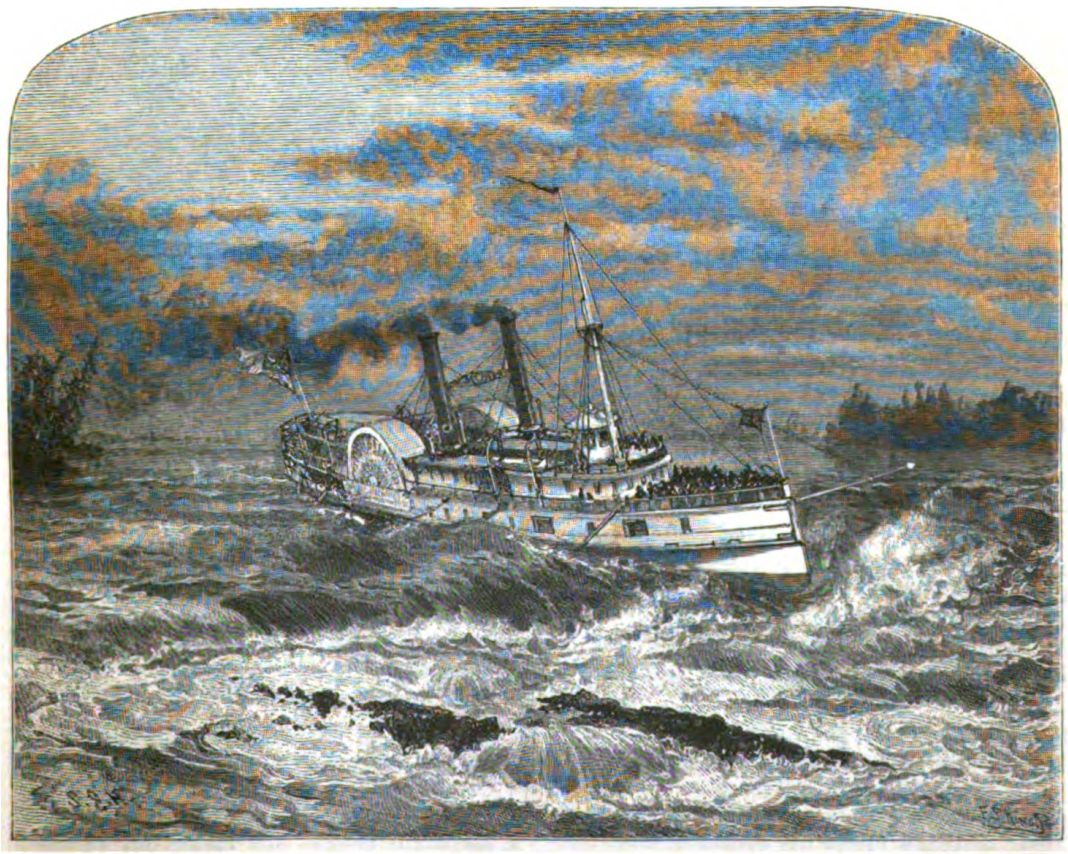
four men stand at the wheel in the pilot-house, four more affix an iron tiller to the rudder post to provide against the breaking of the rudder chains, and, propelled only by the current, she plunges in among those heaving snow heaps, where she sways and shivers and careens till you cling to the rail and shout with enthusiasm, or hold your breath for fear, according to the sort of nerves which Providence and your own habits have given you. Comparatively few people are afflicted with fear, however, the sensation caused by the stanch and trusty steamer buffeting with the angry waves being usually exhilarating, aside from the impression created by the grandeur of the waters.

Around each rapid a canal is built, by means of which the large steamers return, and through which smaller craft proceed both ways. Indeed, no vessels venture through the rapids, I believe, except the large passenger steamers carrying tourists.

Between the Long Sault and Montreal the river twice widens into a lake. One of these, Lake St. Francis, is thirty miles long and twelve miles wide. The other, Lake St. Louis, not so large, is just above the Lachine Rapids, which are the most difficult and dangerous of the entire series. Between Lake St. Francis and Lake St. Louis are three rapids, named respectively the Coteau, Cedars, and Cascades, all of which are very grand, though similar in aspect to the Long Sault.

Excursion trains run from Montreal twice daily connecting with the rapids steamer, the round trip consuming an hour and a half.

An Indian pilot is taken on board the large steamers at Lachine, ostensibly for the purpose of guiding the vessel through the dangerous channel, but really for the purpose of making an impression upon the traveller. The fall of the river here is much greater than at any of the preceding rapids, and the channel is so narrow that at one point the steamer passes between two low walls of black rock, plainly visible beneath a thin covering of rushing water, and but a few feet from her sides. Within these narrow limits the water rushes and surges with appalling



RUNNING THE RAPIDS.

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speed, estimated by some authorities at forty miles an hour, while the surface of the river beyond is several feet higher than the channel along which we are being whirled at a dizzy speed, as through a veritable valley in the water. So rapid is our speed that only a few minutes elapse before we are again in smooth water; and as the steamer passes beneath the great spans of Victoria Bridge, we look back upon the mad waves of that mighty flood, rolling onward as it has through all the centuries, the safety-valve and overflow of vast inland seas and water-courses, feeling that we have seen the most stupendous system of water-works ever devised.



A GLIMPSE OF MONTREAL.

THE WIDOW LEE'S SON WILL.

AN Eastern fishing-village street,
Of houses gabled, poor, but neat,
  Comes straggling down to shore.
Its sea-folk stand in groups apart,
Bronzed and silent, of bold, stanch heart—
  Sages in ocean's lore.

An inlet reaches to the sea,
Which pulses low in muffled key
  Beyond a sandy bar.
At daybreak sail the boats away,
And 'neath the sun's last slanting ray
  They steal back from afar.

The morning light was dull and gray,
Ill-omened sign of coming day,
  The leaves hung dead and still,
As down the street strode, long and fast,
First, Ben (old Ben Dale's son), and last,
  The widow Lee's son Will.

Four years before, Ben Dale had won
The village belle, sweet Mary Dunn,
  His often-dreamed-of prize;
And now two sturdy, chubby boys,
Their mother's pride, his constant joys,
  Look out with Mary's eyes.

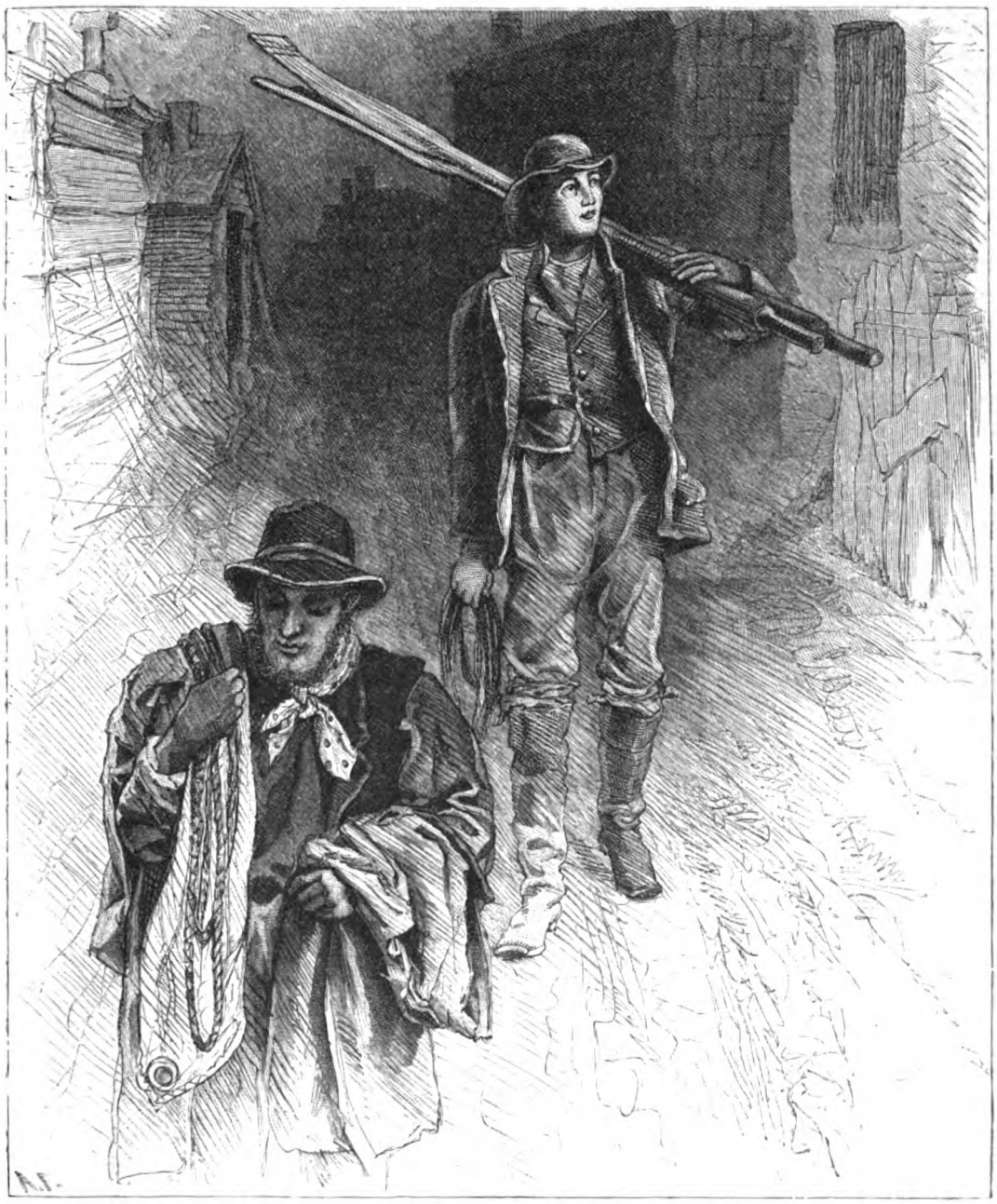
Will too had once a dreamer been
Of Mary's face, and of the sheen
  Of her fair golden hair.
One summer's day he knew his fate—
The old, old tale; his dream of late
  Passed sadly into air.

As friends the boys to men had grown;
Jointly a stout, stanch boat did own,
  The inlet's special pride.
Ben knew not of the other's dream:
They closer, dearer friends did seem
  Since Mary was Ben's bride.

Both men are tall, and both are strong.
Ben's face a gazer could not long
  Look on with gloomy eye.
Will Lee's is dark and sad and grave—
A thoughtful face; a spirit brave
  Hidden within doth lie.

They stride in silence down the path;
Each one his own communings hath
  Of past and future days.
A sound of rustling 'mid the leaves,
A mournful sough—the looked-for breeze
  Its coming now betrays.

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"THEY STRIDE IN SILENCE DOWN THE PATH."

Their boat is fastened to the pier
Of bowlders huge, which, tier on tier,
  Suggest Cyclopean wall.
They cast her loose, the sheet haul home;
The broad bluff bow churns milk-white foam
  From out the tide's black pall.

The boat drives forward on its course:
The ebbing tide with mighty force
  Bears it upon its breast.
Day dawns apace, and now appear
The swirling eddies far and near—
  Apt emblems of unrest.

They speak but seldom, these two men—
A word, a summons, now and then,
  To do some needful task.
Will grips the helm with both his hands:
The wind his utmost strength demands:
  Ben's aid he's forced to ask.

The day is dark and wild and gray:
Across the heavens quickly stray
  Black clouds o'erfilled with rain.
The sea throbs sullen, and the sky
Rests flat above it, low and nigh,
  As if upon it lain.

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They cross the inlet's mouth, and gain
The vexèd ocean, which doth strain
  And twist their little bark.
The shore grows vague, scarce can be seen:
Upon the water falls a screen—
  Th' approaching tempest's mark.

Both note the sign: a word or two
About the coming weather's brew
  Is all they have to say.
Their boat is stout; it fears no blast;
It often safe through gales has past;
  Naught dreads it of to-day.

The sail is reefed; the mast is sound;
The sheet in Ben's strong hand is wound,
  Ready to slack away.
They mark the storm's advance, its roar,
Its torn cloud-edge. Black night spreads o'er
  The sea beneath its sway.

Portentous calm! The breeze hath fled
Before the coming gale. A shred
  Of ragged cloud floats by.
And now the tempest strikes the boat.
It reels, it trembles, scarce doth float,
  So deep in foam doth lie.

At first thrown down upon its side,
It slowly rises, then doth glide
  Swiftly before the blast.
The sky—a black chaotic mass
Of wild weird shapes, which madly pass
  And graze the boat's bare mast.

A leaden darkness settles down.
The ocean's uproar fain would drown
  All sound save of its own.
The boat—its crew their utmost strain
The inlet's mouth once more to gain,
  Their safety's hope alone.

Braced at the helm, Will's head is bare,
His arm like steel, his eye fixed where
  The inlet's mouth should be;
Ben by his side, a ready arm
To aid 'gainst overwhelming harm
  Of some fast following sea.

The day's planned purpose is forgot;
They think not of the lobster-pot
  Buoyed near a distant reef:
Their only thought where solid ground,
Unfringed with breakers, can be found,
  Their peril's sole relief.

It happened at the moment when,
By certain signs, both Will and Ben
  With joy knew where they were:
A huge black mass came out the gloom,
A drifting ship, machine of doom,
  Remorseless murderer!

The little boat—the two dazed men
Perceive, alas! their doom; but when
  They look up from below,
Upon a mountain wave above,
They see a ship. Oh God of love!
  Why fell this treach'rous blow?

The deed is done; th' assassin fled;
Cruel and hard, his strong hands red
  In his frail victim's gore.
The ship's great mass hath vanished where
It through the mist a path did tear.
  The sea is as before.

And yet not quite, for where before
A good stanch boat had been, no more
  Could any craft be seen.
Some wreckage, ropes, a mast, a sail,
Two struggling forms, two faces pale,
  Where boat and men had been.

The waves run fiercely high and fast,
Great walls of green, from which are cast
  The wreckage and the men.
The green walls crumble into white,
Upon their victims plunge downright—
  Where could hope linger then?

The men are bruised and blind and faint;
The ills they bear no pen could paint—
  Poor playthings of the waves!
They seek to clutch the wreck, the spar,
From which the waves oft thrust them far,
  Like masters of weak slaves.

The waves, the current, force them on,
Like chips, across the bar. Anon
  They float on smoother tide.
The bits of wreck, the wearied men,
All mingled are. The fainting Ben
  Clings close to Will Lee's side.

Will, with his hand, from out his eyes
The salt removes, to see what lies
  Within his vision's reach.
He knows the scene: it is not new:
The inlet's mouth within his view;
  Yonder the pebbly beach.

Will's eyes were dim with tears as round
He looked for landmarks dear, and found
  Them slowly, one by one.
Alas! the shore is far away,
His friend is fainting, and all may
  Be lost ere any won.

He speaks to Ben. He tells him where
They are, and, with a current fair,
  How soon may gain the shore.
The other turned his face: 'twas sad
To see. He sighed, "To land, dear lad,
  For me 'tis nevermore."

Will scanned him closely up and down.
The look of one about to drown
  He saw plain in Ben's eyes.
The wreck was small he well did know.
Beneath them both 'twould sink below.
  He saw that one must die.

He felt his own strength ebbing fast.
Without support it could not last
  To cross the inlet's reach.
If Ben upon the wreck be laid,
Tight fastened be, it can be made
  To bear him to the beach.

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What is Ben's chance must be Will's fate.
He sees the shore when 'tis too late,
  The distant hill-tops dear.
His lightest touch he dare not bear
Upon the wreck, or it would there
  Sink deep, his poor friend's bier.

His mind is clear, his will is fixed:
No doubt nor hesitation mixed
  In this man's bold resolve:
The plan of safety for his friend,
The fact resulting—his own end—
  Within his mind revolve.

And now upon the wreck and spar
Ben's arms and shoulders fastened are,
  Tight with the knotted rope.
Will looks once more up in his eyes,
As he, exhausted, floating lies
  Near by, and sees there hope.

Ben caught the gaze upon him bent,
A weak wan smile in answer sent,
  And low and slow he said:
"Dear lad, are you so fresh and strong
That you can swim a course so long?
  Your face is of the dead."

Will Lee, as with an effort last,
About his friend his arm did cast,
  Yet did not bear him down.
He placed his lips close to his ear,
And spoke each word that he might hear:
  "Dear Ben, I'm 'bout to drown.

"The tide will softly you, dear friend,
Float to the beach, the sedgy end
  Of yonder well-known bight.
The tide must bear you there alone,
Dear Ben. Poor lad, you must not moan:
  This death is my delight.

"What doth the word of friendship mean,
Where is its subtle meaning seen,
  If one should be afraid,
For him he loved, had loved so long,
When by-gone years to both belong,
  To die as friendship bade?

"A few more words, dear Ben, I'll say,
Then leave you on your lonely way
  To yonder kindly shore.
It hurts me, lad, to say good-by,
To know I'll see thy bright blue eye
  And dear brave face no more.

"You know my aged mother, Ben.
She daily fades; and of this when
  She hears, she'll not stay long.
Take her to thine and Mary's home.
She never from her seat will roam.
  Let her to thee belong.

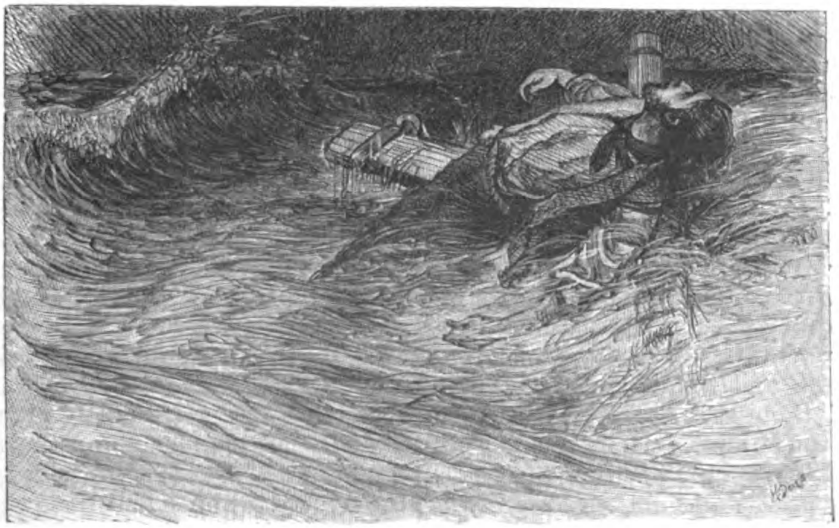
"Now lad, one more and short sad tale:
It needs be short, my strength doth fail,
  I feel the end draw nigh:
Know, Ben, I once did love your wife,
Although in vain. She owns my life:
  For Mary's sake I die."

Ben's briny cheek he softly kissed;
And then, before his friend had missed
  His circling arm, he floats
Near by again. His eye around
Looks sad and far; the distant ground
  With farewell glance he notes.

Then, leaning back upon the tide,
His face upturned, a prayer he sighed
  To Heaven, bending low;
Then slowly sank beyond the light,
His upturned face still shining bright,
  Deep in the current's flow.

* * * * * *

The light's gone out, the story told,
Silence the hearers doth enfold,
  The room is very still;
A solemn awe and faces pale
Mark the sad ending of the tale
  Of Widow Lee's son Will.



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THE GIRLS' SKETCHING CAMP.

"A PARTY of girls! Humph!"

"They'll quarrel," said brothers.

"They'll be imprudent," said mothers.

"They'll be cheated," said fathers.

"Who ever heard of such a thing?" said Mrs. Grundy.

"Besides, they don't know how to take care of themselves," began the brothers again.



The party of girls, then—Cooper Institute art students—fourteen in number, with boxes and bags and bundles for a month's absence, sailed out of New York Harbor one fine Thursday evening of July, in the good ship *Eleanora*, bound for Casco Bay.

"And they'll be sure to get into trouble," put in the mothers.

"And spend no end of money," groaned the fathers.

"And people will talk about them," added Mrs. Grundy.

Persuasions, arguments, and predictions alike failed. These girls had planned the expedition, and they carried it out, with some concessions to a doubting and scoffing world. They did not actually camp out, in the roughest meaning of the words, and they did consent to a "Dragon," though it must be confessed she was of the mildest. Her age and gray hairs fitted her for the position of figure-head of propriety, and nothing more was needed.

"I can hardly believe we are off," said Nun—short for None Such—as they leaned over the rail, looking at the ever-widening gulf which separated them from the waving and cheering crowd on shore. And truly it did seem doubtful, even up to the last moment, for parents and elder sisters, brothers and friends, had crowded the deck, armed with extra wraps, boxes of candy, lemons, and time-tables, information about trains and life-preservers, and, above all, volumes of—advice.

Nun's remark brought out a hearty response—"Yes, we're really off now, and *nobody* can prevent;" and fourteen very happy girls settled themselves to enjoy the lovely evening and the quiet sail up the East River to the Sound.

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Perhaps a jollier party never set out from a driving American city, and surely a more delightful month can never come into the lives of the girls than began on that eventful evening when they started alone for the home they had engaged in the backwoods of Maine. Among the multitude of letters they had received from boarding-house keepers, summer-resort people, and others of their kind, one sentence in a letter from Maine had come to them with the resistlessness of fate.

"Nature in these remote regions," wrote the daughter of the Pine-tree State, "has not combed her hair, but in her tangled tresses she is enchanting beyond description."

Delicious prospect!—with Mother Nature herself for a pattern—no dress, no parade, no "society requirements!" "Ah! there we will go." And there they did go.

The ship steamed on up the East River, past the dismal islands whose names are familiar in police records, past the ghastly wreck of the *Seawanhaka*, out into the beautiful Sound. The girls' party divided naturally into two parts, by ties of old friendship—and a mutual lunch. In one part, eleven staid, well-behaved damsels, who might safely travel alone from Maine to Florida, with Nun as their head; in the other part, the three madcaps of the expedition—Clip, full of mischief to the lips; Peggy, her bosom-friend, ready to suggest any prank that did not occur to Clip's fertile brain; the Dragon's daughter, or D. D.—and the Dragon herself, to keep them in order.

Lunch was dispatched; the woman who was determined to be seasick, and had carefully established herself in the most favorable spot in the cabin, was sketched, and the girls set out to explore the resources of the steamer. Under the awning at the back of the deck were the arm-chairs and the passengers. Out in front, temptingly retired and unoccupied, was the sharp and narrow bow.

They gathered near the pilot-house, and cast longing looks ahead, but between them and the desired point was only a plank, with one stretched cord for a rail. Was that a hint to passengers that the bow was forbidden? So much the more did they desire it. Clip looked into the pilot-house. A pleasant-faced man stood at the wheel.

"Captain," she said, "we girls are dying to walk the plank: may we do it?"

"Certainly," he said, "if you dare, and if you won't stand in the bow. I must see over your heads."

He was thanked, and in a few minutes shawls, rugs, and girls were safely established in a cozy heap on the deck forward, where they watched the gorgeous sunset, talked over their plans, wondered what sort of a place was "Duncan's," and if the unchanging bill of fare would be pork and molasses, as had been predicted. And as the hours rolled on, they saw the stars come out, named the light-houses as they passed, and at last recrossed the plank, and went below, where each girl drilled herself in getting into a life-preserver, and then—being on the water—"turned in."

"Now, girls," said Clip, the next morning, tossing her saucy head with an air of compressed wisdom, and indicating with a sweep of her hand the smaller party of four, "we are the four chaperons, and if any of you want information about the coast, or the trains at Portland, or the direction of the wind, or the rate of sailing, or anything—you can ask me."

The girls indignantly refused to allow her the honor she had assumed, but this pleasant little fiction it pleased Miss Clip to keep up all the way. Whenever the Dragon, attracted by shrieks of girlish laughter, or signs of interest on the part of passengers, hurried away to her madcaps, Clip would always welcome her with effusion, put her arm through hers, and say, with dignity, "The four chaperons must keep together."

What this lively party meant, and where they were going, was a subject of interest to passengers.

"It's a boarding-school," Clip would say, demurely, when any one looked curious.

"It's an orphan asylum," Peggy would add.

"We're maniacs," one of the quiet ones put in, but she was quickly groaned down.

About noon the steamer stopped at Martha's Vineyard, and the party went ashore, where Peggy managed to throw stones "like a boy," and began to crow over the rest, when they rose in their might and put her down by declaring with one voice that they scorned to throw stones like a boy; they preferred to do it in the girls' way.

"How improper, Peggy!" said Clip, severely. "How dare you throw like a boy, and then brag of it? This is a girls'

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party, and boys are not to be quoted to us."

"Hadn't we better go back?" suggested some one, after a while.

"The captain said he'd wait an hour for me," said Clip, sweetly.

"What!" exclaimed the Dragon.

"He said he'd wait an hour any time for a young lady," she hastened to add.

Groans, and cries of "Oh!" from the beach.

"Now, my young lady," said the Dragon, taking her arm as they walked back, "I shall have to look out for you. You mustn't talk to the captain too much."

"No, 'm," said Clip, meekly. "I like the engineer ever so much better. He's perfectly lovely."

"Clip! Clip!" said the alarmed Dragon, "you haven't been talking to him?"

"Oh no, of course not. How absurd! He talked to me."

"And you let him?"—with horror.

"Why, what could I do, 'm?" said Clip, turning a pair of surprised brown eyes to her monitor. "You wouldn't have me put my hands over his mouth?"

"You could walk away," said the perplexed Dragon.

"But that would be rude," said Clip, blandly; "mamma always told me so. And he says he'll get us a truck for our trunks in Portland," went on that child-like young person, who knew how the Dragon dreaded the appalling pile of baggage which goes to fourteen damsels for a month's absence, even though limited to one trunk each.

"Well," said she, somewhat mollified, "but you really must be careful, Clip. You know a party like ours attracts attention."

"Oh, I'm a model of discretion," said Clip. "The captain said I might sit next him at the dinner-table, and he would take care of me."

"Oh!" groaned the Dragon, "you are incorrigible."

The next morning found the steamer settled in her dock in Portland, and the question of reaching the railway station became important. It was a mile distant, and the girls wished to walk. The engineer, a genuine New-Englander and a gentleman, offered to show them the way, and the Dragon said she would take a hack and some of the hand baggage, while the trunks went ahead on a truck.

A hack was hired to take one passenger and as much baggage as she chose. The hackmen seemed a jolly set of men: every face was on a broad grin as the satchels and boxes and baskets went in through the windows on both sides, before, behind, under, and over the solitary passenger. When she was well buried, and each girl had but one or two packages, which she was ashamed to add to the load, the procession moved off, and the horses started. At the first corner the driver leaned over to his passenger. "We may as well hev the rest o' them things," said he, smiling.

"So we may," assented the victim, from under her mountain. He stopped. She called, "Girls, we want the rest of the baggage."

Nothing loath, they surrounded the hack as flies a molasses cup. Every one emptied her hands, and followed the engineer, who carried himself with the dignity of a professor at the head of a boarding-school.

"Here, Jim," shouted the hack-driver, as they drew up at the station, "help the lady out with her satchel."

"Jim" came up to the door of the hack. First he stared, and then grinned, and so did everybody who saw that curious load. The driver and the porter, stimulated by sundry small coins, gayly carried in the things, and piled them on one of the long station benches, which they completely filled.

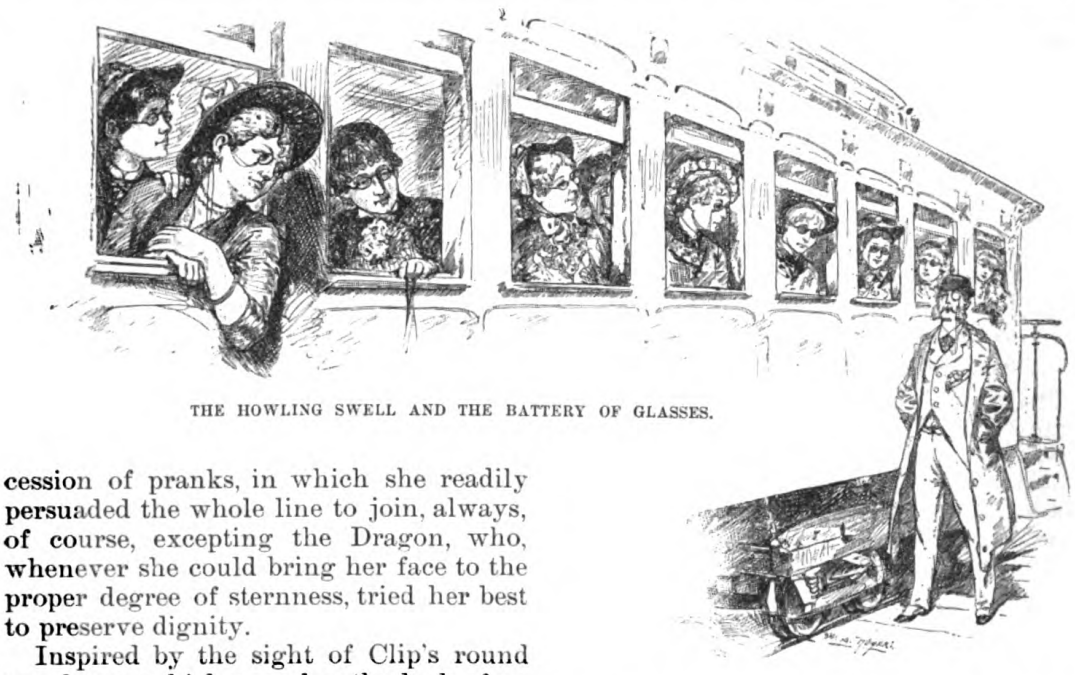
A horrified Maine woman sat in the station. "Is that all with one family?" she whispered, in a stage "aside," to the woman sweeping out.

"All with one lady," was the annihilating reply, and the questioner subsided, absolutely struck dumb.

The next moment the girls came in, laughing and talking, in high spirits. The "Orderly"—so called by way of contraries—who had an outside pocket, rattled the whole fifteen checks in it, and looked for a baggage-man, while the rest inquired about trains and bought their tickets, and a restaurant-man, whose door opened into the waiting-room, disappeared in some obscure corner, and in a twinkling hung out a sign, "Ice-Cream."

When they entered the train, they occupied nearly every seat on one side of the car. Clip and the D.D. were in the first, Peggy in the second, and the Dragon third. This arrangement rather put Clip on the lead, which she was nothing loath to assume, and the consequence was a suc-

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THE HOWLING SWELL AND THE BATTERY OF GLASSES.

cession of pranks, in which she readily persuaded the whole line to join, always, of course, excepting the Dragon, who, whenever she could bring her face to the proper degree of sternness, tried her best to preserve dignity.

Inspired by the sight of Clip's round eyeglasses, which gave her the look of an owl with an inquiring mind, and desiring above everything to pass for a Boston school, they all put on glasses—near-sighted glasses, gray beach glasses, and one pair, large and round and very dark-colored, that gave the wearer the appearance of a new species of insect. Then thrusting their heads out of the windows, they faced the people hurrying by to the train. First respect, and then amusement, was seen in every face.

"Here comes a howling swell," whispered Clip, suddenly, "the last we shall see for a month."

In an instant every head was out, and that young man fairly quailed before the battery of glasses.

The next joke was suggested by the advent of the conductor, who was a little more imposing than ordinary officials of his degree. A whisper ran down the line, and every girl on that side, as he solemnly punched her ticket, asked him earnestly, "What time do we get to Steep Falls?"

He answered the first, "We call every station"; the second, "In about an hour." At the third he stared, for the station was exceedingly insignificant, and a passenger rarely stopped there. At the fourth he began to suspect a joke, and relapsed into grim silence, without the ghost of a smile.

That car-load was curiously divided: on one side a party who felt they were out of the world, as it were, and could do as they pleased, and on the other, people on the way to a camp-meeting at Lake Sebago. At first these people were very stern, but they soon entered into the fun of the thing, and were almost as jolly as the girls when they left the train at the lake.

Now that Clip had started the fun, the sober girls caught the spirit. Clip was taken at her word as a guide-book, and questions about stations, and time-tables, and so forth, were showered on her, one girl following another, till she rebelled, and told the next one who came to take her seat like a good little girl, and she would know in due time.

The Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad runs through a country of wonderful beauty, and jokes were forgotten as they whisked past charming woods, distant mountains, and that most lovely of lakes, Sebago, with its beautiful shores.

On the platform at the station where they left the train stood one man, a smiling farmer—Mr. Duncan—and drawn up beside it were several indescribable superannuated vehicles to convey the party to his house, seven miles back in the country. Now they could find out about their future home, and as soon as they were started, Clip began on the driver, a sharp Maine farmer, who drove his own "team," and, in the language of the country, "was nobody's fool."

"What sort of a place is Duncan's?" she began.

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"It's a nice tidy farm-house up on the mountain," he replied.

"Well," went on Clip, "do you cook your corn on the cob out here?"

"I believe they do," said the driver; "leastways I gen'rally hev mine so."

"It 'll have to be cut off for me," said Clip; "I've lost all my front teeth."

"Du tell!" said the driver; "I shouldn't hev thought it, from your age."

"How old do you take me to be?"

"Wa'al, fourteen or so, I jedge."

"And you a Yankee! How do you judge?"

"By your talk, mostly," said the man, quietly.

The load laughed, and thought Clip had the worst that time. She was not silent long.

"Do you have surf bathing up here?" came next.

"Wa'al, no—not on the mountains," said the man.

"Why, all we girls have brought bathing suits," cried Clip, "and we expect of course to bathe."

"Wa'al, you might find a spring or so up to Duncan's, and there's wells all around," he answered.

"Are there any young gentlemen up here?" asked Clip, after a pause.

"Not one."

"Any girls?"

"Plenty."

"Why's that, I'd like to know?"

"Wa'al, as soon as a boy can walk, up here, he walks away from Maine."

"What a dreadful country it must be!" said Clip. "Not that *we* care," she hastened to add. "We've left New York to get rid of society and gentlemen's attentions. We're suffering for a rest." So she went on all the way.

Meanwhile, the horses were climbing the hills, which they did on a gallop, by-the-way, and they were passing through a delightful country—woods, glimpses of mountains and lakes, and everywhere a display of rich summer colors that almost set them wild. The farms themselves seemed not more than half redeemed from wildness. Everywhere nature encroached upon art; ferns fringed the roads, wild-woodsy things stole into the fence corners, green mosses covered the rough log watering-trough beside the road; even the fences were the fantastic roots of giant trees, bleached by sun and storm to dazzling whiteness.

At last they stopped before a broad old-fashioned house, its paint washed off by the storms of many winters, and "Ætna" nailed over the door like a charm.

A motherly-looking gray-haired woman appeared at the open door. The laughing load seemed to stun her. Doubtless her heart sank like lead as the possibilities of the charge she had assumed came over her. She said, helplessly, "Is —is Miss —— here?"

Miss —— was the sweet-faced Nun, and she was there.

"We feel acquainted with Miss ——," said the hostess, apologetically, after the party had been introduced, and she found them not quite so wild as she feared.

The house was on the side of a mountain, and in mist or fog the whole grand scene from its front door, of mountains, woods, and lakes, was blotted out, so that it gave the effect of being at the end of the world, the veritable "jumping-off place."

The farm-house was not large, and its resources were pieced out by a small rough carpenter-shop in the orchard, which was fitted up as an outlying cottage, and which gave the party just the touch of camping out that they desired. It had been made fresh and sweet inside by an entire ceiling of new pine boards, odorous as the woods themselves, while the outside, guiltless of paint, retained the rich tints which years of sun and storm had given it. It held the usual quantity of bare bedroom furniture of a farm-house, and it was intended to accommodate five girls.

The Nun, Clip, Peggy, the Orderly, and D.D.—the madcaps and the mischiefs of the party—pounced upon this delicious retreat at once, and claimed it for their own, proceeding forthwith to make it into a home. From the five trunks came as many treasures as from the magical bag of the house-mother in the *Swiss Family Robinson*—curtains to partition off the bedroom, gay table-cover, dainty vases, and colored glass dishes, and a tiny clock, which gave the room an air of refinement at once. Before an hour, ground-pine and clematis decorated the walls, ferns and golden-rod nodded over the glass, trailing vines and sweet woodsy things filled the vases. The sun came in at the door, and good Mr. Duncan brought a piece of old sail-cloth and put it up with poles and crotched sticks for an awning.

The whole was charming, and a name

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was sought. Many were suggested, and at last the happy thought came.

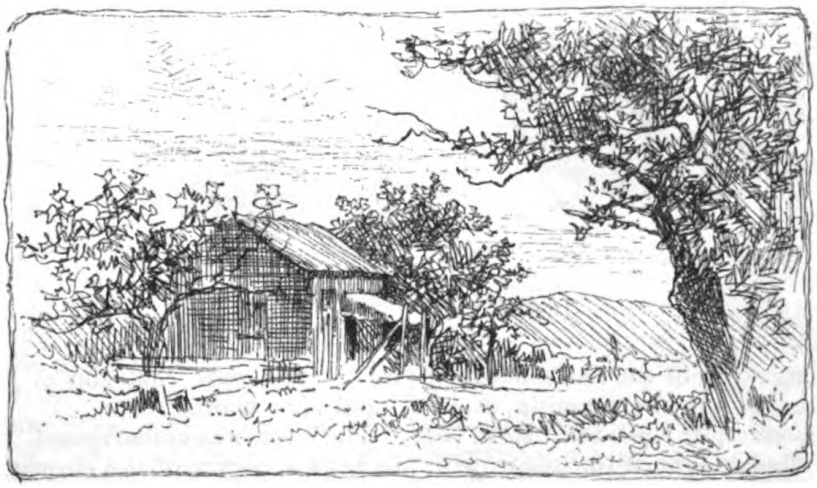
"It's the Larks' Nest," said Clip, suddenly, "and I'll do my best to make it deserve its name."

She was as good as her word; the Larks' Nest it was; and sundry sounds of girlish revelry that sometimes reached the house —christened by the steady ones in it the Bee-Hive—after the "bees" were in bed, proved that "larks" were really there.

The first dash into country wildness and freedom came before they had been at Duncan's an hour, in the shape of a laughing invitation from the farmer to take a ride upon a load of hay which was about to start for a barn half a mile away. Nothing was farther from his thoughts than that the city young ladies would accept the offer, and his face was a study of amazement as the girls, with a rapturous "Oh, may we?" rushed for the wagon, gayly mounted the wheels, and to the top of the low load in a minute, while the oxen started off for the trip. At the end of the ride they divided into two parties to examine their surroundings. One squad explored the mountain on the side of which the farm-house stood, and from the top looked upon a scene too grand and too wide for their brushes; while the other went through the orchard to a set of bars where they could step at once from the farm into a bit of genuine wildness, noble old woods on which the hands of man had left no trace.

To fourteen wandering damsels the arrival of the mail was the important event of the day. The post-office was a mile away through the woods, but never was a day so stormy or so warm that there were not volunteers to take the tramp, while on pleasant days the whole party would go. Mail began to pour into that quiet office in a way to astonish the sleepy postmistress. Letters, sometimes thirty at once, with papers, magazines, and packages of all sorts, from boxes of rose-buds and candy to extra clothing and artists' materials.

Life had quickly settled into regularity. Every morning sketch-books and easels, paint-boxes and palettes, came out; the girls broke up into groups of two or three, and started out in various ways to work. Not a picturesque spot but had sketchers encamped about it: a dilapidated set of bars, the scorn of cows, but the delight of an artist; a pile of rocks in an orchard, the thorn in the flesh to a farmer, who stared open-eyed to find it attractive to somebody; a path through the woods; or a luxuriant group of tall ferns. The neighborhood was an unworked mine of wealth. One could not turn in any direction without seeing a charming spot that she longed to carry away with her, and the only regret of the enthusiastic students was that each one had not two pairs of hands to work with. Dinner brought them all home, and then came criticism, comparison, and much pleasant talk over canvas and paper, ending—in the Larks' Nest—in nailing the studies to the wall, and making ready for the next day's work.



THE LARKS' NEST.

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"WHAT! NO ONIONS? OH!"

Before long some of the daily needs of girlish humanity became pressing, and a party was made up to visit the "store" of the neighborhood—a barn-like place, with drugs and dress goods, hardware and groceries, all in one room.

"Have you straw hats?" asked the first girl.

The clerk was sorry, but they were out of hats.

"What! no hats?" in a chorus from the party who had been seized with an ambition for broad-rim hats.

"I should like some shoe-buttons," began the second.

These, alas, they never kept.

"What! no shoe-buttons?" in one breath again.

"Please show me some ribbons," spoke up the third.

The clerk regretted to say that ribbons were not in stock.

"What! no ribbons?" cried the chorus, in dismay.

"Writing-paper, if you please," cried the fourth, sure that she at least could supply her wants.

The clerk was embarrassed. He began to have a horror of the chorus, and hesitated whether he had better slip out of a back door, and let his inquisitors find out for themselves his stock, or whether he had better laugh. He decided on the latter just in time, for Peggy began:

"I want some rye flour for sunburn."

The man shook his head.

"What! no rye flour?"

Clip had been looking about, and seeing potatoes, a thought struck her. "I say, girls," she began, in eager whispers, "now we're out here in the woods, and no callers, we might eat—*onions!*"

"Onions! onions!" whispered one and another. "Delightful! so we will!"

"I *love* onions," cried Clip; and turning to the amused shop-keeper, added, "Please send us up a bushel."

The man laughed, but again he shook his head.

"What! no onions? Oh!" and thor-

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oughly disgusted with the country store, the party went out in search of another. After that, whenever in their rambles, which extended for many miles around, they came near to a store, they invariably went in and asked for those articles, expressing their surprise in chorus as at first, and always ending with the demand for onions, which, by-the-way, they were never able to get in that land of farms and gardens, though Mrs. Duncan offered to send to Portland for them.

One night the Larks had a fright. To begin with, Peggy, Clip, and D. D. had not only the ordinary home correspondence to attend to, but each of them wore a significant ring, and each had many letters to write to what Clip called "the beloved object." One night, therefore, they sat around the table engaged in this occupation. Nun and Orderly were in bed, and, in a sleepy way, exchanged opinions on the subject.

"I'll never be engaged," began the Nun.

"Nor I," responded the Orderly; "it's too much bother."

The "engaged" Larks made some saucy speeches back, and at a late hour, having finished their letters, started for bed, when they made the unpleasant discovery that the water jugs were empty, and there was never time to fill them in the morning. Now the water in that beautiful spot, with thirteen lakes and ponds in sight, had to be brought in a barrel, and was then placed in the wood-shed, which, according to Maine fashion, formed a connecting link between the house and barn.

The three girls started out in the dark, the way being straight and familiar, but before they reached the gate, they were startled by a rustle in the bushes on one side, and a sort of choked breathing. As three souls with but a single thought, they turned and fled to the Nest—not to give it up, but to prepare for war. They girded on their armor. D. D. took her pistol —a savage silver-trimmed weapon, the scorn of brothers; Clip armed herself with the big dinner horn, which Mrs. Duncan had provided in case of illness or alarm in the Larks' Nest; and Peggy, like a sensible soul, took the lamp. They sallied out, and a queer procession they made, with long, straggling shadows thrown by the lamp, enough to frighten any ordinary ghost out of his wits. This was probably the case, for they saw nothing, and having filled their pitchers, went back to bed.

But sleep was not to be won yet. They were seized with a fit of punning worse than usual, which was saying much for it. For an hour these five Larks wasted their breath in this way, and then gradually became quiet. Not for long, however. Soon the sweet strains of music breathed through a comb arose in the Nest. Everybody roused up. There sat Peggy on the side of her bed, treating her sisters to an air from *Fatinitza*. As one girl, they descended upon her, and despoiled her of her instrument.

She was not discouraged—Peggy rarely was. She raised her voice in the classic strains of "Wrass'lin Jacob," and then "Swing low, sweet chariot," with the genuine negro twang. Inquiring into this entertainment, the Larks discovered that she had an aching tooth, and that was her peculiar way of insisting on sympathy. They ransacked their stores, and at last quieted her nerves with a dose of—siccatif, and once more settled themselves to sleep.

The days were passed mostly in work, making sketches in the beautiful country about them, but the evenings were given to play and entertainments of various sorts. One that made a merry evening was a fancy-dress party, where, being without fear of Mrs. Grundy or "gentlemen spectators," and with resources limited to the contents of their trunks, the costumes were capital. The Marquis de Lafayette in blue trousers (of a bathing suit), elegant light drab cut-away coat, with the long tails now worn on ladies' basques, lined with scarlet satin, laces and stock of the most formidable dimensions; a "swell" of the "swellest" description, similarly gotten up; an African "mammy" as nurse, with immense silver spectacles, and face well painted, carrying a delicate baby in long white dress (the smallest and lightest of the party); a Highlander, with kilt of a plaid shawl; a fish girl crying her wares, which were sticks of candy on a stretcher.

Another was a literary and musical entertainment given by the "Bees" to the Larks, where the Peake Sisters in immense steeple hats and Quaker dress sang hymns and offered refreshments from bandboxes and pillow-case bags, and where was read with great applause an original "pome" of the acrostic order, of

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AN OLD FOLK'S CONCERT BY THE BEES.

which a specimen verse or two will serve to show the literary merit:

"J is for jolly: the word will explain
Our usual condition since we've been in Maine.
Forgotten all rules of formal propriety,
We revel in nonsense of every variety.

"L for the Larks, fine amiable fowls;
They remind you of geese, but they're wise as owls.
They live in a state of remarkable unity,
And I promise you they are a lively community."

Every entertainment, of whatever nature, was sure to end with the "Hindoo Dance," a great favorite, and an indescribably funny thing, for which, after one or two trials, Mr. Duncan kindly prepared by putting props under the parlor floor.

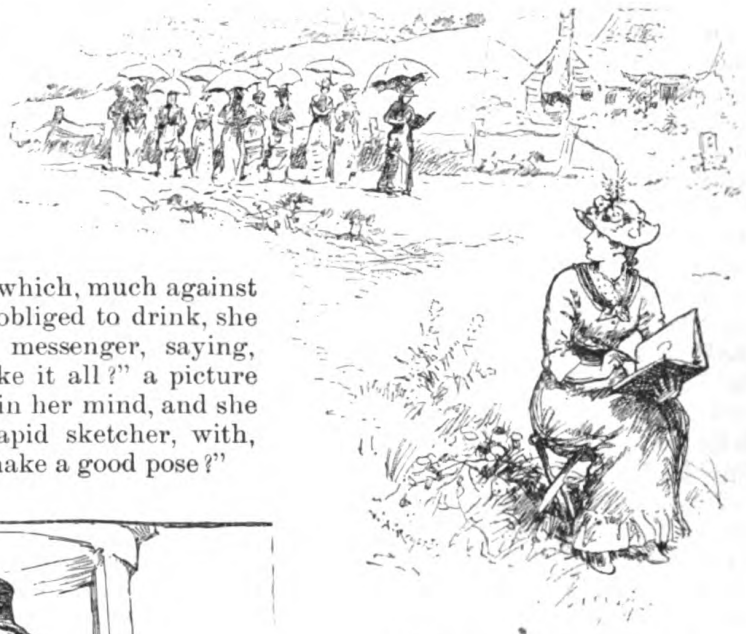
One cloud from the outside world, the domain of the proprieties, still hung over their horizon. It was a party of "Boston school-ma'ams," who were spending their summer at a neighboring farm-house. These young women never rode in carts, nor blew horns, nor roused the country generally. They conducted themselves in the most proper manner, and were supposed to be models of culture. At every unconventional deed—a ride on a hay-wagon, a wade after water-lilies, a foot-race through the woods—the first thought was, "What do you suppose the B. S. M.'s would say to that?"

Through much talking these innocent persons grew to be quite a bugaboo, the one crumpled rose leaf which took from the perfection of their present life. At last even this faint cloud was to be removed. One evening the dreaded B. S. M.'s came in solemn array, in best "Sunday-go-to-meeting" clothes, to call on the New York students. Great was the fall from the ideal pedestals on which they had been placed by the magic of a name. They proved—well, to be quite harmless; and henceforth the girls troubled themselves no more, but sang and shouted, and enjoyed themselves as seemed to them good.

The last week of this delightful month dawned, and the girls, realizing that their fun was nearly over, roused themselves in earnest to the duty of getting as much as possible into that short six days. One day most of the party went off on a picnic in a hay-cart, though poor D. D. staid

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in bed with a toothache which puffed her face to twice its usual size. She did not hesitate to sacrifice her comfort to her art, however, for when bolstered up, holding a big bowl of ginger tea, which kind Mrs. Duncan had brewed and sent out to her, and which, much against her inclination, she felt obliged to drink, she turned to the waiting messenger, saying, plaintively, "Must I take it all?" a picture of herself suddenly rose in her mind, and she turned to Peggy, the rapid sketcher, with, "Peggy, wouldn't this make a good pose?"



AWFUL VISION OF THE BOSTON SCHOOL-MA'AMS.



TRIP UP THE SONGO.

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"Capital!" cried Peggy; "don't stir." And in two minutes she was down in black and white—"The Swell D. D.," as the girls called her.

And now, to crown their precious last days, arrived the Master, to overlook their work, and accompany them home. This gentleman—a well-known New York artist—has the fortune, or misfortune (whichever it may be thought), to look extremely young; so before he arrived he was dubbed the "Old Master," and by that name he shall be known in this "ower-true tale." He was charmed with the scenery, the air, and, above all, the Larks' Nest, which he declared he should like to transport to New York just as it was.

Now every day had its expedition, of which the best was a sail the length of Lake Sebago, and up what the local guide-book called "the sweetly sinuous Songo." Sweetly sinuous they found it, and shallow as well. While they were assiduously cultivating the sentiments proper to the occasion, Clip forgetting to joke, and Peggy to pun, the Old Master reading aloud Longfellow's poem of the Songo River, and the captain pointing out the attractions—Peaked Mountain, Rattlesnake Mountain, One-tree Island, a cave much frequented by Hawthorne in his strange, solitary boyhood—suddenly they found themselves aground. It was not to be wondered at, for the channel was but two feet six inches deep, while the steamer drew two feet two inches of water.

While they were looking about for help, and two men with long poles were trying to push them off, a man appeared driving out from the shore to their assistance—a pair of horses!

The Old Master, falling from the heights of poetry to this ridiculous accident, was equal to the occasion. Assuming the gruff, authoritative tones of a stage captain, he ordered, "Throw a line over one of those piles, and haul her up into the wind's eye."

The captain looked around, smiled as at a child's play, and said, quietly, "She'll get along fust-rate with just shovin'." Then turning to the man in the water, he added, "Just shove her off at the stern, will you, Jim?"

Jim shoved, and the passengers looked over the rail at the absurd sight of two men pushing a big steamer off the bar. But it was done, and they went on, winding in and out, and meeting and overtaking hundreds of turtles on the same journey, of which Clip, who was making a map of the river, kept a record. One of them, of somewhat large size, swam in front of the steamer, and with the late disaster fresh in their minds, they pushed him away with a pole, lest they should get aground on him. They went on through a lock, when they left the steamer, and went up a flight of stairs to another and smaller one; through Naples Bay; past a veritable Rudder Grange, where they looked almost hopefully for Pomona and the Boarder; in sight of the home of Artemus Ward; to the village where a wagon was to meet them for the ride home.

Here the Old Master—who, though he lived in the "Hive," proved to be as larky as the Larks themselves—provided the party with tin horns, and they started on their long moonlight drive. Of that ride home, the serenades to the villagers, the comb arias, the horn solos, the opera and oratorio airs, the college and Moody and Sankey songs—the fun generally—any description would be weak.

The next night the Larks distinguished themselves by a serenade to the Old Master. With combs and horns and voices they softly rendered under his window airs which they thought suitable to the situation: "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls" (appropriate by contrast), and still more significant, "Douglas, Douglas, tender and true," winding up with "Farewell, my own."

The listener, behind his screen of vines, appreciated and enjoyed, and repaid them with soft applause, which disturbed no one, and the Bees slept calmly in their cells through the whole.

The day before the last one had been set apart from the beginning for a grand exhibition in the Larks' Nest to the country people who had shown such a kindly interest in the party. Everything else had been done: picnics, water-lily gathering, rowing, wading, blueb'n (in the language of the natives), frogging, barn frolicking, and so forth. The wind up was to be a fitting conclusion to a perfect month.

Early in the morning the Larks began preparations. The beams of the nest were decorated with wheat, oats, ground-pine, and red berries; the curtains before the beds, as the place of honor, were given to four large photographs of the O. M.'s successful paintings in late exhibitions; and

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THE EXHIBITION.

the rest of the walls were completely covered from floor to roof with the work of the girls, for, notwithstanding all their fun, work had gone steadily on from day to day. Sketches in oil and water-color, distemper, charcoal, sepia, pencil, and pen and ink, set off with snowy thistle puffs, ferns, colored leaves, birds' nests in twigs and branches, long sprays of clematis, and running evergreen. One of the most effective things was a curtain of unbleached muslin on which was a group—the heads of the five Larks—as silhouettes, of which Clip said that when the Larks got their heads together, something was sure to come of it.

Clip, who wore at her girdle an imposing note-book and pencil, and was called the "Historian," was appointed to receive the guests. When their arrival was announced, she went up to the house, where she found a dozen or more sheepish-looking men and boys around the door, talking to Mr. Duncan about pigs and stock, and the crops. In the parlor she found perhaps twenty women sitting around the wall in Sunday clothes, not knowing exactly what to do with themselves. She invited them out, and took the head of the procession.

The Nest was, clear of furniture, about fifteen feet square, and it had fifty or sixty guests—a regular crush. Their comments were amusing. "My gorry" (the Maine oath), "can't they paint!" was the first criticism of an honest old farmer, in-

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spired probably by quantity rather than quality.

"Wa'al, wa'al, this is really quite a show!" said another.

"That's a sunset glow—ain't it nice!" said an old lady, poking her parasol into a ten-minute sketch of a gorgeous sunset.

"That's awful pretty!" and, "When that's finished it 'll look nice," were common criticisms.

One old lady was not in the least awed. "My Ed has done them things by yards and yards," she said to a companion, who only opened her lips to say, "Yes, yes, yes."

"Seems to me that looks sort o' nateral, but I can't quite make it out," said one of a sketch very hasty and quite in the "impressionist" style.

One old mother was more interested in the exhibitors. She turned to the O. M. "Air you really teacher o' them girls, and how old be you?"

"You call that a dog?" scoffingly said a boy who had been brought in to admire the portrait of the family dog; "I wouldn't 'a known what it was: it looks like a pig."

The exhibition was over; the guests went home; the girls felt that the show was ended, the curtain about to drop. In silence each camper took down her sketches, dragged her trunk out, and began to pack.

At noon the next day the party stood



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on the platform of the station at Steep Falls, ready for the train. Suddenly the O. M. appeared on the scene, his face beaming with fun and mischief. He had discovered in a corner of the waiting-room a bass drum almost as big as he was, and he shouldered it. He stepped on to the platform; he called for recruits.

"Let's go out with éclat. Let's give a final and fitting end to this grandest of trips. Let's drop the curtain with applause."

There was no lack of congenial spirits; from shawl-strap and bundle came the horns, and each one fell into line behind the leader, and once and again around that station they gayly marched, drum beating and horns blowing.

But the whistle sounds; the train draws up; the party embark, and all too rapidly are whirled back to the every-day world, where Mrs. Grundy holds sway, and girls must behave themselves, while

> "Around Sebago's lonely lake
> There lingers not a breeze to break
> The mirror which its waters make."

One thing this girl camping party has proved, namely, that a party of young women can manage and carry through to success a delightful expedition, with benefit to health and not utter depletion of purse.

Yea, verily, and yet another: that the presence of so many unattended gentlewomen turns every American man into a gentleman and a brother ready to be of service in any way, and so long as they behave themselves, even though they indulge in girlish fun, they have not to dread the slightest rudeness of word or look in the rural districts of New England.

AN OLD FORT, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

THE rapidity with which the early settlers of New England spread themselves over a wide reach of territory is somewhat surprising. Few as they were, Eastern Massachusetts was too strait for them, and in less than a score of years they had pushed through the intervening wilderness a hundred miles, and established themselves in the valley of the Connecticut at Windsor, Wethersfield, Hartford, and Springfield. Gradually other settlements were made along that attractive valley, from Saybrook as far as Northfield. "It was not long," says Cotton Mather, "before the Massachuset Colony was become like a hive overstocked with bees, and many of the new inhabitants entertained thoughts of swarming into plantations extended further into the country..... The fame of Connecticut River, a long, fresh, rich river, had made a little Nilus of it, in the expectation of the good people about the Massachuset Bay, whereupon many of the planters, belonging especially to the towns of Cambridge, Dorchester, Watertown, and Roxbury, took up resolutions to travel an hundred miles westward from those towns for a further settlement upon this famous river."

But it was nearly a century before the westward-moving tide reached the next valley, that of the Housatonic and the Hoosac, although by that time there were more than 300,000 people within the settled portions of Massachusetts and Connecticut. Not only was the intervening wilderness a barrier to the further progress of migration toward the West, but there was a dispute between the English and the Dutch as to the boundary between Massachusetts and New York, which served to deter settlers for a long time from venturing to seek homes in this direction. A barrier, however, of a more formidable character was the fear of the Indians.

The early relations of the colonists of New England to the Indians were those of peace and amity. The account of them forms a beautiful chapter in our colonial history. But these amicable relations were soon disturbed. As ship after ship followed the *Mayflower*, and poured its living cargo upon the soil of New England, and the whites spread themselves over their fairest hunting and fishing grounds, the Indians naturally became jealous of those who seemed to be crowding them from their homes. Their lands, though they had been parted with voluntarily, and at a price satisfactory to them at the time, were yet parted with. They saw themselves dispossessed forever. Nor was it pleasant for them to see the threatened predominance of another race, where they had been so long the undisputed lords of the soil. It was an easy thing for the natural feeling of jealousy to be converted into suspicion, and then into hate. And this was made the easier by the incitements furnished by the French

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colonists of Canada. From the time of the first settlements almost there had been a strife between England and France for the possession of the new continent. As the colonies grew in population and strength, they shared to a large extent the feelings of the parent countries. Taking advantage of the disturbed feeling of the Indians toward the English, the French entered into alliance with them, and stimulated them to open hostility.

There were two natural routes of approach to the English settlements from the direction of Canada. One was by the Connecticut River; the other was down Lake Champlain and the Hudson, until the valley of the Hoosac was reached, then eastward along this valley and that of the Deerfield, which tends in the same direction. By either of these routes it was comparatively easy for the French and Indians to make a descent upon the colonies and harass them. This they did through a long series of years. For nearly a century life on the borders of the English settlements was one of almost constant fear. The stories of sudden attack, of the burning of dwellings, of whole villages, of death by the tomahawk, of death on the march through pathless woods in winter, as the victims of these assaults were taken into captivity, form a large portion of our early history.

On the breaking out of war between England and France in 1744, Massachusetts felt obliged to take additional measures for the defense of her exposed northern and western borders. Accordingly, a new line of forts was built, stretching from the Connecticut, near the boundary of New Hampshire, to the extreme western limit of Massachusetts. The westernmost of these forts, and the strongest, as it needed to be, was erected in the valley of the Hoosac, near where that stream breaks through the lofty mountain barrier which divides Massachusetts and Vermont from New York. Through this gateway which nature had provided, the French and their Indian allies, if unopposed, could make their way, as they had done, to the important towns of Deerfield, Hadley, Northampton, and Westfield on the east, or go southward through the valleys of Berkshire, lately begun to be settled, and threaten all that region, and Connecticut beyond.

The superintendence of the erection and the command of this new line of forts were intrusted to Captain Ephraim Williams, his head-quarters being at the one farthest west, which was named Fort Massachusetts. This fort was located in a beautiful meadow in the valley of the Hoosac, which is here narrowed to a quarter of a mile in width by the towering mass of Saddleback or Graylock on the south, and the Clarksburg and Stamford mountains on the north.

The fort was built of logs, and surrounded with an inclosure of pickets nearly a hundred rods in extent, made of squared posts driven into the ground so as to make an impervious barrier. It was mounted with a few swivels at the best, had a garrison seldom numbering a hundred men, and was defensible against musketry alone.

Captain Williams was young, but had already inspired confidence in his ability. He was of good family, his father having been one of four chosen by the provincial government to settle in Stockbridge when the mission to the Indians in that region was established by Rev. John Sergeant. Williams himself had spent much of his life at sea. He had visited England, Spain, and Holland. He had become familiar with danger in his ocean voyages, while by his wide and varied intercourse with men he had acquired much knowledge, and become accomplished in manners. He was already well known by his repeated engagements as agent at the General Court.

The trust now committed to him he discharged with great fidelity and success. Under his vigorous management scouts were kept continually passing and repassing along the line of forts in order to give prompt notice of the approach of any foe. It was a hazardous service which they had to perform, and as an inducement to engage in it, the provincial government offered a bounty of £30 for every Indian scalp.

A successful attack was made upon Fort Massachusetts in 1746, by a combined force of French and Indians, nearly one thousand strong. The fort was destroyed, but was rebuilt the next year, and its defense was gallantly maintained until the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle brought a cessation of hostilities.

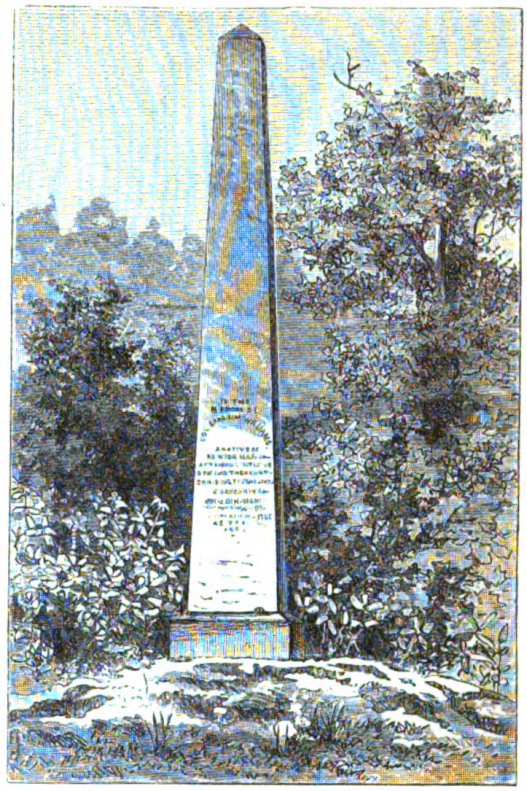
At the breaking out of war again in the continued struggle of the French and English for the supremacy, the danger of invasion through the gateway of the

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Hoosac was greater than before. When, therefore, news came that the Indians had made an attack upon Dutch Hoosac—a settlement within the jurisdiction of New York, but only ten miles from Fort Massachusetts—and that a small party had even penetrated the colony, and gone as far south as Stockbridge, spreading great alarm along their course, the colonial government saw at once the necessity of taking prompt measures for the protection of the settlers. The forts on the frontier were immediately strengthened, and some new ones built.

Williams, who had successfully defended the frontier during the previous hostilities, was again put in charge, with the rank of major. The next year, however, he was relieved of his command at the fort, and placed at the head of the Hampshire Regiment—part of a force of five thousand men raised by the colonies for the purpose of taking the offensive against the French, and capturing Crown Point, one of the most important fortresses held by them. The attack upon Crown Point was part of a comprehensive plan to make a vigorous assault upon the French at different points. It embraced simultaneous expeditions to Louisburg, Quebec, Crown Point, Niagara, and Fort du Quesne.

The expedition to Crown Point was put in charge of Colonel Johnson. While encamped at the southern extremity of Lake George, waiting for ammunition and transports, Baron Dieskau, with a large force of French, Canadians, and Indians, arrived in that vicinity, with the purpose of attacking Fort Edward, a garrison near by. Johnson, learning of the presence of Dieskau's force, at once sent out a party of one thousand soldiers and two hundred Indians to intercept the enemy. Colonel Williams was appointed to the command. He had proceeded but a little way on his march, however, when he found himself almost surrounded by the French and Indians, who had left Fort Edward on one side, and were advancing upon Johnson's army, and now were lying in ambush awaiting his approach, of which they had doubtless been informed by their scouts. It was a wild wooded region, and Williams's path was through a deep glen. All at once the yells of the savages and volleys of musketry broke upon his ear, and revealed his danger, while the sudden surprise threw his men into confusion. Calm and undaunted



COLONEL WILLIAMS'S MONUMENT, NEAR LAKE GEORGE.

himself, Williams endeavored to get his force out of the glen, upon the higher ground, where they would be less exposed, and could contend with the enemy upon equal terms. As he was doing this, standing upon a rock, or by the side of it, he fell, pierced through the head by a musket-ball.

At his fall Williams was saved from the indignity of the scalping-knife of his Indian foes by the considerate devotion of his comrades in arms, who succeeded in concealing his body from the savages. It was subsequently buried on a height of ground a few rods from the spot where he fell, at the foot of a huge pine-tree near the road. There it lay unmarked by any other monument for nearly a century from the time of his death. Then, moved by the consideration of his great worth and his great benefactions to the country and to the cause of learning, the loving hands of another generation placed a large pyramidal bowlder upon the grave of Williams, inscribed with the initials E. W., and erected also upon the rock which marks the spot where he fell an enduring monument of marble.

But the history of Fort Massachusetts

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WEST COLLEGE.

is not yet fully told, and we must turn back to it. Its builder and commander had fallen, but no serious attack was made upon it subsequent to his death. A lasting peace came in three years from the battle near Fort Edward. The French colonies on the north were surrendered to Great Britain. There was no more fear of invasions from Canada. The frontier line of forts no longer needed to be garrisoned for the protection of defenseless settlers. The soldiers could be dismissed to the peaceful industries of life, and the forts themselves be left to fade from sight, as they have done, under the slow decay of time. There is nothing now to mark the site of the old fort except an elm-tree, which a few persons interested in the history of the fort planted not many years ago for the purpose of marking a spot memorable for gallant deeds there wrought, and for its important connection with the history of our country.

At the close of the previous war, in 1748, Williams had retired from his frontier post, and made his home at Hatfield and with a brother at Deerfield. But his long service on the border and in command of the fort had given him a deep interest in that region, and in the soldiers and settlers with whom he had been associated in times of peril. The year after leaving the fort, and mainly at his instigation, it seems, the General Court appointed a committee "to survey and lay out two townships on the Hoosac River, each of the contents of six miles square, in the best of the land, and in as regular form as may be, joining them together; and return a correct plat of said townships; and also to return the course and distance of said towns from Fort Massachusetts."

In 1750, a committee was ordered to lay out the west township of Hoosac into sixty-three contiguous home-lots of from thirteen to fourteen acres, each of these home-lots carrying with it a sixty-third part of the whole township. True to the original custom of the New England colonies, one of these lots was reserved for the first settled minister of the new town, and another as a permanent fund for the support of the ministry. A third lot was set apart for the benefit of schools. The committee were also directed "to grant as many lots to the soldiers of the garri-

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son of Fort Massachusetts as they should think proper." A grant of one hundred and ninety acres in the east township was also made by the General Court to Williams himself, by which he became the owner of the very meadow in which Fort Massachusetts stood.

When the west township was actually laid out, more than half of the lots were taken by the officers and soldiers of the old fort. Williams, among the rest, drew two lots, though these chanced to be of poor quality. The settlement of both townships, under the protection of the fort and one or two block-houses, went on rapidly.

On his way from Deerfield to engage in the expedition against Crown Point, Colonel Williams was once more at Fort Massachusetts, and there met again many of his old comrades, several of whom had become settlers in the new township which he had secured for them four or five years before. Some of these old companions in arms put themselves again under his leadership on the march to Crown Point. Williams seems to have had some foreboding that he was not to return from this expedition, but was looking upon the old fort and the fair fields of the Hoosac around it for the last time. It is said that as he parted from the garrison he gave some intimation that, in the event of his death, he should leave them some further evidence of his esteem. Being taken ill as his regiment halted for a little at Albany, he was reminded of the uncertainty of life, and that the purpose entertained for some time past of making a final disposition of his property had not been carried out. He proceeded, therefore, at once to make his will. In this instrument, after making some minor bequests to relatives and friends, he declares: "It is my will and pleasure that all of the residue of my real estate, not otherwise disposed of, be sold by my executors, or the survivor of them, within five years after an established peace (which a good God soon grant!), according to their discretion, and that the same be put out at interest on good security, and that the interest money yearly arising therefrom, and the interest arising from my just debts due to me, and not otherwise disposed of, be improved by said executors, and by such as they shall appoint trustees for the charity aforesaid after them, for the support and maintenance of a free school in the township west of Fort Massachusetts (commonly called West Township) forever, provided said township fall within the juris-



EAST COLLEGE AND LIBRARY.

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diction of the province of Massachusetts Bay, and continue under that jurisdiction, and provided also the Governor of said province, with the Assembly of said province, shall (when a suitable number of inhabitants are settled there) incorporate the same into a town by the name of Williamstown."

The will then goes on to make other dispositions of the property if these conditions are not complied with.

The will is dated July 22, 1755. Williams fell on the 8th of September following.

The history of Colonel Williams's bequest is interesting as showing what fruit may come from a small seed, and the changed condition of things and of our ideas and estimates since the time that his will was made. The amount of property left by Williams would seem to any one now ridiculously small for the purpose of establishing a school of any sort. Even at the time the bequest was made, it was so inadequate to its purpose that it was only after it had been converted into money and carefully husbanded by the executors, by being allowed to increase at compound interest for thirty years, that they felt warranted in attempting to put the contemplated school in actual operation. At length, in the year 1785, they ventured to apply to the Legislature for an act enabling them to fulfill the intention of the testator. Thereupon an act was passed incorporating Theodore Sedgwick and eight other persons of the highest distinction in Western Massachusetts "trustees of the donation of Ephraim Williams for maintaining a free school in Williamstown."

The trustees, almost all of whom were graduates of Yale College, held their first meeting soon after the act of incorporation was passed. They found the property intrusted to them so insufficient for the purpose for which it was designed that they at once appointed three of their number a committee to procure additional funds. At the same time they voted that the school should be open and free not only to the people of Williamstown, but to "the free citizens of the American States indiscriminately." That they were undertaking to establish something more than an ordinary free school is shown also by a vote, passed at an early stage of their proceedings, that the building for the school should be constructed of bricks, and should be seventy-two feet in length, forty feet wide, and three stories high. As they went on with their work, however, the ideas of the trustees seem to have expanded, and the building finally erected, and as it stands to-day, is eighty-two feet in length, forty-two in width, and four stories high. It was a notable structure for the place and the time, and compares favorably with many buildings of more pretentious character and more recent date. It is, indeed, a marvel that an edifice so solid and imposing in appearance as it is to-day should have been erected nearly a century ago, and in what was almost literally a wilderness. This is the building now known as West College. The site overlooks the town and a large portion of the adjacent country, the range of vision being limited only by the lofty hills or mountains which lift themselves on every side.

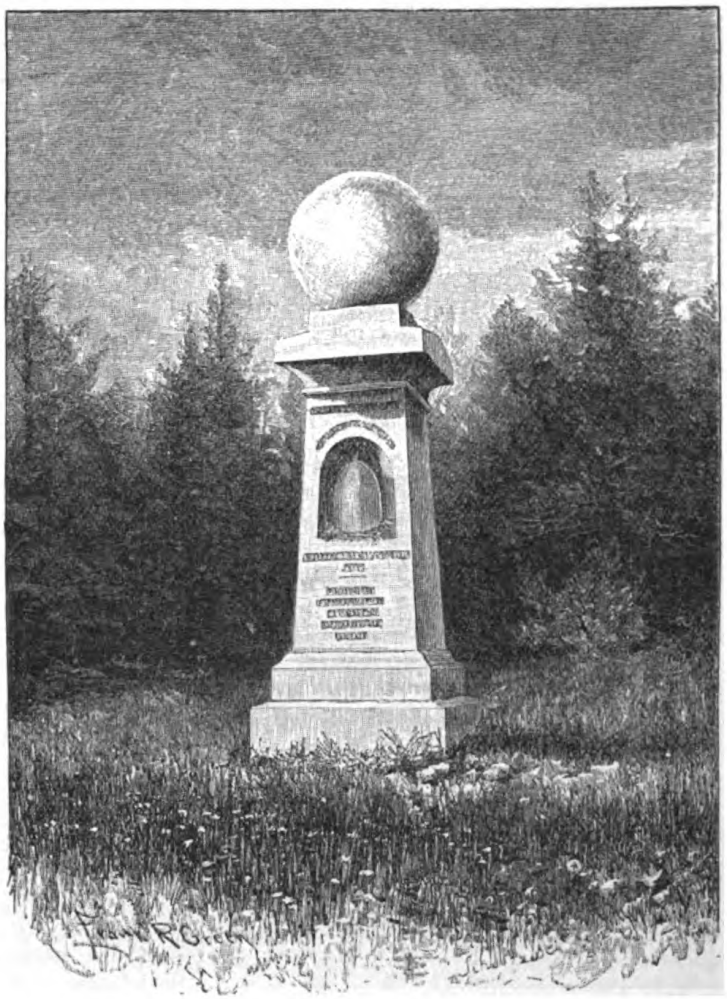
It is another indication of the scarcity of money then, as well as of a change in moral apprehension, that the trustees felt obliged to resort to the help of a lottery in order to secure the funds needful for the erection of their contemplated building. The Legislature, on their application, gave them a grant for a lottery, and the result was an addition of £1037 18*s.* 2*d.* to their resources. With this, and a subscription of $2000 by the residents of Williamstown, they were at length enabled to erect their building.

The school was opened October 20, 1791, with the Rev. Ebenezer Fitch, a graduate of Yale College, as preceptor, and Mr. John Lester as assistant. There were two departments—a grammar school, or academy, and an English free school. In the first, the usual college studies of that day were taught; in the second, instruction in the common English studies was given to a company of boys from the higher classes in the common schools of the town.

The school was popular and successful from the beginning. There was no institution so attractive to those ambitious of learning nearer than the colleges at Hanover and New Haven. Young men came to it from the neighboring States, and even from Canada. The popularity of the school was such, indeed, as to lead the trustees to petition the Legislature, the next year after its opening, to erect it into a college. This the Legislature did in 1793, and at the same time made a

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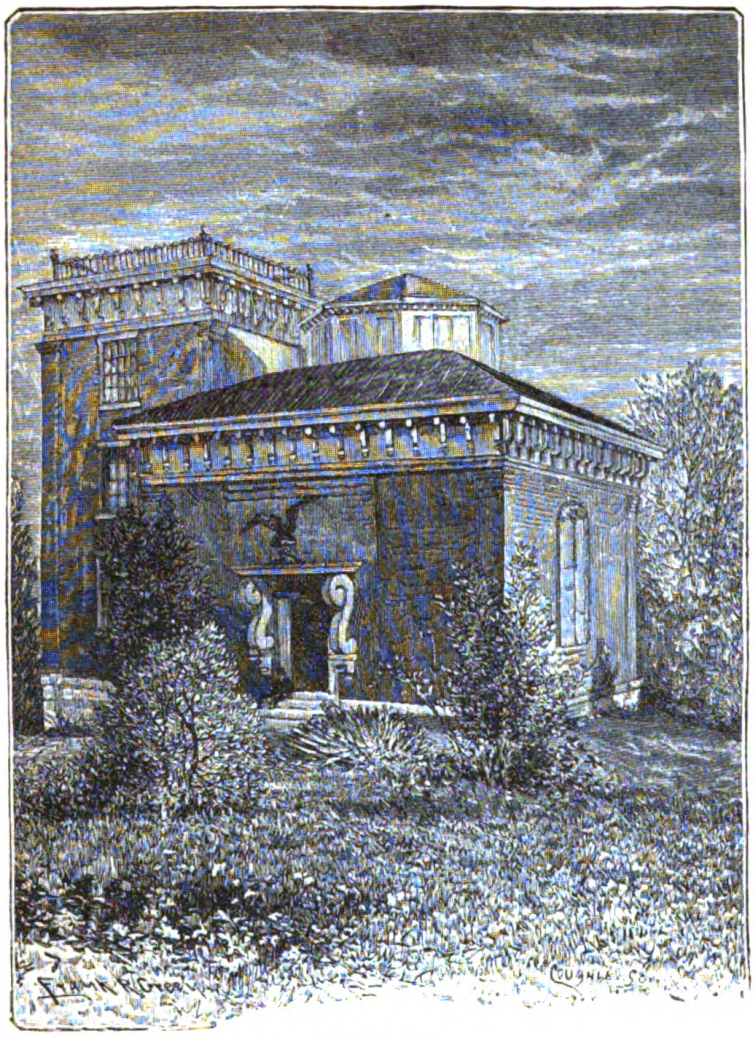
grant to the new college of $4000. The English free school was now discontinued, but the academy was maintained for several years. Three years later, the Legislature made a further grant of two townships of land in Maine, which was then a part of Massachusetts. These townships were sold for about $10,000, and enabled the trustees, a year or two afterward, to erect another building, known as East College.



MISSION PARK MONUMENT.

The college has had from the beginning an able class of instructors, men of solid rather than showy and superficial qualities, and latterly the instruction has been given wholly by professors, no tutors being employed. A letter of the first president to a friend, as early as 1799, will indicate the character with which the college began. He says: "Things go on well in our infant seminary. Our number is hardly so large as last year. The scarcity of money is one cause of the decline, some leaving through mere poverty. But our ambition is to make good scholars rather than add to our numbers, and in this we mean not to be outdone by any college in New England. Perseverance in the system we have adopted will eventually give reputation to this institution in the view of all who prefer the useful to the showy." An extract from the inaugural address of President Hopkins, nearly forty years later, will show that the college then maintained its early character: "I have no ambition to build up here what would be called a great institution; the wants of the community do not require it. But I do desire, and shall labor, that this may be a *safe* college; that its reputation may be sustained and raised still higher; that the plan of instruction I have indicated may be carried out more fully; that here there may be health, and cheerful study, and kind feelings, and pure morals; and that, in the memory of future students, college life may be made a still more verdant spot." The prominent characteristics of the college during Dr. Hopkins's long administration, as well as from the beginning, could hardly be better expressed than by those words of his, "health, cheerful study, kind feelings, and pure morals." The situation of the college among the far-famed hills of Berkshire is evidently favorable to health; and all who know anything of it know that during the protracted and distinguished administration to which we have just alluded, the college has had an enviable reputation as a place where the students have been interested in their studies, and in general have been faithful in their work; where the moral tone of life has been high, and where the instructors have sought to blend the offices of teacher and friend, having the true conception of edu-

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JACKSON HALL.

cation, as the drawing out—*e-duco*—what is in the pupil, the development of his own powers rather than the endeavor to clothe him with the mantle of another's knowledge or accomplishments.

It speaks well also for the college and the character of its instruction that a larger proportion of the text-books now in general use have been prepared by the professors in this institution than by those of any other college, with the possible exception of Yale and Harvard.

Quality rather than quantity has been the aim of Williams. She has not undertaken to be a university, nor to advertise herself by the numbers that might be drawn to her halls. Calling herself a college, she has aimed to do the appropriate work of a college, but to do that work in the best and most effective manner.

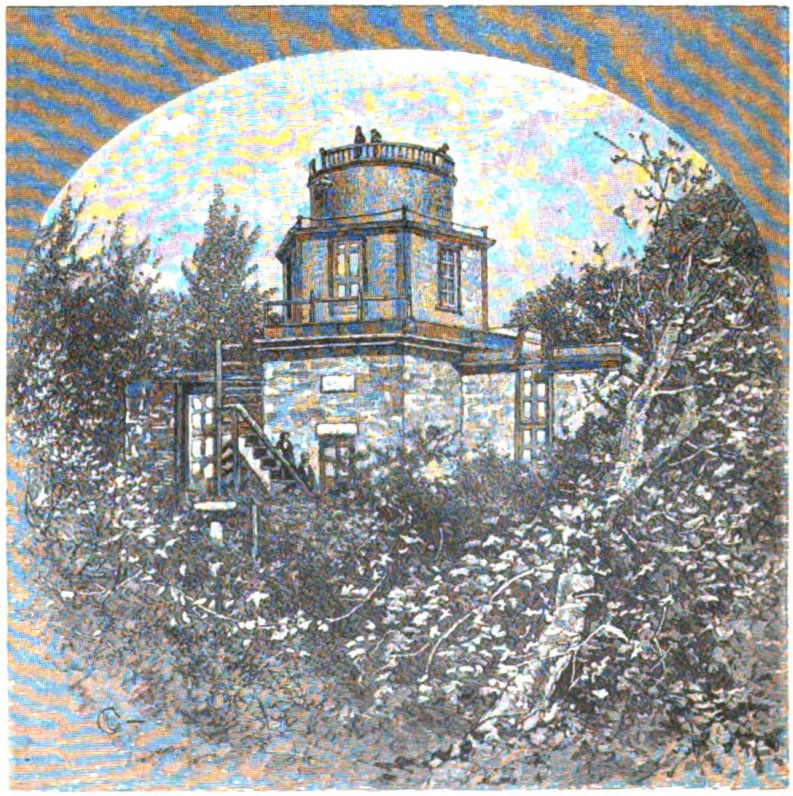
One would be safe in saying that in no college is the religious atmosphere more perceptible or more wholesome than at Williams. Free alike from cant and bigotry, from looseness and indifference, the religious tone of the college is pure and healthful as the mountain air which her students breathe. It is, moreover, not the least of the distinctions of this institution that, while a large portion of her students have been persons of avowedly Christian character, the first movement in our country for the Christianization of the heathen world had its origin here. The stranger who visits Williamstown and asks for its most interesting objects will be directed to Mission Park. As he enters its quiet and beautiful seclusion, a marble monument, surmounted by a massive globe—with the continents and the islands of the sea boldly outlined on its surface—emblematic of the world-wide reach of their enterprise, marks the spot where Mills and Richards and Hall and Nott, with their associates, met from time to time, in the early days of the college, to ponder and pray over that divine commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." In those ponderings and prayers originated our great Board of Foreign Missions. And now, among all the gatherings and attractive scenes which mark Commencement week, there is none of more delightful and at the same time profound interest than the assembly around that monument in the park on the Sabbath afternoon, when, for an hour, amid the utterances of prayer and song, and the words of one and another veteran returned from the distant mission fields of the world, the heart is touched with a

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sense of the sublimest work which this earth knows.

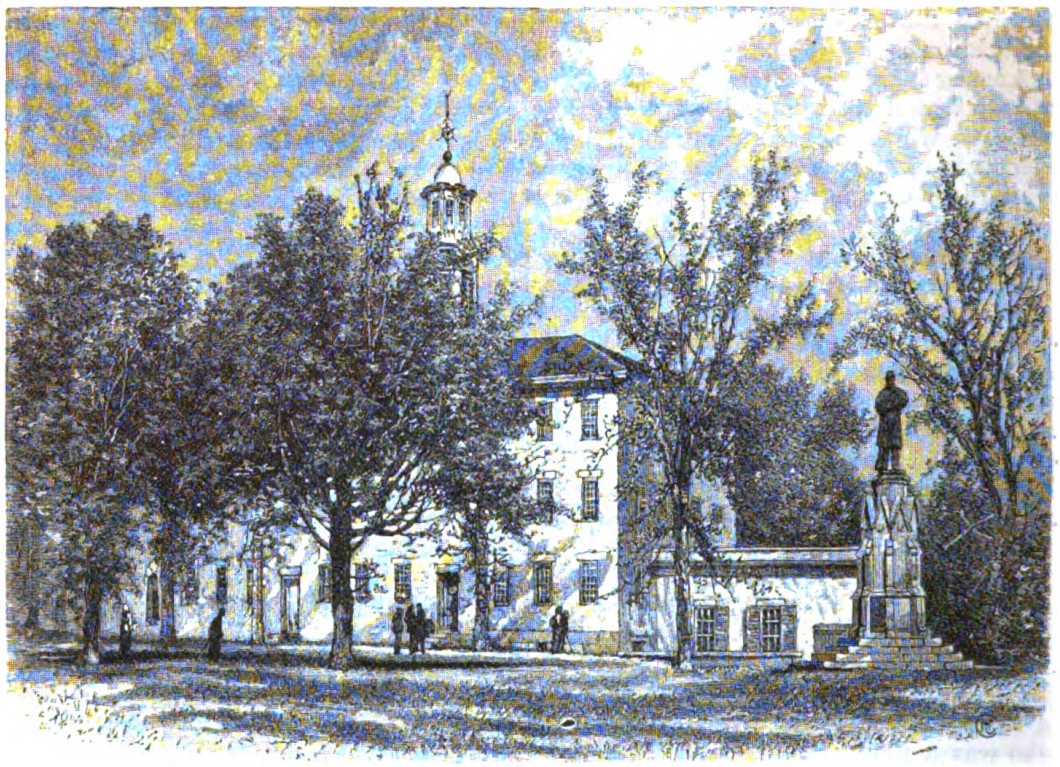
Among the special characteristics of the college which grew out of old Fort Massachusetts, whose commander was wont to lament his deficient early education, none is more prominent than its devotion to the study of the natural sciences. Whether owing to the appropriate influence of the peculiar location of the college amid scenery of the most attractive character, or to other causes, it is a fact that it has had in its faculty, from an early date, teachers who have been ardently devoted to the study of nature, and who by their own enthusiasm have kindled a love of this study in many of their pupils. Early in the present century the study of chemistry and natural philosophy was made prominent and attractive in connection with the lectures and illustrative experiments of Professor Dewey. A few years later, lectures on mineralogy, geology, and botany were given by that eminent teacher of these sciences, Professor Amos Eaton, who was a pioneer in these departments of study, and did as much, perhaps, as any one to popularize science in this country. He was an enthusiast. His ardent love of natural science, especially of botany, led him to relinquish the profession of the law, in which he was engaged, and devote himself to the study of nature. He was among the first in this country to teach the sciences, not only in the classroom, but in the open field. He was accustomed to take his classes with him on explorations for the study of the rocks and plants in the homes where nature had placed them.

For several years there existed among the students a society called the "Linnæan Society." This gave way to the "Lyceum of Natural History," the avowed object of which is "the study of the natural sciences, and the prosecution of antiquarian research." This society has become one of the permanent organizations of the college. It occupies a spacious brick building, erected for its use by the late Nathan Jackson, of New York. Here the society has gathered a large collection of specimens in the various departments of natural history. Here also it holds regular meetings, and in rooms adjoining the museum its members carry on their investigations, and engage in the practical work incidental to their studies. The society has been accustomed also, under the lead often of one or more of the professors in the college, to make explorations, sometimes in quite distant regions, for the purpose of prosecuting its studies and making discoveries. The late Professor Albert Hopkins, brother of President Hopkins, who was an ardent and devout student of nature, often went on such expeditions, both near and remote; and President Chadbourne, when a professor, went with the society to Florida, and on another occasion led an expedition to Greenland. The late Professor



THE OBSERVATORY.

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THE OLD COLLEGE CHAPEL, GRIFFIN HALL, AND SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

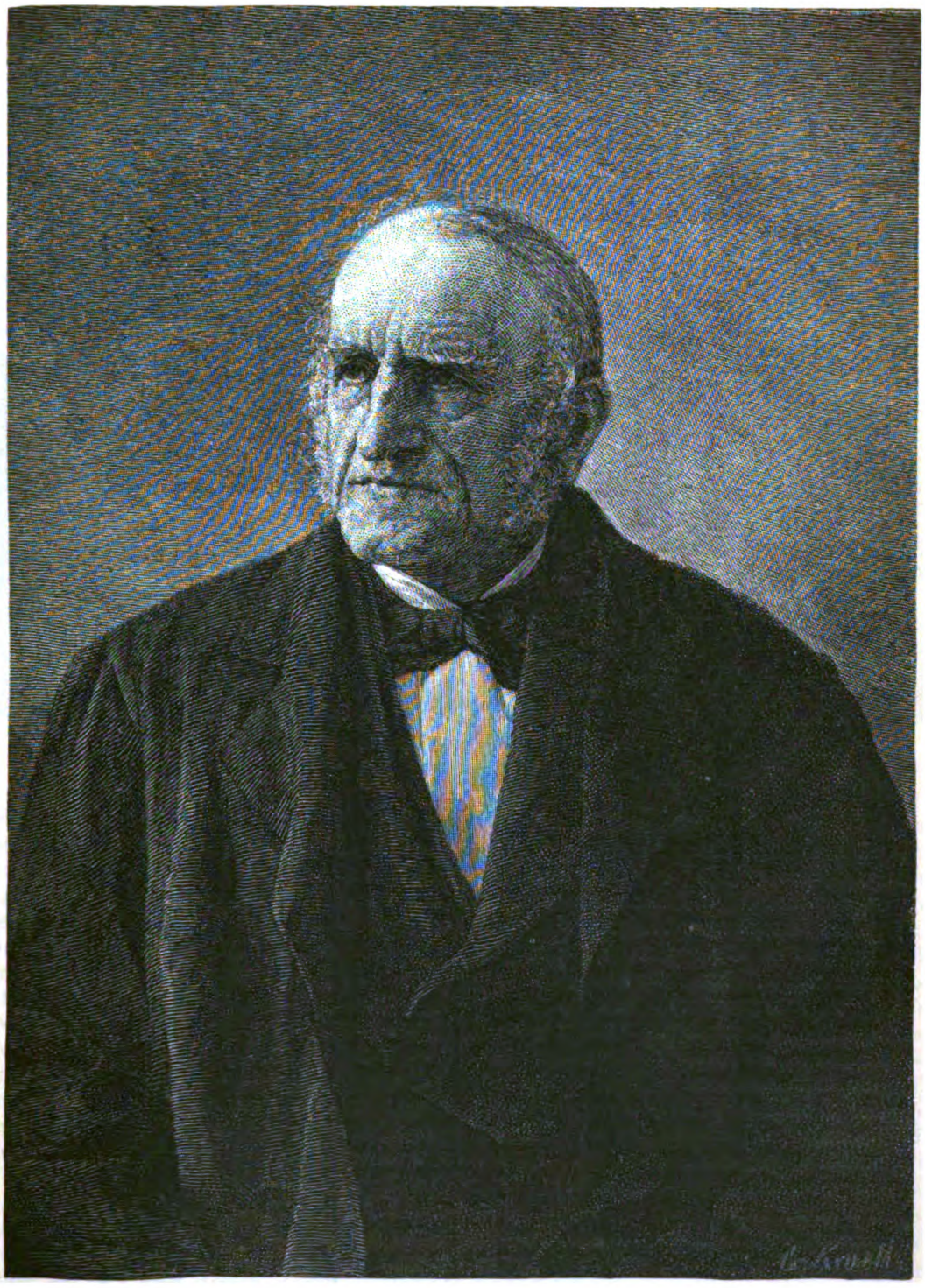
Tenney was on his way to the Rocky Mountains, three years ago, with another party, when his sudden death put an end to the expedition.

It is worthy of mention, also, that the first observatory erected in this country for astronomical purposes alone was built here. It was erected through the personal influence, and mainly at the expense, of Professor Hopkins, whose devout and saintly spirit, carrying religion into all the affairs of life, inscribed such texts of Scripture as this over the door of the observatory: "For thus saith the Lord of Hosts, Yet once, it is a little while, and I will shake the heavens, and the earth, and the sea, and the dry land." On the marble base of the sun-dial, which stands by the southern door of the observatory, one reads also, cut in deep letters, this question of our Lord: "How is it that ye do not discern this time?"

The New England Journal of Education has recently published, from data furnished by the secretary of Tufts College, a table showing the proportion of time given to the required studies in ten New England colleges. From this it appears that while Williams gives just about the average time to the ancient and modern languages, 37.5 per cent., she gives to natural history 10.9, the next highest on the list giving only 7.6, and the general average of the ten colleges being only 4.6. In ethics, again, Williams gives 10.8, the next highest being 5.7, and the general average 4.2. In philosophy and history studies, including political economy, Williams gives 29.8, the next highest giving 23.1, and the general average being 17.3.

This table indicates at a glance the fact that while Williams has given the natural sciences an eminent place, it has given to mental and moral science a pre-eminent one. Under the administration of such a man as President Hopkins, it could hardly be otherwise. Indisputably the foremost philosophic thinker of our country since the time of Edwards, and combining with great mental acumen remarkable aptitude as a teacher, it was almost a matter of course that in his hands philosophic studies should have a place of more than usual prominence. Accordingly, during the almost forty years of his presidency over the college, while other studies have not failed to receive due attention, or other sciences proper regard, the Science of Man has had a place which,

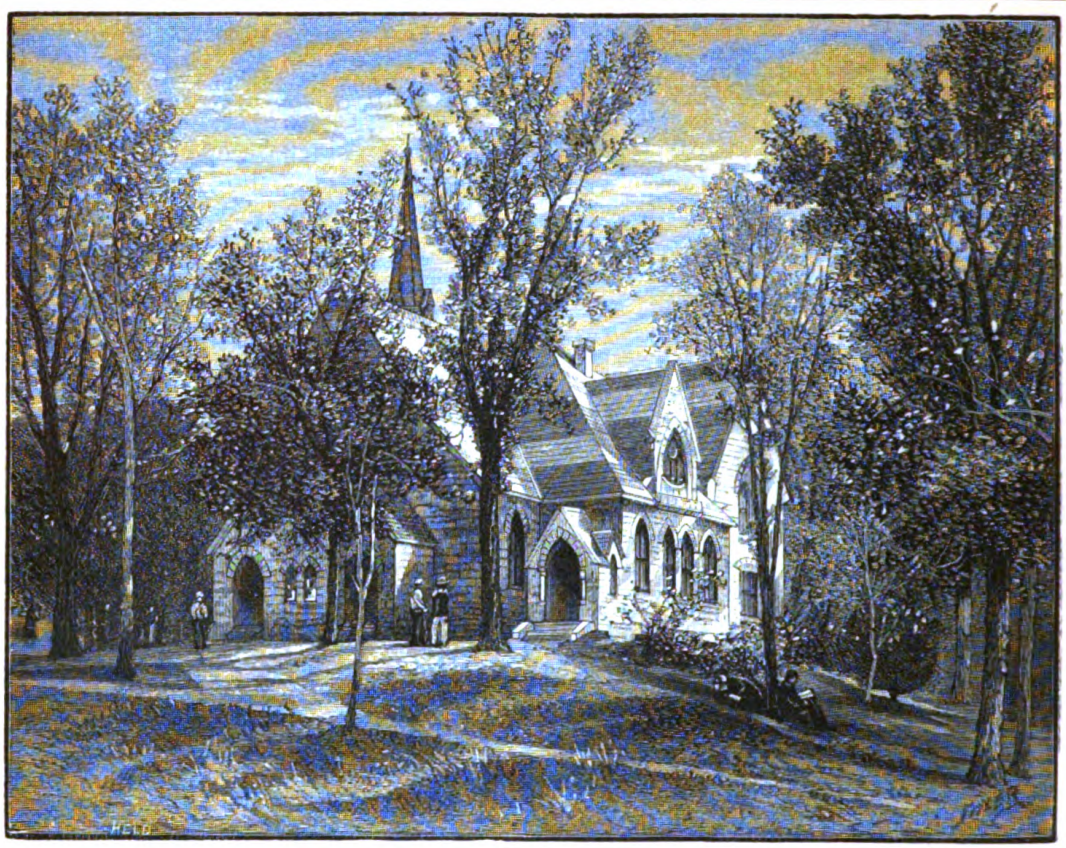
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MARK HOPKINS.

so far as we know, has nowhere else been accorded to it. In the college curriculum here, while the Senior year has been almost wholly given to this highest science as the fitting crown of a collegiate course, the study of it begins with that course, Dr. Hopkins having been accustomed to give the Freshman Class a series of lectures on physiology and the laws of health. His own early training for the

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FRONT AND TRANSEPT OF NEW CHAPEL.

medical profession prepared him to do this with unusual interest and effect. The influence, also, of this early training upon his way of looking at the facts of mental and moral science may have aided him in the construction of a system of philosophy so broad and self-consistent, and so completely in harmony with fact in all departments of knowledge, that it may well be termed a universal philosophy. Dr. Hopkins has not been willing that metaphysics should stand for something intelligible only to the learned few, while inexplicable to the common mind. On the contrary, he has held that the facts of the mind and the laws of its operation, it being nearest of all things to man, may be known by all with as much certainty as the facts and laws of the outward and remoter world. So he has fearlessly taken his students into this realm of study, and accustomed them to be at home with themselves, and while seeing the harmony of all knowledge, to see that the knowledge of themselves is the highest of all, and that

"The proper study of mankind is man."

So far, indeed, has he carried his views of the simplicity and intelligibility of these higher sciences, that he has been accustomed to teach them on the blackboard as one would arithmetic. And his success with this method in the class-room had been such, and his confidence in the system, that he ventured a few years ago to give a popular course of metaphysics before the Lowell Institute, illustrated by diagrams in the same way. The experiment was successful, and the phonographic report of those unwritten lectures now constitutes that remarkable volume, *An Outline Study of Man; or, The Body and Mind in One System*, which has become a text-book in so many of our colleges. It is a small volume in comparison with many which treat of the same subject, but it may be said to condense in itself a complete system of philosophy. Any one who reads it, and considers that such a course of instruction, only greatly expanded, and a similar course in moral science, occupy a large portion of the time during the entire Senior year, will understand how rich that year is to the

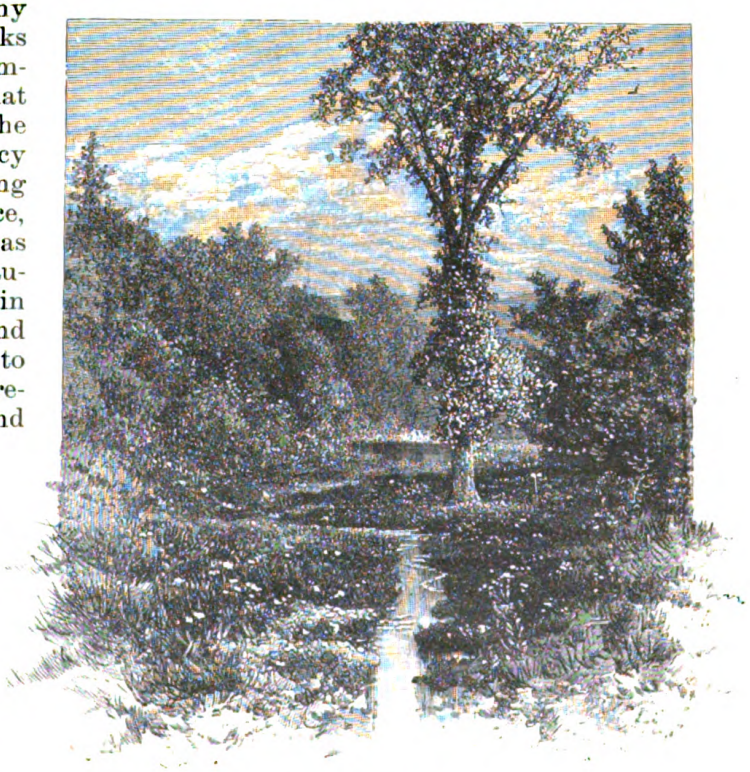
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CLARK HALL.

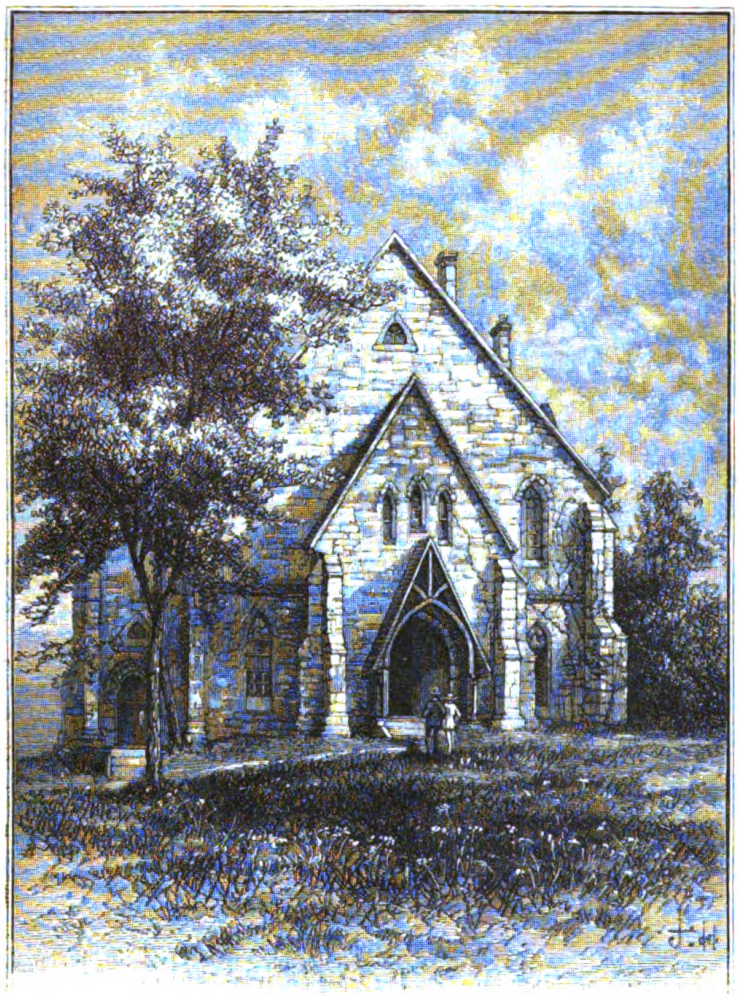
student at Williams. Many a son of Williams looks back to it as the most memorable year of his life. That Senior recitation-room, the throne of the presidency during Dr. Hopkins's long incumbency of the office, and where, although he has laid down the seals of authority, he still presides in a most important sense, and so long as he continues to teach will preside by the regal sway of thought and character which he exercises, makes one think of the old Platonic Academy, or Socrates in friendly converse with his pupils, rather than of the ordinary class-room. The glory of that room has been that there the freest inquiry has been encouraged, and the students taught to see and think for themselves, to call no man master, but to seek and welcome the truth as that for which they were made.

It is noticeable that there is a peculiarly warm and deep feeling on the part of the alumni of Williams toward their college, and it seems to us to be explained only by this sense that here their manhood was revealed to them and developed. If our newly chosen President, General Garfield, were to disclose the influences which have given him so honorable a name in the camp, on the



FLORA'S GLEN.

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GOODRICH HALL.

field of battle, and in the councils of the nation, and finally have set him to preside over the nation, he would be ready to say, probably, that when, on receiving the reply from President Hopkins, "If you come here, we will do what we can for you," he placed himself under his helpful instruction, it made him, with his own faithful endeavors, what he is. Indeed, a current story, to say nothing of the public avowals he has made, leaves us in no doubt as to his opinion of Williams College, and especially of his great teacher there. Some years since, as the story goes, a meeting of the alumni of Williams was held in the city of New York, which General Garfield, then a member of Congress, attended. The condition of the college was discussed, and much was said of the pressing need of books and apparatus. The General listened attentively, and when his opinion was asked, expressed himself as conscious of the value of books and apparatus. "But," said he, "give me a log-cabin in the centre of the State of Ohio, with one room in it, and a bench with Mark Hopkins on one end of it and me on the other, and that would be a college good enough for me."

But Williams is not shut up to the exceptional boast of the President of the nation among her alumni. Her sons are found in full share in the places of honor and power. Of the select company composing the Supreme Court of the country she claims Justice Field. Another of her sons, Judge Betts, long presided over the District Court of New York, while of the judges and chief justices of the State courts, from Vermont to California, her catalogue furnishes a long and worthy roll. In the halls of Congress, and in the professions of law, medicine, and theology, she has been represented by many of national reputation. No college, perhaps, has been oftener or more ably represented in the editorial chair. She has not only well supplied her own offices of instruction, but has furnished professors and presidents to other colleges in this and other lands. Williams presides today at Marietta and in the University of Wisconsin, and no name stands higher in the department of linguistics than that of William D. Whitney, now holding a chair at Yale. As writers on political economy, Professor Perry and Hon. David A. Wells have a reputation that reaches beyond their own country, while in poetry and general literature no name is more honored than that of William Cullen Bryant.

During the administration of President Chadbourne, so well known both as a teacher and for his great executive abili-

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MAIN STREET, LOOKING EAST FROM EAST COLLEGE.

ty, new buildings have been erected, and old ones have been made to put on a more attractive appearance, and the college grounds show the results of a more æsthetic care. Graduates of a few years ago would hardly recognize the new chapel with its added transept, its frescoed walls and cushioned seats, and beautiful memorial windows. The student societies have also erected several elegant and tasteful buildings, which have contributed much to the outward appearance of the college and the village of which it forms a part.

Goodrich Hall, the finest of the college buildings at the present time, was a gift to the college, ten years ago, from the Hon. John Z. Goodrich, of Stockbridge. It was intended to contain rooms for the professor of chemistry and physics, and a recitation-room for the mathematical classes, while the upper story, with its high Gothic roof, furnished a most ample and well-provided gymnasium. During the last year Mr. Goodrich has given the college a new building for gymnastic purposes, and the upper story of Goodrich Hall will hereafter be used for meetings of the Alumni, dramatic and oratorical exhibitions, the Commencement dinner, and other college gatherings. Mr. Goodrich has been the largest pecuniary benefactor of the college.

Clark Hall, the gift of Edward Clark, Esq., of New York, designed to contain the archives of the college and the Wilder mineralogical cabinet, which he purchased and gave to the college last year, is now in process of erection. When completed, it will be one of the best of the college buildings. The foundation has just been laid for a new astronomical observatory on the elevated ground a little south of the present college buildings.

The village itself also is greatly changed. By one of the most notable engineering feats of the century, the Hoosac Mountain near by has been pierced by a tunnel, and now more than thirty railway trains go rushing by within sight of the students as they look from their windows, and within a stone's-throw of the old fort out of which the college has grown. The hidden village of the free school is no longer shut in among the hills. The

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gateways of approach have been opened, and it is accessible to the world. Every morning the palace-car rolls by, which the evening but one before left St. Louis, a city of half a million souls, the very site of which was unknown when Williams made his bequest and endowed the college. Beautiful in its natural site, art and culture have been perfecting the appearance of the village. Noble lines of elms shade and beautify its broad avenue, as it sweeps over one elevation after another for the distance of more than a mile. Within a few years the width of this avenue has been increased by the removal of the fences which formerly bordered it, so that it seems to form one continuous park. The passing traveller expresses surprise at the discovery of such unexpected and unsurpassed beauty, and prolongs his stay, and year by year the denizens of pent-up cities come in increasing numbers to enjoy rest of body and mind in this new-found Arcadia.

It would be difficult to name an institution of learning more favorably situated in point of natural scenery than the college which bears the name of the hero of Fort Massachusetts. If, instead of leaving his property to endow a free school at a spot so far beyond the recognized bounds of civilization that Norton, in his *Redeemed Captive*, says that the French and Indians, in their attack upon the fort, sent some to creep up as near as they could "to observe whether any persons attempted to make their escape, to carry tidings to New England," he had looked forward a hundred years and more, and chosen, out of our now wide and populous territory, a site for a college, he could not have chosen more wisely than he did. In a fertile and silvery valley, threaded by beautiful streams, surrounded by the lofty ranges of the Taghconic and Green mountains, Graylock lifting its hoary summit above every peak in the commonwealth, there is everything in the situation to attract the eye and cultivate the best feelings. Every season, every day and hour, has here its own peculiar charm. There is a perpetual change and variety of scene. Nature never repeats herself, but is constantly turning her kaleidoscopic glass and presenting fresh surprises.

On the college grounds, and within a stone's-throw of the students' windows, is Christmas Lake, with its fringe of evergreens, while less than a mile away is Flora's Glen—a wild and beautiful spot, where tradition says Bryant first brooded over his "Thanatopsis." Going up the glen, if one cares to ascend higher, the summits of Mount Hopkins and Petersburg invite him to points where the eye ranges from the Catskills to the Adirondacks, the Hudson gleaming at intervals almost at his feet. Opposite is the Hopper, with its deep gorges, its massive sweeps of foliage, its wondrous play of light and shade, and its wild wood road to the flank of Graylock and the camping ground where, summer after summer, in its pure ether, and amid its babbling brooks, many find a delightful change of scene and great refreshment both of body and mind.

No more beautiful or healthful surroundings for the student could be found. Shut away from the noise and temptations of city and town life, in the calm seclusion of this, Nature's own retreat, no circumstances could be more favorable for the successful prosecution of the scholar's work. And so, perhaps, the hero of Fort Massachusetts "builded better than he knew" when, in the Free School of West Hoosac, he established another and a better fortress, one not of arms and military enginery, but of moral and intellectual equipment, to guard society from the assaults of ignorance, superstition, and a vain materialism, and to preserve to the nation and the world the best possessions of intelligence and virtue.

ON STAR ISLAND.

HIGH on the lichened ledges, like
  A lonely sea-fowl on its perch,
Blown by the cold sea winds, it stands,
  Old Gosport's quaint forsaken church.

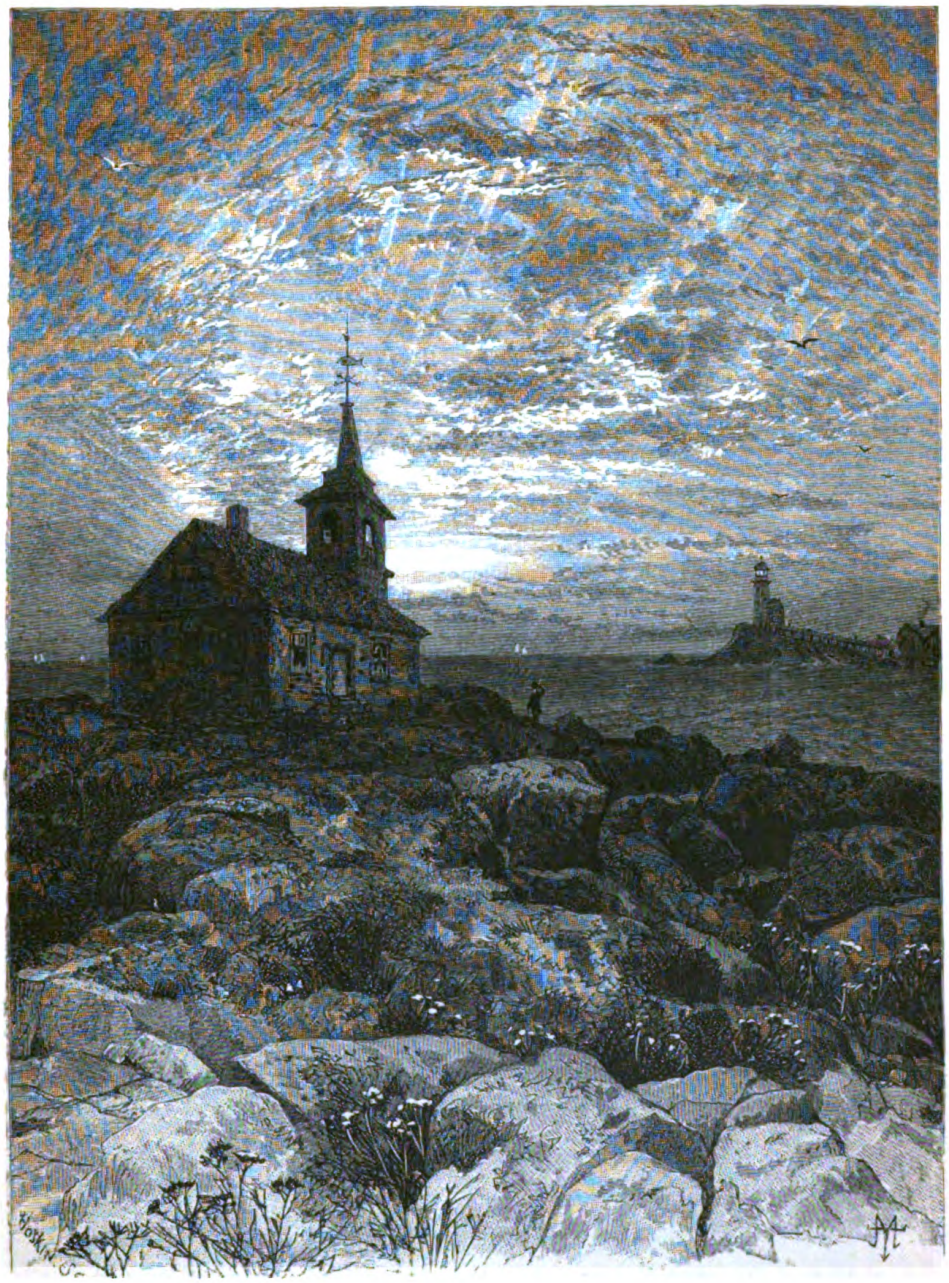
No sign is left of all the town
  Except a few forgotten graves;
But to and fro the white sails go
  Slowly across the glittering waves;

And summer idlers stray about
  With curious questions of the lost
And vanished village, and its men,
  Whose boats by these same waves were tossed.

I wonder if the old church dreams
  About its parish, and the days
The fisher people came to hear
  The preaching and the songs of praise?

Rough-handed, browned by sun and wind,
  Heedless of fashion or of creed,
They listened to the parson's words—
  Their pilot heavenward indeed.

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Their eyes on week-days sought the church,
  Their surest landmark, and the guide
That led them in from far at sea,
  Until they anchored safe beside

The harbor wall that braved the storm
  With its resistless strength of stone.
Those busy fishers all are gone—
  The church is standing here alone.

But still I hear their voices strange,
  And still I see the people go
Over the ledges to their homes:
  The bent old women's footsteps slow;
The faithful parson stop to give
  Some timely word to one astray;
The little children hurrying on
  Together, chattering of their play.

I know the blue sea covered some,
  And others in the rocky ground
Found narrow lodgings for their bones—
  God grant their rest is sweet and sound!

I saw the worn rope idle hang
  Beside me in the belfry brown.
I gave the bell a solemn toll—
  I rang the knell for Gosport town.

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FRAME FOR RAPHAEL'S "TRANSFIGURATION."

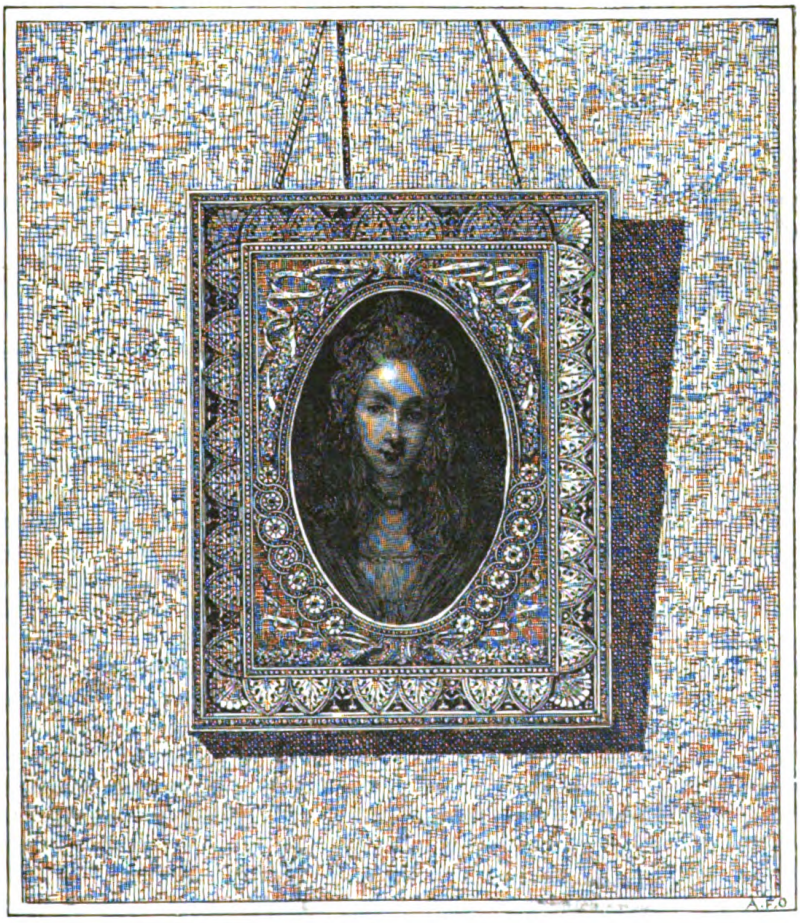
THE FRAMING AND HANGING OF PICTURES.

IN the department of decorative art there are few manufactures that afford more opportunity and scope for invention than the framing of pictures, though it is only of late that any attempt has been made to vary the monotony of stock patterns. Even in the great cinque-cento period little attention seems to have been given to the designing of frames by those who could have developed the art, and it is only here and there that we meet with a frame that shows in its conception any appreciation of relative effect to the picture it holds, while frequently the finest pictures suffer from the superabundant carving and gilding that surrounds them. In any question of taste, only the accumulated judgment of generations can establish any inflexible canons; but this very accumulation, in various matters relating to art, enables us to deduce a few principles for guidance in this particular and subservient branch that may meet with little dissent. The primary object in framing a picture is to separate it from the surrounding surface and objects, so that our attention may not be distracted from the effect aimed at by the artist. The least that can be expected of a frame is not to interfere with this effect, and

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the most that a frame can achieve is to enhance it. The question of framing is so bound up with that of hanging that it is almost impossible to discuss them separately. The direction and quality of light is vital to many pictures, as color is a property of light. A picture of the Sphinx, for instance, painted in the blaze of Egyptian sunlight, must be very different in effect when hung in a London gallery and seen through its murky atmosphere. This difficulty was so fully appreciated by many of the old masters that they painted by lamp-light, finding that the effects produced under these circumstances stood the test of any and every vantage. Much of the responsibility of this discrimination might be assumed by the artist, by writing, under his signature, "Light right and south," or "left and north," as is often done by Parisian painters.

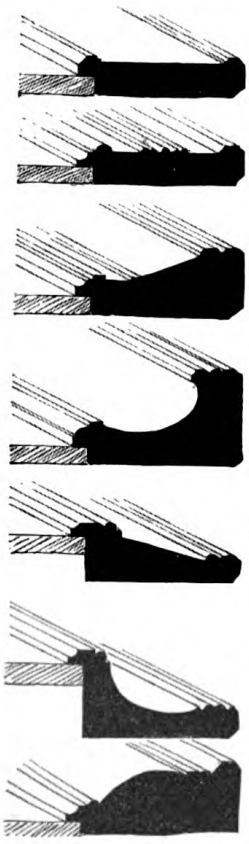
The treatment of the surrounding wall surface is also a vital point both in design and color, especially in color, as there is always some particular tone which will contrast with a particular picture better than any other, though the design of the wall decoration is often very important, a minutely handled small Dutch picture, for instance, requiring rather a large treatment of background to give full force



FRAME FOR SMALL PORTRAIT, WITH BACKGROUND.

light better. We can not, of course, import or counterfeit the various lights in which pictures are painted, but we can at least try to discover which of our wall surfaces, from their relations to the light, will show our picture to the greatest ad- to the detail, though this large treatment may be carried to such an extreme as to give the background the appearance of a plain wall of some color surrounding our little minutely finished panel, giving it more or less the effect of a blis-

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FRAME MOULDINGS.

ter. The character of the design on the wall is also important, and, as a general rule, pictures are seen to the best advantage against a somewhat vague design—one that does not assert itself with geometrical precision. In short, the framing of our pictures involves the choice of our wall-coverings, and when they are beyond our control for some reason, or because, in many instances, the wall decoration best suited to one picture would be more or less at variance with another, we have still a resource that may, to a degree, accomplish the same end; that is, to fix some of our pictures upon a screen covered with the requisite material, and projecting sufficiently beyond the frame to supply the required background. Drapery round the frame is used for this purpose also. The extent of this screen or drapery, and whether it should be separated from the wall by a gilt or black moulding, and if so, what the character of this moulding should be, are all questions to be determined by the picture itself. There remain other nice questions in hanging pictures—that of the relative size of the picture and the apartment in which it is seen, and the height at which the best effect is attained. These questions are determined by the direction, quantity, and quality of light, and by the handling of the picture. A small, delicately finished picture is lost in a large room, on a large wall surface, in a flood of light, and hung on what is called the eye line—five feet six inches above the floor; while if hung lower, in a small room, in one direct light, it asserts its importance. The latter conditions would be anything but favorable to the Sistine Madonna, on the other hand, while it demands the former. The frame of a picture involves many considerations. There are pictures so low in tone that an almost totally black frame is necessary to preserve the values, while others are so warm in color that no frame, however splendid, can subdue them. The question is one of form, size, detail, and the various tones of gold, from a brass-color to a warm red, and this must depend entirely upon the tone of the picture; often two or three tones of gold may be effectively employed. For instance, where a very wide frame is necessary, monotony and heaviness may be avoided by relieving the ornaments and mouldings in a different gold from the predominating tone. Color has been employed for this purpose, in paint and in bands of velvet, but I have yet to see an instance where the effect is not to emphasize the frame at the expense of the picture.

In regard to the form of frames in section, there are three classes: the flat frame, the deep coved or bevelled frame, and the retreating frame, or reversed cove or bevel. These may be combined, and all manner of mouldings and ornaments may be employed. The form of the whole frame must be determined by the composition of the picture. Circular and oval frames are generally bad in effect, but occasionally the design of the picture may be re-enforced by an inclosing circle or oval, but the external form should always be rectangular, because it is impossible to appreciate the beauty of curved lines if they are not contrasted with the perpendicular and horizontal in some way. Generally speaking, flat frames are unsatisfactory for oil pictures, because they bring the pictures too directly in contrast with the wall surface; while a cove, by its shadow, produces the effect of a gradation of tone in the gilding, and so preserves the values better. The same is inversely true of the retreating or reversed frame, and which of the two is best in any instance depends more upon the surroundings than upon the picture. The accompanying designs suggest what can be done by embodying a subsidiary idea in the frame, according to the nature of the picture, and the position it is to occupy. The suggestion for Douw's portrait represents him in a Renaissance window, which idea, though unimportant, rather enhances the whole effect of elaborate accessory in the picture.

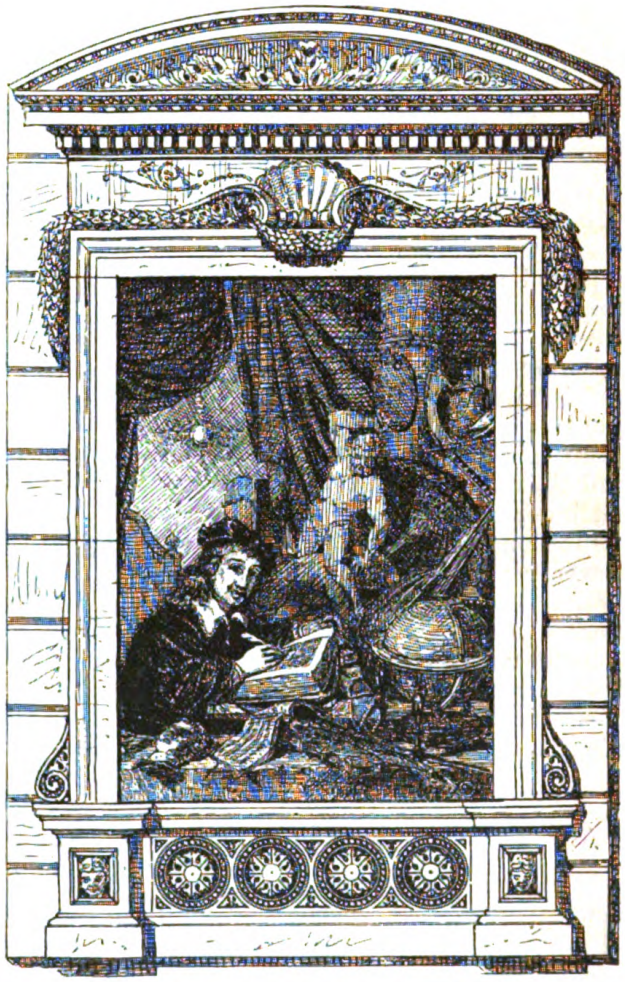
In framing photographs, engravings, and etchings, it is usual and proper to interpose a mat of some tint between the

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subject and the frame, because the immediate proximity of the solid frame to a colorless composition would be in too strong contrast, and would tend to flatten the presentment of solid objects. White mats should be avoided, because the high lights in photographs, engravings, and etchings are white, and a mat of the same robs them of much of their value. In some instances the values of the composition are strong enough to require a gold mat, but this will be found most effective where the wall-covering is very sombre in tone, or exceedingly brilliant and pronounced in character. Sometimes two and even three mats of different thicknesses, different materials, and of such differences in width as to form a gradation of tint, are found to be very effective, all set in a light, decorated gold frame. This treatment is particularly happy with mezzotint engravings, but each instance requires a special treatment. However, it is safe to assert that, with few exceptions, the frame, in which the mat and all are included, should be slight, and generally flat in form, whether of wood, or gilt, whether plain, moulded, or decorated. Many absurdities have been perpetrated in what I believe are called rustic frames, with bunches of kindling wood on the angles, and looking, when hung, like some large and curious insect.

In framing water-colors the same general rules apply, though white mats are most effective, with a bevelled edge next the subject, and this bevelled edge should generally be gilt. Often a few lines, hot pressed, or in black or gold, or both, carried round within some fraction of an inch of the subject, serve to vary the monotony of a plain mat, and make the transition from subject to mat less abrupt. The texture of a mat is a nice question. The choice ranges from the smooth hard surface to the roughest. This question, like all the rest, depends not only on the subject, but the light and wall-paper against which it is to be seen.

The whole question is one of harmony, to be realized by analogy or by contrast, and often by both; but some protest should be entered against framing two pictures exactly alike because they are of the same size, and are to hang in the same relative position to some central object. Where such precision of symmetry is necessary, a work of fine art should not be sacrificed to it. If a picture is worth hanging at all, it is worth framing and hanging intelligently, and a frame can always be devised that will make the most of it.



FRAME FOR GERARD DOUW'S PORTRAIT BY HIMSELF.

One of the most disagreeable effects that the disregard of decorative principles produces is a gallery with the pictures hung frame to frame three tiers high. The blaze of gilt, the incongruities of subject, and the violent contrasts in tone rob the good pictures without improving the bad, and the ordeal of searching for the good ones leaves one with a confused recollection of some of the worst pictures, that were only strong in their false assertion.

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Public galleries and hanging committees are, of course, necessary evils—there are no other means of seeing all the pictures as they come and go; but perhaps when we have reached a higher state of civilization, or, at all events, in another and better world, the hanging committees will reject many of the pictures, including some of their own, and will treat those they do hang with more consideration for the artist, the public, and the *tout ensemble* of the exhibition.

Why should the landscapes not be hung together, the marines together, and, in short, why should one's sympathies be expected to hop about like a bird on a twig, in looking at a collection of pictures, more than in listening to an opera, or enjoying anything at once emotional and intellectual? If, in answer to these questions, it is urged that there are too many pictures that deserve to be seen, and that the wall surface is limited, my rejoinder is that there should be several exhibitions in succession, with a week intervening, in which to hang the next selection from the accepted pictures. This course would increase the sale of tickets, if better reasons than have been given are necessary to induce the authorities to increase their labors for the benefit of art, of artists, and of public education.

AN ARTIST'S REMINISCENCES.

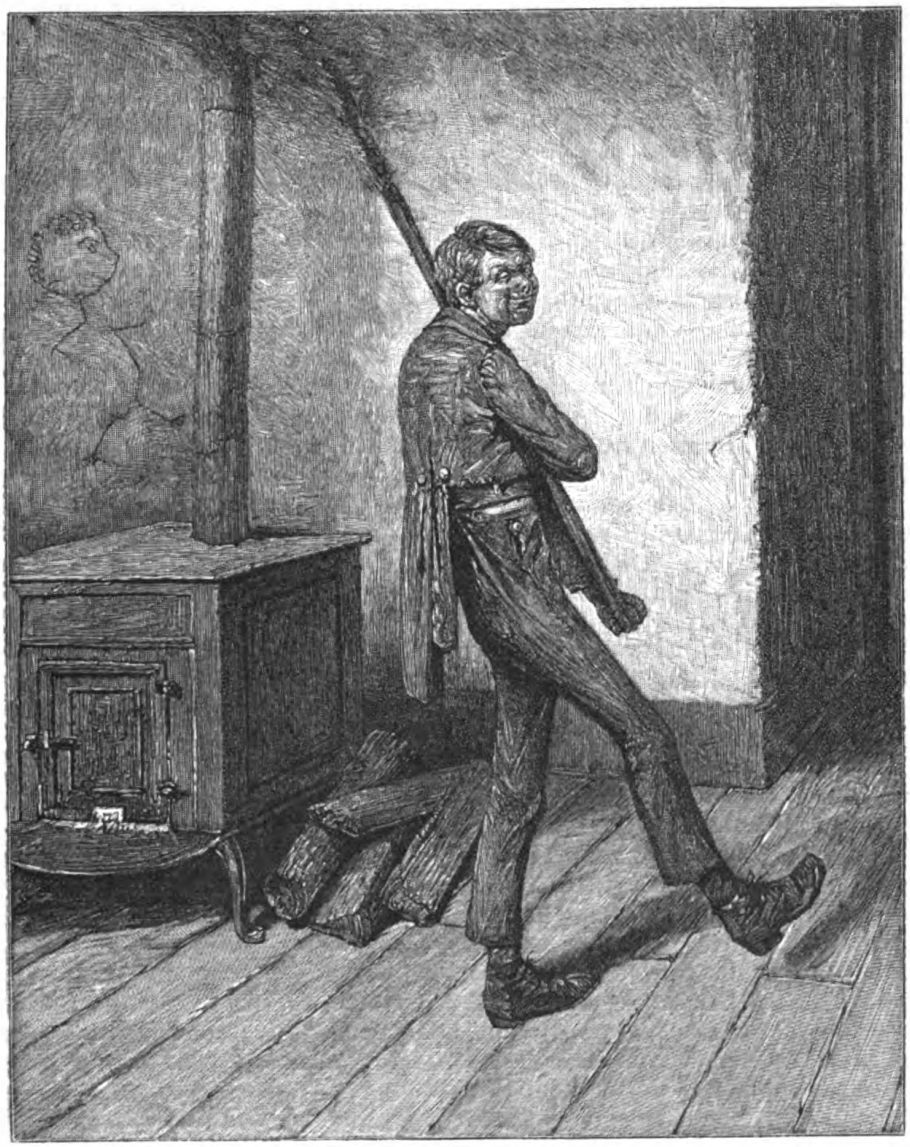
II.—ADONIRAM ALGEROY.

TO give a proper notion of the subject of my sketch, it will be necessary to enter slightly into the history of the Hobson family, at the time, at least, of the occurrence I am about to relate.

The family consisted principally of the father, familiarly known as "Old Hobson," the mother, universally respected, Adoniram, the hero of our little tale, and six sisters of an average height of six feet—at all events, so reputed. It was a remarkable family in many respects, and this length of members was not the least of their peculiarities, nor were the names bestowed upon them either. As near as I can remember, the girls were named, respectively, Almeda, Minerva, Jemima, Clorinda, Penelope, and Matilda. There were more of the family, who had not yet reached the family standard, consequently they did not contribute individually to the notoriety or remarkability of the Hobsons. Mostly girls, I believe, and probably all named with the same taste and care as their older sisters. Old Hobson was heard to remark that "it didn't cost no more to give a gall a purty name than it did a humbly one." But among this younger crop there was, I remember, one other boy, who also had some names, which were William Hurbert Montgomery, but called "Bill" for short. I may have occasion to speak of him in a future chapter. The father of this family was by trade a carpenter and joiner, and worked at it when he worked at anything, but generally did no more than was absolutely necessary to keep so much of his constantly increasing family as was already a tangible fact in corn meal, pork, potatoes, and homespun clothing—girls in flannel gowns, and boys in "full-cloth." The most of his time he spent lounging around the village, talking of hard times and poor men's wrongs. He was a tall, gaunt, loose-jointed man, with a slipshod gait, all of which his offspring, so far as developed, inherited. It was a common saying among the boys that Old Hobson had more girl than chalk-line: he had thirty-six feet of the former, and only thirty of chalk-line. Our business, however, is not with this extent of girls, but with Adoniram, their worthy brother, who was a noticeable lad wherever seen—a lad of magnificent distances, so to speak. Probably there was no more material in him than is usually wasted on boys of eighteen, but being drawn out to the standard length of the family, it of course left him rather slender and peculiar in appearance. Cut across at irregular intervals by antipathies, as it were, he had the appearance of being built up in sections, or linked like a sausage. To explain: his little cap would not come down to his ears on any account; then the ears seemed to despise the head upon which they grew, and stood out as far as possible from it, red and conspicuous. Features as well as clothing generally at variance: the nose turned itself up at them all; the under lip withdrew from the upper one, still overshadowed by it; the coat and vest of butternut full-cloth shrank from the trousers of the same material, and they in turn could not be persuaded to approach the brogans.

Adoniram's coat was made in the style then called straight-bodied, now known as dress-coat, and by the facetious called

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ADONIRAM.

claw-hammer, etc. I am particular about the fashion of this coat, for thereby hangs the tale—in part. Adoniram Algeroy's father being poor, as I have already said, it was arranged that the lad should take care of the building for his "schooling"—make the fires, etc. The ground-floor of the academy was divided by a partition with folding-doors, the two compartments designed to accommodate the two sexes. Each was provided with a "box" stove of enormous size for burning "cord-wood" full length. The male department was presided over by the Rev. Mr. S——, an austere man in general, but who knew a good thing, and with strong provocation could be moved to excessive mirth. The female department was under the supervision of Miss E——, a maiden lady of considerable attainments, also staid and matter-of-fact, with little toleration of trifling or frivolity. Our chief amusement at "recess" that winter, besides snow-balling Adoniram, was sliding down hill upon a long board which frost and friction had rendered smooth as glass, upon which we sat astride, as close as possible, with a row of legs fringing either side, like a huge centiped, gliding down the slippery declivity. Upon the occasion of which I write we had all got seated upon the board as usual, Adoniram at the front end—he al-

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ways endeavored to be in front, except in the snow-balling game, when the prominence became uncomfortable. Owing to some peculiar condition of the atmosphere, the centiped wouldn't move: do what we would, the board stuck fast. In vain the huge creature dug its leather heels all along the line of legs into the hard-packed snow, and pulled, pushed, hitched, and wiggled: it would not budge. Things were growing desperate; our allotted fifteen minutes were nearly up, and we had not had one slide yet. At this juncture Adoniram called out from the front for "all hands" to stand up, and let him "start her," which we did in good faith, whereupon he gave the board a lusty shove, cried out, "Drop!" and dropped himself upon the hindmost end, and *we* dropped *ourselves* upon the ground, where we sat in a row as before, lacking the board, upon which Adoniram was gliding down the hill with shouts of exultation. But his triumph, as was usual with him, was not destined for his sole enjoyment. Aim Willets, who was next to Adoniram, was a wide-awake boy, and saw the ruse; *his* "body dropped not down." Clapping his hands on Adoniram's shoulders, he ran after, endeavoring to stand upon the little that remained of the end of the board, with only partial success, however; but he *did* get his foot on the dragging tail of that claw-hammer butternut coat. The board now being under full headway, refused to stop for any such impediment, went on with Adoniram and the balance of the coat, so there was nothing left for the tail to do but come off, and remain under the foot; which it accordingly did, unnoticed, though, by the respective proprietors of foot and tail. When the unconscious Adoniram arose from the board, flushed with excitement and pleasure, his appearance was irresistible; but in his blind exultation he did not attribute the unusual merriment, if noticed at all, to anything but the success of his trick. With singular unanimity the boys failed to enlighten him. All seemed to feel that if ever there was a time when it was eminently proper for them to mind their own business, *that* was the time. The bell rang a moment after the catastrophe, and we all entered the school-room, Adoniram in front, as usual—no disposition to deny him the pleasure in this instance. As the boys ranged themselves in their respective places, Adoniram proceeded to the stove, always exerting himself in the way of antics to attract attention and create a laugh among the boys. Owing to the circumstance just narrated, he was abundantly successful on this occasion. No comedian in the flush of his crowning triumph ever felt the heart swell with a more exquisite pleasure or exultant pride than did the vain Adoniram Algeroy as he received the unprecedented plaudits of his rapturous audience. At first a suppressed titter fell upon his delighted ear, which soon rose to uproarious merriment. As the principal stepped angrily around to find the cause of the tumult, and his eye caught the grotesque figure of Adoniram, he hurried back to throw himself into his chair, his arms upon his desk, his face upon his hands, and gave himself up to uncontrolled laughter. At the moment when the principal caught sight of our hero he was bending from the hips, his thin legs as straight as possible, resting the tips of his fingers upon the floor, and peering into the stove to see the condition of the fire. We were aware that his butternut pantaloons were furnished with two blue patches, but they had never struck us as so inexpressibly funny as now, when one, fully exposed to the view of all but the unconscious owner, seemed staring at us in blank amazement. His vanity was such as would not allow him to imagine the cause of the merriment to be other than a tribute to his harlequin powers. So encouraged, he went on from one triumph to another. Still bent over as before, like a huge measuring-worm, he took the beech poker, and with a great flourish thrust it into the stove, at the same time winking with the whole of one side of his face at the boys, which increased the unchecked merriment to a perfect uproar. Poor Adoniram, radiant with joy at his great success, still keeping up his antics, entered heart and soul into the effort, grew frantic with his endeavors to outdo himself, flourishing each stick of cordwood as he filled the stove, closed the door with a bang, turned round and kicked it with the sole of his shoe to make sure, the dingy pocket, with three doughnuts for his lunch, now uncovered, swinging to and fro across the blue patch as he moved, while each effort was hailed with renewed shouts and peals of laughter.

The triumphant comedian then shouldered the smoking poker, and marched with military strides for the "girls' room."

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The principal's desk was near the door. That convulsed gentleman said not a word—he could not—but merely arose, and opened the door for the conquering hero to pass. The absurd smile which the bold Adoniram bestowed upon him as he marched by seemed the climax, and sent him—the principal—back to his desk as before, faint with laughter. Now the scene was shifted; the drama was being re-enacted upon the other side. The female assistant came to the open door, with a flushed face and troubled look; but seeing the principal in his helpless condition, and the boys in uproar, she too yielded to the irresistible influence, cast one look at the grotesque figure, and sank helpless in her chair. Now, all restraint being removed, the girls quite equalled the boys, and shouts of merriment rang through the house.

Study or recitation was out of the question for that morning. As I went home to dinner, I do not know what happened during the hour's intermission at noon, but probably the great actor received a shower of snow-balls by way of bouquets. Adoniram had evidently extracted the doughnuts from the unprotected pocket, for the pocket hung lank and empty, and he, to all appearance, was as unconscious as before.

When the school was called in the afternoon, Adoniram began his antics, and the boys their laughter; but the stern old divine, having regained his composure, cried, "Silence!" in a tone full of meaning to every experienced boy, and there *was* silence. Then, turning to the awed buffoon, he said, "Adoniram, go about your duties, with no more tomfoolery," and Adoniram did as he was told. To the poor overworked mother there was no fun. She must have sat half the night to repair the damage of Aim's misstep, and make her uncouth boy as presentable as possible under the circumstances. Adoniram appeared the next day with the other tail cut off; the claw-hammer made into a roundabout, side pockets and all; the blue patches replaced by brown ones, probably made of the remaining tail. All of which only changed, but did not improve, Adoniram's appearance.

ANNE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"What is this that thou hast been fretting and fuming and lamenting and self-tormenting on account of? Say it in a word: is it not because thou art not *happy?* Foolish soul! what act of Legislature was there that *thou* shouldst be happy? There is in Man a higher than Happiness; he can do without Happiness, and instead thereof find Blessedness. This is the everlasting Yea, wherein all contradiction is solved."—CARLYLE.

AFTER an hour of mute suffering, Anne sought the blessed oblivion of sleep. She had conquered herself; she was exhausted. She would try to gain strength for the effort of the coming day. But nothing avails against the fever, strong as life and sad as death, which we call Love, and which, in spite of the crowd of shallower feelings that masquerade under and mock its name, still remains the master-power of our human existence. Anne had no sooner laid her head upon the pillow than there rose within her, and ten times stronger than before, her love and her jealousy. She would stay and contest the matter with Helen. Had he not said, had he not looked— And then she caught herself back in an agony of self-reproach. For it is always hard for the young to learn the lesson of human weakness. It is strange and humiliating to them to discover that there are powers within them stronger than their own wills. The old know this so well that they excuse each other silently; but, loath to shake the ignorant faith of innocence, they leave the young to find it out for themselves. The whole night with Anne was but a repetition of efforts and lapses, followed toward morning, however, by a struggling return to self-control. For years of faithfulness even as a child are not thrown away, but yield, thank Heaven! a strength at last in times of trial; else might we all go drown ourselves. At dawn, with tear-stained cheeks, she fell asleep, waking with a start when Bessmer knocked and inquired if she was ill. Miss Vanhorn had gone down to breakfast.

"Please send me some coffee," said Anne, without opening the door. "I do not care for anything else. I will be ready soon."

She dressed herself slowly, swallowing the coffee. But youth is strong; the cold

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"WHILE HER MAID WAS COILING HER FAIR HAIR."—[SEE PAGE 569.]

bath and the fresh white morning dress made her look as fair as ever. Miss Vanhorn was waiting for her in the little parlor. Bessmer was sent away, and the door closed. The girl remained standing, and took hold of the back of a chair to nerve herself for the first step along the hard, lonely road stretching out before her like a desert.

"Anne," began Miss Vanhorn, in a magisterial voice, "what did Mr. Dexter say to you last evening?"

"He asked me to be his wife."

"I hardly expected it so soon, although I knew it would come in time," said the old woman, with a swallow of satisfaction. "Sit down. And don't be an idiot. You will now listen to *me*. Mr. Dexter is a

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rich man; he is what is called a rising man (if any one wants to rise); he is a good enough man also, as men go. He has no claim as regards family; neither have you. He is a thorough and undiluted American; so are you. He will be a kind husband, and one far higher in the world than you had any right to expect. On the other hand, you will do very well as his wife, for you have fair ability and a pretty face (it is of course your pink and white beauty that has won him), and principles enough for both. Like all people who have made money rapidly, he is lavish, and will deny you nothing; he will even allow you, I presume, to help one and all of that colony of children, priests, old maids, and dogs, up on that island. See what power will be put into your hands! You might labor all your life, and not accomplish one-hundredth part of that which, as Gregory Dexter's wife, you could do in one day.

"As to your probable objection—the boy-and-girl engagement in which you were foolish enough to entangle yourself—I will simply say, leave it to time; it will break itself. How do you know that it is not, in fact, broken already? The Pronando blood is faithless in its very essence," added the old woman, bitterly. "Mr. Dexter is a man of the world. I will explain it to him myself; he will understand, and will not urge you at present. He will wait, as I shall, for the natural solution of time. But in the mean while you must not offend him; he is not at all a man whom a woman can offend with impunity. He is vain, and has a singularly mistaken idea of his own importance. Agree to what I propose—which is simple quiescence for the present—and you shall go back to Moreau's, and the allowance for the children shall be continued. I have never before in my life made so many concessions; it is because you have had at times lately a look that brings back—Alida."

Anne's lips trembled; a sudden weakness came over her at this allusion to her mother.

"Well?" said Miss Vanhorn, expectantly.

There was a pause. Then a girl's voice answered: "I can not, grandaunt. I must go."

"You *may* go, I tell you, back to Moreau's on the 1st of October."

"I mean that I can not marry Mr. Dexter."

"No one asks you to marry him now."

"I can never marry him."

"Why?" said Miss Vanhorn, with rising color. "Be careful what you say. No lies."

"I—I am engaged to Rast."

"Lie number one. Look at me. If your engagement was ended, *then* would you marry Mr. Dexter?"

Anne half rose, as if to escape, but sank back again. "I could not marry him, because I do not love him," she answered.

"And whom do you love, that you know so much about it, and have your 'do not' and 'can not' so promptly ready? Never tell me that it is that boy upon the island who has taught you all these new ways, this faltering and fear of looking in my face, of which you knew nothing when you came. Do you wish me to tell you what I think of you?"

"No," cried the girl, rushing forward, and falling on her knees beside the arm-chair; "tell me nothing. Only let me go away. I can not, can not stay here; I am too wretched, too weak. You can not have a lower opinion of me than I have of myself at this moment. If you have any compassion for me—for the memory of my mother—say no more, and let me go." She bowed her head upon the arm of the chair and sobbed aloud.

But Miss Vanhorn rose and walked away. "I know what this means," she said, standing in the centre of the room. "Like mother, like daughter. Only Alida ran after a man who loved her, although her inferior, while *you* have thrown yourself at the feet of a man who is simply laughing at you. Don't you know, you fool, that Ward Heathcote will marry Helen Lorrington—the woman you pretend to be grateful to, and call your dearest friend? He has no fortune; he must marry money; and Helen Lorrington will be in every way a suitable wife for him. It has long been generally understood. The idea of *your* trying to thrust yourself between them is preposterous—I may say a maniac's folly."

"I am not trying: only let me go," sobbed Anne, still kneeling by the chair.

"You think I have not seen," continued Miss Vanhorn, her wrath rising with every bitter word; "but I have. Only I never dreamed that it was as bad

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as this. I never dreamed that Alida's daughter could be bold and immodest—worse than her mother, who was only love-mad."

Anne started to her feet. "Miss Vanhorn," she said, "I will not hear this, either of myself or my mother. It is not true."

"As to not hearing it, you are right; you will not hear my voice often in the future. I wash my hands of you. You are an ungrateful girl, and will come to an evil end. When I think of the enormous selfishness you now show in thus throwing away, for a mere matter of personal obstinacy, the bread of your sister and brothers, and leaving them to starve, I stand appalled. What do you expect?"

"Nothing—save to go."

"And you *shall* go."

"To-day?"

"This afternoon, at three." As she said this, Miss Vanhorn seated herself with her back toward Anne, and took up a book, as though there was no one in the room.

"Do you want me any longer, grandaunt?"

"Never call me by that name again. Go to your room; Bessmer will attend to you. At two o'clock I will see you for a moment before you go."

Without a reply, Anne obeyed. Her tears were dried as if by fever; words had been spoken which could not be forgiven. Inaction was impossible. She began to pack. Then, remembering who had given her all these clothes, she paused, uncertain what to do. After reflection, she decided to take with her only those she had brought from the half-house; and in this she was not actuated by any spirit of retaliation, her idea was that her grandaunt would demand the gifts in any case. Miss Vanhorn was not generous. She worked steadily; she did not wish to think; yet still the crowding feelings pursued her, caught up with her, and then went along with her, thrusting their faces close to hers, and forcing recognition. Was she, as Miss Vanhorn had said, enormously selfish in thus sacrificing the new comfort of the pinched household on the island to her own obstinacy? But, as she folded the plain garments brought from that home, she knew that it was not selfishness; as she replaced the filmy ball dress in its box, she said to herself that she could not deceive Mr. Dexter by so much even as a silence. Then, as she wrapped the white parasol in its coverings, the old burning, throbbing misery rolled over her, followed by the hot jealousy which she thought she had conquered; she seized the two dresses given by Helen, and added them to those left behind. But the action brought shame, and she replaced them. And now all the clothes faced her from the open trunks; those from the island, those which Rast had seen, murmured, "Faithless!" Helen's gifts whispered, "Ingratitude!" and those of her grandaunt called more loudly, "Fool!" She closed the lids, and turned toward the window; she tried to busy her mind with the future: surely thought and plans were needed. She was no longer confident, as she had been when she first left her Northern island; she knew now how wide the world was, and how cold. She could not apply at the doors of schools without letters or recommendations; she could not live alone. Her one hope began and ended in Jeanne-Armande. She dressed herself in travelling garb and sat down to wait. It was nearly noon; probably she would not see Helen, as she always slept through the morning after a ball, preserving by this changeless care the smooth fairness of her delicate and peculiar complexion. She decided to write a note of farewell, and leave it with Bessmer; but again and again she tore up her beginnings, until the floor was strewn with fragments. She had so very much not to say. At last she succeeded in putting together a few sentences, which told nothing, save that she was going away; she bade her good-by, and thanked her for all her kindness, signing, without any preliminary phrases (for was she "affectionately" or "sincerely" Helen's "friend"?), merely her name, Anne Douglas.

At one o'clock Bessmer entered with luncheon. Evidently she had received orders to enter into no conversation with the prisoner; but she took the note, and promised to deliver it with her own hands. At two the door opened, and Miss Vanhorn came in. Anne rose.

The old woman's eye took in at a glance the closed trunks and the travelling dress. She had meant to try her niece, to punish her; but even then she could not believe that the girl would really throw away forever all the advantages she had placed within her grasp. She sat down, and after waiting a moment, closed her eyes.

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"Anne Douglas," she began, "daughter of my misguided niece Alida Claussen, I have come for a final decision. Answer my questions. First, have you, or have you not, one hundred dollars in the world?"

"I have not."

"Have you, or have you not, three brothers and one sister wholly dependent upon you?"

"I have."

"Is it just or honorable to leave them longer to the charity of a woman who is poor herself, and not even a relative?"

"It is neither."

"Have I, or have I not, assisted you, offered also to continue the pension which makes them comfortable?"

"You have."

"Then," said the old woman, still with her eyes closed, "why persist in this idiotic stubbornness? In offending me, are you not aware that you are offending the only person on earth who can assist you? I make no promises as to the future; but I am an old woman now, one to whom you could at least be dutiful. There—I want no fine words. Show your fineness by obeying my wishes."

"I will stay with *you*, grandaunt, willingly, gladly, gratefully, if you will take me away from this place."

"No conditions," said Miss Vanhorn. "Come here; kneel down in front of me, so that I can look at you. Will you stay with me *here*, if I yield everything concerning Mr. Dexter?" She held her firmly, with her small keen eyes searching her face.

Anne was silent. Like the panorama which is said to pass before the eyes of the drowning man, the days and hours at Caryl's as they would be, must be, unrolled themselves before her. But there only followed the same desperate realization of the impossibility of remaining; the misery, the jealousy; worse than all, the self-doubt. Consciousness came slowly back to her eyes, which had been meeting Miss Vanhorn's blankly.

"I can not stay," she said.

Miss Vanhorn thrust her away violently. "I am well paid for having had anything to do with Douglas blood," she cried, her voice trembling with anger. "Get back into the wilderness from whence you came! I will never hear your name on earth again." She left the room.

In a few moments Bessmer appeared, her eyes reddened by tears, and announced that the wagon was waiting. It was at a side door. At this hour there was no one on the piazzas, and Anne's trunk was carried down, and she herself followed with Bessmer, without being seen by any one save the servants and old John Caryl.

"I am not to say anything to you, Miss Douglas, if you please, but just the ordinary things, if you please," said Bessmer, as the wagon bore them away. "You are to take the three o'clock train, and go —wherever you please, she said. I was to tell you."

"Yes, Bessmer; do not be troubled. I know what to do. Will you tell grandaunt, when you return, that I beg her to forgive what has seemed obstinacy, but was only sad necessity. Can you remember it?"

"Yes, miss; only sad necessity," repeated Bessmer, with dropping tears. She was a meek, sheep-faced woman, with a comfortable amplitude of person, which, however, did not seem to give her confidence.

"I was not to know, miss, if you please, where you bought tickets to," she said, as the wagon stopped at the little station. "I was to give you this, and then go right back."

She handed Anne an envelope containing a fifty-dollar note. Anne looked at it a moment. "I will not take this, I think; you can tell grandaunt that I have money enough for the present," she said, returning it. She gave her hand kindly to the weeping maid, who was then driven away in the wagon, her sun-umbrella held askew over her respectable brown bonnet, her broad shoulders shaken with her sincere grief. A turn in the road soon hid even this poor friend from view. Anne was alone.

The station-keeper was not there; his house was near by, but hidden by a grove of maples, and Anne, standing on the platform, seemed all alone, the two shining rails stretching north and south having the peculiarly solitary aspect which a one-track railway always has among green fields, with no sign of life in sight. No train has passed, or ever will pass. It is all a dream. She walked to and fro. She could see into the waiting-room, which was adorned with three framed texts, and another placard not religiously

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intended, but referring, on the contrary, to steamboats, which might yet be so interpreted, namely, "Take the Providence Line." She noted the drearily ugly round stove, faded below to white, planted in a sand-filled box; she saw the bench, railed off into single seats by iron elbows, and remembered that during her journey eastward, two, if not three, of these places were generally filled with the packages of some solitary female of middle age, clad in half-mourning, who remained stonily unobservant of the longing glances cast upon the space she occupied. These thoughts came to her mechanically. When a decision has finally been made, and for the present nothing more can be done, the mind goes wandering off on trivial errands; the flight of a bird, the passage of the fairy car of thistledown, are sufficient to set it in motion. It seemed to her that she had been there a long time, when a step came through the grove: Hosea Plympton — or, as he was called in the neighborhood, Hosy Plim — was unlocking the station door. Anne bought her ticket, and had her trunk checked; she hoped to reach the half-house before midnight.

Hosy having attended to his official business with dignity, now came out to converse unofficially with his one passenger. "From Caryl's, ain't you?"

"Yes," replied Anne.

"Goin' to New York?"

"Yes."

"I haven't yet ben to that me-tropolis," said Hosy. "On some accounts I should admire to go, on others not. Ben long at Caryl's?"

"Yes, some time."

"My wife's cousin helps over there; Mirandy's her name. And she tells me, Mirandy does, that the heap of washing over to that house is a sight to see. She tells me, Mirandy does, that they'd jest as lieve put on their clean things Saturday, over there, as any other day." He glanced up at Anne for information on this point. Not directly; Hosy did not consider it polite to look directly; at present his eyes were apparently fixed upon a cow feeding in a distant clover field. But he managed to give what he would have called "jest a squint at her," all the same.

Anne not being able to settle the disputed question, Hosy brought up another. "Mirandy says, too, that they don't especial dress up for the Sabbath over there, not so much even as on other days."

"That is true, I believe."

"Sing'lar," said the little man, "what folks 'll do as has the money! They don't seem to be capable of enj'ying themselves exactly; and p'r'aps that's what Providence intends. We haven't had city folks at Caryl's until lately, miss, you see; and I confess they've ben a continooal study to me ever since. 'Tis amazin' the ways the Lord 'll take to make us contented with our lot. Till I *see* 'em, I thought 'em most downright and all everlastin' to be envied. But *now* I feel the ba'm of comfort and innard strengthenin' when I see how little they know *how* to enj'y themselves, after all. Here's the train, miss."

In another moment Anne felt herself borne away—away from the solitary station, with its shining lines of rails; from the green hills which encircled Caryl's; from the mountain-peaks beyond. She had started on her journey into the wide world.

In darkness, but in safety, she arrived at the half-house, in the station-keeper's wagon, a few minutes before midnight. A light was still burning, and in response to her knock Jeanne-Armande herself opened the door, clad in a wrapper, with a wonderful flannel cap on her head. She was much astonished to see her pupil, but received her cordially, ordered the trunk brought in, and herself attended to the beating down of the station-keeper's boy to a proper price for his services. She remarked upon his audacity and plainly criminal tendencies; she thoroughly sifted the physical qualities of the horse; she objected to the shape of the wagon; and finally, she had noted his manner of bringing in the trunk, and shaving its edges as well as her doorway, and she felt that she must go over to the station herself early in the morning, and lodge a complaint against him. What did he mean by— But here the boy succumbed, and departed with half-price, and Jeanne-Armande took breath, and closed the door in triumph.

"You see that I have come back to you, mademoiselle," said Anne, with a faint smile. "Shall I tell you why?"

"Yes; but no, not now. You are very weary, my child; you look pale and worn. Would you like some coffee?"

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"Yes," said Anne, who felt a faint exhaustion stealing over her. "But the fast-day coffee will do." For there was one package of coffee in the store-room which went by that name, and which old Nora was instructed to use on Fridays. Not that Jeanne-Armande followed strict rules and discipline; but she had bought that coffee at an auction sale in the city for a very low price, and it proved indeed so low in quality that they could not drink it more than once a week. Certainly, therefore, Friday was the appropriate day.

"No," said the hostess, "you shall have a little of the other, child. Come to the kitchen. Nora has gone to bed, but I will arrange a little supper for you with my own hands."

They went to the bare little room, where a mouse would have starved. But mademoiselle was not without resources, and keys. Soon she "arranged" a brisk little fire and a cheery little stew, while the pint coffee-pot sent forth a delicious fragrance. Sitting there in a wooden chair beside the little stove, Anne felt more of home comfort than she had ever known at Caryl's, and the thin miserly teacher was kinder than her grandaunt had ever been. She ate and drank, and was warmed; then, sitting by the dying coals, she told her story, or rather as much of it as it was necessary mademoiselle should know.

"It is a pity," said Jeanne-Armande, "and especially since she has no relative, this grandaunt, nearer than yourself. Could nothing be done in the way of renewal, as to heart-strings?"

"Not at present. I must rely upon you, mademoiselle; in this, even Tante can not help me."

"That is true; she can not. She even disapproved of my own going forth into the provinces," said Jeanne-Armande, with the air of an explorer. "We have different views of life, Hortense Moreau and I; but there!—we respect each other. Of how much money can you dispose at present, my child?"

Anne told the sum.

"If it is so little as that," said Jeanne-Armande, "it will be better for you to go westward with me immediately. I start earlier than usual this year; you can take the journey with me, and share expenses; in this way we shall both be able to save. Now as to chances: there is sometimes a subordinate employed under me, when there is a press of new scholars. This is the autumn term: there *may* be a press. I must prepare you, however, for the lowest of low salaries," said the teacher, her voice changing suddenly to a dry sharpness. "I shall present you as a novice, to whom the privilege of entering the institution is an equivalent of money."

"I expect but little," said Anne. "A beginner must take the lowest place."

On the second day they started. Jeanne-Armande was journeying to Weston this time by a roundabout way. By means of excursion tickets to Valley City, offered for low rates for three days, she had found that she could (in time) reach Weston *viâ* the former city, and effect a saving of one dollar and ten cents. With the aid of her basket, no additional meals would be required, and the money saved, therefore, would be pure gain. There was only one point undecided, namely, should she go through to Valley City, or change at a junction twenty miles this side for the northern road? What would be the saving, if any, by going on? What by changing? No one could tell her; the complication of excursion rates to Valley City for a person who was not going there, and the method of night travel for a person who would neither take a sleeping-car, nor travel in a day car, nor stop at a hotel, combined themselves to render more impassive still the ticket-sellers, safely protected in their official round towers from the rabble of buyers outside. Regarding the main lines between New York and Weston, and all their connections, it would be safe to say that mademoiselle knew more than the officials themselves. The remainder of the continent was an unknown wilderness in her mind, but these lines of rails, over which she was obliged to purchase her way year after year, she understood thoroughly. She had tried all the routes, and once she had gone through Canada; she had looked at canal-boats meditatively. She was haunted by a vision that some day she might find a clean captain and captain's wife who would receive her as passenger, and allow her to cook her own little meals along shore. Once, she explained to Anne, a Sunday-school camp-meeting had reduced the rates, she being apparently on her way thither. She had always regretted that the season of State fairs was a month later: she felt herself capable of being on her way to all of them.

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"But now, whether to go on to Valley City, or to leave the train at Stringhampton Junction, is the question I can not decide," she said, with irritation, having returned discomfited from another encounter with a ticket-seller.

"We reach Weston by both routes, do we not?" said Anne.

"Of course; that follows without saying. Evidently you do not comprehend the considerations which are weighing upon me. However, I will get it out of the ticket agent at New Macedonia," said mademoiselle, rising. "Come, the train is ready."

They were going only as far as New Macedonia that night; mademoiselle had slept there twice, and intended to sleep there again. Once, in her decorous maiden life, she had passed a night in a sleeping-car, and never again would her foot "cross the threshold of one of those outrageous inventions." She remembered even now with a shudder the processions of persons in muffled drapery going to the wash-rooms in the early morning. New Macedonia existed only to give suppers and breakfasts; it had but two narrow sleeping apartments over its abnormal development of dining-room below. But the military genius of Jeanne-Armande selected it on this very account; for sleeping-rooms where no one ever slept, half-price could in conscience alone be charged. All night Anne was wakened at intervals by the rushing sound of passing trains. Once she stole softly to the uncurtained window and looked out; clouds covered the sky, no star was visible, but down the valley shone a spark which grew and grew, and then turned white and intense, as, with a glare and a thundering sound, a locomotive rushed by, with its long line of dimly lighted sleeping-cars swiftly and softly following with their unconscious human freight, the line ending in two red eyes looking back as the train vanished around a curve.

"Ten hours' sleep," said mademoiselle, awaking with satisfaction in the morning. "I now think we can sit up to-night in the Valley City waiting-room, and save the price of lodgings. Until twelve they would think we were waiting for the midnight train; after that, the night porter, who comes on duty then, would suppose it was the early morning express."

"Then you have decided to go through to Valley City?" asked Anne.

"Yes, since by this arrangement we can do it without expense."

Two trains stopped at New Macedonia for breakfast, one eastward bound from over the Alleghanies, the other westward bound from New York. Jeanne-Armande's strategy was to go on board of the latter while the passengers were absent, and take bodily possession of a good seat, removing, if necessary, a masculine bag or two left there as tokens of ownership; for the American man never makes war where the gentler sex is concerned, but retreats to another seat, or even to the smoking-car, with silent generosity.

Breakfast was now over; the train-boy was exchanging a few witticisms with the pea-nut vender of the station, a brakeman sparred playfully with the baggage porter, and a pallid telegraph operator looked on from his window with interest. Meanwhile the conductor, in his stiff official cap, pared a small apple with the same air of fixed melancholy and inward sarcasm which he gave to all his duties, large and small; when it was eaten, he threw the core with careful precision at a passing pig, looked at his watch, and called out, suddenly and sternly, "All aboard!" The train moved on.

It was nine o'clock. At ten there came into the car a figure Anne knew—Ward Heathcote.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Man is a bundle of contradictions, tied together with fancies."—PERSIAN PROVERB.

"The might of one fair face sublimes my love,
For it hath weaned my heart from low desires.
Nor death I heed, nor purgatorial fires.
Forgive me if I can not turn away
From those sweet eyes that are my earthly heaven,
For they are guiding stars, benignly given
To tempt my footsteps to the upward way."
—MICHAEL ANGELO.

DIRE was the wrath of Helen Lorrington when, having carefully filled the measure of her lost sleep, she sent a little note across to Anne, and answer was returned that Miss Douglas was gone.

Mrs. Lorrington, with compliments to Miss Vanhorn, then begged (on a card) to be informed *where* Miss Douglas was gone. Miss Vanhorn, with compliments to Mrs. Lorrington (also on a card), returned answer that she did not know. Mrs. Lorrington, deeply grieved to dis-

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turb Miss Vanhorn a second time, then requested to be favored with Miss Douglas's address. Miss Vanhorn, with assurances that it was no disturbance, but always a pleasure to oblige Mrs. Lorrington, replied that she did not possess it. Then Helen waited until the old coupé rolled away for an afternoon drive, its solitary occupant inside, her profile visible between the two closed glass windows like an object mounted for a microscope, and going across, beguiled the mild Bessmer to tell all she knew. This was not much; but the result was great anger in Helen's mind, and a determination to avenge the harsh deed. Bessmer did not know causes, but she knew actions. Anne had been sent away in disgrace, the maid being forbidden to know even the direction the lonely traveller had taken. Helen, quick to solve riddles, solved this, at least as far as one side of it was concerned, and the quick, partially correct guesses of a quick-witted woman are often, by their very nearness, more misleading than any others. Mr. Dexter had been with Anne during the evening of the ball; probably he had asked her to be his wife. Anne, faithful to her engagement, had refused him; and Miss Vanhorn, faithful to her cruel nature, had sent her away in disgrace. And when Helen learned that Mr. Dexter had gone also—gone early in the morning before any one was stirring—she took it as confirmation of her theory, and was now quite sure. She would tell all the house, she said to herself. She began by telling Heathcote.

They were strolling in the garden. She turned toward the little arbor at the end of the path.

"Not there," said Heathcote.

"Why not? Have you been there so much with Rachel?" said his companion, in a sweet voice.

"Never, I think. But arbors are damp holes."

"Nevertheless, I am going there, and you are going with me."

"As you please, *ma reine*."

"Ward, how much have you been with Rachel?" she asked, when they were seated in the little bower, which was overgrown with the old-fashioned vine called matrimony.

"Oh!" said Heathcote, with a sound of fatigue in his voice. "Are we never to have an end to that subject?"

"Yes; when you *make* an end."

"One likes to amuse one's self. You do."

"Whom do you mean now?" said Helen, diverted from her questions for the moment, as he intended she should be.

To tell the truth, Heathcote did not mean any one; but he never hesitated. So now he answered, promptly, "Dexter." He had long ago discovered that he could make any woman believe he was jealous of any man, no matter whom, even one to whom she had never spoken; it presupposed that the other man had been all the time a silent admirer, and on this point the grasp of the feminine imagination is wide and hopeful.

"How like you that is! Mr. Dexter is nothing to me."

"You have been out driving with him already," said Heathcote, pursuing his advantage; "and you have not been out with me."

"He has gone; so we need not quarrel about him."

"When did he go?"

"Early this morning. And to show you how unjust you are, he went because last evening Anne Douglas refused him."

"Then he was refused twice in one day," said Heathcote. "Mrs. Bannert refused him at six."

"How do you know?"

"She told me."

"Traitorous creature!"

"Oh no; she is an especial—I may say confidential—friend."

"Then what am I?"

"Not a friend at all, I hope," said the man beside her. "Something more." He was pulling a spray of vine to pieces, and did not look up; but Helen was satisfied, and smiled to herself brightly. She now went back to Anne. "Did you know poor Anne was gone too, Ward?"

"Gone!" said Heathcote, starting. Then he controlled himself. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean that Miss Vanhorn cruelly sent her away this afternoon without warning, and with only a little money; Bessmer was not even allowed to inquire what she intended to do, or where she was going. I have been haunted ever since I heard it by visions of the poor child arriving in New York all alone, and perhaps losing her way: she only knew that one up-town locality near Moreau's."

"Do you mean to say that no one knows where she has gone?"

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"No one. Bessmer tells me that the old dragon was in one of her black rages. Mr. Dexter was with Anne for some time in the little parlor during the ball last evening, and Miss Vanhorn had the room made ready, as though she expected him. Here are the few lines the poor child left for me: they are constrained, and very unlike her; but I suppose she was too troubled to choose her words. She told me herself only the day before that she was very unhappy."

Heathcote took the little note, and slipped it into an inner pocket. He said nothing, and went on stripping the vine.

"There is one thing that puzzles me," continued Helen. "Bessmer heard the old woman say, violently, 'You have thrown yourself at the feet of a man who is simply laughing at you.' Now Anne never threw herself at any man's feet—unless, indeed, it might be the feet of that boy on the island to whom she is engaged. I do not know how she acts when with him."

"It is a pity, since Bessmer overheard so much, that while she was about it she did not overhear more," said Heathcote, dryly.

"You need not suspect her: she is as honest as a cow, and as unimaginative. She happened to catch that sentence because she had entered the next room for something; but she went out again immediately, and heard no more. What I fear is that Miss Vanhorn has dismissed her entirely, and that I shall not see her again, even at Moreau's. In the note she says that she will send me her address when she can, which is oddly expressed, is it not? I suppose she means that she will send it when she knows where she is to be. Poor child! think of her to-night out in the hard world all alone!"

"I do think of her."

"It is good of you to care so much. But you know how much attached to her I am."

"Yes."

"She is an odd girl. Undeveloped, yet intense. She would refuse a prince, a king, without a thought, and work all her life like a slave for the man she loved, whoever he might be. In truth, she has done what amounts to nearly the same thing, if my surmises are correct. Those children on the island were pensioned, and I presume the old dragon has stopped the pension."

"Have you no idea where she has gone?"

"Probably to Mademoiselle Pitre at Lancaster, on the Inside Road; I stopped there once to see her. It would be her first resource. I shall hear from her, of course, in a few days, and then I shall help her in every way in my power. We will not let her suffer, Ward."

"No."

Then there was a pause.

"Are you not chilly here, Helen?"

"It *is* damp," said Mrs. Lorrington, rising. She always followed the moods of this lethargic suitor of hers as closely as she could divine them; she took the advance in every oblique and even retrograde movement he made so swiftly that it generally seemed to have originated with herself. In five minutes they were in the house, and she had left him.

In what was called the office, a group of young men were discussing, over their cigars, a camping party; the mountains, whose blue sides lay along the western sky, afforded good hunting ground still, and were not as yet farmed out to clubs. The men now at Caryl's generally camped out for a few weeks every year; it was one of their habits. Heathcote, with his hands in the pockets of his sack-coat, walked up and down, listening. After a while, "I think I'll go with you," he said.

"Come along, then, old fellow; I wish you would."

"When are you going?"

"To-morrow morning—early."

"By wagon?"

"Train to the junction; then wagons."

"How long shall you stay?"

"A week or two."

"I'll go," said Heathcote. He threw away his cigar, and started toward his room. Helen was singing in the parlor as he passed; he paused outside for a moment to listen. Every one was present save Anne and Gregory Dexter; yet the long room wore to him already the desolate and empty aspect of summer resorts in September. He could see the singer plainly; he leaned against the wall and looked at her. He liked her; she fitted into all the grooves of his habits and tastes. And he thought she would marry him some day if he pushed the matter. While he was thus meditating, a soft little hand touched his arm in the darkness. "I saw you," said Rachel, in a whisper,

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"and came around to join you. You are looking at Helen; what a flute-like voice she has! Let us go out and listen to her on the piazza."

Mr. Heathcote would be delighted to go. He hated that parlor, with all those people sitting around in a row. How could Rachel stand it?

Rachel, with a pathetic little sigh, answered, How could she do as she wished? She had, alas! no talent for deception.

Heathcote regretted this; he wished with all his heart that she had.

His heart was not all his to wish with, Rachel suggested, in a cooing murmur.

He answered that it was. And then they went out on the piazza.

Helen missed Rachel, and suspected, but sang on as sweetly as ever. At last, however, even Rachel could not keep the recreant admirer longer. He went off to his room, filled a travelling bag, lit a cigar, and then sat down to write a note:

"DEAR HELEN,—I am going with the others to the mountains for a week or so. I shall come back hoping to find you still here. The roses will be sent to you every day.

"Shall you forget me? W. H."

He sealed this missive, threw it aside, and then began to study a railroad guide. To a person going across to the mountains in a wagon, a knowledge of the latest time-tables was, of course, important.

The next morning, while her maid was coiling her fair hair, Mrs. Lorrington received the note, and bit her lips with vexation.

The hunting party drove over to the station soon after six, and waited there for the early train. Hosy sold them their tickets, and then came out to gain a little information in affable conversation. All the men save Heathcote were attired in the most extraordinary old clothes, and they wore among them an assortment of hats which might have won a prize in a collection. Hosy regarded them with wonder, but his sharp freckled face betrayed no sign. They were men, and he was above curiosity. He ate an apple reflectively, and took an inward inventory: "Hez clothes that I wouldn't be seen in, and sports 'em proud as you please. Hats like a pirate. The strangest set of fellers!"

As the branch road train, with a vast amount of self-important whistling, drew near the junction with the main line, Heathcote said carelessly that he thought he would run down to the city for a day or two, and join them later. There was hue and cry over this delinquency, but he paid his way to peace by promising to bring with him on his return a certain straw-packed basket, which, more than anything else, is a welcome sight to poor hard-worked hunters in a thirsty land. The wagons rolled away with their loads, and he was left to take the southern-bound express. He reached the city late in the evening, slept there, and early the next morning went out to Lancaster Station. When he stepped off the train, a boy and a red wagon were in waiting; nothing else save the green country.

"Does a French lady named Pitre live in this neighborhood?" he inquired of the boy, who was holding the old mare's head watchfully, as though, if not restrained, she would impetuously follow the receding train. This was the boy with whom Jeanne-Armande had had her memorable contest over Anne's fare. Here was his chance to make up from the pockets of this stranger—fair prey, since he was a friend of hers—the money lost on that field.

"Miss Peters lives not fur off. I can drive you there if you want ter go."

Heathcote took his seat in the wagon, and slowly as possible the boy drove onward, choosing the most roundabout course, and bringing the neighborhood matrons to their windows to see that wagon pass a second time with the same stranger in it, going no one knew where. At last, all the cross-roads being exhausted, the boy stopped before the closed half-house.

"Is this the place? It looks uninhabited," said Heathcote.

"'T always looks so; she's such a screw, she is," replied Eli, addressed as "Li" by his friends.

Heathcote knocked; no answer. He went around to the back door, but found no sign of life.

"There is no one here. Would any one in the neighborhood know where she has gone?"

"Mr. Green might, over to the store," said Li.

"Drive there."

"I've got to meet the next train, but I'll take you as fur as the door; 'tain't but a step from there to the station. And you

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might as well pay me now," he added, carelessly, "because the mare she's very fiery, and won't stand." Pocketing his money—double price—he drove off, exultant. It was a mile and a half to the station, and a hot, cloudless morning.

Heathcote made acquaintance with Mr. Green, and asked his question. There was no one in the store at the moment, and Mr. Green responded freely that he knew Miss Peters very well; in fact, they were old friends. She had gone to Valley City—had, in fact, left that very morning in the same red wagon which had brought the inquirer to his door; he, Green, looking out by chance, had seen her pass. What did she do in Valley City? Why, she taught—in fact, kept school. She had kept school there for ten years, and he, Green, was the only one in the neighborhood who knew it, since she—Miss Peters—wasn't much liked about there, perhaps on account of her being a Papist. But in such matters, he, Green, was liberal. Did she have any one with her? Yes, she had; in fact, Miss Douglas—same young lady as was there the fore part of the summer. No, they warn't going to stop at all in New York; going right through to the West. Hoped there was no bad news?

"No," replied Heathcote.

But his monosyllable without details convinced the hearer that there was, and before night the whole neighborhood was humming with conjecture. The darkest of the old suspicions about mademoiselle's past were now held to have been verified.

Heathcote walked back to the station over the red clay road, and looked for that boy. But Li had taken care to make good his retreat. By the delay two trains were missed, and he was obliged to wait; when he reached the city it was two o'clock, and it seemed to him that the pavements had never exhaled such withering heat. His rooms were closed; he went back to the hotel, took a bath, took two, but could not recover either his coolness or his temper. Even after dinner he was still undecided. Should he go westward to Valley City by the ten o'clock train? or wait till morning? or throw it all up and join the other men at the mountains? It was a close evening; Anne was at that moment on the ferry-boat.

Mademoiselle had carefully misled her friend Mr. Green; so great was her caution, so intricate her manœuvres, that she not only never once told him the truth, but also had taken the trouble to invent elaborate fictions concerning herself and her school at Valley City every time she closed the half-house and bade him good-by. The only person who knew where she really was was the Roman Catholic priest who had charge of the mission church at the railroad-car shops three miles distant; to this secret agent was intrusted the duty of walking over once a week, without exciting the notice of the neighborhood, to see if the half-house remained safe and undisturbed. For this service mademoiselle paid a small sum each week to the mission; and it was money well earned. The priest, a lank, lonely, sad-eyed young Irishman, with big feet in low shoes, came down the track once in seven days to Lancaster, as if for a walk, taking the half-house within his varying circuit, and, with the tact of his nation and profession, he never once betrayed his real object. On this occasion Jeanne-Armande had even showed Mr. Green her tickets to Valley City: what could be surer?

At sunset, in the city, the air grew cooler, a salt breeze came up the harbor from the ocean, tossing bluely outside. Heathcote decided to take another glass of wine, and the morning train. To the mountains?

The next day he was somewhat disgustedly eating breakfast at New Macedonia; and going through the cars an hour later, came upon Anne. He had not expected to see her. He was as much surprised as she was.

Why had he followed her? He could hardly have given a clear answer, save perhaps that he was accustomed to follow his inclinations wherever they led him, without hinderance or question. For there existed no one in the world who had the right to question him; and therefore he was without the habit of accounting for what he did, even to himself. It may, perhaps, be considered remarkable that, with such a position and training, he was, as a man, no worse than he was; that is, that he should be so good a fellow, after all, when he had possessed such unlimited opportunities to be a bad one. But natural refinement and fine physical health had kept the balance from swaying far; and the last-named influence is more powerful than is realized. Many a man of fine mind—even genius—is with the dolts

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and the brutes in the great army of the fallen, owing to a miserable, weak, and disappointing body. Of course he should have learned, early in life, its deficiencies, should have guarded it, withheld it and himself from exertions which to his neighbor are naught; but he does not always learn this lesson. The human creature who goes through his allotted course with vigorous health and a physical presence fine enough to command the unconscious respect of all with whom he comes in contact has no conception of the humiliations and discouragements, the struggles and failures, which beset the path of his weak-bodied and physically insignificant brother. Heathcote, indolent as he was, had a superb constitution, for which and of which, ungratefully, he had never thought long enough to be thankful.

But why was he following Anne?

She had told him of her engagement. Even if he could have broken that engagement, did he wish to break it? He said to himself that it was because his chivalry, as a man, had been stirred by the maid's story of Miss Vanhorn's harsh words—words which he had at once construed as an allusion to himself. Was he not partially, perhaps wholly, responsible for her banishment? But, even if this were true, could he not have acted through Helen, who was by far the most fitting agent? Instead of this, here he was following her himself!

Why?

Simply because of one look he had had deep down into violet eyes.

He had not expected to find her so soon. In truth, he was following in rather a purposeless fashion, leaving much to chance, and making no plans. They had gone to Valley City; he would go to Valley City. Perhaps he should meet her in the street there; or perhaps he should leave a letter; perhaps he should do neither, but merely turn around, his impulse satisfied, and go home again. There was no need to decide now. He was on the way; that was enough. And more than enough.

Then suddenly he saw her.

She was sitting next the aisle. He put out his hand; she gave hers, and mechanically mentioned his name to mademoiselle, who, helmeted in her travelling bonnet surmounted by a green veil, presented a martial front to all beholders. There was no vacant place near; he remained standing.

"How fortunate that I have met you!" he said, with conventional cordiality. "The day promised to be intolerably long and dull."

Mademoiselle, who at a glance had taken in his appearance from head to foot as only a Frenchwoman can, inquired if he was going far, in a voice so harmonious, compared with the bonnet, that it was an agreeable surprise.

"To Valley City," replied Heathcote.

"We also are going to Valley City," said Jeanne-Armande, graciously. "It is a pity there happens to be no vacant place near for monsieur. If some of these good people—" Here she turned the helmet toward her neighbors behind.

"Pray do not give yourself any trouble," said Heathcote. "I was on my way to the last car, hoping to find more air and space. If I am so fortunate as to find there two vacant seats, may I not return for you? It will be a charity to my loneliness."

"And a pleasure, monsieur, to ourselves," said mademoiselle.

He bowed his thanks, and glanced again at Anne. She had not spoken, and had not looked at him since her first startled glance. But Jeanne-Armande was gracious for two; she was charmed to have a monsieur of such distinguished appearance standing in the aisle by their side, and she inwardly wished that she had worn her second instead of her third best gloves and veil.

"Mrs. Lorrington misses you sadly," said Heathcote to the silent averted face, more for the sake of saying something than with any special meaning.

A slight quiver in the downcast eyelids, but no answer.

"She hopes that you will soon send her your address."

"It is uncertain as yet where I shall be," murmured Anne.

"I thought you were to be at Valley City?"

She made no reply, but through her mind passed the thought that he could not know, then, their real destination. He had been speaking in a low voice; mademoiselle had not heard. But he could not carry on a conversation long with a person who would not answer. "I will go to the last car, and see if I can find those seats," he said, speaking to mademoiselle, and smiling as he spoke. She thought him charming.

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As soon as he turned away, Anne said: "Please do not tell him that ours are excursion tickets, mademoiselle. Let him think that our destination is really Valley City."

"Certainly, if you wish it," replied Jeanne-Armande, who had a sympathy with all mysteries; this little speech of Anne's gave a new spice to the day. "He is one of the circle around your grandaunt, probably?"

"Yes; I met him at Caryl's."

"A most distinguished personage; entirely as it should be. And did I not overhear the name of the charming Mrs. Lorrington also?"

"He is a friend of Helen's. I think, I am not sure, but still I think that they are engaged," said Anne, bravely.

"And most appropriate. I do not know when I have been more comforted than by the culture and manner of that elegant friend of yours who sought you out at my little residence; I hope it may be my fortunate privilege to entertain her there again. From these two examples, I am naturally led to think that the circle around your grandaunt is one adjusted to that amiable poise so agreeable to the feelings of a lady."

Anne made no reply; the circle around her grandaunt seemed to her a world of dark and menacing terrors, from which she was fleeing with all the speed she could summon. And one of these terrors had followed her.

Presently Heathcote returned. He had found two vacant seats, and the car was much better ventilated than this one; there was no dust, and no one was eating either pea-nuts or apples; the floor was clean; the covering of the seats seemed to have been recently renewed. Upon hearing the enumeration of all these advantages, mademoiselle arose immediately, and "monsieur" was extremely attentive in the matter of carrying shawls, packages, and baskets. But when they reached the car, they found that the two seats were not together; one was at the end, the other separated from it by the aisle and four intervening places.

"I hoped that you would be kind enough to give me the pleasure of being with you by turns," said Heathcote, gallantly, to mademoiselle, "since it was impossible to find seats together." As he spoke, he placed Jeanne-Armande in one of the seats, and Anne in the other; and then gravely, but with just the scintillation of a smile in his brown eyes, he took his own place, not beside Anne, but beside the delighted Frenchwoman, who could scarcely believe her good fortune to be real until she found him actually assisting her in the disposal of basket, shawl, bag, India-rubber shoes, and precious although baggy umbrella.

WHEAT FIELDS OF THE NORTHWEST.

IN the summer of 1879 a number of agricultural meetings were held in different parts of England to consider the influence of American competition on the price of wheat—a subject which the farmers and land-owners were then learning to regard as one destined to receive more anxious consideration from them than any other of a political nature. At one of these meetings Lord Beaconsfield, in the course of an address, is reported to have said that supremacy as a grain-growing country would soon be attained by Canada, and that with this expectation thousands of persons from the States were hastening to change their homes to the other side of the boundary line. This statement, brought into general notice on this side of the Atlantic at the time by the eminent position of the speaker, was held plainly to lack trustworthiness; and our press, having simply compared the quantities of wheat raised in the year preceding by the two countries assumed to be rivals, and having proved that the movement of immigration between Canada and the United States was in favor of the latter, deemed further refutation unnecessary. But the editors of our press, in common with other persons, do not at present appreciate that part of the United States which lies west of Lake Superior, and it may be doubted if it is generally known further than as a country the failure of which to sustain the Northern Pacific Railroad project was the harbinger of the unwelcome financial crisis of 1873, and now more lately as the location of several noted wheat farms conducted on a gigantic scale; whilst hardly so much could be told of the larger and more valuable portion of this land, distinguished throughout its extent by certain peculiarities of soil and climate, which lies north of the boundary line, and forms the new provinces of Canada. However, this country has the elements to support

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the most prosperous people on the continent, if it is not destined soon to put the established districts of our grain supply into the same position as they have put the farming lands of England.

The Red River of the North rises near the head-waters of the Mississippi, but flowing in the opposite direction to the larger river, forms the boundary between Minnesota and Dakota, and entering the Canadian province of Manitoba, finally discharges itself into Lake Winnipeg. The prairie drained by this river and its tributaries contains, roughly, 40,000,000 acres, and, speaking from our stand-point, is the beginning of the vast section of fertile land which, stretching in a widening belt to the Rocky Mountains, is drained by the Saskatchewan rivers, and further north by the Athabasca and the Peace. This Canadian division contains certainly 150,000,000 acres of land, and may probably be found to include 250,000,000 acres when a thorough survey shall have been made by the Dominion government. The southern limit of this section of fertile land has a latitude as high as that of Montreal, and what may be called its northern limit lies distant one thousand miles. The climate, however, differs essentially from that found in Eastern British America at a corresponding distance from the equator. The isothermal lines, as they approach Hudson Bay from the Pacific Ocean, bend decidedly to the south. The mean temperature of the Peace River Valley varies but little from the mean temperature of the valley of the Red River. Throughout the country wheat may be planted in April, or fully as early as spring wheat is sown in the United States. But as the summer is not warm enough to ripen Indian corn, and the winter, while it lasts, permits no thaw to take place, the climate is a cold one, compared with that over the grain States of the Mississippi Valley; and to this fact, doubtless, the superior quality of the cereals raised here is due. In 1872, railway construction had extended far enough in the Northwest to afford an entrance to this new territory. But the disasters which speedily overtook the two pioneer lines stopped at once all immigration. Three years ago it was resumed. Since that time, it may be safely asserted, in no other part of the United States has it gone forward with so much vigor, and been attended with so much prosperity, as in the Red River Valley. The towns of Fargo and Grand Forks in Dakota, and Winnipeg across the border—the country around them presenting no resources except a prolific soil—exhibit a growth as rapid, and commercial transactions as heavy, as cities which have sprung up in the richest mining districts of the Rocky Mountains. Intense as the character of the immigration has been, it has not yet exercised any disturbing influence on the grain market. The part of the land reclaimed is comparatively trifling. At various points in the valley farms have been laid out, and fields of wheat, some of which are thousands of acres in extent, have been cultivated, but the greater part of the land is still an unbroken prairie, without a trace of settlement. The immigration into the valley of the Red River, and the smaller immigration into the valleys of the Saskatchewan, have been of most importance in proving that this country produces the cereals in a state of perfection which has not manifested itself farther south—a result possibly to have been anticipated from its latitude and soil. In a climate warmer than is needed to bring it to maturity, wheat shows an imperfect development of grain, with a deficiency in weight. It is always more subject to drought, the hot sun acting both to evaporate moisture from the ground and to burn the plant afterward. The same facts are observable in the growth of other cereals. Even grass shows a marked change in value made by latitude. Many of our stock-raisers in the Southwest do not sell their cattle in Texas or New Mexico, but drive them from the coarse and poor vegetation there to feed on the sweeter and more nutritious grasses of Montana, the increased price which the cattle bring in their improved condition paying for a drive of fifteen hundred miles.

The superior quality of the wheat raised in this new country will be best shown by a comparison made in figures. Duluth and Chicago are selected to furnish a comparison, as the former is the general point of shipment of the northern wheat, and the latter is the place of largest receipts in the grain States further south. To explain the use of the figures below, it may be noted that, for the convenience of trade, on arrival at one of the larger places of receipts, grain is inspected by experts who are public officers, and graded according to its soundness and weight. The difference in market value between the grades

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is considerable. Take for the purpose the crop of 1880. During the last three months of that year there were inspected at Duluth 1,778,764 bushels of wheat. Leaving out of consideration the fraction 86,000 bushels, which were of the soft variety, and, it is assumed, came to this port from southern counties of Minnesota, the wheat graded as follows, the amounts being expressed by per cent.:

AT DULUTH.

Grade No. 1, Hard	87 per cent.
Grade No. 2	11 "
Grade No. 3	1 "
Rejected	1 "

During the same months there were inspected at Chicago 1,571,262 bushels of winter wheat, and 7,988,816 bushels of spring wheat, which graded as below:

AT CHICAGO.

Winter Wheat.		*Spring Wheat.*	
Grade No. 1..	1 per cent.	Grade No. 1..	1 per cent.
Grade No. 2..53	"	Grade No. 2..66	"
Grade No. 3..34	"	Grade No. 3..23	"
Rejected 12	"	Rejected 10	"

As to the respective market values: at the city of Buffalo, where the northern and southern grain, coming over the lakes from Duluth and Chicago, first meet in a general market, the following were the average prices per bushel during the months mentioned above:

No. 1, Hard Duluth	1.18		
No. 2, "	1.15½		
No. 1, Red Winter	1.14	No. 1, Spring	1.13½
No. 2, "	1.11	No. 2, "	1.08
No. 3, "	1.06	No. 3, "	0.95
Rejected "	1.00	Rejected "	0.80

The southern grown wheat may have in the future, it is probable, a still lower relative value. It alone has been used for export to foreign countries, whose mills were not adapted for grinding with the best results the hard Manitoba wheat, even if the production of the latter were large enough to bring its merits into notice. Now, however, that the improved methods of milling employed at Minneapolis are being introduced into England, with an increased supply of hard wheat, there will doubtless come the same preference as exists in this country for a grain having its special properties. These improvements in milling have had a most important bearing on the value of all the varieties of hard wheat. The secret of the higher price which the Duluth wheat commands over the best grades from other localities is the fact that it makes a flour of greater strength. The northern wheat is flinty, and contains more gluten; the southern is soft, and contains more starch. Until lately, however, the farmer in Northern Minnesota found that his grain, although by an analysis of its parts the most valuable, brought the lowest prices paid in market, because, with the method then used for separating bran from the middlings, it made a dark-colored flour. A few years ago the defects were remedied by the millers at Minneapolis, and so successfully that their method of treating wheat has been very generally adopted throughout the country. The result has been that the strong flour made of Red River wheat is quoted at a price of two dollars per barrel over other kinds—a difference which the baker is willing to pay, because from a given number of pounds it makes the greatest number of pounds of bread; and the private consumer is willing to pay, because it furnishes the most nutritive food. The hard Northern wheat, instead of being the lowest, has taken its rightful place as the highest priced on the list of grain.

The land is also more prolific. The experience of the wheat-raisers in Manitoba has now been of sufficient length to make understood some of the natural advantages extended to this country for returning large and certain crops. Situated in a high latitude, there is afforded to vegetation a greater number of hours of sun each day during the entire season of growth. The winter cold, continuous and with light falls of snow, freezes the ground to an extraordinary depth. Under the disintegrating power of frost, the lower soil is broken up each season for the sustenance of plants as thoroughly as if done by the best artificial means. This is not the only service performed by the frost; later, throughout the period of growth, it keeps within reach of the roots a moisture which renders drought impossible. But most noteworthy is the soil itself—an alluvial black loam, with an average depth of twenty inches, resting on a subsoil of clay. It is very heavy, when wet having a tar-like consistency, and rich in the elements which are believed to nourish vegetation. Dropped into this soil, with the other favoring circumstances, seed springs up and grows with an extraordinary vigor, and gives a sound and abundant crop. The average yield of wheat per acre in the Red River Valley, north of Fargo, where

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the soil becomes heavier and more characteristic, is twenty-three bushels. In Manitoba and the Saskatchewan region the average is greater, and amounts to twenty-eight bushels. These facts become more striking when compared with results in the district of the wheat supply at present. In Illinois the average for wheat to the acre is seventeen bushels; in Iowa, ten; in Wisconsin, less than ten; in Kansas, ten; while in Texas it is eight and one-half bushels. Nor does the land seem to deteriorate under a course of cropping, as does the lighter soil of States in the south. In the early part of the century, Lord Selkirk, fascinated by the resources which he beheld in the Lake Winnipeg region, formed the idea of developing them with colonists from his country. Shut off from any market for their grain, and located in a spot at that time practically inaccessible, the Highlanders who came over in accordance with the ill-considered plan of Lord Selkirk were subjected to a great deal of hardship. But many families staid. The town of Kildonan, near the mouth of the Red River, started by these colonists, has been occupied by them and their descendants ever since. By their farming the powers of the soil have been pretty thoroughly tested. In this settlement there are fields which have been sown to wheat every season for the last thirty-five years without the application of any fertilizers, and which in 1879 yielded an average of over thirty bushels to the acre. A soil which raises one grain in such perfection is, of course, suitable for other purposes. Stimulated by the presence of buyers for the mills making the high-priced flour, who offer immediate payment for all their crop, the farmers have so far devoted all their energy to increasing their acreage of wheat. But the other cereals—oats, rye, and barley—sown to supply local needs, show a like abundant yield, and when brought to outside markets these products of northern soil will be found entitled to the high estimation accorded to the present staple.

Of equal importance with the natural resources here is the means of getting the products to market. In the United States the importance of this question will be fully appreciated, and it becomes a matter deserving attention when directly at our doors a large body of land of unusual fertility is being invited to compete in markets which have been opened to us by an efficient system of transportation, and found very profitable. Apart from any question of loss or gain to the trade of the United States, the subject itself presents many features to excite an interest. The scheme of the roads for traffic at present is so little complicated as to be readily understood. The projects now under way are to cost vast sums of money. Their completion will present much that is novel in the systems of the continent. On the American side, the Northern Pacific Railway, at the end of 1880, had built west of the Rocky Mountains a section of 150 miles, beginning at a point 260 miles from the terminus on Puget Sound, and extending eastward. During the year they had pushed westward the main road from Duluth to the Yellowstone River in Montana. By the collapse in 1873 the company were left with a very poor credit, and to continue their work they have been obliged to rely mainly on the earnings of the completed part and the proceeds of the sale of the land grant. The progress made since that time toward completing the transcontinental line illustrates the rapid way in which this country has of late been developing. The construction last year was 360 miles of new road. Recently measures to secure money for continuing the work as fast as it may be required have been successfully taken, and it is believed that the line from Lake Superior to the Pacific Ocean will be finished in 1883. As a terminus, the port of Duluth has hitherto been sufficient during the season of navigation, which lasts, however, only six months. During the remainder of the year grain is left to go eastward by rail transportation around the southern end of Lake Michigan. This lake has been the means of shutting off the Northwestern States from any direct land communication with the East. North of Chicago there is not at present a single line of railway from the prairies. The States of Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, and the adjoining portion of Dakota are covered with iron roads, but they are all tributary to the Eastern system at the head of Lake Michigan—a fact which sufficiently accounts for the steady and rapid growth of the city at that point. The presence of Lake Michigan and Lake Superior, and the character of the country north and south of the latter, which is hilly, and abounds in immense ledges of rock, render

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direct rail connection of the Red River territory with the East a difficult and expensive matter. But the development of resources which are so valuable and complete will doubtless in time create an extensive system of rail communication, which shall form the shortest possible routes to the sea-board, and be free of the charges at an intermediate point of distribution. The construction of two lines, one along the south shore of Lake Superior and the other on the north shore, has been definitely decided upon, and work on the first line has been begun. The Northern Pacific Railway is now engaged in building a road from Duluth eastward to the charter terminus at Montreal River. From this point a road, part of which is finished, is to be extended to Sault Ste. Marie. Here a combination of Canadian railways is to give communication with Montreal and New York. The distance from the Red River to New York by this route, when completed, will be at least two hundred miles shorter than by the expensive one through Chicago. Another railway, the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba, located at right angles to the line of the Northern Pacific, extends from St. Paul, on both sides of the Red River to the international boundary, where it is met by a branch of the Canadian Pacific. This road carries a large part of the wheat raised in the Red River Valley to the mills at Minneapolis, and until the present time has furnished the only adequate means of entrance to the province of Manitoba. By the construction of 230 miles in 1880 this company now owns nearly one thousand miles of road, and its extensions westward bid fair to make it equally active with the Northern Pacific in developing this country.

On the Canadian side, Hudson Bay may eventually become of the first importance as an outlet for foreign shipments of grain. The bay is free of ice, and its southwestern harbors are open fully three months—a short season of navigation, but sufficient for a sailing vessel to clear with two cargoes for Liverpool, which ships carrying grain from California around Cape Horn can not accomplish, taking the entire year. But it may be doubted whether the hope of utilizing this short road to Europe will be realized for a considerable time. At York Factory, the Nelson, a river flowing from the lakes of Manitoba, empties into the bay. Surveys have lately been made to locate a line for a railway down this river from the city of Winnipeg. The want of material to provide this road with local traffic, and the brief period during which the Atlantic port, its proposed terminus, is accessible, would probably deter private enterprise from undertaking its construction until the surplus of grain in Manitoba had become much larger than it is at present, and a sufficient number of vessels for the Hudson Bay trade could be assured to move accumulated freight at York Factory. The river Nelson itself is not now navigable. Improvements in its channel would give a depth of water sufficient for vessels of large draught to pass through to the lakes above, and other natural obstacles are not so great as to render its future navigation improbable. But until the completion of other schemes for promoting trade in their new territory, which are now being carried out at great expense, it is hardly to be thought that the Canadian government will attempt improvements in the Nelson, or the construction of the Hudson Bay railroad, more especially as the success of these would tend to weaken certain direct benefits to the old provinces which the present plans of internal improvement are expected to bring.

The old route for inland navigation through the great lakes is now being subjected to changes which promise to establish it as a way for ocean vessels to reach inland ports with certainty, and to change materially its status as a means of communication between the interior and Atlantic sea-board. When the plan of enlargement has been fully carried out, the Welland Canal will admit steamers of two thousand tons, and drawing thirteen and one-half feet of water. Work on the first enlargement has now advanced so far that it is expected the canal will be opened to navigation this season. Upon the completion of improvements corresponding to this in the St. Lawrence, vessels drawing eleven and one-half feet of water will be able to load at Chicago, and sail through this river to Montreal, or directly across the Atlantic. The outlay of $30,000,000 on the Welland Canal, however, has not had as its object chiefly the American trade of Lake Michigan, but it has been in accordance with the comprehensive policy of the Canadian government for the development of their Northwestern territory, and for keeping within national lines the

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right to handle its valuable products. The money expended by the Dominion on internal improvements is nearly ready to yield its return. On the north shore of Lake Superior, one hundred miles northeast of Duluth, the pioneer railway, now almost finished, to connect the Canadian prairies with the water route to the Atlantic, terminates at the lake. Its starting-point is the city of Winnipeg, on Red River.

The Canadian Pacific road, of which this is the Lake Superior section, is to form a transcontinental line in British America, and may in time become the most important of the railroads to the Pacific. Its construction was a measure taken by the government, by whom the existing parts have been built. At a session of Parliament the present year, however, it was decided to intrust the construction to a private company, who are obliged to preserve the full route adopted by the government. Great as will be the facilities offered at the eastern end of this road for transporting grain to the seaboard by way of Lake Superior, the Dominion government has taken care to secure the construction of one overland route from the new provinces. The road from Winnipeg to the lake terminus at Fort William is to be extended on the north shore to the town of Callander, near Montreal, and to a union with the railway system of the old provinces. The extension was to be begun the present summer. From Winnipeg westward the road is to traverse the full length of the Saskatchewan prairie, and cross the Rocky Mountains to an ocean port near the United States border. The section through the prairie to the foot of the Rocky Mountains it is expected to have ready for traffic within three years. This briefly is the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. When completed, the distance from the Pacific Ocean overland to Montreal will be 2960 miles, or about 500 miles less than the distance by the Union Pacific road to New York.

The larger yield to the acre, the better quality, and higher grade of crop shown in this Northern country, are matters lifted by the vast extent of the land above a question of individual profit to the persons now cultivating the soil. If one-half the ground of that comparatively small portion which is drained by the Red River and its affluents were sown to wheat, the product at an average yield would be 500,000,000 bushels, or more than the entire amount raised in the United States in 1880. The attention of the United States within a few years will certainly be drawn sharply to the supply of grain coming from this new quarter, if the reclamation of land goes on with its present movement. With the advent of a system of inland navigation greatly improved, and made the most perfect in the world, indeed, there is every reason to believe that the development of the interior will continue at its present rate, and even go forward with a rapidity never witnessed before. An immense amount of money is ready for employment. By the Canadian government and railway companies the news of these unsettled fields will be spread among the populous countries of Europe. A populous country lies directly adjoining. The land itself, level and rolling prairie, will allow railways to be built with the utmost rapidity and cheapness, and furnish no obstacle to cultivation. Scattered plentifully throughout Dakota and the valleys of the Saskatchewan are beds of the soft coal which has supplied the fuel of our Western States. That necessity, iron, is not lacking. The extensive region north of Lake Superior is known to be rich in this ore. In 1880, from the mines on the south, at present the more accessible shore of this lake, were taken 1,900,000 tons of easily worked ore, which had a value of $13,000,000.

Within ten years it is certainly possible that there will be ready for shipment at the edge of Lake Superior an amount of wheat which shall equal the total quantity now received yearly at all the Atlantic ports, at a price of seventy cents per bushel. Low as this price would be, compared with prices heretofore prevailing at the lakes, southern-grown wheat of the average quality would be worth ten cents a bushel less. Wheat can be raised in the Red River Valley and delivered to the railroad at a cost of less than forty cents to the bushel. Fifteen cents more, the rate for transportation to the lake from Fargo, which will probably be the rate also from Winnipeg over the Canadian Pacific, deducted from the price above, leaves remaining a high profit to the grower. This is in the Red River Valley, and with a yield of twenty-three bushels to the acre. With a yield of

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twenty-eight bushels, the increase would pay cost of transportation from far within the territory of the Saskatchewan.

What will be the effect on agriculture in the United States of this tremendous addition to the wheat land, and on present routes of traffic of a division in a valuable trade, it is impossible to foretell, and without the scope of this article to consider. That it will exercise some influence on our agriculture can not be doubted. Wheat could not now be raised in the Mississippi Valley at the price supposed above. The land of the United States has no longer the richness of unbroken ground; at least, very generally throughout its extent the best parts have been tilled. There is a wide margin for profit left in higher and more laborious cultivation of the soil. This, however, is not the method to which we have been trained. Hitherto our crops have been increased by cultivating new land. A course of giving more attention to the plants, notably Indian corn, for whose cultivation we have special advantages, it may be found expedient to follow. On the other hand, a decided fall in the price of the other cereals would probably affect maize also.

However uncertain may be effects on the United States, we may expect that the centre of activity in wheat, never very stable, will soon pass to the Red River Valley; to go later, possibly, still further northward. Most valued by the farmers in Minnesota for seed is the grain coming from the Red River Valley, and especially that from Manitoba. Taken southward, if not renewed frequently from the original source, it tends to degenerate, and become soft. Harder and better still is the wheat coming from the region of the Upper Saskatchewan and the Peace River. This perfect grain has the greatest weight of all, and by cultivation even in the Red River Valley shows a loss of its original quality.

AT DEACON TWOMBLY'S.

I.

THE clock struck one of a May afternoon in the fashionable furniture warerooms of Brooks Brothers and Co., on the main street of a busy New England city.

Mr. J. Brooks, the senior partner, took his hat and went out to his luncheon; Mr. P. Brooks, the junior partner, had gone home with a nervous headache.

Thunder-storms always affected Mr. P. Brooks in this way, and a very violent one had just passed over the city, leaving the air more sultry than before, though the newly opened leaves of the elms and maples and the freshly green tufts of grass around the street tree-boxes were dripping and sparkling with delusively cool effect. Not a customer was in sight, and Murray Hilton, head salesman, Marcus Adams, book-keeper, and Tom Colby, errand-boy, were left in undisturbed possession of the place.

They instantly and characteristically took advantage of their freedom.

Mr. Hilton, whom the young ladies were wont to describe as "the tall, dark, stylish one," so far departed from his usual air of languid elegance as to yawn aloud, stretching his arms above his head, throwing himself into a big bamboo lounging chair, and proceeding to light a cigarette.

Mr. Adams, who by the same authority had been styled "the broad-shouldered, steady-looking one," threw off his coat, seized a palm-leaf fan, and walked down the room to look at the thermometer outside the back door; while Tom Colby, whom young ladies seldom noticed, and then only as an awkward freckled boy, borrowed the *Daily Advertiser* from Mr. Brooks's desk, and holding it close to his near-sighted eyes with his left hand, was soon absorbed in an editorial on the labor question, now biting and now forgetting a stout home-made sandwich which he grasped in his right.

"I say, Adams, what does such a day as this make you think of?" said Mr. Hilton, as the other returned, reporting, "Eighty-two degrees, and hotter every minute."

"It makes me think of my last year's seersucker coats, for one thing," replied his friend. "I asked my sister for one of them last night, and she said I couldn't have it, because it was 'rough dry,' but she would see about it to-day."

"And in the mean time the elegant Miss Bradford may come in and catch you in your shirt sleeves," said Hilton.

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"Not much danger of lady customers in this weather," returned Adams. "But what was it you were asking me just now?"

"I asked what this hot day made you think of, in the way of vacation, of course. Where shall we go this summer, and when? Now don't say a word about another walking tour if you value your life. *You* may hanker after more black-flies, and mosquitoes, and stiff necks, and girls without collars on, and doughnuts, and baked beans, and husk beds, and so forth, but all the Flumes and Cascades and Notches in New Hampshire won't draw *me* into their neighborhood again. No, sir, not by a large majority."

"Have you finished?" inquired Adams, laughing heartily, and continuing to ply his fan as he perched on the arm of a scarlet Shaker rocking-chair. "Because, if you have, I should like to intimate gently but firmly that I do not intend to take a trip this summer, nor to ask for any vacation."

Murray's handsome face lost its mocking expression, and assumed one of distressed surprise. He carefully laid down his cigarette, and sitting erect, demanded sternly, "Marcus Aurelius Adams, are you sweet on some girl in the city?"

"Not a girl," laughed Adams.

"Are you saving your money to go to Europe next summer?"

"Wrong again."

"Well, what *is* your crotchet? Confess quickly, so that I shall have time to talk you out of it before old Brooks comes back;" and Murray resumed his smoking and his recumbency with an air of suffering patience.

"Simply this," replied Adams: "I have made up my mind that it doesn't pay to broil till August in my little twelve by fourteen three pair back hall bedroom on Oak Street, and then rush away to some fascinating place by the sea or in the mountains for two weeks, just long enough to make town more hateful than ever when I come back, and to make me homesick for the fields all through the heat and dust and general flatness of September. No, sir! We've tried *that* three summers, and now I propose to find a quiet place, say ten miles out on some railroad, where it 'll be cheap, but not mean — countrified instead of fashionable — and board there from the first of June to the first of October, saving enough on the difference between city and country board to pay for my season ticket on the cars, to say nothing of all the odd dollars that slip away for theatres, and treating girls to soda and ice-cream and moonlight rides. Then next winter I'll ask for my two weeks' leave, and run on to Washington, and have a look at Congress and the other lions that every man who votes ought to see before he's as old as you and I are, and before he talks about Europe." Marc paused, out of breath, sat fairly into the Shaker chair, and waited for a reply.

Murray had folded his hands and closed his eyes, with a meekly teachable expression. He now opened them (they were snapping with fun), and gently inquired: "Marcus, have you ever seen William Warren in *Pipkins's Rustic Retreat*?"

"I knew you would chaff," replied his friend; "but I am in sober earnest, and I wish you would join me in my plan. Why, just fancy, Murray, how jolly it will be to sit reading our evening papers on a wide piazza, looking out on a hay field all sweet with newly cut clover, and seeing the cows go by, and lots of roses and poppies, and—and—"

"Catnip," suggested Murray.

"Well, catnip, then. I'm sure that's better than the plantain leaves and burdocks in the back yard at Oak Street; and there'd be no hand-organs, or street rows, or cats, or fire-alarms, to make night hideous."

"And what about the rainy evenings when we couldn't sit on this rosy piazza," queried Murray, "and there wouldn't be any Thomas concert to go to?"

"Then we could talk politics with the farmer, or play backgammon with the daughters, or read some of those books we are always meaning to and never have time for here."

"By a kerosene lamp, I suppose?"

"Yes, I suppose so. Of course we can't have everything. But I am bound to try it, and you can come out and spend Sundays with me, if you won't risk the whole summer."

"But where do you expect to find this blessed bower of yours?" said Hilton, who was really attached to Adams, in spite of many a quarrel that had varied their four years of co-residence in one boarding-house, and co-labor at Brooks Brothers'.

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"I shall study advertisements, and write to those I like the tone of."

Now, just at this point, fate interfered in the person of Tom Colby, who suddenly bit into a mouthful of his sandwich which was almost clear mustard, causing him to drop his newspaper, turn violently red, cough, weep, and stare reproachfully at the food. "Jo-*se*-phus!" he ejaculated. He had given up saying, "By gracious!" because his mother had convinced him that it was profane, and "By jingo!" because his sister had persuaded him it was vulgar, and adopted "Jo-*se*-phus!" because he assured himself that "a fellow must say something." Before he could recover his breath and resume his reading he overheard Mr. Adams's last remark, and being an impulsive boy, who heartily liked the speaker, he said, "Beg pardon for meddling, but if you want to know of a first-rate place to board in the country, Mr. Adams, I can tell you of one I know all about."

"Where's that, Colby?" answered Marc, pleasantly, while Murray looked annoyed.

"At Griffin's Ledge, where I live," said Tom; "It's only nine miles out, on the X Railroad; lots of woods and a pond, and all that. And there was a man near us—Deacon Twombly his name was—and he built a new barn and fixed up his house with big window-glass and a piazza, all to please his girls when they come home from boardin'-school; but before it was all paid for he died, and now they've got to take boarders so's to get out of debt. They've got three a'ready, good ones too; but they'd take more I know, for there's another front room, and I'll inquire if you'd like to have me. I go right by every night, and I'm sure you'd like the folks."

"How does he know what we'd like?" muttered Murray, pettishly, while Marc, secretly pleased to hear him say "we," and seeing Mr. Brooks in the distance, hastened to resume his coat and his place at the desk, but beckoned Tom, and talked to him for some time in a low tone of Griffin's Ledge and "Deacon Twombly's folks." Murray preserved an air of scornful indifference, though secretly longing to hear all they said. He felt aggrieved, in the first place, because Marc was so evidently determined in regard to a plan which he, Murray, had neither originated nor been consulted about. He liked to consider himself the ruling mind of the two, the senior partner, as it were, in their firm of friendship; and now Marc had actually formed his plans for a whole summer, merely saying that Murray could join or not as he pleased. And as if this were not annoyance enough, here was Tom Colby, who never could be taught his place, putting in his oar, and trying to inveigle Marc into some horrid desert of a place, all for the good of those stupid neighbors of his. Deep down in Murray's mind was the conviction that Marc's plan was a good one, that he should undoubtedly fall in with it in the end, and that as he had a few debts of which his friend knew nothing, it would really be the very best thing he could do.

But, for all that, he was cross and disgusted, and fully determined to punish Marc's independence and Tom's meddling by withdrawing the light of his countenance from both of them till they chose to coax and propitiate him.

Strong in this resolution, he loftily ignored them throughout the afternoon, and was so assiduous in his attentions to customers as to raise himself higher than ever in Mr. Brooks's good opinion.

About six o'clock, when the senior partner had gone home, and Tom Colby was closing the back windows and shutters for the night, a very pretty girl in a gray suit, with violet ribbons, appeared at the front door, came in a few steps, then paused and looked hesitatingly around. Murray sprang forward with his most devoted air.

"How can I serve you, miss?" he said.

"I was looking for Tom," replied the pretty girl, prettier than ever, as she blushed a little. "Isn't he in? Mr. Colby, I mean. I wanted to speak to him a moment."

"Tom!" called Murray, discomfited.

But Tom was already hurrying forward with evident pleased recognition. Murray had to draw back, so that he heard nothing of the short, earnest dialogue that followed; but he saw the charming unknown give Tom a note, and smile sweetly on him as she left the store. Tom hurried toward the book-keeper's desk, and in his pride and pleasure spoke so loudly that Murray's curiosity was gratified by hearing every word.

"Did you see her, Mr. Adams? That's Miss Loring, the young lady I was telling you about, who's boarding at Miss Deacon Twombly's with her father and

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mother. Ain't she pretty? She wanted me to take a note out to her mother to tell her she's a-goin' to stay in the city overnight with her cousins, so the old lady won't worry, you know."

Murray Hilton's ideas underwent an instant change. If this stylish young creature was to be a fellow-boarder, Griffin's Ledge could not be a desert; "Deacon Twombly's folks" might not be insufferable, after all. His pride, however, would not allow him to relax his mien toward Tom, or to betray his yielding too suddenly to Marc.

The two friends spent that evening together at the house of Marc's married sister, Mrs. Bryant; but neither there nor during their walk home did either allude to their previous conversation. On reaching their boarding-place Murray lingered in Marc's room awhile, hoping that Marc would allude to his plan; but the latter had perceived his friend's admiration of the young girl, and knowing his temper very thoroughly, said to himself, "I'll keep still, and let things work awhile." Presently Murray yawned, took his hat, said, "Good-night, old man," and started to go to his own room at the other end of the passage. Hardly had he closed the door, however, when he opened it again, and putting in his head, said, with affected carelessness, "If you go out to look at those rooms at Dragon's Rock, or whatever Colby calls it, I suppose I may as well go with you, and see what sort of a den it is."

"All right," responded Marc, cordially; "I shall be glad to have you. I told Tom I'd go out with him in the 7.10 train tomorrow afternoon."

Murray again left the room, but before he had taken two steps away, he was so haunted by the conviction that Marc was laughing at him that he whirled around, re-opened the door suddenly, and caught him in the act. "Hang it!" he cried, reddening with consciousness and annoyance, "what are you grinning at?"

Concealment being impossible and denial vain, Marc gave free vent to his amusement, and throwing himself back in his chair, laughed more loudly, as Murray grew redder and crosser, and finally went off grumbling, banged the door viciously, and this time did not return.

II.

Two weeks later Marc and Murray were comfortably settled in Mrs. Twombly's east chamber—a generous square room, with four windows, two closets, two beds, and an easy-chair apiece, the latter being Murray's imperative condition before acceding to the plan.

Their fellow-boarders were Mr., Mrs., and Miss Emily Loring. The former was a retired flour broker, and an enthusiastic botanist, but disabled by dyspepsia and a stiff knee.

Mrs. Loring was a gentle, unselfish lady, with weak nerves, a yielding disposition, and the full conviction that if Mr. Loring were comfortably well, and Emily enjoying herself, anything would do for her.

Emily was a pretty, unaffected girl of twenty-three, inheriting her mother's refined amiability, braced by her father's greater strength of character. The advent of the young men was viewed by the three with very different emotions. Mr. Loring was sure they would be "a pair of under-bred, conceited counter-jumpers," for he made a delicate distinction between flour and furniture, wholesale and retail dealings.

Mrs. Loring reflected with silent dismay on the possibility that they would try to flirt with Emily, and the impossibility of her being able to play chaperon every evening, when Mr. Loring was so liable to "attacks." As for our heroine, she frankly exclaimed, "If they are only nice, how nice it will be!" Mentally adding, "I hope the handsome fellow I saw when I went to find Tom is one of them."

By the end of the first week every one was glad they had come. Mr. Loring discovered that Marc's father had been an old school-mate of his at Exeter, and that Marc himself shared his interest in ferns.

Murray he liked less, but was reconciled to by his uniform courtesy, and because he took a weekly paper which Mr. Loring liked, but could not afford in addition to his daily and his magazine. Mrs. Loring liked both the young men, because they diverted her husband's mind from his ailments, and made Emily entirely contented; while the young girl herself absorbed Murray's graceful devotion and basked in Marc's genial friendliness as freely and unreflectingly as a flower accepts dew and sunshine.

Tom Colby, to his dismay, found his occupation as Emily's letter-carrier and devoted squire entirely gone. What Murray could not or would not do for her,

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Marc could and did, and Tom's pretty sister Ruth, as well as Melancy and Esther Twombly, found herself in a similarly stranded position.

Before "them fellers" (as the neighbors called them) came, Emily had often invited the girls to walk with her; had always been ready and glad when they sought her company in a drive behind the Colbys' old horse, though the errand might only be to the blacksmith's to get Dolly shod, or to the mill for a grist. Now she almost never came for them; and when they called for her she was sure to be practicing a new song Mr. Hilton wanted her to sing with him, or out rowing with him and her mother in the twilight, or pressing ferns for her father and Marc.

All the boarders were very friendly with both Colbys and Twomblys, but it was evident, nevertheless, that the five constituted a perfect circle of contentment and congeniality, and all the rest of the world of Griffin's Ledge was outside of it. "'Birds of a feather flock together,' I tell ye," quoth Gran'sir' Twombly, one of those aggravatingly wise old men whose perspicacity enables them to say, "I told you so," after every event. "An' they allers will flock together, jes' as 'dogs delight to bark an' bite, for 'tis their natur' to.' Them five is born an' bred dif'runt, an' they b'long to each other, an' not to us, for all as pooty spoken as they be. I like that gal. She's as sweet as a posy, an' them fellers hev found it out, an' she's a-hevin' good fun a-drivin' the span of 'em. I'll give 'em the rest o' the summer to pull together, but not a minute more. She'll hev ter pick an' choose betwixt 'em 'fore they go back to town, sure's ye live. An' ef ye don't b'lieve it, ye kin wait an' see."

In the summer weeks that followed, Ruth, Melancy, and Esther slowly came to the same conclusion, though first one and then another of them was asked to make a fourth in the many drives and walks planned by Marc and Murray. Each silently concluded that gran'sir' was right, and made up her mind to be content with the general pleasantness added to her usual humdrum life, without expecting any special or personal romance and glorification to result therefrom. Thus it was that the spectators of the little pastoral were better aware of what was going on than the actors themselves. To Mrs. Loring it seemed perfectly natural that every one should like Emily; and as long as the young men were equal in their politeness and perfectly friendly to each other, and, moreover, were as devoted to her as to her daughter, she was quite easy and unsuspicious.

Mr. Loring's eyes were blinded by the delusion that Emily was still a little girl.

The young lady, as has been said, accepted the situation without cherishing a serious thought, and if one ventured to intrude itself into her mind, she would bid it begone, with a blush, and an emphatic though mental "Nonsense!"

Marc's vision of reading his evening paper amid rural surroundings was duly realized. As he sat there one soft July night, the memory of his early argument with Murray recurred to his mind. It was all there; the broad piazza and the fragrant hay field. At this very moment a belated load of ripe clover was creaking across the opposite meadow on its way to the big barn behind him. It was drawn by noble dappled oxen, and Melancy and Esther were laughing and screaming on top as it swayed to right and left under their brother Sam's mischievous guidance. What could be more picturesquely, peacefully, pastorally pleasant? he asked himself. Here were the dreamed-of roses and poppies, nay, even the catnip was not wanting, beside the wood-shed; and yet—and yet he knew he was not satisfied. Here sat an intelligent man all ready to talk over the news with him as soon as he finished reading, or pretending to read, and yet Marc was distinctly aware that he felt discontented, uneasy, almost unhappy. He wondered why. "Can it be possible," he asked himself, with that tendency to see things in a comical light which often just saved his earnest nature from morbidness—"can it be possible that dyspepsia is contagious?" and he stole a swift glance at poor Mr. Loring. "But no, it must be that I am anxious because Murray is keeping Mrs. Loring and Emily so late on the lake. Why will he never be moderate in any pleasure? It is sure to be damp by this time; no wonder I am uneasy." For the space of two minutes he actually deceived himself into supposing that his vague discontent was only a natural and laudable concern for the safety of the ladies; but when the three absentees presently came in sight, returning in excellent season from their excursion

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—Mrs. Loring a little in advance in her desire to rejoin her husband, Murray and Emily lingering in the twilight, their hands full of lily buds, he carrying her white shawl, their smiling faces turned toward each other, a peal of laughter now and then reaching Marc's ears—why, why was it that a pang sharper than anxiety contracted the heart of the watchful observer? O fatal flash of self-conviction! Can it be that he is jealous of his friend?—that he feels for Emily a more than brotherly love? He turned crimson, and almost groaned aloud; then, feeling suddenly unable to endure political discussion, the mild prattling of Mrs. Loring, and, least of all, the joyous return of the others, he abruptly left the piazza, and went into the barn as the best place to avoid them all. He was just in time to help Melancy and Esther down from the load, and as they went into the house, he astonished Sam by offering to help him pitch off and stow away the hay.

"Tom Colby 'greed to come over an' help me," said Sam; "an' then I was goin' eel-fishin' with him, but somethin' must 'a hendered him. It 'll be a great 'commodation, if you'd jest as lieves," he added, as Marc threw off his coat and came nimbly up the ladder.

Half an hour of hard, hot work did our hero good, but he still shrank from encountering either Murray's handsome, complacent face, or his own accusing thoughts, and when Tom appeared with many apologies and a full bait box, he delighted both the boys by offering to join their expedition.

"Didn't I tell you he was a first-rater?" exclaimed Tom, in a burst of confidence, as Marc ran in to change his clothes, Sam having warned him that "eel-fishin' was awful slimy work."

"Well, you needn't break a feller's ribs, if you did," returned his friend. "Besides, I never said he wasn't."

When Marc returned, both the boys declared that he was still too well dressed, and insisted upon his further protecting himself with a pair of Sam's butternut-colored overalls, in which disguise he grimly thought no sentimental fancies could steal upon him. It was now so dark, the evening having closed in with heavy clouds, that Marc tapped on the parlor window as they passed it, and, interrupting Murray in a fervent singing of, "How can I bear to leave thee?" told him where he was going; then, without waiting for an answer, rejoined the boys. They were soon pushing off toward the middle of the mill-pond, not in the dainty skiff which had been repainted and decorated for Emily's use, but in a home-made, flat-bottomed tub, more suitable for eel-fishing.

For nearly half an hour they waited in vain for nibbles, and as they sat silently in the darkness Marc thought he had chosen his evening occupation ill, for the train of thought he had hoped to escape now overwhelmed him in spite of his resolution.

The air was sultry and still, the water sullenly black, and only the shaggy plumes of the pine forest in serrated silhouette against the sky showed that that was less so. Now and then a very hoarse frog lifted up his croaking note, now an owl hooted dismally from the hemlock swamp; but there was no wind, no star. Sam and Tom whispered together in the other end of the boat. Marc felt his feet going to sleep, so cramped was his position, and he half believed the whole scene a nightmare dream.

His fancy flew back to the cheerful parlor where he might have been. He well knew that Emily—sweet, dainty Emily—was seated at the piano, her pretty hands fluttering over the keys, her eyes now shyly cast down, now frankly lifted; her hair now golden and now brown, as the lamp-light touched or left it; her fresh voice joining with Murray's mellow tenor, as he bent over her, so graceful, so ready. Marc ground his teeth with jealousy, then bitterly reproached himself. "Have I not always thought it would be the best thing in the world for Murray to marry some good girl, and settle down to a more domestic, less selfish life? Has it not been my dearest hope for him, and could he find a sweeter mate than she? Is it not perfectly evident that he is in earnest at last, and, begging her pardon for the thought, is it not equally clear that she does not repel him? Fool that I am not to have seen it all long ago!" Memory brought in swift succession before him circumstance after circumstance of the past six weeks to confirm him in his conclusions.

"What remains for me, then," he queried, "but to wish them all happiness, and let neither ever dream that I—" Here his reflections were rudely interrupted by

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a violent jerk at his bait, and the next instant he was pulling in his line with as much eagerness as if Emily had never existed. Presently a big eel was flopping in the bottom of the boat, and apparently twining himself about all six of their legs at the same moment. Marc grappled it as though it had been the fiend of jealousy incarnate, and Sam catching another at the same time, the boat became very lively before both could be secured and unhooked. Half a dozen horn-pouts soon followed, looking like warriors in black armor, and making a human sobbing noise as they were caught. The hunting instinct, so surely latent in every man, now came uppermost in our hero. Sentimental soliloquy ceased to be possible, and the sighing lover was temporarily lost in the fierce fisherman.

By-and-by a drizzling rain began to fall, and the boys proposed to land at the old saw-mill, and fish under cover. This proved even more exciting. Standing on the projecting end of a worm-eaten plank, over black water probably ten feet deep, hearing the steady down-pour of rain upon the roof and its pat-pat upon the pond, holding a pole into the darkness, and having it suddenly half twitched from his hand by a three-pound eel quite as anxious to pull him into the water as he is to pull it out, finally to fling it at line's length over his head back into the mill, catching a fleeting glimpse of its snaky shape by the feeble lantern-light before it falls writhing among the chips, and leads the captor a ten minutes' dance over logs, chunks, slab ends, and mill carriages, guided only by the sound of its agonized leapings, and painfully aware all the time of divers unseen holes in the floor; next receiving a vicious stab in his hand from the thorn-like weapon of a pout; now falling backward among the chips from the sudden letting go of a heavy fish half out of water; now exerting every muscle to hold a cold, slimy eel till Tom can find the basket—altogether it was the most exciting evening Marc had spent at Griffin's Ledge, and enabled him on reaching his pillow (Murray happily was sound asleep) to fall into dreamless slumber, without an intervening moment for melancholy meditation.

Eel-fishing, however, was not an occupation which could be indefinitely prolonged, however desirable as a cure for misplaced affection, and Marc soon found he had only deferred his fight, and not conquered his foe. The month which followed was one of the most uncomfortable he had ever known.

"What a ghastly joke upon me it is," he used to say to himself, "that my cherished plan for summer enjoyment, to which Murray yielded so reluctantly, should prove the means of making him the happiest of men, and me the most miserable! Why should I begin fully to realize how sweet she is, only when I also discover that she can never be mine?"

Day by day, in spite of his really noble resolutions, his love for Emily deepened and strengthened, and he became fitful in temper, and was often fretful and unjust to Murray. Sometimes he thought if his friend would but confide in him, appeal to him for sympathy and good wishes, he could bear it better. "I should be pledged then," he said to himself; "or if he should tell me they were engaged, surely I could not be so base as to envy him! I should then be able to conquer my infatuation, or if not, I should have a good excuse for going away."

But though Murray's gallantries continued unabated, though Emily smiled more and more sweetly upon him, though their rowing and singing and reading together had now become matters of course, and Marc fancied Mrs. Loring sometimes seemed a little anxious about it, still Murray offered no confidence, asked for no congratulations.

III.

One balmy afternoon in September, Mrs. Loring awoke from her after-dinner nap and saw Emily standing before the glass in her dark blue boating dress and shade hat, very much absorbed in arranging some sprays of fuchsias in her hair and belt.

"Father said he should come out in the four-o'clock train," she said, seeing that her mother was awake, "and I thought I would row down the pond as far as the bridge, and bring him home in the boat. His knee is sure to be tired after a day in town."

"Isn't it too hot for you to row so far, dear? It 'll be more than a mile there and back."

"Oh, I think I won't have to row back," said Emily, blushing a little. "I shouldn't wonder if some of the others came out in the same train. They close early on Saturday, you know."

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"Oh, very well," said Mrs. Loring; but instead of looking relieved, her face grew more anxious. Marc was right; she was becoming uneasy about Murray's attentions, but was too irresolute and too unaccustomed to opposing Emily to interfere. "Those flowers will all be faded in this hot sun, child," she added, fretfully, venting her annoyance thus. "You'd much better leave them in water till you come back, and then they'll be fresh to wear at tea-time."

"I'll have some more then," said Emily, lightly kissing her mother's forehead. "Mrs. Twombly don't care how many I pick, now they've been to the county fair." Then pulling on her gauntlets, she went down stairs, and Mrs. Loring soon saw her walking briskly down the field, with the oars balanced on her right shoulder, and the boat key swinging from her other hand.

"I suppose there's no use talking if her fancy is caught," murmured the troubled mother; "but I would rather it had been Mr. Adams, and father's sure to blame me." At the same moment, Emily, smiling and blushing as she went, was whispering to herself, "Row back, indeed! Poor little mother!"

As she stepped into the skiff and pushed off from shore, a drooping branch caught in her hat, and as she disentangled it she saw it was witch-hazel, and stopped to admire the faint yellow stars of late bloom with which its stems were set.

"Perhaps it will bring me good luck," she said, and, laughing at her own superstition, broke a branch and thrust it deep into her pocket. "It would be such a pity if Murray did not come in this train!" The lake was a pretty one, surrounded by wooded hills, and covering some forty acres in its deeper portion, but straggling away over twice that area of lily-pad shallows at the other end, where the bridge was.

Finding she had a whole hour to spare, Emily rowed gently along in the shade of the shore, now leaning out to gather a tall spike of vivid cardinal-flowers in a tiny pebbled cove where the alders fairly drooped into the water; now standing up to break a handful of branches of the fragrant clethra, whose prim fingers of creamy bloom made a good foil to the cardinals, as she arranged them in the unoccupied thole-pin holes; now she rested on her oars in the cool shadow of a group of pines, and half reclining, watched with dreamy eyes the distant hills, already showing here a blur of gold and there a dash of crimson among their woods, prophetic of the dying of the year.

"Ah, why can it not be always summer?" sighed Emily, pulling off her glove and letting her hand dip in the water. "A few weeks ago we were dressing the skiff with wild roses and blue-flag flowers, and the sweet round button-balls and white azaleas; but they are all faded and gone, and the pond-lilies too, that we gathered so many times. I believe I like them best of all, but not one is left—not even a yellow cow-lily." Here she laughed, remembering how Murray disliked them, and how she had taken their part one day, and Marc had sided with her, declaring that they looked like the golden door-knobs of Undine's palace. "My lovely trailing clematis has gone to seed too," she presently resumed, "and I'm afraid this is the very last cardinal; there is plenty of golden-rod, but that looks too much like fall. I won't pick it yet, but soon I shall have nothing else to trim the boat with, except asters and black-alder berries, unless Mr. Adams can find the fringed gentians he is so sure ought to grow here. Then by-and-by it will be too cold for boating, and we shall go back to town. That won't be half as nice, for we sha'n't all be together;" and she looked reproachfully at the fading trees. "But Murray says when skating comes he'll get up a party, and come out here, and have a supper at Mrs. Twombly's." She sat up eagerly, and tried to fancy how this blue rippled pond would look changed into a steel-like pavement of ice, framed in leafless trees, and gay with fur-wrapped skaters, darting hither and thither in the moonlight, or round a snapping bonfire. Her eyes sparkled and her cheeks glowed as she seemed to see a tall figure kneeling to fasten her skates with his deft fingers, or gliding by her side as she skims along, now teasing her and now praising, now saucy and now tender, as his wont is. But hark! the clock on the village church strikes four; the train must be leaving the city now; surely her father and Murray are in it! As to poor Marc, she is quite indifferent. It was not he who looked up so meaningly at the breakfast table when she asked her father by what train he should return.

Roused from her dreams, she bends to

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her oars, and sends the boat darting through the deep water. In a few moments she has gained the weedy part of the pond, and found the entrance to the narrow channel of open water, kept clear by the current that winds among the lily-pads and arrow-heads, chosen home of the musk-rat and mud-turtle. Too narrow for rowing here, she ships one oar, and, standing near the bows, paddles skillfully with the other, a dip this side, a dip that. (If only Murray were here to steer!) It is a pretty picture, the lithe, erect figure swaying to right and left, her eyes bright and attentive, her cheeks glowing with exercise and with hope, her lips parted with quickened breath, and curved in happy lines—the flower-trimmed boat gliding with a soft rushing sound between the matted weed beds and the broad bronze-green shields of the lily-pads, over which white butterflies and blue dragonflies hover and flutter in the hot sunshine.

But now the bridge is near; one more vigorous push, and she sits down, and glides under the heavy beams, glad of their cool shade, though glancing timorously at their many cobwebs.

She has still twenty minutes to wait, but is not sorry, for her exertions and the heat have made her strangely tired and drowsy. She will close her eyes just a moment, for they are dazed with looking so steadily at the bright water. She passed the bow rope round a beam, cuddled down upon the carpet in the bottom of the boat, laid her head on her arm on the thwart, and was asleep almost instantly.

The highway bridge which formed her shelter was about three minutes' walk from the station, and must be crossed by the gentlemen on their way home after leaving the cars. Emily was sure she should hear the whistle of the train, and so be all ready to glide out and give them a pleasant surprise; but her head had been a little affected by the sun, and her sleep was unnaturally heavy. Twenty minutes passed, and she had not stirred. The train arrived at the station with a scream; a dozen people left it, among the rest two gentlemen who turned toward the bridge. The train thundered on, crossing the marsh a quarter of a mile above Emily; but still she did not waken. The gentlemen reached the bridge; they were Murray and Marc, the latter holding an umbrella over both, the former pettishly complaining of the heat and dust. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, as they stepped upon the planks over the unconscious girl, "I believe I'm sold, after all."

"How so?"

"Why, I was sure the boat would be here to take us home. I wouldn't have come out till it was cooler if I hadn't expected a ride. Didn't you hear Emily ask her father what train he would come home in? Wasn't it plain she had an idea of meeting him? Don't look so stupid, Marc; don't pretend you didn't think so too, and take this train accordingly."

"You are entirely mistaken," retorted Marc, with natural annoyance. "I noticed nothing of the kind, or I should have made a point of taking another train. Be just to me, at least, and remember that I have taken pains never to interfere between you and Miss Loring; that I have done all in my power, rather, to give you a fair field, though you still deny me your confidence on the subject;" and Marc's usually genial face was flushed with long-repressed irritation as he turned upon his companion.

"Heavens and earth, man, what are you talking about?" cried Murray, stopping too; and for a moment they faced each other on the bridge with scowling brows and angry eyes. "I don't know what you mean by your 'fair field' and 'denying you my confidence,'" resumed Murray, with increasing temper. "One would suppose by your heroical style you thought I was engaged to Miss Loring."

"I have had every reason to suppose so," said Marc, gravely; "but if I am premature, you will pardon me, and accept my good wishes, instead of suspecting me of a disposition to intrude myself upon your meetings with her."

He turned homeward as he spoke, thus withdrawing the shade of his umbrella, and leaving Murray in the glare, which had anything but a soothing effect upon him.

"Stop," he cried, fairly stamping his foot in his pettishness. "Don't go off like that, Marc. Do you want me to get a sun-stroke, that you first make me mad, and then walk off with your umbrella? Sit down here, and explain yourself. I'm going to wait half an hour, till the next train comes in. She may have misunderstood her father, and will surely be here with the boat then." Marc reluctantly turned back far enough to shade his companion, who had seated himself

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on the railing of the bridge, but remained standing, and ominously grave and silent. "So you think you have had every reason to believe me engaged to the fair Emily, do you?" said Murray, regaining his ordinary lightness of mood as his physical comfort was restored, and he felt that Marc had yielded to him. "Allow me to assure you, my dear mentor, that you were never more mistaken in your life. I admire the young lady excessively. I shall always be grateful to her for making this stupid hole tolerable to me for three months; but as to anything serious, anything more than a lively flirtation based on our mutual boredom and our mutual taste for music, why, you must know it's out of the question. What a fool I should be to offer myself to a girl as poor as I am! Why, what do you take me for, Marc?"

"For a man of honor, Murray!" cried his friend, his face flushing, his voice trembling with feeling. "For a man of honor," he repeated, looking full in Murray's eyes. "For Heaven's sake, for our friendship's sake, don't let me be mistaken! I take you for a man with sense enough to see that he has won, or has power to win, the heart of the sweetest woman he ever saw —a blessing that neither he nor any other man deserves, but that, with God's help, he will yet deserve, and be humbly grateful for as long as he lives." He paused, breathing fast, and laid one hand pleadingly on Murray's reluctant shoulder.

"I tell you I can't afford it, man," retorted the latter, after a sullen silence, during which he refused to meet Marc's earnest eyes, but busied his hands nervously in untying a little green price tag from the handle of the umbrella between them.

"Of course you couldn't marry at once," persisted Marc; "but with a year or two of self-denial, of even ordinary care of your expenses—and you such a favorite with Brooks Brothers—you would be able to. Why, the very fact of her being poor is in your favor, for she is used to living quietly and dressing simply, and would be willing to be economical. Oh, Murray, Murray, with such a motive, you can not shrink from giving up your little luxuries!"

Silence again. Murray detached the tag at last, twirled it between his fingers a moment, Marc watching it too, as if it held an answer to his pleading. Suddenly Murray flung it away, and as it balanced an instant over a crack in the bridge, and then slid between the planks, it seemed as if something else had gone down too.

"The game isn't worth the candle, I tell you," he said, impatiently. "Why don't you try for her yourself, Marc, if you think so much of her?"

"*Stop!*" thundered Marc. "There are some things I will *not* bear." And thrusting the umbrella into Murray's astonished hands, he strode away, and soon disappeared behind the alder brush that bordered the westerly side of the pond.

"What a Quixote he is!" muttered Hilton, peevishly, "and what a disagreeable way he has of putting a fellow in the wrong!" He stopped to light a cigar, then turned in an opposite direction, and walked home through the village.

Half an hour later a boat trimmed with drooping flowers was cautiously pushed out from under the bridge on the upper side, and Emily, her eyes wild with fear and swollen with crying, looked eagerly around, and then began, with nervous haste, to paddle up the channel, which gradually widened, and presently allowed her to sit down and use both oars. She kept on rowing with unabated haste and spirit till she had reached and passed the second bridge, and was in sight of Holt's Corner, a factory village two miles from Mrs. Twombly's.

The unhappy girl, wakened by Murray's first step on the bridge, had heard the whole conversation between him and Marc. Amused by their opening words, she had been hurriedly untying the rope in order to glide out and surprise them, when the next sentences fell upon her ears, and bewildered amazement paralyzed her fingers. In an agony of humiliation, wrath, and helpless misery, she crouched there, shivering, shrinking, now seeking to close her ears, now straining them in hope she might have been mistaken, till the voices ceased and the footsteps died away.

Like a child suddenly stung by the coldly beautiful serpent it has ignorantly dared to caress; like a delicate moth that finds burning death in the flame that has long allured it; like a fair tender lily that is rudely uprooted, ingulfed, and dashed dying upon the shore by the waves upon which it once peacefully floated—she lay at first silent and motionless, stunned by the suddenness of her shame and sorrow;

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but after a while she began to realize that action and invention were necessary if she would not have the horror of publicity added to the burden of her misery. Her mother and Mrs. Twombly knew that she had gone down in the boat to meet the train. It was even possible they had watched her as far as the bridge, and that they would say so to the young men when the latter arrived without her. What should she do? How account for her not meeting them? The necessity for decision checked her sobs; she sat up, bathed her burning face and throbbing head, tore out and threw far away the dying fuchsias from her dress and hair, and tried to think. She could not admit that she had fallen asleep under the bridge: they would know she must have waked and heard. She dared not leave the boat and make an errand in the village with her tear-stained face; but if she could row as far as Holt's Corner, would not that account for her long absence? Would they not all think she had been there when the train came in? It was her only hope, and the severe exertion it cost her to row so far did her good mentally, though it increased the pain in her head distractingly. Fortunately the sky was now overcast, and the glare and heat much abated. After rowing as near the village as she dared, for she had heard it spoken of as a disorderly neighborhood, she rested on her oars at last, quite spent with her long-sustained exertions, and let the bitter waves of memory surge back upon her thoughts. "A lively flirtation, based on our mutual boredom—our mutual taste for music." That was all this enchanted summer had been to him, when to her it was a long dream of delight too sweet to be analyzed; when common life had been transfigured and glorified by "the light that never was on sea or land"; when each happy day had seemed but the herald of something happier yet to be revealed.

"The game is not worth the candle!" Oh, cruel, cruel words that never would cease to burn into her wounded heart! She wrung her hands, all trembling and blistered by their unusual work, scalding tears ran down her cheeks, and she thought with a pang how young she was, how long she might live, and how little there seemed left to live for. Then her mood changed; she called herself wicked and weak, and resolved that she would scorn Murray as he deserved; never think of him again. At least he had not boasted of her willingness; he had seemed to consider that she was flirting too; there was a ray of comfort here. It was only Mr. Adams who had intimated that her heart had been won. How dared he? She hated him, poor Marc, when she recalled how he had urged his friend to accept her. Insufferable! Not a spark of appreciation of his honorable feelings, not a suspicion of the secret love he had at last betrayed even to Murray's self-concentrated perceptions, not an impulse of gratitude for his calling her "the sweetest woman ever known" was in all her thoughts to-night. She felt as deeply injured by his loyalty and right understanding of her feelings as by Murray's baseness and misapprehension.

Dashing away her tears, she grasped the oars, only to discover that during her abstraction the boat had slowly drifted from the channel, and was firmly aground among the weeds. Already exhausted by exercise, heat, and agitation, she was ill prepared for this new difficulty. In vain she pushed and strove, rocked the boat, and threw her weight as far forward as possible, it remained firm, and to add to her distress, a noisy crowd of men and boys now issued from the nearest factory, work being over for the day. "Holt's Corner roughs" were proverbial in more orderly Griffin's Ledge, and thinking with fear of her watch and chain and the loneliness of the place, Emily drew in her oars and sat as low and still as she could, hoping to be screened by the tall rushes and button-ball bushes. But no. The keen eyes of a half-grown boy, roving in search of a "musquash" or mud-turtle that he could stone, promptly descried the unusual sight of a city girl in a fancy boat, alone and aground on the mud-banks.

"Hi!" he shouted to his mates; "look a-there! She knows a lot about a boat, don't she?"

In a moment a dozen rowdy-looking men and half as many boys were staring and grinning at her uncomfortable position.

"Why don't yer push off?" "Be yer all alone?" "Where's your beau?" "Let her be, can't ye?" "Why don't yer go an' help her?" were some of the remarks that reached her ears. Then all but three of the group turned away and slouched homeward, evidently deciding it was none

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of their business, or supposing, not unnaturally, that she was not as alone as she seemed. Those who remained were a red-headed Irishman with a friendly face, and two mischievous-looking boys.

"Is your boat shtuck fast, miss, or are you waitin' for somebody?" called the former; and Emily felt re-assured at once.

"I'm all alone," she cried, "and I can't stir the boat."

"Sit you still, miss," was the hearty response, "an' the b'ys shall push you off, or if they can't, *I* will, don't you be afeard. In wid you," he added, giving the boys a push, as they, already barefooted, stopped to give a hitch and a roll to their trousers, and then came jumping from one tussock of roots and weeds to another, till they reached Emily. They were sturdy and eager, and with but little delay soon had the boat free and afloat again.

Emily thanked them and the man too with such sweet looks and grateful words that they went off elated, while she, ashamed of her recent fears, and with her wounded heart somewhat soothed by this touch of human kindness, bent to her oars with spirit, and having the current now with her, was not long in reaching the lower bridge. As she shot quickly under it, spurred by the indignant feelings it aroused, and came out into the deep water beyond, she saw Tom Colby hurrying toward her along the shore.

"Hullo!" he cried. "Take me in and I'll row you home. I told your ma I'd find you. She's been scared about your bein' gone so long."

He was soon on board, and Emily gladly relinquished the oars, and took the seat in the stern, saying: "I'll steer, Tom. I'm thankful you came, for I've been 'way up to Holt's Corner, and I'm terribly tired. I got aground, too, and had to be pushed off by some factory boys."

"Sho! you don't say!" returned Tom. "No wonder you was gone a good while! Of course you've got a right to be tired. I wouldn't go so far alone again if I was you. Let's see your hands. H'm, I thought so! All blistered up, and you're sunburned too. What *will* your ma say? Your cheeks are fire-red."

Emily had pulled her hat down so that he could not see her eyes, and was thankful to have her high color thus interpreted.

"Indeed, you may be sure I shall never go there alone again," she meekly replied.

"Has mother been troubled long, do you think, Tom?"

"Why, no," he said; "she didn't have a chance, for Melancy took her to ride after you went out, an' they never got back till 'bout half an hour ago; but when she found that neither you nor your father had come home, course she thought somethin' was wrong, 'specially as Mr. Adams and Mr. Hilton had come, and hadn't seen a sign of either of you. So I started right off this way to find you, and Mr. Adams he took the horse from Melancy, and drove down to meet the 6.30 train, thinkin' Mr. Loring might 'a waited till 'twas cooler, an' come in that. It's been an awful hot day in town, I tell you!"

"Oh, poor father!" cried Emily, with a pang of keen remorse. She had entirely forgotten him in the stress of her own trouble. "He never stays so late, Tom. Oh, I am afraid he will be all tired out!"

"Look! There's your mother wavin' to you out the garret window," cried Tom. "Here, take my hat, and swing it round. She'll never see that little scrap of a handkerchief. There! she's all right now about *you*, an' I shouldn't wonder if your father got to the house before we did. I hear the train whistle now."

Tom spoke more stoutly than he felt, and Emily knew it, though she tried to smile in reply. Both feared bad news, for Mr. Loring was one of those men of fixed habits in whom any variation is alarming. Nor were they wrong. When they reached the house, the doctor was just going in, and Mrs. Twombly was at the gate to meet Emily. The warm-hearted woman had tears in her eyes; but she brushed them away, and putting her arm around the frightened girl, drew her into the parlor, saying, "I guess it's nothing more'n a little sun-stroke, dear; but you sit down an' get your breath, an' let me tell you 'bout it 'fore you go up stairs."

There was not much to tell. Mr. Loring had become greatly heated in hurrying to take the four-o'clock train, but succeeded in getting on just as it started. Too much fatigued to reach the second car, which he invariably chose, and in which alone, therefore, Murray looked for him, he had sunk down by an open window, and fallen into a heavy sleep, from which he did not wake when the train stopped at Griffin's Ledge. Unfortunately, in the absence of the usual conductor,

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he was not recognized; and when the train arrived at its terminus, twenty miles beyond, he was so confused that it was some time before he could understand what had happened, or convince the officials that he was sober. The weather having changed, he was thoroughly chilled from sleeping in a strong current of air, yet his face was flushed, and his head felt strangely. Taking the next return train, he found a conductor who knew him, and did his best to make him comfortable till they reached Griffin's Station, where they found Marc and the wagon awaiting the next train from the city. As soon as poor Mr. Loring felt himself in Marc's care, and had told his story, he subsided into a drowsy condition, and on reaching Mrs. Twombly's was so nearly insensible that Marc and Murray had to carry him up stairs, while Melancy drove in haste for the nearest physician.

Sad weeks followed: nights of watching, days of tender but unavailing care. Mr. Loring never rallied, though there were hours when he knew them all, and would thank them for their devotion with a gentle sweetness that went to their hearts.

Throughout his sickness he showed a special fondness for Marc, and always seemed relieved and comforted by his presence, often saying, "Ah, here is Adams—now I am safe," as if living over the confused distress of that first day.

Thus it was that Marc was much in the sick-room, and that Mrs. Loring and Emily learned to look forward to his return, to accept his assistance, and ask his advice in a way that was very sweet to him. A few days after Mr. Loring's seizure it became necessary that Brooks Brothers should send some one to Illinois to look into the affairs of their branch house there, and greatly to Emily's relief, Murray was chosen for the duty. Subordinate as her personal disappointment had become to her anxiety about her father, it was yet a very real heart-ache, and in the silent hours she spent by the sick-bed, she had only too much time to think it over.

Murray himself was glad to go, for Mr. Loring's condition naturally cast a gloom over the house, and Emily's pale face was a perpetual reproach to him. Marc, too, was relieved, for the stronger grew his love for Emily, the more he resented Murray's treatment of her, especially as, by a strange accident, he had been made aware that the young girl had overheard the conversation on the bridge. Going down to the boat on that memorable evening, after doing all he could for the Lorings, and wishing to avoid Murray and think over the day's events alone, he found in it the little green price tag taken from his umbrella and dropped through the bridge. It had fallen noiselessly on Emily's dress, unseen by her, and then slipped down against one of the boat's ribs, where Marc found it. In a flash he saw the whole truth, and with an imagination quickened to womanly delicacy and keenness by his love, he felt what she must have suffered, and his heart went out to her with redoubled tenderness. From that hour it was his daily hope and nightly prayer that he might be allowed to atone to her by a lifetime of devotion for all she had endured from his friend.

Meanwhile Tom Colby's account of her going to Holt's Corner, and her detention there, fully accounted to every one else for her long absence; and in the exigencies of her father's illness it became easy to avoid Murray, and perfectly natural that she should give up her music, her walks, and boating. Aided thus by circumstances and by Marc's secret co-operation, she contrived not to see her false lover except in brief moments and in the presence of others. On the morning of his departure she did not appear at all, but sent him by Marc a message of friendly farewell.

September ended, and October came. The bright leaves had faded and fallen, and frosts were unusually sharp and early. But Marc Adams did not return to his city comforts in Oak Street, much to the surprise of his landlady there.

Mr. Loring sank slowly but surely, and when the first snow-flakes were falling, he was laid to rest beneath them. Marc had been a comfort before, but he was even more so now to the bereaved and weary women. It was he who selected sunny rooms for them in the city, and helped establish them there; and it was he who, more than any of their gay cousins, as Mrs. Loring often remarked, contributed to their happiness during the first sad months of loss and loneliness. A new book to lend, or the last serial to read aloud and discuss; fresh flowers for Mrs. Loring's vase under her husband's picture, or a piece of music for Emily, served as pretexts for almost nightly calls dur-

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ing the winter; and when spring came, a picture on exhibition, an unusually fine sunset, or the need of his protection on some charity visit, led to many *tête-à-tête* walks with Emily, which gradually restored roundness and bloom to her cheeks. When the June roses came, she had well-nigh forgotten she ever cared for Murray Hilton, and heard without a pang of his engagement to a rich girl in Galena, and his intention to remain there permanently.

She and her mother were at the Twomblys' again now; and one midsummer evening, on the piazza where Marc had first discovered his own feelings, he told Emily how long and dearly he had loved her, and read no denial in her shy, happy eyes.

It is needless to add that Mrs. Loring shed joyful tears over the news, and that Gran'sir' Twombly said, "Didn't I tell ye so?"

THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

THE present political system of Germany has no very close organic connection with the old empire, which in 1806 went to pieces under the blows of Napoleon, or with the confederation, which, reconstructed by Metternich, survived until the battle of Sadowa; but there is a certain historical thread binding them all together in an order of progress which it is necessary to understand.

The original empire may be said to have lasted from the death of Charlemagne to the abdication of Francis II.—a period of about one thousand years. Fifty-four princes had held, and some of them had enjoyed, the imperial dignity. Although there was no hereditary order of succession, it was not uncommon for several consecutive elections to be carried by the same family, so that the annals of the empire present a variety of dynasties, such, for instance, as that of Saxony, that of the Hohenstauffens (the most illustrious of all), the Luxemburg house, the Bavarians, and the Hapsburgs. Francis II. was the twentieth emperor of this family, which for about three centuries had wielded paramount influence, and had easily controlled the College of Electors. This college underwent during its thousand years many vicissitudes. In theory it was in early times nearly identical with the Diet, so that every German noble who was an immediate vassal of the emperor was, or could claim to be, an elector. But the more powerful princes disputed this claim, and great confusion was the rule, until the Emperor Charles IV., by the Golden Bull of 1356, restricted the electoral dignity to seven persons. Three of these were ecclesiastics, viz., the archbishops of Cologne, Mayence, and Treves; four were secular princes, viz., the King of Bohemia, the Margrave of Brandenburg, the Elector of Saxony, and the Count Palatine. The college retained this composition for three hundred years, while the Diet was a more numerous body, with legislative and, to a certain extent, judicial functions. By the peace of Westphalia, in 1648, an eighth elector was added in the head of the house of Bavaria; and at a still later period a ninth, which was acquired by Hanover. Until 1806 these nine potentates met in the close little chamber which every tourist has seen, at Frankfort-on-the-Main, as often as an emperor died, and went through the form, which for many years had been only an empty form, of choosing a successor.

The force of cohesion between the members of this singular confederation was at all times very slight, though it depended somewhat on the personal qualities of the emperor—on his will, energy, resources, and popularity. The Hohenstauffens had all of these in a large degree, and they imposed obedience upon the vassal princes, and made the empire united at home and formidable abroad. But in general the bond of union was one of forms and ceremonies rather than of strict political subordination, as understood in a modern state. Beyond certain feudal tributes, the emperor as such had no revenues. There was no imperial army, and in case of war the emperor was more likely to solicit than to demand the aid of his vassals. The only administrative divisions of the imperial territory were the "Kreises," or circles, which had both a military and a judicial character, but ill defined in respect to both. To use a common figure, the centrifugal was stronger than the centripetal force in the system; and hence from an early date the leading tendency in German political development was the rise of individualism among the various states, or a few of them, and their aggrandizement at the cost of the central power.

Of these states Prussia has enjoyed, though not the earliest, the most vigorous growth, and the characteristics which she

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has displayed have been copied in some degree, and with some success, by most of her German sisters. The rulers of Prussia made themselves absolute; all the petty princes of the father-land gradually did the same. Prussia early cultivated the military spirit, and every paltry Landsherr felt bound to ruin his people by the support of a standing army. Prussia established a permanent, efficient, learned, though rather pedantic, civil service, and the wholesome example was followed throughout Germany. Thus many of the features of the great Northern powers were found reproduced *in petto* by two or three hundred lesser principalities; but the frugality in finance, the audacity in the field, the fortitude under defeat, which long characterized Prussia have not been reproduced, and she has grown strong and influential, while they have remained stationary, or have even declined.

Only one state could offer her a successful rivalry. Austria was rich; had a splendid aristocracy; being Catholic, was supported by the Pope; and, in spite of her pride and arrogance, commonly enjoyed more popularity than Prussia. The relation between the two powers was therefore for centuries one of secret jealousy or open hostility, until the Napoleonic campaigns of 1805 and 1806 dissolved the empire, and reduced them both for a time under the sway of France.

On the downfall of Napoleon, efforts were at once made to restore the antique structure. The Congress of Vienna was the scene of these efforts, Metternich being the chief Austrian negotiator, Hardenberg the Prussian; and recriminations are still exchanged between the historians and publicists of the two countries in regard to that august but inharmonious council. On two points an early agreement seems to have been reached. The one was that in the work of reorganization only the interests of the princes, not those of the peoples, were to be consulted. The other was that the old empire could not be restored, that the imperial dignity should not be revived, and that a species of confederation, little different from a league or qualified alliance between the several states, was all that could be attained. The result was embodied in the Act of Confederation of June 18, 1815, and subsequent modifications in the so-called Final Act of May 15, 1820. These acts created not a *Bundesstaat*, but a *Staatenbund*, not a federal state, but a confederation of states—a distinction of vast importance both in theory and in practice, as America knows by experience.

The powers intrusted to the central government by this scheme were slender enough even on paper, but in practice they were almost worthless. Austria was nominally the head of the confederation, but this meant little more than the honor of presiding in the Diet. An executive hardly existed. The Diet, which was the central legislative organ, and met at Frankfort-on-the-Main, could only summon the local authorities in each state to execute its decrees, and the efficacy of the summons depended on the resources or audacity of delinquent states. Disobedience was punished only with great difficulty, and often not at all. In regard to the distribution of power in the Diet, a curious rule prevailed. The body met in two forms: sometimes as the Ordinary Assembly, sometimes as the General Assembly. In the former the larger states had each one vote, while the smaller states were arranged in groups, each group having likewise one vote. In the General Assembly the six kingdoms had each four votes, the next class of states each three, a third class each two, and the remaining principalities and free cities each one. Thirty-eight states were represented in the confederation, two of them belonging to non-German powers, who cast their votes, viz., Holland for Luxemburg, and Denmark for Holstein. Current business was transacted by the Ordinary Assembly, where a majority decided, but graver matters, especially alterations of the fundamental law and the like, were submitted to the General Assembly, where a two-third vote was required for validity, and in some cases unanimity.

A very small class of relations was intrusted to the Diet, and these were surrounded with qualifications and limitations which left the individual states practical independence, and paralyzed the imperial executive. At different epochs efforts to reform were made, but without success. The most noteworthy of these was a consequence of the revolutionary movements of 1848–49. At that time a species of constitutional convention, composed of deputies chosen by the people with the tacit approval of the sovereigns, but without any formal authority, met at Frankfort, and debated various schemes

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of relief. All of these schemes tended toward a greater degree of civil and political liberty on the one hand, and a stronger central government on the other; but nothing tangible was achieved except a resolution to revive the imperial dignity, and vest it in the house of Prussia. King Frederick William IV. was, however, not the man for the crisis. Filled with rude notions of divine right and the like, he refused the crown because it was the gift only of the people, not the princes, of Germany; the Frankfort Parliament was dissolved at the point of the bayonet, and things resumed their old course.

The Danish war, so called, or the forcible seizure of Schleswig-Holstein by Austria and Prussia, showed how powerless were all the forms of the confederation against its two leading members. A still more striking illustration of their impotence was the war of 1866. Really a quarrel between Austria and Prussia, the war was a German conflict in this sense, that the sympathies of nearly all the lesser states were with the former, and that the Diet, encouraged by it, thundered with all its violence against Prussia, the disturber of the peace. Bismarck was undismayed by opposition in the forum or in the field. Sadowa was won, and the confederation expired in fire and blood.

The Treaty of Prague put an end to the war, and to Austria as a German power; and Prussia was authorized to rebuild German unity on a plan widely different from the frail structures that had previously been tried. The North German Confederation was called into being. It was composed of all the states which had formed part of the old union, except (1) Austria, which was left entirely out; (2) certain states which lost their independence, and were annexed by Prussia; and (3) Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden, and Hesse-Darmstadt, which entered into a confederation of their own, known as the South German Confederation. Close relations were nevertheless established between the two confederations; and in particular a military convention, providing for mutual co-operation in certain contingencies, brought Prussians and Bavarians, Saxons and Hessians, into the field as allies against France in 1870. Finally, in the course of the war, the states of the South German Confederation were merged with their northern allies in a new union —the German Empire. The constitutional differences between the old and the new systems were slight. The empire was really the continuation of the confederation, enlarged by the addition of four new states, and decorated with a more imposing name. But in order that the significance of these titular changes may be understood, a word or two of explanation is necessary.

In the first place, the German term "Reich" does not designate an empire as a form of government distinguished from a kingdom, for instance, or a republic. Strictly taken, it means "realm," or even "commonwealth," while the technical term for empire is "Kaiserreich." Thus the Roman Empire might be called a Reich, as was the old German Empire, because, for one reason, the hereditary principle in both was weak, or did not exist; and in the present confederation, or Reich, the so-called imperial dignity, though hereditary in the royal house of Prussia, is not hereditary in the house of Hohenzollern as such. If the Hohenzollerns should ever cease to be Kings of Prussia, they would cease *ipso facto* to be Emperors of Germany. But the Napoleonic empire in France was always called in German the "Kaiserreich," because the imperial principle, whatever that may be, was visibly incorporated in the public law of the state. The same observation holds true of the head of the state in Germany. The press and the public in other countries speak of him commonly as the Emperor of Germany, which is incorrect. There is no such personage. The federal constitution simply declares that the *Presidency* of the confederation is vested in the King of Prussia, who shall bear *the title of German Emperor*. Our usage of language and our habits of political thought do not, indeed, make any clear difference between the title German Emperor and the title Emperor of Germany; but to Teutonic—nay, to Continental—dialecticians the distinction is of vast importance. The King of Prussia is then merely President of the German realm, and there is nothing imperial about him except his title. There is no imperial crown; no imperial privy purse; no imperial civil list; no imperial suite, or court, or palace. He is simply the King of Prussia, intrusted with certain executive functions in the German federal system.

Treaties for the adhesion of the South German states to the union were con-

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cluded during the war, and the proclamation of the empire was made at Versailles, the German head-quarters, on the 18th of January, 1871. In the Diet of the North German Confederation, to which those changes were submitted, only six votes were raised in opposition.

The next step was to call a new Diet representing the whole empire, and to adopt a constitution suitable to the new conditions. The elections took place on the 3d of March, in accordance with the electoral law of the North German Confederation, that is to say, by universal suffrage and secret ballot. On the 21st of the same month, this body was formally opened by the Emperor in person. The draft of a constitution, laid before the Diet, was then promptly adopted without material changes, and was officially promulgated on the 21st of April.

The constitution comprises fourteen sections, treating respectively of the following subjects: 1, The Federal Territory; 2, Legislation; 3, The Federal Council; 4, The Presidency; 5, The Diet; 6, Tariff and Commercial Affairs; 7, Railways; 8, Posts and Telegraphs; 9, Marine and Navigation; 10, Consular System; 11, Military Affairs; 12, Finance; 13, Adjustment of Differences, etc.; 14, General Provisions. We propose next to give a brief statement of the character of each of these sections.

1. *The Federal Territory.*—This simply enumerates the states forming the union, and needs no farther explanation.

2. *Legislation* (*Reichsgesetzgebung*).—After some general provisions in regard to the equality of citizenship throughout the empire, the equal right of all Germans to the protection of the empire, etc., there follows, in Article 4, the enumeration of the subjects over which the imperial legislation extends. The more important of these are: Domicile, Citizenship, Passports, and Insurance; Import Duties, Commerce, and Federal Taxation; Measures, Weights, Coinage, and the Issuing of Paper Money; Banking Affairs; Patents; Copyright; Railways, Posts, and Telegraphs, with some restriction in favor of Bavaria and Würtemberg; Civil and Criminal Jurisprudence, within certain limits, and Judicial Procedure; Military and Naval Affairs; Regulations in regard to the Press and Public Meetings. Finally, it is added that the power of legislation is vested in the Federal Council (Bundesrath) and the Imperial Diet (Reichstag), and that a valid act must be sanctioned by a majority in each of these bodies. The Emperor has, accordingly, no veto power. His only influence upon legislation is as King of Prussia, and through the Prussian delegation in the Federal Council. The method of expressing this power will appear from the account of section

3. *The Federal Council.*—As its name indicates, this is the body in which the federal principle is guarded, and most efficiently guarded. It is composed of delegates of the different states, appointed by the authorities of each state, and subject to their instructions. It consists of fifty-eight members, distributed as follows: Prussia, 17; Bavaria, 6; Saxony and Würtemberg, 4 each; Baden and Hesse, 3 each; Mecklenburg-Schwerin and Brunswick, 2 each; and the others, seventeen in number, 1 each. Article 6 declares that every member of the union can appoint as many delegates to the Federal Council as it has votes, but that these votes must be cast as a unit. The Council decides upon all measures to be submitted to the Diet, and upon measures adopted by the Diet; it adopts the general provisions in regard to the execution of imperial laws, etc.; and it corrects delays or defects in such execution. Seven permanent committees are constituted from among its members for the consideration of the leading interests of the empire as above enumerated; and in the composition of these committees, or two of them, special deference is paid to the reserved rights of Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Saxony. No person can be at the same time member of the Federal Council and of the Diet, but every member of the former body may appear before the latter and advocate his own view of pending measures, even when it is not the view of the majority of his colleagues. The members of the Council enjoy at Berlin diplomatic immunities.

4. *The Presidency.*—The reader will observe that this section, which treats of the Emperor, is not entitled "The Executive"; and there is a reason for the distinction. The real Executive is the Federal Council, of which the Emperor is the organ; while the class of administrative duties which belong to the latter originally and exclusively is strictly defined. Thus he sends and receives ambassadors and other foreign ministers, commands the armies, concludes treaties, and forms alliances. But to declare war, except in

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case of invasion, the concurrence of the Federal Council is necessary; and to conclude treaties upon any subject which belongs within the scope of imperial legislation, the assent of the Diet and Federal Council both. The Emperor summons, opens, and prorogues the Diet and the Federal Council. Orders and decrees issued by the Emperor in the name of the Emperor must be countersigned by the Chancellor, who becomes thereby responsible for the same. If any member of the confederation fails in the performance of its duties, as, for instance, refuses to contribute its quota to the treasury, it may be proceeded against in the way of forcible execution, which the Federal Council authorizes and the Emperor carries into effect. The Imperial Chancellor is appointed by the Emperor, and presides in the Federal Council, although this duty may be delegated by him to any other member.

5. *The Imperial Diet.*—This body is chosen by ballot, and consists of 382 members. Every German who has reached the age of twenty-five years has the right of suffrage, except soldiers and sailors in active service, persons under guardianship, those going through bankruptcy, paupers enjoying state support, and criminals who by sentence of court are deprived of civil and political rights. All legal voters are also eligible as deputies. Officials even may be elected, and can take their seats without leave of absence from their superiors. The normal duration of each Diet is three years, but it may be dissolved at any time by the concurrent act of the Emperor and the Federal Council. In regard to the right of the Diet to choose its own rules, officers, etc., and to the privileges of its members, the provisions do not essentially differ from those prevailing in other countries. The constitution expressly says the deputies shall receive no pay or emoluments. A majority of the full legal number of members constitutes a quorum, and ordinarily questions are determined by the majority of the votes cast; but there is a curious provision, applicable both to the Federal Council and the Diet, according to which, on all questions which do not concern the empire as a whole, only those states or the deputies of those states which are interested shall have a voice in the decision.

6. *Tariff and Commercial Affairs.*—This article enumerates the commodities on which imperial taxes may be levied, the method, etc., and consists of technical details not of general interest. It is to be observed that the free cities of Hamburg and Bremen are not included within the imperial customs territory, but they are bound to make a direct contribution to the treasury as compensation for this exemption.

7. *Railways.*—The empire has a species of supervision over all the railways, except those of Bavaria and Würtemberg, first for military purposes, and secondly for the "common interest."

8. *Posts and Telegraphs.*—These are exclusively imperial charges, except in the case of the two states above named. The same is true, but without any exception, of (9) the *Marine* and (10) the *Consular Establishment.*

11. *The Army.*—This section consists of some general provisions, and one sweeping exception. Let us first mention some of the more important provisions; that is to say, important not in a military but in a constitutional sense. The entire army is under the command of the Emperor. The military code, colors, uniform, etc., of Prussia is extended over the whole empire. There is one general army budget. The Emperor appoints the general officers; the local governments, however, the regimental and lesser officers. The soldiers take an oath of obedience to the Emperor, but not to the constitution—a grave and significant omission. The strength of the standing army was fixed temporarily at one per cent. of the population—a ratio which was subsequently confirmed by legislation for a term of seven years. Every German is declared liable to military service, and no substitutions or exceptions in favor of class or other privileges are permitted. Such are the general features of the military establishment; but it is declared in a final article that most of them are not applicable to Bavaria and Würtemberg, which have their own separate budgets, and otherwise retain a greater degree of control over their contingents.

12. *Imperial Finances.*—Yearly budgets are required. The needs of the treasury are supplied in the first place by the import duties, and the excise on certain articles like beer, spirits, etc., together with the surplus, if any, from the post and the telegraph, and the deficiency is then made up by *pro rata* assessments upon the separate states according to population.

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These are the so-called "Matrikular-Beiträge," which each state is privileged to raise in its own way.

13. *Settlement of Constitutional and other Disputes.*—For these the Federal Council is in general a court of arbitration, but certain disputes may be referred to the Superior Court of the three free cities, which sits at Lübeck.

14. *General Provisions.*—These concern modifications of the constitution. Amendments are adopted by the ordinary form of legislation, with the exception that they are regarded as defeated if there are fourteen hostile votes in the Federal Council; while provisions which guarantee to any state special privileges or immunities can only be changed with the consent of that state.

We have thus reviewed the chief formal provisions of the German constitution as they are found in the instrument itself. It remains now to translate them into the political terms of the English language, to compare the system thus created with other constitutional systems, and finally to describe the attitude of German politicians and parties toward the fundamental law of their country.

The German Empire is a federal state, the powers of which are derived exclusively from grants made by its members, and are enumerated in a written constitution. All powers not delegated to it by this instrument are reserved to the several states. The legislative authority is divided between, or rather is exercised concurrently by, the Federal Council and the Diet. The executive power is shared in the same manner by the Emperor and the Federal Council, with the concurrence, in respect to certain classes of treaties, of the Diet. The Emperor is irresponsible. The hereditary principle in regard to the head of the empire is vested not in a family, but in a dynasty—the dynasty, whatever it may be, which sits on the throne of Prussia. The only responsible minister is the Chancellor; and except in diplomacy even the Chancellor is little more than the agent of the Federal Council. His influence in this body depends strictly, however, not on his position as Chancellor, but on the number of votes which, by virtue of some other office, he can control. If, as in the case of Bismarck, he is also head of the Prussian cabinet, he can control just seventeen votes, no more; while if he were a Bavarian, he could control only six, if a Hessian, only three, and so on. But even seventeen votes is far short of a majority in the Council; and it follows that Prussia, with two-thirds of the population of the empire, can easily be outvoted by the other states, which have only one-third. This inequality was a concession to the federal principle extorted by the lesser states. It has more than once baffled the Chancellor's schemes and paralyzed his arm. And as stated above, even though the Chancellor carry the Council with him, any member of the minority may appear before the Diet and persuade it to reverse the action of the majority. It is true that he can only persuade, and has no authority even over the deputies from his own state; but the privilege is not the less a gross anomaly. In ordinary language the empire would be called a constitutional state with a single legislative chamber (the Diet), a federal ministry (the Bundesrath), and a hereditary President, with very limited powers (the Emperor).

The empire differs, therefore, from France or England, first of all, of course, in being a federal and not a centralized state; but, in the second place, in having no responsible ministry. Even the Chancellor has always denied any political accountability to the Diet, although he has often petulantly threatened to resign when he has met with too vigorous resistance. But resistance to him is technically resistance to the Federal Council, and aside from the practical difficulty of punishing fifty-eight persons, there is the further and formidable circumstance that these persons are the authorized delegates of their respective home governments. It is by the local parliaments that they can be called to account, if at all. But in the German states parliamentary government exists rather in form than in fact, so that the cabinets, and accordingly the delegates to the Federal Council, represent in most cases the territorial princes, not their peoples. The evils of such a system are therefore great even in theory; and in practice they are even greater, as can be testified by any one who has noticed its working for any length of time.

As in France and America, but not in England, the Diet is chosen by universal suffrage. The deputies are not required, either by law or by usage, to be residents of their districts, or even of the states to which their districts belong. In regard

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to the composition of parties, the Diet resembles the French Chamber rather than the English or American Houses; that is to say, instead of two leading parties there are a multitude of petty "fractions," often separated one from another by the most minute differences of opinion. Since the process of division and subdivision constantly goes on, no description will permanently accord with facts; but a few leading sects preserve a fair degree of regular identity. There are on the right the "German" or Extreme Conservatives, and the "Free" or Moderate Conservatives; in the centre, the Ultramontanes; on the left, the National Liberals, the Progressists, and the Social Democrats. The most numerous at present are the Ultramontanes, which are, of course, united rather by ecclesiastical than by political sympathy. Next come the Extreme Conservatives and the National Liberals with about equal numbers. The Progressists and Social Democrats atone by vehemence, not to say violence, of opinion and policy for their numerical defects. There is, accordingly, no settled majority, as in England or America; but the government rallies supporters now from one, now from the other, side of the House, according to the nature of its measures. Until 1878 it was most often supported by the union of the National Liberals and the Moderate Conservatives; but for the last three years the Liberals have been discarded, and the two divisions of the Right, aided sometimes by the Centre, have furnished a majority for reactionary legislation.

One remarkable difference between German and American federalism must be mentioned. The powers of the former, in other words, of the central government, are in some respects broader, in others narrower, than with us, both in regard to the number of interests intrusted to it, and in regard to the manner of discharging the trust. Thus the imperial government can make laws upon the subject of the press and of public meetings, while the American constitution contains only certain negative declarations of principle, such as the freedom of the press, etc., leaving to the States the care of vindicating and regulating the exercise of the right. The German Empire has adopted a comprehensive penal code, while felonies and misdemeanors in general are here punished under the common law, and by other than federal tribunals. But in this country the power of direct taxation has been exercised by the general government, which could not be the case in Germany; and our regular army, unlike the German, is wholly independent of the State authorities. Thus the German constitution grants some attributes to the central government which ours denies to it, and denies some which ours grants. But the difference to which we intended more particularly to refer concerns the manner in which the federal laws are enforced. In the United States they are, of course, enforced by federal officials, executive and judicial. The marshals, the collectors of customs, the postmasters, the prosecuting attorneys, the courts which are charged with the duty of carrying out the laws of Congress, or the orders of the President, are servants of the federal government, and emanate directly from it. Not so in Germany. The empire enacts laws, and, as we have seen, on subjects which are forbidden to the American Congress; but the execution of those laws is left to the state authorities. The imperial penal code defines crimes and provides penalties, but the application of the code belongs to the police and the tribunals of the states. The empire fixes the rate of customs duties, but those duties are collected by the states each on its own frontiers. There is an imperial postal system and an imperial Postmaster-General, but the details of administration within each state are left to the state itself. In the customs and postal services the empire provides only a central organ for supervision and inspection. In civil and criminal jurisprudence there is an imperial High or Supreme Court, but all the lesser tribunals are local, not federal; finally, each state's contingent of the army is under its direction, except in respect to the general officers, and to the command in time of war. In all this the American reader will see a state of things more nearly resembling our old Confederation than the present Union.

Thus it will be seen that in the execution of imperial interests or systems—the army, the post, the customs—the participation of the separate states as such is far more direct and more comprehensive than in America. But in addition to these "reserved rights" of all the states, guaranteed by the federal constitution, there

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are others peculiar to some states, and more precisely defined in treaties. These deserve more than the brief mention which they have already received.

The first and most important is the military independence of Bavaria and Würtemberg. Articles 57 to 68 inclusive (Section 11), of the constitution, have to do with military affairs, and of these only the first four, which announce general principles, such as the universal obligation to serve, the authority of the Emperor as commander-in-chief, etc., apply to the two states above named. In the place of the remaining eight articles, two treaties —that of November 30, 1870, between the North German Confederation and Bavaria, and that of November 21 and 25, between the Confederation and Würtemberg —come into force, and define the duties or exemptions of the two states. These treaties are not identical, the privileges of Bavaria being greater than those of Würtemberg, and amounting almost to complete independence. The Emperor has practically only the right of inspection in time of peace, and of command in time of war. In Würtemberg, on the other hand, he names the corps commander and the commandants of fortresses, and the allowance for the Würtemberg contingent is incorporated in the general military budget of the empire; but otherwise the little kingdom has its own army, which it administers in its own way. And even if the Emperor had the same powers in Bavaria and Würtemberg as in Hesse and Hamburg, the fact that those powers were derived, not from the constitution, but from special treaties, would of itself be politically significant.

These same two states are likewise outside the imperial postal, telegraph, and railway systems. The exemption in respect to the mail service is especially one which most puzzles foreigners, who find correspondence between Bavaria or Würtemberg and the rest of the empire treated as foreign correspondence, and who try in vain to prepay a letter in Munich with a German imperial stamp. The telegraphs, being a branch of the postal service, follow, of course, the same rule. In regard to railways the anomaly is less gross, since they do not belong to the empire, or, in general, to the states, at all; but there is a species of imperial supervision, with a view to uniformity of system and efficiency for military service in war, which applies only with grave modifications to the two favored states.

When we come to the customs department, Bavaria and Würtemberg fall into line, and two Hanseatic towns—Hamburg and Bremen—are the schismatics. It is well known that these are free cities. So was Lübeck formerly. But Lübeck has surrendered her privilege, while the other two still insist, to the great disgust of Prince Bismarck, on remaining free ports of entry. They pay for the privilege, indeed, by an increase of their *pro rata* direct contribution to the imperial treasury equal to the presumed amount which their citizens would otherwise pay in the form of import duties. But the freedom of the two great ports is an encouragement to smuggling over the Prussian frontier, and is vexatious in many ways to the party of centralization. A year ago Bismarck's irritation over the stubbornness of the Hamburg free-traders nearly led him into acts of open violence. Threats at least were freely uttered, plans of coercion were discussed by the protectionists, and there was even talk of mobilizing a regiment for actual service against the flourishing city.*

Exemptions such as those of Bavaria and Würtemberg, of Hamburg and Bremen, are nearly as difficult to understand in a federal union like that of America as in a centralized state like France or England. But in considering them account must be taken of the peculiar historical antecedents of the German Union, and of the various types of character revealed in the states themselves. Bavaria fought, indeed, side by side with Prussia in the war of 1870–71; comrades in the field, they easily became brethren in the councils of peace. But through a long and eventful past, down to a period as late as 1866, the two states had been consistent and almost hereditary enemies. Mutual distrust had kept them estranged. Prussia looked with malignant jealousy on the friendship of the phlegmatic and unambitious Bavarians for Austria, while Bavaria abhorred the stern military rigor of Berlin martinets. This relation was not much affected by the alliance of 1870, nor will it ever be changed. Political interest led the southern states for the moment to accede to the union, but they surrendered as few of their

* Since the above was written the Chancellor has carried his point, and Hamburg has entered the Zollverein.

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prerogatives as possible, and above all, they retained control of their soldiers, who in some crisis may procure them more advantageous alliances than that of Prussia. The same course of reasoning, though with different materials, applies to the free cities. That which they have—their prosperity, their wealth, their independence—they owe to a wise commercial policy, maintained, in spite of threats and bribes, through a course of many centuries. German unity is to them worth something only when it guarantees, not menaces, this precious possession. They are first free republics, afterward German cities; and it is folly to suppose that for the sake of a union which adds little or nothing to their happiness they would willingly surrender a privilege which is essential not only to their happiness, but even to their life. Prince Bismarck understood this truth ten years ago, and acted accordingly. If he has since discarded it, the reason can not be any change in the sentiments of the two free cities themselves, but alone in new resources which he has acquired for coercing them.

The internal economy of some of the states, especially of the two South German kingdoms, has also dictated to them certain measures of self-preservation. Every concession made by Bavaria, for instance, to the empire must be regarded in two aspects. It is a surrender, in the first place, of some portion of its independence or autonomy, which is a political sacrifice; it is a surrender, in the second place, of some of the prerogatives of the Bavarian crown, and this is a dynastic loss. This latter was of course felt more keenly at the petty German courts than any real political calamity, and it was the one, too, which the Prussians, dyed themselves in monarchical prejudices, were least willing to exact. They accordingly allowed those courts to soothe their vanity by the administration of their own armies, and the privilege of sending ambassadors to foreign capitals. If those privileges correspond, as they undoubtedly do, to some form or degree of political power, the fact must be ascribed not so much to the enlightened wisdom of statesmen as to the narrow selfishness of petty Teutonic princes.

As in party divisions, so in parliamentary forms and procedure, Germany has copied the French system with almost servile accuracy. The Diet has its bureaus, which choose the committees, special and regular. The President corresponds, indeed, to the English or American Speaker, though his powers are in some respects more, in some respects less, extensive; but the other officers of the German House find their analogues only in Paris. There are two Vice-Presidents; there is no clerk as with us, but half a dozen secretaries chosen from among the members; and they with the President and two Vice-Presidents form what is called the "Vorstand," or presiding board. The President, or the officer who is acting as such, can decide only points of order as they arise, while the permanent policy of the chair, etc., is fixed by the "Vorstand" as a whole. Nothing like the Committee of the Whole is known in the Diet, nor is there any rule which requires bills to be referred, except, perhaps, appropriation bills. It follows, of course, since the German Parliament consists of but one chamber, that the provisions common to nearly all constitutions, and found even in that of Prussia, namely, that appropriation of money must originate in the Lower House, can have no place in the imperial constitution. Such bills simply follow the ordinary course. The Diet may originate bills, but it seldom uses the power; for the government itself submits such measures as it desires, and measures which it does not desire can not succeed against its opposition.

The "government" which is here spoken of, corresponding to the ministry in other states, is in Germany the Federal Council. Hence it is correct to say that practically all bills originate in the Federal Council. But there are three ways in which they may be brought before this body for its action. They may be prepared, as are the appropriation bills, in the office of the Chancellor, and be submitted by him or in his name; they may be proposed by any state, through its delegates to the Council; or they may be drawn up by order of the Council by one of its own committees. But in any case, if approved by it, they are brought before the Diet on its authority, and are defended either by the Chancellor or by any official whom the Council may designate for the purpose. After its presentation the bill becomes the property of the Diet, which may choose its own mode of treatment; and the government can influence the choice only by indicating its preference, reserving simply the right

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at any time of withdrawing the measure if it be dissatisfied. As said above, a bill may be put immediately upon its passage if a majority of the House adopts that course. It then passes through three readings, and during any of these stages it may be amended. The more common method, however, with measures of great importance and many details, especially appropriation bills, is to refer them to a committee. In committee the procedure differs little from our own, except in the circumstance that the measure, whether amended or not, is reported back to the House, not by the chairman, but by a member specially chosen for the duty, and called the "Reporter." There are accordingly three factors represented in the discussion of a bill thus restored, namely, the Diet itself by its majority, the committee by its Reporter, and the government by the Federal Council; and often great confusion ensues. An amendment may be proposed by the committee, and accepted by the government, but rejected by the House. It may be opposed by the government, yet accepted by the House; or it may be rejected by both the government and the House. A certain number of members may even concur and propose modifications after the report of the committee, and on these too the government must pronounce. It often happens that the representatives of the government are not able to say whether a proposed change is acceptable or not, and are compelled to refer to the Federal Council for instructions. And after the measure has passed this ordeal, and issues in some form or other from the next stage, it returns as a whole to the Council, which can then make it a law or throw it out; but if it pass both the Diet and the Federal Council, the Emperor has no veto power, and is required to proclaim it in the name of the empire.

The imperial constitution has now been in operation about ten years, and the trial has increased rather than lessened the number and vehemence of its critics. Some defects have been revealed which at the time of its adoption nobody suspected; and throughout the whole decade the country has been agitated by a constitutional struggle between the two parties which are always found in federal states —the party of centralization and the party of decentralization.

This division does not exactly correspond to any existing classification of parties, nor again to geographical lines. Generally speaking, the liberals are "unionists," the conservatives "particularists"; but some of the extreme radicals hold that the weakness of the central government and the dissensions between the states are favorable to civil and political liberty; while, on the other hand, the most reckless supporters of centralization are those moderate conservatives who call themselves, *par excellence*, the party of Bismarck. In general, the South Germans distrust and the Prussians support all measures tending to consolidate the empire at the cost of state rights; but there are many champions of unity among Bavarian liberals, and many stubborn defenders of the federal principle among Prussian reactionaries. To these persons, who are one thing or the other by geographical, political, or class sympathy, must be added certain *doctrinaires*, who have speculative reasons, often mystical enough, for their own peculiar views. Of all of them it is enough to say that they exercise their prejudice alike in criticising the organic law as it is, and in supporting or opposing schemes for modifying it, which are presented from time to time.

From what has already been said, it will readily be understood that the Federal Council is the object of the fiercest and most persistent attacks by the friends of a closer union. It is offensive for two reasons. It is, in the first place, the organ which represents and maintains the reserved rights of the states, and in its present constitution is an insurmountable barrier to the course of centralization. This alone would make it obnoxious. But it is furthermore an irresponsible body, or at least is not responsible to public opinion except in a remote and uncertain form; and it renders impossible the creation of a real imperial ministry, visible to the political eye, and accountable to the deputies of the people. This demand for a federal cabinet is the most urgent of all those which the unionists have as yet presented; but it is also the one which the state governments most stubbornly resist. It is safe to say that it will never willingly be granted. To abolish or even essentially to modify the Federal Council would be equivalent to political suicide on the part of the small states. To institute a responsible central ministry

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would be to found not only a pure democracy, but a compact centralized democracy, and to introduce a régime of *plébiscites*. Hence the Council in its actual form is the last bulwark alike of those who hate democracy and of those who cherish "particularism."

The attitude of the Chancellor toward this perennial issue is dictated in a measure by the nature of his office, but is satisfactory neither to the one party nor to the other. He feels keenly his impotence in the Federal Council, and is, on the whole, favorable to the centralizing tendency of the liberals. He is anxious, in other words, to enlarge the powers of the central government. But this means with him chiefly and originally an enlargement of the powers of the Chancellor, and against the Reichstag as well as the Bundesrath. He is equally hostile to democracy and to state rights. But he is already nearly independent of the Diet; and to emancipate him from the Federal Council would release him from all control, and make him nearly absolute. This is a prospect which liberal "unionists" and South German "separatists" regard with the same horror. For, obnoxious as the Federal Council is to the former, it is a safeguard against menaces of self-aggrandizement on the part of the Chancellor, and sometimes, by accident rather than by prudence, has averted serious danger. There are a few blind admirers of Bismarck who support any scheme for increasing his power at the cost either of the Council or of the Diet; but the cause of consolidation means to its more rational adherents something far different from the elevation of the Chancellor to the position of an irresponsible dictator.

The constitutional issue between these two parties arises in nearly every parliamentary debate, and influences the treatment of all important measures. This was notably the case with the great financial reforms of 1879. Most foreign observers doubtless remember the incident now, and even understood it at the time, as merely a conflict between free trade and protection, in which the latter was the victor; and such indeed it was, though something else besides. For beneath the struggle over the tariff lay a grave constitutional question—a battle for power, in which the empire fought for increased authority, the Federal Council for state rights, and the Diet for parliamentary privileges. Of these the empire gained a little, the Council saved much, but the Diet lost everything.

As was said above, the reader will recollect that the resources of the imperial treasury are of two kinds: first, certain indirect taxes, both customs and excise, and second, complementary to these, direct *pro rata* contributions of the several states. The rates of the taxes of both kinds are permanently fixed by legislative acts, and can be changed only by the same process. But the net revenue from this source will, of course, vary from year to year, according to the state of trade and other circumstances, so that the *pro rata* contributions, which make up the deficiency, have to be assessed and authorized each year. This authorization proceeds from the Diet, and the discretion of granting or withholding it is said to "secure the parliamentary principle." This annual vote alone gives it control over the amount of imperial revenues, and it follows, therefore, that this control diminishes as fast as the income from the permanent taxes increases. But an elevation of the customs rates, which was the proposition of Bismarck in 1879, implied, of course, just such an increase in the revenues from this source, and a corresponding independence of the *pro rata* contribution. The liberals were therefore placed in a dilemma. For years they had been agitating in behalf of additional imperial taxes, and the "fiscal independence," as it was called, of the empire; but the Chancellor's project would make him independent not only of the states, but even of the Diet. True, the deputies would still continue to vote the budget, and thereby to control expenditures, but the revenues, or in other words, the burdens of the people, would be placed beyond the power of relief from them. Hence a conflict of duties arose, and great confusion prevailed.

The question was vastly complicated by the free-trade issue cruelly attached to it. To vote the Chancellor's bill as presented was equivalent to voting away one of the prerogatives of the Diet, while also introducing at the same time a régime of protection, which most of the liberals abhorred. They began, therefore, to array themselves in opposition. Now it happened that the Ultramontanes, who for years had been fighting the Chancellor, were generally protectionists, and were

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able, by throwing in their weight with the conservatives, to decide the scale. They only asked their price. This was that the Diet should not only not receive any compensation for the privileges which under the bill it would lose, but also that even the surplus which the tariff was expected to yield above the annual outlays, instead of being referred to the Diet for its disposition, should be redistributed among the states by the Federal Council. This was the so-called Frankenstein *proviso*. As will be perceived, it rejected the claim of the Diet, and re-affirmed the rights of the states, even while the bill itself seemed to create an imperial revenue. If the measure had before been objectionable to the liberals, this amendment made it absolutely unacceptable. They voted, therefore, with the opposition minority, while a coalition of conservatives and Ultramontanes, forming a large majority, carried through at once a sweeping fiscal reform and a grave constitutional innovation.

This incident suggests two observations. The one is that in the course of the high tariff movement what was at first only an economical issue became in Germany, as it did in the United States, a constitutional question, in which the relative merits of free trade and protection were almost lost to sight. The other is that the fiscal system of the empire is now practically, though not technically, different from the one established by the constitution. The income of the federal treasury now consists—as it did before—of certain permanent revenues, and in case of a deficiency from these sources, of direct assessments upon the states by authority of the Diet. But in practice, since the introduction of the new tariff, there is expected to be a surplus, and this is to be refunded without the participation of the Diet. The practical difference is accordingly great, and the delegates of the people have lost a valuable privilege.

The depression of the party of centralization is therefore far more profound than it was two years ago. Before the late fiscal revolution they had counted on Bismarck as an ally—an opinionated and conditional ally, indeed, but one who, on the whole, sympathized with their general and ultimate aims. But this has proved to be only a dream. The Chancellor has coldly sacrificed them and the cause of unity to the interest of protection, and they feel that the retrograde movement, once begun, will not soon or easily be arrested. It is not strange, therefore, that they should now begin to calculate the value of the empire, and its probable duration.

In addition to constitutional embarrassments, domestic affairs impose at least one serious and permanent dilemma upon the minds of German patriots and statesmen. This concerns the physical endurance of the country. So long as Germany keeps her army up to its present standard of numbers and efficiency, she has little to fear from foreign enemies, except, perhaps, in the case of a general combination against her, which skillful diplomacy will doubtless be able to avert. But the army secures her against one danger only by exposing her uninterruptedly to another. The greater the security against attacks from abroad, the greater the risk of bankruptcy at home. The drafts which the army makes upon the youth, the civic talent, the producing classes of the country, are borne with comparative ease, because service under the flag has become a second nature with the German people, and is hardly regarded as an interruption of the normal career of the successive generations. But the military budget is a much heavier burden, and withal a progressive burden, to which the growth of population and wealth bears no adequate relation. Under this the country is gradually breaking down. The present generation may not see the catastrophe, nor the next, for the endurance of the German people in the matter of taxation can yet withstand severe trials; but there is a point at which its strength, if not its patience, will fail, and under the present system that point will some day be reached.

Finally, the retirement of Bismarck, which has already been often threatened, or his death, which has now become a daily possibility, would be a most serious blow to the stability of the imperial system. Of the three men who led the great movement for unity, the Emperor, Moltke, and Bismarck, the last-named could be least easily spared. The Emperor is a man of mediocre ability even as a soldier, and his son is in some respects his superior. Moltke is unquestionably a military genius; but Moltke has created a school and a system, and these will live after him. But the Chancellor has rigorously sup-

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pressed every rising pupil, and has formed a strictly personal régime, which no successor could administer. The secret of his power will be buried with him in the grave. It is natural, therefore, that the German people should view the prospect of his loss with dismay, and be paralyzed by every unfavorable report of his condition or his feelings. This is really the great danger which threatens the empire.

THE CHANCES OF WAR, AND HOW ONE WAS MISSED.

THERE were certain conditions in the life of my hero, whom I shall call Rex, which made it easy for him to live out a certain romance that came to him when he was just twenty-five.

These conditions were an adored and adoring mother, and a widowed sister with two small people who felt as free to borrow his knife and suggest their favorite sweetmeats to him as if they had been his own. So his family was quite complete. It filled his days with cheerful work, and his evenings were not at all those of the typical bachelor. His home was as merry and noisy and turbulent, and his nights just "as devoid of ease," as if he had been a Benedick. For his sister had come home before his nephew and namesake, little Rex, had weathered through his first three months of colic; and many a night had he risen from his comfortable bed in response to the wails that came from his sister's room, and he and little Rex had made a procession of themselves, the good uncle sturdily singing, "Where, oh, where, is good old Daniel?" his dangling suspenders flapping soberly above his slippered feet, as he trudged contentedly up and down the hall. The conquered Rex junior would finally sink heavily and more heavily against his shoulder, until, when just about to learn the fate of the Hebrew children, he would succumb to the combined effect of warm flannels, the charms of music, and the solace of camomile, and with a weary final wail pass into that happy oblivion where colic is unknown.

Sometimes on these night marches his old soldiering days would come back to him with great vividness, and with them his romance. At such times Rex junior would be treated to a long walk, so long, indeed, that his mother would sink into such a profound slumber that when she was awakened to have him returned to her, she always roused up to the firm conviction that Rex senior was a burglar intent upon stealing her precious boy. As if any burglar in his right mind *would* steal a three-months-old baby, when there were spoons or anything else in the house to be taken. His romance he had never told in words, but somehow his mother and sister knew there had been one, and they arranged it to suit themselves. He was treated with additional tenderness because it had failed, and so, doubtless, were they. Often one or the other said, "Poor Rex, I wonder who she was?—what a pity!" but in her deceitful heart she did not think it a pity, for this dream of his did not disturb their hold on him, and a realization of it might have done so. Altogether it was much nicer for things to be just as they were. The tender mystery which shrouded a certain time of his life offered an excuse for the tide of motherly and sisterly love to ebb and flow in constant waves, the *raison d'être* for the ebb being only to gather fresh strength for the flow.

I've no doubt that they invested the romance with more magnitude than it deserved. They even at times detected a sad shade lingering around their hero's admirable mouth, or giving a far-off look to his eyes, as he sank into the easy-chair which his adoring small relatives tugged forward for him. Later, when these small relatives, who had battened upon gory giant stories from their uncle's lips until they were appeased, and afraid of their own shadows, were being put to bed, the daughter would say, suggestively, to her mother, "Poor dear Rex looks tired tonight"; then, severely, to her children: "You children have no mercy upon your uncle. You are always riding him when he is in the house. I do wish you would not forever worry him for stories. I could tell you just as nice ones."

This would raise a derisive laugh; and backed up by the fact that there was not only a lamp burning brightly, but a mother and a grandmother in the room, the audacious small ones would suggest to each other topics for "mother's stories," which, after the substantial fare in that line which their uncle had accustomed them to, they regarded as a very weak diet indeed.

"Yes, the dear boy is not in his best

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spirits to-night. I dare say he has been *thinking*. I must hurry back to him, so he will not be too lonely, poor fellow."

It had come to have a perfectly clear meaning to these good ladies when either of them accused this interesting man of having "been thinking," and was in no wise an intimation that, save periodically, he existed without thought. They simply meant that natural regrets were filling his mind and oppressing his heart.

It is true that, as he walked home from his office the very night in question, he *had* "been thinking"; but his thoughts ran something in this fashion: "If I could see through the game Sharp and Swindle are playing, I'd feel better. That stupid old Fresh, to let himself be trapped so! If clients only knew how much gold there is in silence, their lawyers wouldn't find out so often how much there is in their pockets." And his mind had flown back to these legal worries when the niece and nephew, ceasing to act as counter-irritants, had flown to bed. But when his mother re-entered the room, and he caught her look of sympathy, he threw his cares to the wind once more, and dispelled her solicitude by saying, cheerfully, "Well, mother, which of us is to beat at chess to-night?"

"The dear unselfish soul makes such an effort to be gay!" she had consequently remarked to her daughter.

If Rex had set about writing out this experience, which was supposed to have altered his whole life, being one of the concise lawyers, he would very probably have put it all into six lines. But he never had written it out; he had only thought about it very often. At first the recollection had been full of a tantalizing regret, because it seemed to him unnecessary that the episode should have been left unfinished. When he first had come to know why he had been so ruthlessly snatched out of Paradise, and to find that "some one had blundered," and made it imperative for the Union army to draw in its lines, he had raged and called the general hard names. Then later he had consoled himself by saying that he was at present but enduring the fortunes of war; and being a determined man, he promised that when once the war was ended, he would fly back to Paradise.

This promise he kept. But though the magnolias flooded the place with the rich perfume which he had always associated with it, and roses grew rampant, hanging great masses of bloom heavily over the garden fence, the fence was a ruin, and the house which the magnolias had shaded was gone.

Of the fate of its former occupants he could learn nothing. And as he sat on the pile of slanting stone which had once formed the steps, he laughed bitterly to himself, and exclaimed: "What a fool's errand I've come on! what a fool I was to expect to find a trace! Why, a battle has been fought over the very lawn; cavalry has rushed through the garden, and torn up the flowers and crushed the life out of them; cannon-balls have crashed through the windows; perhaps in the very room where I lay and watched her some infernal shell has shattered all the sweet daintiness out of existence; and the rain of shot has battered the dear old house into dust."

But he sat and looked at the dust until it gathered itself together once more, and rose into the stately house he had remembered. It was almost as real now as then. Why or how he had ever been taken into it he did not know. He remembered the utter weariness with which the last few miles had been made, how his head ached under the merciless sun, and how he had stumbled blindly along the glaring road. And he remembered vaguely a halt, in which he knew he was being discussed, but to which discussion he was utterly indifferent, and allowed himself to drop a helpless burden upon his comrades' hands, glad that the time had come when he could be irresponsible.

After that there were days when he was conscious of nothing but pain. Then there was one day when toward evening he opened his tired eyes, and looked about once more. He had closed them upon a burning heat which shimmered over the fields, framing in a hot dusty column of men moving steadily into an enemy's land. It was a silent procession to his dulled ear, and only the monotonous tramp of heavily clad feet came with muffled sound from the earth. Even when his eyelids drooped over his red eyes, they did not seem to shut out the sight. The men still filed on ahead of him and behind, and the heat still shivered in waves over the empty fields. When he opened them, a cool white curtain was swaying fitfully to and fro before an open window. As it would blow back, he could see the

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boughs of trees dripping and glistening with rain-drops. He lay and refreshed himself with the sight; then he looked at the clean matting with which the floor was covered, then at the simple sweetness of the room, and attempting to raise himself upon his elbow, he asked, "Where am I?"

At his question some one on the veranda came, and gathering the curtain aside, looked in.

"Oh, you are awake," said a girlish voice, and a moment later a young girl came into the room. She came close to his bedside, and looked at him with almost a professional eye, then she laid her hand on his forehead, and said, triumphantly: "Your fever is all gone. You feel much better, I am sure." He gradually sunk back upon his pillow. "Yes, you had better lie down again. We mustn't try to get well too soon;" then slipping her arm under his head, she took a glass from a stand, and lifting his head, placed it to his lips. "Of course you *are* better, still you must take your medicine, or you may have a relapse, you know, and I can't have that," and she smiled brightly at him.

The draught she had offered him was as bitter as only a thorough army surgeon could prepare, but no nectar ever tasted sweeter.

He had allowed himself to be put gently back, still content to be irresponsible, and made no reply, not even to thank her. She settled his pillow, smoothed out the quilt, then brought a chair, and sat down beside him. After regarding her patient critically awhile with the loveliest dark eyes he had ever seen, she began:

"Do you know how sick you've been?"

"I don't know," he echoed.

"You've had a fever," she informed him.

"Yes?"

"You do not suffer now, do you?"

"No."

"And it doesn't make your head ache when I talk?"

"No, indeed. I'm glad to hear you. You are the first white woman who has spoken to me for two years."

"Humph! That is because you were on the wrong side. But I mustn't excite you, so we won't talk politics; besides, we are within the enemy's lines now."

"The enemy's?"

"Yes, your lines."

"Then you are a rebel?"

"Yes; but I've taken care of you; that is, I've given you your medicine. And now if you feel like taking anything to eat, I'll go and prepare it."

"No, don't go," he said, reaching out and taking hold of her sleeve. "I don't want to eat."

She settled herself in her chair again, and gazed at him in the most unembarrassed manner. Then leaning forward, she placed her hand on his forehead once more to note its temperature. Evidently she was accustomed to looking upon him simply as a "case," and she held her head upon one side, and then said, rather reprovingly, "Your talking *has* made you feverish. Now you must go to sleep."

"Very well; only don't go away."

"I may have to; perhaps mamma will call me. However, you shall not be neglected. Mamma will be glad to know you have come to yourself again."

"And are you glad?" he asked, idly.

"Oh, you think, because I'm a rebel, I would have been glad to have you die. Now I think that is very unkind of you;" and the dark eyes were filled with indignant protest.

"No, I couldn't think that. How did I come to be thrown upon your kindness?"

"You were brought here and left, and although mamma and I hated the sight of your uniform, you looked so sick that we were willing to take care of you."

"How good you were!" And he lay silently staring at her a long time without speaking. She was dainty and sweet enough to charm any man, but to Rex, who had for years looked only upon men's weather-beaten faces, she seemed an angel. Her dress was coarse, for fine fabrics were hard to get in the heart of the Confederacy at that time, but it photographed itself upon his memory. At length he put out his hand and took a fold of the sleeve between his fingers. It was a calico of a dull dark ground, over which were sprinkled dots of a brilliant red. He felt it thoughtfully, and said, "That is a beautiful dress you have on."

She glanced over it inquisitively, and then burst into a merry laugh. "I don't think you know much about dress, if you call this beautiful;" and taking a fold between her thumb and finger, she held it off, and regarded it scornfully. "Why, it is simply an old cotton dress; but—Well, we are poor now," she added, in explanation, with a defiant toss of her head.

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"And not proud."

He looked at her with a laugh in his eyes, which she answered by a merry shake of her pretty head.

"No; very, very humble." Then, after a pause, she said, "But if you are well enough to try to tease me, you are well enough to eat," and she flitted from the room. Almost immediately an elderly lady entered, whom Rex easily recognized as her mother. She came directly to his bedside, and took his hand, telling him, in a pleasant voice, how glad she was to learn from her daughter that he was so much better.

To her our hero tried to express in a more conventional manner than to the daughter his thanks, and his apprehensions that he had given them a great deal of trouble.

"We are glad to have been of service to you," the lady answered, gravely. "I've a poor boy of my own in our army, and he may be glad to find friends amongst enemies some day. It is a terrible war;" and her face grew sad.

He was trying to find a suitable reply, when his first friend returned to the room, attended by a cheery-looking negress, bearing a tray upon which were spread such dainties as could be procured.

"You *might* have had some broiled chicken," began the young lady, as she drew a light table up to his bedside, "if—"

"Florence!" said her mother, reprovingly.

The negress chuckled herself out of the room, murmuring something about Mars Lincom's soldiers liking chickens mighty well.

The two ladies ministered most gracefully and kindly to him as he ate; and when the evening settled down with its flood of moonlight, they came again and sat beside him. Naturally the war was a subject to be ignored between them, and as total strangers, they had few topics in common without intruding into each other's lives; so after a while conversation lagged. The sick man, feeling the restlessness of returning health, nervously fingered the spray of roses which had been laid upon his pillow, then dropped his arms beside him, and sighed.

"We have talked too much, and tired you," his hostess said, regretfully. "We will go now, and you had better sleep; or would it give you pleasure if my daughter would sing for you?"

"Oh, I would like to hear her sing," he answered, eagerly.

"Bring your guitar, then, Florence dear, and sing."

The daughter willingly obeyed, and a moment later looked in through the window to say, "You know I can not sing, mamma, if you both look at me, so I will sit here, and you can hear me just as well."

After running her skillful fingers over the strings, calling forth a soft melody, she began a song full of rhythm and sweetness. Her voice was as fresh as the night air, and she sang with an unfeigned pleasure. Rex lay with his eyes closed, listening to the music, and resting in body and soul. For him had come one of those delightful pauses in life in which is no care nor thought for the morrow, which so seldom come to man or woman after once the cares of life are taken up. He did not even enjoy the music; in an æsthetic mood he listened to it, and accepted it with an invalid's selfishness. It was sweet; and he knew how lovely the singer must look, sitting with the moon shining down into her dark eyes. He even pictured her slim white hands flitting about over the strings. He hoped she would sing a long, long time; he wondered why the music sounded so low, so far away; he—slept.

Far away a clock struck three. The house was dark and silent. The curtains were closely drawn across the window, through which showed vaguely the light of the declining moon. A delicious sense of security and comfort hovered about him. The echo of the music seemed to linger, and the room was full of the presence of the singer.

As he had fallen asleep, she and her song had drifted away from him, with the moonlight and the sweetness of the roses upon his pillow; but now with the coming day she was real to him once more. How beautiful she was, and how strong the wish was to see her again! He would not have long to wait, for already the darkness which precedes dawn had come. Again the clock struck, and soon warm shafts of light shot up from the horizon, and all nature awoke.

Presently a negro came silently into the room to see if he could do anything for him. But he wanted nothing but to think of the bewitching girl until the time

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when she would come. How would she meet him, now that he was no longer a helpless invalid? Would she flit in and out as she had done yesterday, perhaps reproach him for falling asleep while she was singing? He planned out the day, and thought of what he would say, and of her replies. As he began to grow impatient at the slowness of time, he became conscious that the stillness of morning was being broken by the sound of horses and wheels coming swiftly toward the house, and halting before the door. There were hurried inquiries and responses, and then footsteps crossed the veranda, and the negro led the way into the room, followed by two soldiers.

"Hello, Rex, I'm glad to see you so much better, old man," and his hand was caught in the strong palm of a former comrade. "It's lucky you're well enough to be moved, for our lines are having to fall back, and we are hurrying to get you sick fellows into safe quarters. We've orders to have you all in the hospital at —— before night. We haven't a moment to lose, either. The ambulance is at the door, and we'll have you into it in a twinkling."

He was aghast. "I can't be moved; it would kill me," he began, almost believing himself. "I'll take my chances. There would not be much of me left if I were to have a relapse now."

"There would be more than if you were sent to convalesce in Andersonville. We'll look out for you. Poor old fellow, this fever has taken the courage out of you."

Rex groaned. "Are there no other fellows you could pick up first? An hour or so might make a great difference with me."

"Yes, I'm pretty sure an hour or so would make a mighty difference," returned his comrade, laughing. "Where are his clothes?" he asked of the negro. "We must get him into the ambulance at once."

The clothes were produced, and the unwilling man tenderly helped into them by the soldiers.

"Do you think," he asked of the negro when all was ready, "that I could see your mistress a moment? I would like to thank her," he added, turning to his friends. "She and her daughter have been very kind to me. And I *can't* go without seeing them."

"We'll not dare to wait long; but of course it will only be civil to thank the ladies."

The negro was not gone long, when he returned, almost immediately followed by his mistress, who seemed greatly excited over the reason for his hurried departure. Offering her hands, she wished him a friendly good-by.

"I could almost have wished that our army had been held back for a few days longer, until you were better able to be moved; but I hope you will not suffer from the change. If your friends will leave you, I promise to use my influence in your behalf."

He looked appealingly at his comrades; but one answered: "It would not do to expose you to the trouble of having a Union soldier in your house, and I'm afraid, madam, you could hardly save him from arrest. We all appreciate your offer, though."

"I do, more than I can tell you, my kind, kind friend," Rex answered, bending and respectfully kissing her hand. "Will you please give my thanks to your daughter and say good-by for me? I'll never forget either of you as long as I live."

"My daughter!" she exclaimed. "Why, she must come to see you off. Go quickly, Jerry, and tell Miss Florence not to lose a moment. Ah! this is one of the sad things of war. To think how gladly we would protect you! but we might not be able to, and I could never forgive myself if evil befell you in my house."

The soldiers grew visibly impatient, and at last reluctantly said, "We will not dare take any more time, Rex."

"Then good-by—forever, I suppose."

"Good-by," the lady answered, her eyes filling with tears as she watched him go feebly across the room between his friends. As he reached the door, light feet came running along the veranda, and Miss Florence appeared.

"It is too cruel for them to take you away!" she began, vehemently. "It will kill you. Mamma, why do you allow it? Why do you take that poor sick man?" turning indignantly upon the soldiers. "*Our* friends would not touch him. They are too brave to attack the helpless."

The soldiers smiled and said, "We have our orders, miss."

"Orders indeed! It is a disgrace to your officers to issue such orders. Mamma, why don't you interfere?"

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"Florence dear, you are forgetting yourself. We can only wish him farewell, and pray that he may reach his home safely some day. We will not forget you, my poor fellow," she said, taking his hand once more.

The young girl came toward him with both hands outstretched, and with tears dimming her bright eyes. "I suppose we'll never see you again, but, as mamma says, we will pray that you reach your friends safe and well; and I hope you will not forget us, for we will remember you. Good-by."

Rex lifted her hand, as he had her mother's, and kissed it; then went with trembling limbs toward the ambulance. He was lifted in, and as they drove away he raised the curtain and looked out. She was standing with one hand against a pillar of the veranda, looking sadly after him. He watched her until he was whirled swiftly down the avenue and out of the gate; then shrubbery and walls came between them, and hid her from him. He never saw her after that.

He often wondered whether, if he had known her better, she would have reigned supreme in his heart over all other women, or whether in a longer companionship the charm would have vanished. Now and then he would meet a bright, lovable girl who seemed not averse to win her way into his heart, and he would be half ready to admit her. But at the boundary line of that woman's kingdom a dream-maiden stood and waved back the intruder, and when he felt inclined to quarrel with her arrogant dominion, the dark eyes which met his accusations with conscious power smilingly lured him back to the past, and the shadowy hand which put away a rival was lifted tenderly to his lips to receive once more that farewell kiss, now grown into a pledge of constancy.

THE CHAMBER OF SILENCE.

One autumn day we three,
Who long had borne each other company,
Grief, and my Heart, and I,
Walked out beneath a dull and leaden sky.

The fields were bare and brown;
From the still trees the dead leaves fluttered down;
There were no birds to sing,
Or cleave the air on swift, rejoicing wing.

We sought the barren sand
Beside the moaning sea, and, hand in hand,
Paced its slow length, and talked
Of our supremest sorrows as we walked.

Slow shaking each bowed head,
"There is no anguish like to ours," we said;
"The glancing eyes of morn
Fall on no souls more utterly forlorn."

But suddenly, across
A narrow fiord wherein wild billows toss,
We saw before our eyes,
High hung above the tide, a temple rise—

A temple wondrous fair,
Lifting its shining turrets in the air,
All touched with golden gleams,
Like the bright miracles we see in dreams.

Grief turned and looked at me.
"We must go thither, O my friends," said she;
Then, saying nothing more,
With rapid, gliding step passed on before.

And we—my Heart and I—
Where Grief went, we went, following silently,
Till in sweet solitude
Beneath the temple's vaulted roof we stood.

'Twas like a hollow pearl—
A vast white sacred chamber, where the whirl
Of passion stirred not, where
A luminous splendor trembled in the air.

"O friends, I know this place,"
Said Grief at last, "this lofty, silent space,
Where, either soon or late,
I and my kindred all shall lie in state."

"But do Griefs die?" I cried.
"Some die—not all," full calmly she replied.
"Yet all at last will lie
In this fair chamber, slumbering quietly.

"Chamber of Silence, this;
Who brings his Grief here doth not go amiss.
Mine hour hath come. We three
Will walk, O friends, no more in company."

Then was I dumb. My Heart
And I—how could we with our dear Grief part,
Who for so many a day
Had walked beside us in our lonely way?

But she, with matchless grace,
And a sweet smile upon her tear-wet face,
Said, "Leave me here to sleep,
Where every Grief forgets at last to weep."

What could we do but go?
We turned with slow, reluctant feet, but lo!
The pearly door had closed,
Shutting us in where all the Griefs reposed.

"Nay, go not back," she said;
"Retrace no steps. Go farther on instead."
Then, on the other side,
On noiseless hinge another door swung wide,

Through which we onward passed
Into a chamber lowlier than the last,
But, oh! so sweet and calm
That the hushed air was like a holy psalm.

"Chamber of Peace" was writ
Where the low vaulted roof arched over it.
Then knew we grief must cease
When sacred Silence leadeth unto Peace.

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A LAODICEAN.

BOOK THE FOURTH.—SOMERSET, DARE, AND DE STANCY.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was no part of Paula's journey in which Somerset did not think of her. He imagined her in the hotel at Havre, in her brief rest at Paris; her drive past the Place de la Bastille to the Boulevart Mazas to take the train for Lyons; her tedious progress through the dark of a winter night till she crossed the isothermal line which told of the beginning of a southern atmosphere, and onward to the ancient blue sea.

Thus, between the hours devoted to architecture, he passed the next three days. One morning he set himself, by the help of John, to practice on the telegraph instrument, expecting a message. But though he watched the machine at every opportunity, or kept some other person on the alert in its neighborhood, no message arrived to gratify him till after the lapse of nearly a fortnight. Then she spoke from her new habitation, nine hundred miles away, in these meagre words:

"*Are settled at the address given. Can now attend to any inquiry about the building.*"

The pointed implication that she could attend to inquiries about nothing else breathed of the veritable Paula so distinctly that he could forgive its sauciness. His reply was soon dispatched:

"*Will write particulars of our progress. Always the same.*" The last three words formed the sentimental appendage which she had assured him she could tolerate, and which he hoped she might desire.

He spent the remainder of the day in making a little sketch to show what had been done in the castle since her departure. This he dispatched with a letter of explanation ending in a paragraph of a different tenor:

"I have demonstrated our progress as well as I could; but another subject has been in my mind, even whilst writing the former. Ask yourself if you use me well in keeping me a fortnight before you so much as say that you have arrived. The one thing that reconciled me to your departure was the thought that I should hear early from you: my idea of being able to submit to your absence was based upon that.

"But I have resolved not to be out of humor, and to believe that your scheme of reserve is not unreasonable; neither do I quarrel with your injunction to keep silence to all relatives. I do not know anything I can say to show you more plainly my acquiescence in your wish 'not to go too far' (in short, to keep yourself dear—by dear I mean not cheap—you have been dear in the other sense a long time, as you know) than by not urging you to go a single degree further in warmth than you please."

When this was posted he again turned his attention to her walls and towers, which indeed were a dumb consolation in many ways for the lack of herself. There was no nook in the castle to which he had not access, or could not easily obtain access by applying for the keys, and this propinquity of things belonging to her served to keep her image before him even more constantly than his memories would have done.

Three days and a half after the dispatch of his subdued effusion the telegraph called to tell him the good news that

"*Your letter and drawing are just received. Thanks for the latter. Will reply to the former by post this afternoon.*"

It was with cheerful patience that he attended to his three draughtsmen in the studio, or walked about the environs of the fortress, during the fifty hours spent by her presumably tender missive on the road. A light fleece of snow fell during the second night of waiting, inverting the position of long-established lights and shades, and lowering to a dingy gray the approximately white walls of other weathers: on this account he could trace the postman's foot-marks as he entered over the bridge, knowing them by the dot of his walking-stick; on entering, the expected letter was waiting upon his table. He looked at its direction with glad curiosity; it was the first letter he had ever received from her.

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"HÔTEL ——, NICE, *February* 14.

"DEAR MR. SOMERSET" (the "George," then, to which she had so kindly treated him in her last conversation, was not to be continued in black and white),—

"Your letter explaining the progress of the work, aided by the sketch inclosed, gave me as clear an idea of the advance made since my departure as I could have gained by being present. I feel every confidence in you, and am quite sure the restoration is in good hands. In this opinion both my aunt and my uncle coincide. Please act entirely on your own judgment in everything, and as soon as you give a certificate to the builders for the first installment of their money, it will be promptly sent by my solicitors.

"You bid me ask myself if I have used you well in not sending intelligence of myself till a fortnight after I had left you. Well, let me remind you that there are a thousand things, not bad in themselves, which, nevertheless, custom and circumstance render inexpedient to be done. I say this, not from pride in my own conduct, but to offer you a very reasonable explanation of it. Your resolve not to be out of humor with me suggests that you have been sorely tempted that way, else why should such a resolve have been necessary?

"If you only knew what passes in my mind sometimes, you would perhaps not be so ready to blame. Shall I tell you? No. For if it is a great emotion, it may afford you a cruel satisfaction at finding I suffer through separation; and if it be a growing indifference to you, it will be inflicting gratuitous unhappiness upon you, if you care for me, as I *sometimes* think you may do *a little*."

("Oh, Paula!" said Somerset.)

"Please which way would you have it? But it is better that you should guess at what I feel than that you should distinctly know it. Notwithstanding this assertion, you will, I know, adhere to your first prejudice in favor of prompt confessions. In spite of that, I fear that upon trial such promptness would not produce that happiness which your fancy leads you to expect. Your heart would revolt in time, and when once that happens, farewell to the emotion you have told me of. Analyze your feelings strictly, and you will find this true. At the same time I admit that a woman who is *only* a compound of evasions, disguises, and caprices is very disagreeable.

"Do not write *very* frequently, and never write at all unless you have some real information about the castle works to communicate. I will explain to you on another occasion why I make this request. You will possibly set it down as additional evidence of my cold-heartedness. If so, you must. Would you also mind writing the business letter on an independent sheet, with a proper beginning and ending? Whether you inclose another sheet is of course optional.

"Sincerely yours,

"PAULA POWER."

Somerset had a suspicion that her order to him not to neglect the business letter was to escape invidious remarks from her uncle. He wished she would be more explicit, so that he might know exactly how matters stood with them, and whether Abner Power had ever ventured to express disapproval of him as her lover.

But not knowing, he waited anxiously for a new architectural event on which he might legitimately send her another line. This occurred about a week later, when the men engaged in digging foundations discovered remains of old ones, which warranted a modification of the original plan. He accordingly sent off his professional advice on the point, requesting her assent or otherwise to the amendment, winding up the inquiry with "Yours faithfully." On another sheet he wrote:

"Do you suffer from any unpleasantness in the manner of others on account of me? If so, inform me distinctly. I can not otherwise interpret your request for the separate sheets. While on this point I will tell you what I have learned relative to the authorship of that false paragraph about your engagement. It was communicated to the paper by your uncle. Was the wish father to the thought, or could he have been misled, as many were, by appearances at the theatricals?

"If I am not to write to you without a professional reason, surely you can write to me without such an excuse? When you write, tell me of yourself. There is nothing I so much wish to hear of. Write a great deal about your daily doings, that she, whose words are the sweetest to me

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in the world, may express them upon the sweetest subject.

"You say nothing of having been to look at the chapel of ease, the plans of which I made when an architect's pupil, working in mètres instead of feet and inches, to my immense perplexity, that the drawings might be understood by the foreign workmen. Go there and tell me what you think of its design. I can assure you that every curve thereof is my own.

"How I wish you would invite me to run over and see you, if only for a day or two, for my heart runs after you in a most distracted manner. Dearest, you entirely fill my life! But I forget; we have resolved not to go *very far*. But the fact is, I am half afraid lest, with such reticence, you should not remember how very much I am yours, and with what a dogged constancy I shall always remember you. Paula, sometimes I have horrible misgivings that something will divide us, especially if we do not make a more distinct show of our true relationship. True, do I say? I mean the relationship which I think exists between us, but which you do not affirm too clearly.—Yours always."

Away southward like the swallow went the tender lines. He wondered if she would notice his hint of being ready to pay her a flying visit, if permitted to do so. His fancy dwelt on that further side of France, the very contours of whose shore were now lines of beauty for him. He prowled in the library, and found interest in the mustiest facts relating to that place, learning with æsthetic pleasure that the number of its population was fifty thousand, that the mean temperature of its atmosphere was 60° Fahrenheit, and that the peculiarities of a mistral were far from agreeable.

He waited overlong for her reply; but it ultimately came. After the usual business preliminary, she said:

"As requested, I have visited the little church you designed. It gave me great pleasure to stand before a building whose outline and details had come from the brain of such a valued friend and adviser."

("Valued friend and adviser," repeated Somerset, critically.)

"I like the style much, especially that of the windows—Early English, are they not? I am going to attend service there next Sunday, *because you were the architect, and for no godly reason at all.* Does that content you? Fie for your despondency! Remember M. Aurelius: 'This is the chief thing: be not perturbed; for all things are of the nature of the Universal.' Indeed, I am a little surprised at your having forebodings, after my assurance to you before I left. I have none. My opinion is that, to be happy, it is necessary not to think any place more agreeable than the one where we happen to be.... You are too faint-hearted, and that's the truth of it. I advise you not to abandon yourself to idolatry too readily; you know what I mean. It fills me with remorse when I think how very far below such a position my actual worth removes me.

"I should like to receive another letter from you as soon as you have got over the misgiving you speak of, but don't write too soon. I wish I could write anything to raise your spirits, but you may be so perverse that if, in order to do this, I tell you of the races, routs, scenery, gayeties, and gambling going on in this place and neighborhood (into which, of course, I can not help being a little drawn), you may declare that my words make you worse than ever. Don't pass the line I have set down in the way you were tempted to do in your last; and no Dearests—at least not yet. This is not a time for effusion. You have my very warm affection, and that's enough for the present."

As a love-letter this missive was tantalizing enough, but since its form was simply a continuation of what she had practiced before she left, and not a change from that practice, it produced no undue misgiving in him. Far more was he impressed by her omitting to answer the two important questions he had put to her. First, concerning her uncle's attitude toward them, and his conduct in giving such strange information to the reporter. Second, on his, Somerset's paying her a flying visit some time during the spring. But he was not the man to force opinion on these points, or on any others; and since she had requested it, he made no haste in his reply. When penned, it ran in the words subjoined, which, in common with every line of

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their correspondence, acquired from the strangeness of subsequent circumstances an interest and a force that perhaps they did not intrinsically possess.

"People can not" (he wrote) "be forever in good spirits on this gloomy side of the Channel, even though you seem to be so on yours. However, that I can abstain from letting you know whether my spirits are good or otherwise, I will prove in our future correspondence. I admire you more and more, both for the warm feeling toward me which I firmly believe you have, and for your ability to maintain side by side with it so much dignity and resolution with regard to foolish sentiment. Sometimes I think I could have put up with a little more weakness if it had brought with it a little more romantic tenderness, but I dismiss all that when I mentally survey your other qualities. I have thought of fifty things to say to you of the *too far* sort, not one of any other; how unfortunate, then, is your prohibition, by which I am doomed to say things that do not rise spontaneously to my lips, but have to be made, shaped, and fashioned! You say that our shut-up feelings are not to be mentioned yet. How long is the yet to last?

"But, to speak more solemnly, matters grow very serious with us, Paula—at least with me; and there are times when this restraint is really unbearable. It is possible to put up with reserve and circumspection when the reserved and circumspect being is by one's side, for the eyes may reveal what the lips do not. But when absence is superadded, what was piquancy becomes harshness, tender raillery becomes cruel sarcasm, and tacit understandings misunderstandings. However that may be, you shall never be able to reproach me for touchiness. I still esteem you as a friend; I admire you and love you as a woman. This I shall always continue to do, however undemonstrative and unconfiding you prove."

CHAPTER II.

WITHOUT knowing it, Somerset was drawing near to a crisis in this soft correspondence which would speedily put his assertions to the test; but the knowledge came upon him soon enough for his peace.

Her next letter, dated March 9, was the shortest of all he had received, and beyond the portion devoted to the building-works it contained only the following sentences:

"I am angry with you for being vexed because I will not make you a formal confession. Why should the verbal *I love you* be such a precious phrase? During the seven or eight months that you have been endeavoring to ascertain my sentiments you must have fairly well discovered them. You have discovered my regard for you; what more can you desire? Would a reiterated confession of passion really do any good? Instead of pressing a lady upon this point, you should endeavor to conceal from her the progress of her interest in you. You should contrive to deeply involve her heart before she perceives your designs; hiding her, as it were, from her own observation. Then, on your side, can one imagine a situation more charming than that of perceiving a woman interested without herself being exactly conscious of the depth of her interest! What a triumph, to rejoice in secret over what she will not recognize! This is what I should style pleasure indeed. Women labor under great difficulties: believe me that a declaration of love is always a mortifying circumstance to us, and it is a natural instinct to retain the power of obliging a man to hope, fear, pray, and beseech as long as we think fit, before we confess to a reciprocal affection.

"I am now going to own to a weakness about which I had intended to keep silent. It will not perhaps add to your respect for me. My uncle, whom in many ways I like, is displeased with me for keeping up this correspondence so regularly. I am quite perverse enough to venture to disregard his feelings; but considering the relationship, and his kindness in other respects, I should prefer not to do so at present. Honestly speaking, I want the courage to resist him in some things. He said to me the other day that he was very much surprised that I did not depend upon his judgment for my future happiness. Whether that meant much or little, I have resolved to communicate with you only by telegrams for the remainder of the time we are here. Please reply by the same means only. There, now, don't flush and call me names. It is for the best, and we want no nonsense, you and I. I feel more than I say, and if I do not speak

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more plainly, you will understand what is behind after all I have hinted. I can promise you that you will not like me less upon knowing me better. Hope ever. I would give up a good deal for you. Good-by."

This caused Somerset some sweet ecstasy and a good deal of gloom. He silently reproached her, who was apparently so independent, for lacking independence in such a vital matter. Perhaps it was mere sex, perhaps it was peculiar to a few, that her independence and courage, like Cleopatra's, failed her occasionally at the last moment.

One curious impression which had often haunted him now returned with redoubled force. He could not see himself as the husband of Paula Power in any likely future. He could not imagine her his wife. People were apt to run into mistakes in their presentiments; but though he could picture her as queening it over him, as avowing her love for him unreservedly, even as compromising herself for him, he could not see her in a state of domesticity with him.

Telegrams being commanded, to the telegraph he repaired, when, after two days, an immediate wish to communicate with her led him to dismiss vague conjecture on the future situation. His first telegram took the following form:

"*I give up the letter-writing. I will part with anything to please you but yourself. Your comfort with your relative is the first thing to be considered: not for the world do I wish you to make divisions within-doors.—Yours.*"

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, passed, and on Saturday a telegram came in reply:

"*I can fear, grieve at, and complain of nothing since you promise to consider my comfort always.*"

This was very pretty, but it admitted little. Such short messages were in themselves poor substitutes for letters, but their speed and easy frequency were good qualities which the letters did not possess. Three days later he replied:

"*You do not once say to me, 'Come.' Would such a strange accident as my arrival disturb you much?*"

She replied rather quickly:

"*I am indisposed to answer you too clearly. Keep your heart strong: 'tis a censorious world.*"

The vagueness there shown made Somerset really uneasy, and he could not help replying somewhat more impetuously than usual:

"*Why do you give me so much cause for anxiety? Why treat me to so much mystification? Say once, only once, that what I have asked is given.*"

He waited for the answer, one day, two days, a week; but none came. It was now the end of March, and when Somerset, doubtful and uneasy at her silence, walked of an afternoon by the river and pool in the lower part of the grounds, his ear was newly greeted by the small voices of frogs and toads and other creatures, that had been torpid through the winter, all reminding him of the awakening year.

He waited through a second week, and there was still no reply. It was possible that the urgency of his request had tempted her to punish him, and he continued his walks, to, fro, and around, with as close an ear to the under-tones of nature, and as attentive an eye to the charms of his own art, as the grand passion would allow. Now came the days of battle between winter and spring. On these excursions, though spring was to the forward during the daylight, winter would re-assert itself at night, and not unfrequently at other moments. Tepid airs and nipping breezes met on the confines of sunshine and shade; trembling drops that were still akin to frost crystals dashed themselves from the bushes as he pursued his way from town to castle; the birds were like an orchestra waiting for the signal to strike up, and color began to enter into the country round.

But he gave only a modicum of thought to these proceedings. He rather thought such things as, "She can afford to be saucy, and to find a sort of blitheness in my attachment, considering the power that wealth gives her to pick and choose almost where she will." He was bound to own, however, that one of the charms of her conversation was the complete absence of the note of the heiress from its accents. That, other things equal, her interest would naturally incline to a person bearing the name of De Stancy, was evident from her avowed predilections. His original assumption that she was a personification of the modern spirit, who had been dropped, like a seed from the bill of a bird, amid the alien stones of

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mediævalism, required some qualification. It had been based on her revulsion from the narrower phases of Puritanism, on her bold flights of thought, and her original innovations. But romanticism, which will exist in every human breast as long as human nature itself exists, had asserted itself in her. Veneration for things old, not because of any merit in them, but because of their long continuance, had developed in her, and her modern spirit was taking to itself wings and flying away. Whether his image was flying with the other was a question which moved him all the more deeply now that her silence gave him dread of an affirmative answer.

But he refused to give credit for more than brief spaces to those signs which at other moments convinced him that her passing fancy for him was declining like a summer day. Like other emotional natures, he was much more disposed to abandon himself blindly to his own passion than to dwell upon suspicions of a waning in hers.

For another seven days he stoically left in suspension all forecasts of his possibly sad fate in being the employed and not the beloved. The week passed: he telegraphed: there was no reply: he resolved to break her command by writing: he could not help it, from sheer anxiety to hear of her personal safety.

"STANCY CASTLE, *April* 13.

"DEAR MISS POWER,—Are you ill or in trouble? It is impossible in the very unquiet state you have put me into by your silence that I should abstain from writing. Without affectation, you sorely distress me, and I think you would hardly have done it could you know what a degree of anxiety you cost me. All the misgivings I had at your parting are nothing to those I feel since you have ceased to communicate. Why, dearest Paula, do you not write or send to me? What have I done that you should treat me thus? Do write, if it is only to reproach me. I would rather have sharp words from your pen than none. I am compelled to pass the greater part of the day in a place which breathes constantly of you, but where you can no longer be found. To be honest in my supervision of what I have undertaken for you, I must stay here, and the possibility of softening my disquietude by change of scene is thus denied me. I am unfortunate indeed that you have not been able to find half an hour during the last month to tell me at least that you are alive. I can not help saying that your injustice and cruelty are extreme. How much misery would you not have saved me had you, when I first knew you, but shown as little tenderness as, according to appearances, you have latterly felt for me. You have been ambiguous, it is true; but I thought I read encouragement in your eyes; encouragement certainly was in your eyes, and who would not have been deluded by them, and have believed them sincere? It is difficult to learn to suspect the sincerity of one we admire. You charmed me by the sweetness of your manners, and my violent inclination led me on. The consequences of a love which, at the beginning, was so pleasant and blissful, are now a ruinous disgust with everything I used to take an interest in, and I can not say where it will end.

"You may say that in loving you, and being encouraged by you for a time, I have enjoyed transcendent pleasures, which are a fair return without further expectations. But consider what a price I pay for them now. Ask yourself if I may not pay too dearly. Had I resisted you, had I exerted my reason in opposition to the predilection I felt for you, then you might have had a right to punish me. But I did no such thing. There may, of course, be some deliberate scheming on the part of your relatives to intercept our communications; but I can not think it. I know that the housekeeper has received a letter from your aunt this very week, in which she incidentally mentions that all are well, and in the same place as before. How, then, can I excuse you?

"Then write, Paula, or at least telegraph, as you proposed. Otherwise I am resolved to take your silence as a signal for discontinuing our avowals, to treat your fair words as wind, and to write to you no more."

CHAPTER III.

HE dispatched the letter, and half an hour afterward felt sure that it would mortally offend her. But he had now reached a state of temporary indifference, and could contemplate the loss of her with reasonable calm.

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In the interim of waiting for a reply he was one day walking to Markton, when, passing Myrtle Villa, he saw Sir William De Stancy walking about his garden path and examining the crocuses that palisaded its edge. Sir William saw him, and asked him to come in. Somerset was in the mood for any diversion from his own affairs, and they seated themselves by the drawing-room fire.

"I am much alone now," said Sir William, "and if the weather were not very mild, so that I can get out into the garden every day, I should feel it a great deal."

"You allude to your daughter's absence?"

"And my son's. Strange to say, I do not miss her so much as I miss him. She offers to return at any moment; but I do not wish to deprive her of the advantages of a little foreign travel with her friend. Always, Mr. Somerset, give your spare time to foreign countries, especially those which contrast with your own in topography, language, and art. That's my advice to all young people of your age. Don't waste your money on expensive amusements at home. Practice the strictest economy at home, to have a margin for going abroad."

Economy, which Sir William had never practiced, but to which, after exhausting all other practices, he now raised an altar, as the Athenians did to the unknown God, was a topic likely to prolong itself on the baronet's lips, and Somerset contrived to interrupt him by asking,

"Captain De Stancy, too, has gone? Has the artillery, then, left the barracks?"

"No," said Sir William. "But my son has made use of his leave in running over to see his sister at Nice."

The current of quiet meditation in Somerset changed to a busy whirl at this unexpected reply. That Paula should become indifferent to his existence from a sense of superiority, physical, spiritual, or social, was a sufficiently saddening thing; but that she should have relinquished him because of the presence of a rival, fired him with a hot indignation.

Sir William, noting nothing, continued in the tone of clever childishness which characterized him: "It is very singular how the present situation has been led up to by me. Policy, and policy alone, has been the rule of my conduct for many years past; and when I say that I have saved my family by it, I believe time will show that I am within the truth. I hope you don't let your passions outrun your policy, as so many young men are apt to do. Better be poor and politic than rich and headstrong: that's the opinion of an old man. However, I was going to say that it was purely from policy that I allowed a friendship to develop between my daughter and Miss Power, and now events are proving the wisdom of my course. Straws show how the wind blows, and there are little signs that my son Captain De Stancy will return to Stancy Castle by the fortunate step of marrying its owner. I say nothing to either of them, and they say nothing to me; but my wisdom lies in doing nothing to hinder such a consummation, despite inherited prejudices."

Somerset had quite time enough to rein himself in during the old gentleman's locution, and the voice in which he answered was so cold and reckless that it did not seem his own: "But how will they live happily together when she is a Dissenter, and a radical, and a New-light, and a Neo-Greek, and a person of red blood; while Captain De Stancy is the reverse of them all!"

"I anticipate no difficulty on that score," said the baronet. "My son's star lies in that direction, and, like the Magi, he is following it without trifling with his opportunity. You have skill in architecture, therefore you follow it. My son has skill in gallantry, and now for the first time he is about to exercise it."

"May nobody wish him more harm in that exercise than I do!" said Somerset, fervently.

A stagnant moodiness of several hours which followed his visit to Myrtle Villa, and the intelligence there acquired, resulted in a temper to which he had been warming for some time. It was to journey over to Paula the very next day, and unravel the whole mystery face to face with her. He now felt perfectly convinced that the inviting of Captain De Stancy to visit them at Nice was a second stage in the scheme of Paula's uncle, the premature announcement of her marriage having been the first. Somerset was not so blinded by passion but that he could see what an attraction the union would have for a frigid calculator whose thoughts were like geometrical diagrams. The roundness and neatness of the whole plan could not fail to recommend it to the

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mind which delighted in putting involved things straight, and such a mind Abner Power's seemed to be. In fact, the felicity, in a politic sense, of pairing the captain with the heiress furnished no little excuse for manœuvring to bring it about, so long as that manœuvring fell short of unfairness, which Mr. Power's could scarcely be said to do.

The next day was spent in furnishing the builders with such instructions as they might require for a coming week or ten days, and in dropping a short note to Paula, ending as follows:

"I am coming to see you. Possibly you will refuse me an interview. Never mind, I am coming. Yours,

"G. SOMERSET."

The morning after that he was up and away. Between him and Paula stretched nine hundred miles by the line of journey that he found it necessary to adopt, namely, by way of London, in order to inform his father of his movements, and to make one or two business calls. The afternoon was passed in attending to these matters, the night in speeding onward, and by the time that nine o'clock sounded next morning through the sunless and leaden air of the English Channel coasts, he had reduced the number of miles on his list by two hundred, and cut off the sea from the impediments between him and Paula.

Although his haste had involved an unpleasant night passage, he did not wait for rest, pressing onward at once to Paris, which he reached about noon. At present it was not the blithe and beautiful city that it had formerly been to him, but a stage marking three hundred and fifty miles as the number cleared off his score. He dined at a hotel without waiting for the regular *table d'hôte*, and about seven o'clock the same evening moved out of Paris on his southerly course, up the valley of the Seine and through the vine slopes of Burgundy. On awakening from a fitful sleep in the gray dawn of the next morning, he looked out upon the great city of silks, the scene of some of the ghastliest atrocities, Protestant, Catholic, and Revolutionary, that the civilized world has beheld. But all was quiet enough now, the citizens being unaroused as yet even to the daily round of breadwinning, and enveloped in a haze of fog.

Six hundred and fifty miles of his journey had now been got over: there still intervened two hundred and fifty between him and the end of suspense. When he thought of that, he was disinclined to pause; and pressed on by the same train, which set him down at Marseilles at midday.

Here he considered. By going on to Nice that afternoon he would arrive at too late an hour to call upon her at the hotel the same evening; it would therefore be advisable to sleep in Marseilles and proceed the next morning to his journey's end, so as to meet her in a brighter and more refreshed condition than he could boast of to-day. This he accordingly did, and leaving Marseilles the next morning about eight, found himself at Nice early in the afternoon.

Now that he was actually at the centre of his gravitation, he seemed even further away from a feasible meeting with her than in England. While afar off, his presence at Nice had appeared to be the one thing needful for the solution of his trouble, but the very house fronts seemed now to ask him what right he had there. Unluckily, in writing from England, he had not allowed her time to reply before his departure, so that he did not know what difficulties might lie in the way of her seeing him privately. Before deciding what to do, he walked down the Avenue de la Gare to the Promenade between the shore and the Jardin Public, and sat down to think.

The hotel which she had given him as her address looked right out upon him and the sea beyond, and he rested there with the pleasing hope that her eyes might glance from a window and discover his form. Everything in the scene was sunny and gay. Behind him in the gardens a band was playing: before him was the sea, the Great Sea, the historical and original Mediterranean; the sea of innumerable characters in history and legend that arranged themselves before him in a long frieze of memories so diverse as to include both Æneas and St. Paul.

Northern eyes are not prepared on a sudden for the impact of such images of warmth and color as meet them southward, or for the vigorous light that falls from the sky of this favored shore. In any other circumstances the transparency and serenity of the air, the perfume of the sea, the radiant houses, the palms and

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flowers, would have acted upon Somerset as an enchantment, and wrapped him in a reverie; but at present he only saw and felt these things as through a thick glass which kept out half their atmosphere.

At last he made up his mind, not on these subjects, but on that other subject which eclipsed them. He would take up his quarters at her hotel, and catch echoes of her and her people, to learn somehow if their attitude toward him as a lover were actually hostile, before formally encountering them. Under this crystalline light, full of gayeties, sentiment, languor, seductiveness, and ready-made romance, the memory of a solitary unimportant man in the lugubrious North might have faded from her mind. He was only her hired designer. He was an artist; but he had been engaged by her, and was not a volunteer; and she did not as yet know that he meant to accept no return for his labors but the pleasure of presenting them to her as a love-offering.

So off he went at once toward the imposing building whither his letters had preceded him. Owing to a press of visitors, there was a moment's delay before he could be attended to at the bureau, and he turned to the large staircase that confronted him, momentarily hoping that her figure might descend. Her dress must indeed have brushed the carpeting of those steps scores of times. She must have gone in and out of this portico daily. He now went to the hostess at the desk, engaged his room, ordered his luggage to be sent for, and finally inquired for the party he sought.

"They left Nice yesterday, monsieur," replied madame.

Was she quite sure? Somerset asked her.

Yes, she was quite sure. Two of the hotel carriages had driven them to the station.

Did she know where they had gone to?

This and other inquiries resulted in the information that they had gone to the hotel at Monte Carlo; that how long they were going to stay there, and whether they were coming back again, was not known. His final question whether Miss Power had received a letter from England which must have arrived the day previous was answered in the affirmative.

Somerset's first and sudden resolve was to cancel his engagement to stay here for the night, and to follow on after them to the hotel named; but he finally decided to make his immediate visit to Monte Carlo only a cursory one, returning to Nice to sleep.

Accordingly, after an early dinner, he again set forth through the broad Avenue de la Gare, and an hour on the coast railway brought him to the beautiful and sinister little spot to which the Power and De Stancy party had strayed in common with the rest of the frivolous throng.

He assumed that their visit thither would be chiefly one of curiosity, and therefore not prolonged. This proved to be the case in even greater measure than he had anticipated. On inquiry at the hotel he learned that they had staid only one night, leaving a short time before his arrival, though it was believed that some of the party were still in the town.

Somerset could not discover in which direction they had gone, and in a state of indecision he strolled into the gardens of the Casino, and looked out upon the sea. There it still lay—calm, yet lively; of an unmixed blue, yet variegated; hushed, but articulate even to melodiousness. Everything about and around this coast appeared indeed jaunty, tuneful, and at ease, reciprocating with heartiness the rays of the splendid sun; everything, except himself. The palms and the flowers on the terraces before him were undisturbed by a single cold breath. The marble-work of parapets and steps was unsplintered by frosts. The whole was like a conservatory, with the sky for its dome.

For want of other occupation he presently strolled round toward the public entrance to the Casino, and ascended the great staircase into the pillared hall. It was possible, after all, that after leaving the hotel and sending on their luggage they had taken another turn through the rooms, to follow by a later train. With more than curiosity, then, he scanned first the reading-rooms, only, however, to see not a face that he knew. He then crossed the vestibule to the gaming tables.

CHAPTER IV.

HERE he was confronted by a heated phantasmagoria of tainted splendor, a blaze of decoration, and a high pressure of suspense, which seemed to make the air quiver. A low hum of conversation prevailed, which might probably have been not wrongly defined as the lowest note of social harmony.

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The people gathered at this negative pole of industry had come from all civilized countries; their tongues were familiar with many forms of utterance, that of each racial group or type being unintelligible in its subtler variations, if not entirely, to the rest. But the language of *meum* and *tuum* they collectively comprehended without translation. In a half-charmed spell-bound state they had congregated in knots, standing or sitting in hollow circles round the notorious oval tables covered with green cloth, and marked with figures and lines. The eyes of all these sets of people were watching the Roulette. Somerset went from table to table, looking among the loungers rather than among the regular players for faces, or at least for one face, which did not meet his gaze, there passing into his ears the while a confusion of sentences: "Messieurs, faites le jeu!" "Le jeu est-il fait?" "Rien ne va plus!" "Vingt-quatre." "Noir." "Pair et Passe," from the lips of the croupiers.

The suggestive charm which the centuries-old impersonality, Gaming, rather than games and gamesters, had for Somerset, led him to loiter on even when his hope of meeting any of the Power and De Stancy party had vanished. As a non-participant in its profits and losses, fevers and frenzies, it had that stage effect upon his imagination which is usually exercised over those who behold Chance presented to them with spectacular piquancy without entering deeply enough into its spirit to become acquainted with the sordid details and childish reasoning that strip it of all romance. He beheld a hundred diametrically opposed wishes issuing from the murky intelligences around a table, and spreading down across each other upon the figured diagram in their midst, each to its own number. It was a net-work of hopes, which at the announcement, "Sept, Rouge, Impair, et Manque," disappeared like magic gossamer, to be replaced in a moment by new; and this again replaced minute after minute, day after day, and year after year. That all the people there, including himself, could be interested in what to the eye of ordinary reason was a somewhat monotonous thing—the property of numbers to recur at certain longer or shorter intervals in a machine containing them—in other words, the blind groping after fractions of a result the whole of which was well known—was one testimony among too many of the powerlessness of logic when confronted with imagination. In some of the gamblers there was an intentness that reached the point of ferocity; in others a feline patience that was even less admirable. But these symptoms were, after all, secondary. The broad aspect of nearly every one was that of well-mannered calm, and a cursory view of the faces alone would have discovered nothing strongly contrasting with those of a mixed congregation listening to a church sermon. If they were all worshippers of Belial, they seemed to find that word quite as sustaining as the blessed Mesopotamia and its kin.

At this juncture our lounger discerned at one of the tables about the last person in the world he could have wished to encounter there. It was Dare, whom he had supposed to be a thousand miles off, hanging about the purlieus of Markton.

Dare was seated beside a table in an attitude of application which seemed to imply that he had come early, and engaged in this pursuit in a systematic manner. Somerset had never witnessed Dare and De Stancy together, neither had he heard of any engagement of Dare by the travelling party as artist, courier, or otherwise; and yet it crossed his mind that Dare might have had something to do with them, or at least have seen them. This possibility was enough to overmaster Somerset's reluctance to speak to the young man, and he did so as soon as an opportunity occurred.

Dare's face was as rigid and dry as if it had been incrusted with plaster, and he was like one turned into a computing machine which no longer had the power of feeling. He recognized Somerset as indifferently as if he had met him in the ward of Stancy Castle, and replying to his remarks by a word or two, concentrated on the game anew.

"Are you here alone?" said Somerset, presently.

"Quite alone." There was a silence, till Dare added, "But I have seen some friends of yours." He again became absorbed in the events of the table. Somerset retreated a few steps, and pondered the question whether Dare could know where they had gone. He disliked to be beholden to Dare for information, but he would give a great deal to know. While

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pausing he watched Dare's play. He staked only five-franc pieces, but it was done with an assiduity worthy of larger coin. At every half-minute or so he placed his money on a certain spot, and as regularly had the mortification of seeing it swept away by the croupier's rake. After a while he varied his procedure. He risked his money, which from the look of his face seemed rather to have dwindled than increased, less recklessly against long odds than before. Leaving off backing numbers *en plein*, he laid his venture upon two columns *à cheval;* then tried it upon the dozens; then upon two numbers; then upon a square; and, apparently getting nearer and nearer defeat, at last upon the simple chances of even or odd, over or under, red or black. Yet, with a few fluctuations in his favor, fortune bore steadily against him, till he could breast her blows no longer. He rose from the table and came toward Somerset, and they both moved on together into the entrance hall.

Dare was at that moment the victim of an intolerably overpowering mania for more money. His presence in the south of Europe had its origin, as may be guessed, in Captain De Stancy's journey in the same direction, whom he had followed, and occasionally troubled with persistent requests for more funds, though carefully keeping out of sight of Paula and the rest. His dream of involving Paula in the De Stancy pedigree knew no abatement. But Somerset had by accident lighted upon him at an instant when his chronic idea, though not displaced, was overwhelmed by a temporary rage for continuing play. He was so possessed with this desire that, in a hope of being able to gratify it by Somerset's aid, he was prepared to do almost anything to please the architect.

"You asked me," said Dare, stroking his impassive brow, "if I had seen anything of the Powers. I have seen them; and if I can be of any use to you in giving information about them, I shall only be too glad."

"What information can you give?"

"I can tell you where they are gone to."

"Where?"

"To the Grand Hotel, Genoa. They went on there this afternoon."

"Whom do you refer to by they?"

"Mrs. Goodman, Mr. Power, Miss Power, Miss De Stancy, and the worthy Captain. He leaves them to-morrow: he comes back here on his way to England."

Somerset was silent. Dare continued: "Now I have done you a favor, will you do me one in return?"

Somerset looked toward the gaming-rooms, and said, dubiously, "Well?"

"Lend me two hundred francs."

"Yes," said Somerset; "but on one condition: that I don't give them to you till you are inside the hotel you are staying at."

"That can't be; it's at Nice."

"Well, I am going back to Nice, and I'll lend you the money the instant we get there."

"But I want it here, now, instantly!" cried Dare; and for the first time there was a wiry unreasonableness in his voice that fortified his companion more firmly than ever in his determination to lend the young man no money whilst he remained inside that building.

"You want it to throw it away. I don't approve of it; so come with me."

"But," said Dare, "I arrived here with a hundred napoleons and more, expressly to work out my theory of chances and recurrences, which is sound; I have studied it hundreds of times by the help of this." He partially drew from his pocket the little volume that we have before seen in his hands. "If I only persevere in my system, the certainty that I must win is almost mathematical. I have staked and lost two hundred and thirty-three times, allowing out of that one chance in every thirty-six (which is the average of zero being marked), and thirty-six times for each backer of the other numbers, I have the mathematical expectation of six times at least, which would nearly recoup me. And shall I, then, sacrifice that vast foundation of waste chances that I have laid down, and paid for, merely for want of a little ready money?"

"You might persevere for a twelvemonth, and still not get the better of your reverses. Time tells in favor of the bank. Just imagine, for the sake of argument, that all the people who have ever placed a stake upon a certain number to be one person playing continuously. Has that imaginary person won? The existence of the bank is a sufficient answer."

"But a particular player has the option of leaving off at any point favorable

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to himself, which the bank has not; and there's my opportunity."

"Which from your mood you will be sure not to take advantage of."

"I shall go on playing," said Dare, doggedly.

"Not with my money."

"Very well; we won't part as enemies," replied Dare, with the flawless politeness of a man whose speech has no longer any kinship with his feelings. "Shall we share a bottle of wine? You will not? Well, I hope your luck with your lady will be more magnificent than mine has been here; but—mind Captain De Stancy!—he's a fearful wild fowl for you."

"He's a harmless, inoffensive officer, as far as I know. If he is not—let him be what he may for me."

"And do his worst to cut you out, I suppose?"

"Ay—if you will." Somerset, much against his judgment, was being stimulated by these pricks into words of irritation. "Captain De Stancy might, I think, be better employed than in dangling at the heels of a lady who can well dispense with his company. And you might be better employed than in wasting your wages here."

"Wages—a fit word for my money. May I ask you at what stage in the appearance of a man whose way of existence is unknown his money ceases to be called wages, and begins to be called means?"

Somerset turned and left him without replying, Dare following his receding figure with a look of ripe resentment, not less likely to vent itself in mischief from the want of moral ballast in him who emitted it. He then fixed a nettled and unsatisfied gaze upon the gaming rooms, and in another minute or two left the Casino also.

Dare and Somerset met no more that day, the latter returned to Nice by the evening train, and went straight to the hotel. He now thanked his fortune that he had not precipitately given up his room there, for a telegram from Paula awaited him. His hand trembled as he opened it, to read the following few short words, dated from the Grand Hotel, Genoa."

"*Letter received. Am glad to hear of your journey. We are not returning to Nice, but stay here a week. I direct this at a venture.*"

This tantalizing message—the first breaking of her ominous silence—was saucy, almost cruel, in its dry frigidity. It led him to give up his idea of following at once to Genoa. That was what she obviously expected him to do, and it was possible that his non-arrival might draw a letter or message from her of a sweeter composition than this. That would at least be the effect of his tardiness if she cared in the least for him; if she did not, he could bear the worst. The argument was good enough as far as it went, but, like many more, failed from the narrowness of its premises, the contingent intervention of Dare being entirely undreamed of. It was altogether a fatal miscalculation, which cost him dear.

Passing by the telegraph office in the Rue Pont-Neuf at an early hour the next morning, he saw Dare coming out from the door. It was Somerset's momentary impulse to thank Dare for the information given as to Paula's whereabouts—information which had now proved true. But Dare did not seem to appreciate his friendliness, and after a few words of studied politeness, the young man moved on.

And well he might. Five minutes before that time he had thrown open a gulf of treachery between himself and the architect which nothing in life could ever close. Before leaving the telegraph office Dare had dispatched the following message to Paula direct, as a set-off against what he called Somerset's ingratitude for valuable information, though it was really the fruit of many passions, motives, and desires:

"*G. Somerset, Nice, to Miss Power, Grand Hotel, Genoa:*

"*Have lost all at Monte Carlo. Have learned that Captain D. S. returns here to-morrow. Please send me one hundred pounds by him, and save me from disgrace. Will await him at eleven o'clock and four, on the Pont-Neuf.*"

CHAPTER V.

FIVE hours after the dispatch of that telegram, Captain De Stancy was rattling along the coast railway of the Riviera from Genoa to Nice. He was returning to England by way of Marseilles; but before turning northward he had engaged to perform on Miss Power's account a peculiar and somewhat disagreeable duty.

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This was to place in Somerset's hands a hundred and twenty-five napoleons which had been demanded from her by a message in Somerset's name. The money was in his pocket—all in gold, in a canvas bag, tied up by Paula's own hands, which he had observed to tremble as she tied it.

As he leaned in the corner of the carriage he was thinking over the events of the morning which had culminated in that liberal response. At ten o'clock, before he had gone out from the hotel where he had taken up his quarters, which was not the same as the one patronized by Paula and her friends, he had been summoned to her presence in a manner so unexpected as to imply that something serious was in question. On entering her room he had been struck by the absence of that saucy independence usually apparent in her bearing toward him, notwithstanding the persistency with which he had hovered near her for the previous month, and gradually, by the favor of her uncle and the position of his sister, almost won his way to the position of a member of the travelling party. His entry, however, this time as always, had had the effect of a tonic, and it was quite with her customary self-possession that she told him of the object of her message.

"You think of returning to Nice this afternoon?" she had inquired.

De Stancy informed her that such was his intention, and asked if he could do anything for her there.

Then, he remembered, she had hesitated. "I have received a telegram," she had said at length; and so she allowed to escape her bit by bit the information that her architect, whose name she seemed reluctant to utter, had travelled from England to Nice that week, partly to consult her, partly for a holiday trip; that he had gone on to Monte Carlo, had there lost his money and got into difficulties, and had appealed to her to help him out of them by the immediate advance of some ready cash. It was a sad case, an unexpected case, she had murmured, with her eyes fixed on the window. Indeed, she could not comprehend it.

To De Stancy there had appeared nothing so very extraordinary in Somerset's apparent fiasco, except in so far as that he should have applied to Paula for relief from his distresses instead of elsewhere. It was a self-humiliation which a lover would have avoided at all costs, he thought. Yet after a momentary reflection on his theory of Somerset's character, it had seemed sufficiently natural that he should lean persistently on Paula, if only with a view of keeping himself linked to her memory, without thinking too profoundly of his own dignity. That the esteem in which she had held Somerset up to that hour suffered a tremendous blow by his apparent scrape was clearly visible in her, reticent as she was; and De Stancy, while pitying Somerset, thanked him in his mind for having gratuitously given a rival an advantage which that rival's attentions had never been able to gain of themselves.

After a little further conversation she had said: "Since you are to be my messenger, I must tell you that I have decided to send the hundred pounds asked for, and you will please to deliver them into no hands but his own." A curious little blush had crept over her sober face—perhaps it was a blush of shame at the conduct of the young man in whom she had once been suspiciously interested—as she added, "He will be on the Pont-Neuf at four this afternoon, and again at eleven to-morrow. Can you meet him there?"

"Certainly," De Stancy had replied.

She had then asked him, rather anxiously, how he could account for Mr. Somerset knowing that he, Captain De Stancy, was about to return to Nice.

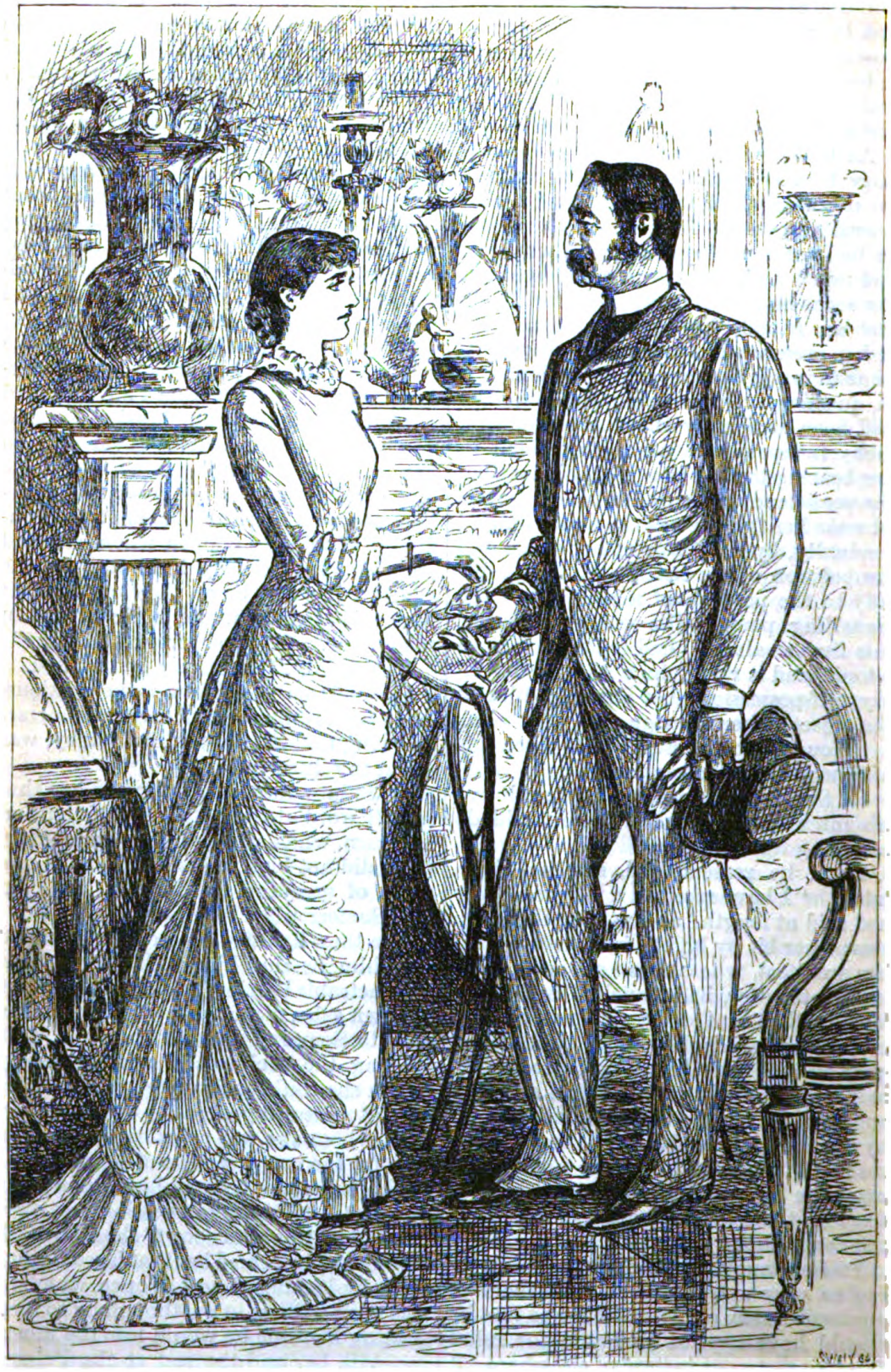
De Stancy had then informed her that he left word at the hotel of his intention to return, which was quite true: moreover, there did not lurk in his mind at the moment of speaking the faintest suspicion that Somerset had seen Dare.

She then had tied the bag and handed it to him, leaving him with a serene and impenetrable bearing, which he hoped, for his own sake, meant an acquired indifference to Somerset and his fortunes. Her sending the architect a sum of money which she could easily spare might be set down to natural generosity toward a man with whom she was artistically co-operating for the improvement of her home.

She had come back to him again for a moment. "Could you possibly get there before four this afternoon?" she had asked, and he had informed her that he could just do so by leaving almost at once, which he was very willing to do, though by so forestalling his time he would lose the morning with her and the rest at the Palazzo Doria.

"I may tell you that I shall not go to

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"YOU WILL PLEASE TO DELIVER THEM INTO NO HANDS BUT HIS OWN."

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the Palazzo Doria either, if it is any consolation to you to know it," was her reply. "I shall sit in-doors and think of you on your journey."

The answer had admitted of two translations, but her manner had inclined him to the inference that her reason for abstaining from a visit was his enforced abandonment of it, and not her mental absorption in the result of his meeting with Somerset. These retrospections and conjectures filled the gallant officer's mind during the greater part of the journey. He arrived at the hotel they had all staid at in succession, about six hours after Somerset had left it for a little excursion to San Remo and its neighborhood, as a means of passing a few days till Paula should write again to inquire why he had not come on. Had De Stancy and Somerset met at Nice, a curious explanation would have resulted; but so it was that De Stancy saw no one he knew, and in obedience to Paula's commands he promptly set off on foot for the Pont-Neuf.

Though opposed to the architect as a lover, De Stancy felt for him as a poor devil in need of money, having had experiences of that sort himself, and he was really anxious that the needful supply intrusted to him should reach Somerset's hands. He was on the bridge five minutes before the hour, and when the clock struck, a hand was laid on his shoulder; turning, he beheld Dare.

Knowing that the youth was loitering somewhere along the coast, for they had frequently met together on De Stancy's previous visit, the latter merely said: "Don't bother me for the present, Willy; I have an engagement. You can see me at the hotel this evening."

"When you have given me the hundred pounds, I will fly like a rocket, Captain," said the young gentleman. "I keep the appointment instead of the other man."

De Stancy looked hard at him. "How —do you know about this?" he asked, breathlessly.

"I have seen him."

De Stancy took the young man by the two shoulders and gazed into his eyes. The scrutiny seemed not altogether to remove the suspicion which had suddenly started up in his mind. "My soul," he said, dropping his arms, "can this be true?"

"What?"

"You know."

Dare shrugged his shoulders. "Are you going to hand over the money or no?" he said.

"I am going to make inquiries," said De Stancy, walking away with a vehement tread.

"Captain, you are without natural affection," said Dare, walking by his side, in a tone which showed his fear that he had overestimated that emotion. "See what I have done for you. You have been my constant care and anxiety for I can't tell how long. I have staid awake at night thinking how I might best give you a good start in the world by arranging this judicious marriage, when you have been sleeping as sound as a top, with no cares upon your mind at all; and now I have got into a scrape—as the most thoughtful of us may sometimes—you go to make inquiries."

"I have promised the lady to whom this money belongs—whose generosity has been shamefully abused in some way—that I will deliver it into no hands but those of one man, and he has not yet appeared. I therefore go to find him."

Dare laid his hand upon De Stancy's arm. "Captain, we are both warm; this will come to a split between us if we don't mind. So, not to bring matters to a crisis, lend me ten pounds here to enable me to get home, and I'll disappear."

In a state bordering on distraction, eager to get the young man out of his sight before worse revelations should rise up between them, De Stancy, without pausing in his walk, gave him the sum demanded. He soon reached the post-office, where he inquired if a Mr. Somerset had left any directions for forwarding letters.

It was just what Somerset had done. De Stancy was told that Mr. Somerset had commanded that any letters should be sent on to him at the Hôtel Victoria, San Remo.

It was now evident that the scheme of getting money from Paula was either of Dare's invention, or that Somerset, ashamed of his first impulse, had abandoned it as speedily as it had been formed. De Stancy turned and went out. Dare, in keeping with his promise, had vanished. Captain De Stancy resolved to do nothing in the case, till further events should enlighten him, beyond sending a line to Miss Power to inform her that Somerset had not appeared, and that he therefore retained the money till further instructions.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

"I DON'T like them comets. They always bring trouble; and this one means that something terrible is going to happen to this country." It was an old French-Canadian gardener who spoke. He had been a prisoner at Andersonville, and was proud of the cause for which he had fought. Two hours later a wagon drove up, and the driver said, excitedly, "The President has been shot." "There!" said the old gardener, eager and trembling, his superstition confirmed forever.

The appalled man, listening aghast to the sorrowful story, was a representative of the whole country on the Saturday morning when the attempt upon the President's life was known. At the moment of writing, he is still bravely and cheerfully fronting death, he at least undismayed, whatever may be the apprehension of others. Indeed, profound sympathy for the President and his wife is mingled with universal admiration for the manly courage with which he has borne himself throughout the prolonged doubt and struggle. Whatever the event, his name will be always mentioned by Americans with grateful pride as an illustration of those qualities which they are fond of believing to be peculiarly American, and which charm the popular heart. Like Mr. Lincoln, President Garfield is a noble representative of the true American, of those whom Lincoln himself called the plain people. By that phrase he meant those who honestly make their own way without the aid of fortunate circumstance, and by the force of their own intelligence. This includes the great multitude of Americans. They are the people who composed the town-meetings a century ago, who, without fury or extravagance of any kind, but with the most patient endurance and persistent heroism, overthrew the king's government, and organized themselves into a nation. They had noble leaders, of course; but leaders must have something to lead. A true leader is but an advanced figure of men of his own spirit. Prescott did not win at Bunker Hill by telling his men to withhold their fire until they saw the whites of the British eyes, but by commanding men who were capable of doing it.

As the President has lain upon his bed, between life and death, his strong body, unspoiled by excess, favoring at every point the healing energy of nature, his strong mind cheerfully weighing every chance, and playfully encouraging every one around him, has been as grateful a figure to his countrymen as any of those older heroes whom they justly and gladly honor. The daily and almost hourly bulletins from the bedside at the White House have stirred every heart as they are stirred by heroic poetry and tradition. Every generous man is instinctively proud of a hero. His heroism is a tribute to the common humanity. A man is exalted by seeing what he also may be and do. We do not live—or die—to ourselves alone.

The universality of the feeling is one of the striking incidents of this most critical time. The Chief Magistrate of a great nation lies wrestling with death. But amid the general and sincere grief there is no terror or foreboding. Stocks do not waver or decline. Nobody has the vague fear which followed the disasters of the war, and especially the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. The reason is that the blow is not that of one party against another, which would tend to show that we had reached the end of the republic, the bloody proscriptions of Sulla and Marius. It is the result, indeed, of an intense and malignant spirit of faction; but the cause was at once seen, and knowing the cause, the patriotic good sense of the country can deal with it. The assassin is of the President's party, but he believes that the President has wronged him and the party by his distribution of patronage. That is the bitter root which breeds faction within party, and fans the fires of party spirit to fury. The remedy lies, of course, in extirpating the root.

Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, in a Commencement address at Williams College, which it was expected the President would hear, announced that the substitution of proved fitness for mere favoritism in appointment is un-American. It is painful to hear a Senator of the United States stigmatize opening the public service to every qualified citizen as un-American, because it implies that in his judgment the present despotism of patronage, which excludes an immense proportion of Americans from any chance whatever of entering the public service, is peculiarly American. Before Senator Ingalls spoke, however, it had been supposed that if there is anything peculiarly American, it is fair play, or, as Jefferson said, "equal and exact justice to all men"—a justice which is absolutely denied by the system which Senator Ingalls indirectly and by implication defends.

But as the President lies low, Democrats and Republicans equally share the sorrow. Indeed, the Legislature of Georgia, which is Democratic, at once declared its sympathy and horror; and in the Republican Legislature of New York the Democrats, even before the Republicans, forcibly expressed their detestation of the deed. Democrats and Republicans also agree upon the significance of the crime and upon the proper remedy. One observer says that the pistol of Guiteau has fatally wounded the spoils system. However that may be, it has imperatively drawn the attention of the country to the necessity of abating the fury of faction by obvious and practicable means. One of the most touching of the telegrams is from an ex-Confederate soldier, blind and disabled, who prays for the safety of the President. The old

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soldier knows that his former foe is not his enemy, and that a deep sense of duty acquits each old antagonist to himself. The President is now but the official executor of mild and equal laws, the representative of a common interest and a common pride and hope. Long before this Magazine is issued the result will be doubtless determined. Should it be that which all Christendom would deplore, the great consolation of the country would be the faith which Garfield himself expressed in Wall Street when Lincoln was stricken—a faith alike in the Divine goodness that controls affairs, and in the recuperative energy of American institutions.

THE great Commencement event of the summer was Wendell Phillips's oration at the centennial anniversary of the venerable Φ. B. K. at Cambridge. It was also the semi-centennial of the orator's graduation at Harvard, and there was great anticipation, not only because Mr. Phillips is now in many ways the first orator of his time, but because his alma mater has not sympathized with his career. On the day before, which was Commencement-day, there was general wonder among the Harvard men of all years whether the orator would regard the amenities of the occasion, and pour out his music and his wit upon some purely literary theme, or seize his venerable mother by the hair, and gracefully twist it out with a smile:

> "Oh, your sweet eyes, your low replies:
> A great enchantress you may be;
> But there was that across his throat
> Which you had hardly cared to see."

The morning was beautiful, a sweet, fresh, brilliant June morning, and there was a great assembly in the grounds of the university. The usual Φ. B. K. attendance is not large. The celebration occurs on the last day of prolonged college festivities, and the number of members of the society is limited; nor, in fact, has it a real existence except on the day of its oration and poem and dinner. This year, however, the centennial of Harvard, from which all the other chapters, except the parent chapter at William and Mary, have proceeded, had drawn delegations from seventeen other colleges. The pink and blue ribbon, which has replaced the square gold watch-key of other days, fluttered at every button-hole, and with pealing music leading the way, the long, long procession—a Φ. B. K. procession such as even Harvard never saw before—wound under the imposing buildings toward the beautiful college hall, the Sanders Theatre.

A great college day is always a feast of memory. As the music swelled and the procession moved, the air was full of visions, of forms long vanished, of voices forever silent. To the Φ. B. K. memory in Cambridge, however, three of the society's famous days returned. First, that 26th of August, 1824, when Edward Everett delivered the oration, which closed with the apostrophe to Lafayette, sitting upon the platform in the old meeting-house, which stood, we believe, where Gore Hall now stands. It is the college tradition that the audience rose in enthusiasm with the last words of the orator: "Welcome, thrice welcome, to our shores: and whithersoever throughout the limits of the continent your course shall take you, the ear that hears you shall bless you, the eye that sees you shall bear witness to you, and every tongue exclaim with heart-felt joy, Welcome, welcome, Lafayette!" and that Lafayette himself, not clearly apprehending the drift of the peroration, and swept on by sympathy, eagerly applauded with the excited throng. Second, that 31st of August, 1837, when Ralph Waldo Emerson read the remarkable discourse to whose calm, wise, and thrilling words the hearts of men who were young then still vibrate, and to which their lives have responded; and third, the day in 1836 when Oliver Wendell Holmes read his poem, "A Metrical Essay," which is the traditional Φ. B. K. poem, as Everett's and Emerson's are the traditional orations. Richard H. Dana, Jun., calls Everett's discourse the first of a kind in which there have been brilliant illustrations, the rhetorical, literary, historical, and political essay blended in one, and made captivating by every charm of oratory.

But the procession has reached the theatre, in which already there are ladies seated, and in a few moments the building is filled with an audience to which any orator would be proud to speak. There is music as the audience rustles and murmurs into its place with eager expectation. Then there is a prayer. Then Mr. Choate, the president of the day, with his customary felicity and sparkling banter, speaks of the origin of the ancient and mysterious brotherhood. "And now," he says, in ending, "I introduce to you him who, whenever and wherever he speaks, is the orator of the day." Mr. Phillips rises, and buttons his frock-coat across his white waistcoat as he moves to the front of the platform. Seen from the theatre, his hair is gray, and his face looks older, but there is the same patrician air; and with the familiar tranquillity and colloquial ease he begins to speak.

He spoke perhaps for two hours, perhaps for half an hour. But there was no sense of the lapse of time. His voice was somewhat less strong, but it had all the old force and the old music. He was in constant action, never vehement, never declamatory in tone, walking often to and fro, every gesture expressive, art perfectly concealing art. It was all melody and grace and magic, all wit and paradox and power. The apt quotation, the fine metaphor, the careful accumulation of intensive epithet to point an audacious and startling assertion, the pathos, the humor. But why try to describe beauty? It was consummate art, and as noble a display of high oratory as any hearer or spectator had known.

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It is usually thought that there must be a great occasion for great oratory. Burke and Chatham upon the floor of Parliament plead for America against coercion; Adams and Otis and Patrick Henry in vast popular assemblies fire the colonial heart to resist aggression; Webster lays the corner-stone on Bunker Hill, or in the Senate unmasks secession in the guise of political abstraction; Everett must have the living Lafayette by his side. But here is an orator without an antagonist, with no measure to urge or oppose, whose simple theme upon a literary occasion is the public duty of the scholar. But he touches and stirs and inspires every listener; and as he quietly ends his discourse with a stanza of Lowell's that he has quoted a hundred times, every hearer feels that it is a historic day, and that what he has seen and heard will be one of the traditions of Harvard and of Φ. B. K.

It does not follow, because the audience was charmed, and overflowed with expressions of delight, that it therefore agreed. When an orator calls the French Revolution "the greatest, the most unmixed, the most unstained and wholly perfect blessing Europe has had in modern times, unless, perhaps, we may possibly except the Reformation," there will be those who differ—who will grant the beneficent results of revolutions, as of wild storms of nature, but who will hesitate to call a movement of which the September days, the noyades, and the bloody fury of a brutal mob were incidents, the most unmixed and the most unstained of blessings. No American would undo emancipation, to which the life of the orator has been devoted. It was a great blessing to the country and to humanity; but from the blood of Lovejoy to that of the last victim of the war on either side, it was not an unstained and unmixed blessing. There is, indeed, a sense in which "to gar kings know" that they have a joint in their necks may in itself be called an unstained political gain. But since historically the lesson is taught only by the terrible suffering of the innocent and the guilty together, it is, in fact, terribly stained. "Ah!" said the most benignant of men, "it was a delightful discourse, but preposterous from beginning to end."

Yet its central idea, that it is the duty of educated men actively to lead the progress of their time, is incontestable. The orator, indeed, virtually arraigned his alma mater for moral hesitation and timidity. But a university lives in its children, and is judged by them; and surely the history of civil and religious liberty in this country from Samuel Adams, James Otis, and Joseph Warren down to Channing and Parker, Charles Sumner and Wendell Phillips, and the brave boys of whom Memorial Hall is the monument, all of whom were sons of Harvard, does not show that the old university has not contributed her share of leadership.

Such answers, striking and trenchant and admirable, were perhaps made at the delightful dinner which followed the oration. Perhaps President Eliot promptly took up and threw back with eloquent energy the gage which had been thrown in the very face of the venerable mother by one of her eminent children, so illustrating that ample resource and sagacious firmness which have made his administration most efficient and memorable. Perhaps Dr. Holmes, whose felicitous genius overflowing in wit and music has long put the sparkling bead upon the Φ. B. K. goblet, recited the lines whose response was the gay laughter that rang through a pelting shower of rain far over the college grounds. Perhaps as "Auld Lang Syne" was sung with locked hands at the end of the dinner, if "Auld Lang Syne" is ever sung at Φ. B. K. dinners, there was a general feeling that the day had been a red-letter day for the university, and a white day in the recollection of all who had heard one of the most charming discourses that were ever delivered in the country, and had beheld a display of oratorical art which in this time, at least, can not be surpassed. But of all this nothing can ever be known, because the feasts of Φ. B. K. are sealed with secrecy.

It seems to be understood that the American novel, which has been so long anxiously expected, is gradually arriving, not, indeed, in the precise form which may have been anticipated, but in its essential substance. Types of character are appearing which are plainly intended to be distinctively American, and they are the creation of genius which is peculiarly intent upon character rather than upon incident or plot. Our first novelist, Cooper, was distinctively American in his scenery and circumstance, but not in the finer portraiture of character as moulded by a new world. His tales were of the Indians and of the Revolution, but he relied upon the novelty of his subject and the interest of his plot. His two characters are Leatherstocking and Harvey Birch, and as stories of romantic adventure his novels are perhaps not unworthy of the praise which Thackeray gave them when he called Leatherstocking one of "the prize men" of fiction.

But the word novel has come to have a distinctive significance, quite different from the romance and the stirring story. It is the picture of character under certain artificial conditions called society, of human nature as affected by traditional social usages. Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* is an immortal story of adventure, and Addison's *Roger de Coverley* papers a delightful sketch of character. *Sir Roger* appeared eight years before *Robinson Crusoe*, but although it is not a connected narrative with a general plan, it is undoubtedly the immediate beginning of our modern novel, the first sketch in the distinctively modern manner. Richardson and Fielding, who followed, developed and elaborated the style. All these writers, Addison, Richardson, and Fielding, drew

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pictures of the familiar society of their time, and it is this which is the characteristic of the novel. There has been prolonged and patient waiting for the appearance of the same talent in this country, dealing with life and character here as the English masters have treated English life and character. It is easy enough to write about Niagara and Saratoga and Newport, and to describe what is seen. But everything in art depends upon the seer. Sir Roger de Coverley was a familiar character to every Englishman, but Addison was the first who really saw him. Tom Jones and Amelia and Parson Adams were common figures, but it is Fielding alone who makes us know them. All Englishmen saw them with eyes, but Addison and Fielding saw them with the imagination. That is the difference between Shakespeare and Settle.

In this country, after Cooper had drawn the Indian fighter and told the Revolutionary story, Judge Haliburton and Seba Smith gave us the Yankee. Sam Slick and Major Jack Downing appeared. They were types of character seen without imagination and drawn without skill; the pictures were extravaganzas and caricatures. Then came the Puritan,

"Whose scarlet web our wild romancer weaves,"

in the most powerful work of imagination in American literature; and then the slave in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the most powerful and forcible of philanthropic appeals, which pleaded with the heart of every nation in its own language. But the peculiar sphere of the novelist was yet unoccupied, and American life and character were as yet unrepresented in the way that English character and life appear in the English novel. Suddenly, however, and recently, it is perceived that the work is in hand. Yet it is evident that it may prove that the divergence from the English type has not yet resulted in another type so different as to be distinctively American.

The two finest observers, with the most delicately trained and skillful hands to portray what they see in this kind, are Mr. Howells and Mr. Henry James, Jun. Their works as yet are not so elaborate as the great English novels, but they are widely read, and they plainly depict various aspects of a figure which is presented as American. One of the most clearly cut and illustrative of these is not a novel, but a study—Mr. James's *Daisy Miller*. This little sketch was received with an admission of its undeniable skill, but with a good deal of protest against what was called its exaggeration or misrepresentation, and of indignation with what was described as the willingness of the author to malign his own country-women, or, if driven from this point, his disposition to choose disagreeable instead of agreeable forms of American character. But the truth is that Daisy Miller is neither an exaggeration nor misrepresentation, and the sole legitimate question is whether she is exceptional or characteristic. She certainly tramples upon the European social conventions, and she does what would ruin the reputation of a young woman bred in European society. But is there anything except the usages of that society which are invaded? Is there anything essentially unmaidenly, anything incompatible with true womanly self-respect, in her conduct? She is accused of vulgarity. But is there any breach of real decorum of conduct, and is difference from the European social standard to be correctly described as vulgarity? Or—and this is the crucial question—if ignorance and disregard of the rules of polite society be vulgarity, does not the typical American disregard them, and, if so, is he not vulgar? If it be so, to draw an American accurately is to depict a vulgar person.

We are far from saying that it is so; but obviously Mr. James and Mr. Howells could not select a young man or woman radiant with charms that would delight the haughtiest aristocratic European circle, and firm in the principles which American party platforms applaud, and present them to us as distinctively American. There are, indeed, no more refined and lovely women, no more intelligent and courteous men, in the world, than Americans whom we all know, but it does not therefore follow that Daisy Miller is not a typical American girl, nor Mr. Howells's Hoskins a typical American man. If an American who is sparely educated, who began early to make his own way by sharp conflict of wits and the mild morality of trade, who has early accumulated a fortune, who is generous and honest and true-hearted, who feels that he is as good as anybody, and who likes to have the best of "everything going"; who is likely to use bad grammar, to say and do awkward things, to lack the grace of manner and the peculiar refinement which are found in an old society, and which are quite compatible with heartlessness and hard inhumanity and grossness—if an American of this kind is the representative of the quality of the average American character and impression, he may be what is called vulgar, but can it be denied that he is typical?

John Bull is not an agreeable personification of national characteristics, and certainly he does not represent the Elizabethan Englishman, nor the Stuart Cavalier, nor the Commonwealth's man; but he is recognized and current because, for all that, he is still typical of the Englishman. It seems to be as little questionable that the characters which Mr. James and Mr. Howells sketch are characteristically American. They are figures which we all immediately recognize, not as exceptional, but as fairly representative of their class; not, indeed, as all-comprehensive and exhaustive, as Admiral Trunnion does not include Collingwood and Nelson, but nevertheless American as Trunnion is English. How charmingly American is the Lady of the Aroostook. But she is no more distinctively so than Daisy Miller.

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They both belong to what we sometimes call our unconventional American world. As a piece of comparative delineation of the two general European and American types, nothing is finer than the picture of Robert Acton and the Baroness Münster in Mr. James's story, *The European*. It is plain that in the pages of both Howells and James the American is beginning to appear as the Englishman and Frenchman figure upon those of Thackeray and Balzac, with no imitation of those or of any other masters, but with the same kind of perception, and with exquisite art of portraiture.

A LATE English paper says that the inherent flunkyism of English society was curiously illustrated at a recent fair in London. Princesses and "professional beauties" had agreed to keep stalls in fancy dresses, and the crowd which rushed to see them was so immense that it was impossible to move about, difficult to see anything, and the doors were closed to prevent a catastrophe. Nobody had any pleasure, but everybody was tired and ill-tempered, and brought away a few ridiculous things which they did not want, and for which they had paid absurdly extravagant prices. Yet the fair yielded nearly forty thousand dollars, and the paper sardonically advises the managers of "Hospital Sunday" to engage a few princesses and duchesses to hold the plates, and to be sure and advertise freely. It might be well to provide that nobody should be admitted to divine worship on that Sunday who did not agree in advance to put a guinea in the plate. But that is probably needless. Franklin emptied his pockets when he heard Whitefield's pathetic appeals; and no true Briton could refuse a guinea to a plate held by a princess or a "professional beauty."

Flunkys love a lord. But we know no more amusing illustration of it than a sermon that we lately saw, preached a hundred and twenty years ago. The clerical flunky is not the most uncommon, but he is the most disagreeable of the kind. We get glimpses of him at the levées of prime ministers at the very period to which the sermon belongs. They went begging for preferment, and were ready to do what was necessary to get it. Thackeray devotes three papers of his great book to clerical snobs. He would have enjoyed the one who composed and delivered this sermon, which was in commemoration of that precious ornament of his species, to whom Thackeray himself has done justice, King George II. It is edifying to turn from Hervey's memoirs of the court of that monarch, and from Thackeray's legend for his statue, to the sermon delivered at Nassau Hall, January 14, 1761, on the Death of His Late Majesty King George II.

"George is no more!" saith the preacher; "George, the Mighty, the Just, the Gentle, and the Wise; George, the Father of Britain and her Colonies, the Guardian of Laws and Liberty; the Protector of the Oppressed, the Arbiter of Europe, the Terror of Tyrants and France; George, the Friend of Man, the Benefactor of Millions, is no more! Millions tremble at the Alarm. Britain expresses her Sorrow in National Groans, Europe re-echoes to the melancholy sound; the melancholy sound circulates far and wide. This remote American Continent shares in the loyal sympathy. The wide intermediate Atlantic rolls the Tide of Grief to these distant Shores. And even the recluse Sons of Nassau Hall feel the immense bereavement with all the sensibility of a filial Heart, and must mourn with their Country, with *Britain*, with *Europe*, with the World. George was our Father too. In his Reign—a Reign so auspicious to Literature and all the Improvements of human Nature—was this Foundation laid, and the College of New Jersey received its Existence. And though, like the sun, he shone in a distant sphere, we felt (most sensibly felt) His benign Influences, cherishing Science and her votaries, in this her new-born Temple."

This was the way in which the Tory pulpit worshipped the throne of earthly grace and favor a hundred and twenty years ago. But this strain is cold compared with the ecstasies of a foot-note which records the millennium foretold by one of the very first acts of George III.: "A Proclamation for the Encouragement of Piety and Virtue, and for Preventing of Vice, Profaneness, and Immorality." The preacher, forgetting that he has been depicting the lamented second George as the paragon of all excellence, breaks out, exultingly, "Virtue! Thou Heaven-born exile! Return to court!" There is nothing in the satires of this "inherent flunkyism" of English society which is so ludicrous as its sincere manifestations. All this clerical adulation was bestowed upon a man whom John Quincy Adams described as "a rude, illiterate old soldier of the wars for the Spanish succession; little versed even in the language of the nations over which he ruled; educated to the maxims and principles of the feudal law, of openly licentious life, and of moral character far from creditable; he styled himself, By the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King." It is perhaps the highest praise of the ability of Sir Robert Walpole that with such a person on the throne, without the modern restraints of the prerogative, and with Jacobite intrigue seething upon every side, he gave the direction to England which she has never lost.

Loyalty, in its Tory interpretation, is merely the flunkyism which was displayed in the rush and crush to see princesses and "professional beauties" at a fair. It holds that the acts and words and character of a person upon a throne are not to be judged by their essential quality, but by the conventional position of the person; and Bagehot points out that there is a very general belief among the more ignorant English people that the monarch is

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really of a different kind of humanity from themselves. This is buying the advantages of a permanent executive head to the government at an enormous price. In fact, it goes far to destroy those advantages by creating a power which can be restrained only by the absurdest inconsistency of conduct. The British monarchy has been maintained only by the sacrifice of the monarch, and the absurdity of the statement aptly represents that of the situation. The fact, however, makes the flunkyism even more ludicrous. If princes and princesses and dukes and duchesses possessed real power, if they could send the citizen to the Bastile or the galleys, or the Parliament about its business, there would be something intelligible in the ducking and deference. But they are lions shorn, they are tigers with their teeth and claws drawn. They are impotent forms of power only. What is called loyalty is no longer a noble and generous sentiment; it is mainly what is called by the English themselves flunkyism and snobbery.

And what are "professional beauties"? In a great many English and American circles there is a kind of amused amazement at American society. But no newspaper anywhere in this country could truly record that abject snobbishness of conduct which the English journal impatiently stigmatizes as the inherent flunkyism of English society. It is not permitted to such society to raise its eyebrows at Daisy Miller. Daisy Miller can safely walk with a young man without a matron, but she is not a "professional beauty." She is not a woman who owes her distinction and success to the countenance of a prince. The society in which she moves may be disturbing to the eyebrows of those who crowd to buy a bonbon of a "professional beauty," but it is a society into which Sarah Bernhardt can not enter. The snob papers could not have been written in this country, and part of our interest in reading them lies in their revelation of a new social realm. We have plenty of vulgar people like those who run after princesses and professional beauties, and plenty of "shoddy" aristocracy who try to do what they suppose princesses and professional beauties do, and who furnish endless entertainment and inextinguishable laughter to the spectator. They may be seen on parade at Saratoga and Newport and Long Branch and at every summer resort. But American society is not inherently flunkyish. There is no class of persons anywhere in the country whose social position is such that their presence at a fair would draw the world. This very summer there are rosy swarms of beautiful women by the sea and among the hills, but among them all there is not one "professional beauty."

Editor's Literary Record.

IF the world does not become thoroughly familiar with the interior history of Europe during and immediately succeeding the meteoric career of Napoleon, it certainly will not be from any lack of full and authentic material, laying bare the motives and ulterior aims of the great actors upon the stage at that time. In addition to the elaborate details that have been accumulated by eminent French, English, and other historians of the period, the copious memoirs of Prince Metternich, which we noticed while the several volumes composing them were yet fresh from the press, cover the whole of this momentous period, and minutely reveal its inner history, as interpreted by that distinguished statesman, from the Austrian stand-point. Another view is now afforded of a portion of the same period, equally as minute in its details and as full in its revelations, from the point of view of the no less subtle and distinguished French civilian Prince Talleyrand, but with colorings and interpretations that differ widely from those of his great Austrian contemporary and rival. The period to which we allude is that brief and important, though in a large degree fruitless, episode in modern European history which witnessed the negotiations of the celebrated Congress of Vienna, extending from September 25, 1814, shortly after the enforced retirement of Napoleon to Elba and the establishment of Louis XVIII. on the French throne by the Allies, until its deliberations were abruptly closed in March, 1815, by the astounding news of the return of Napoleon from Elba, and his march to Paris, quickly followed by the pusillanimous abandonment of France by Louis, and his flight to Ghent. The French documents relating to this memorable Congress have been preserved in manuscript in the archives of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Paris, and are one hundred in number, eighty of them being letters from Talleyrand to Louis during the Congress, rehearsing the attitude toward each other and toward France of the sovereigns and ministers who participated in it, and the details of the results of his conferences with them, and the remainder consisting of minutes of letters, instructions, and notes in approval of Talleyrand's proceedings from Louis to Talleyrand at different stages of the Congress, together with several official or diplomatic documents of great value to the historical inquirer, foremost in interest among them being Talleyrand's famous report to Louis (reviewing the events and measures of his government prior to Napoleon's return from Elba, and pointing out with suave and respectful but unsparing severity his errors and mistakes) on the eve of Louis's departure from Ghent to resume the throne at Paris, concur-

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rently with the movement of the allied armies that resulted in the final overthrow and downfall of Napoleon. These documents, which had hitherto remained unpublished, although they had been consulted by Thiers, Alison, Guizot, and other historians, and the gist of their most important contents incorporated in their works, are now first published in full, and ably edited by a French scholar, Mr. M. G. Pallain, under the title of *The Correspondence of Prince Talleyrand and King Louis XVIII. during the Congress of Vienna.*[1] Mr. Pallain prefaces the documents with a thoughtful essay examining and estimating the nature and character of the policy pursued by Talleyrand at the Congress, more especially with reference to its wisdom and statesmanship in contributing to the Austro-English alliance in 1814; and he has also added to each of the letters and documents a large number of valuable notes and references, many of the former being extracts from contemporaneous private and official letters and documents, which throw light on passages in the correspondence, and enable the reader to understand their personal, political, and historical allusions. If the reader will look in vain through Talleyrand's letters and dispatches, in which the chief interest of the volume resides, for any exhibitions of the epigrammatic wit, irony, and raillery for which their author was celebrated, he will meet at every turn innumerable evidences of his unwearied industry and sleepless vigilance, and also of his astuteness, sagacity, cleverness, tact, subtlety, and far-sightedness as a negotiator and statesman, and he will be rewarded by numerous brilliant and incisive delineations of the character and bearing of the sovereigns and plenipotentiaries who then held the destinies of Europe in their hands, and of the social, political, and historical events that attended the Vienna Congress. The task to be performed by the Congress was the reconstruction of Europe, which had been thrown into a political and geographical chaos by Napoleon; and it was the aim of at least two of the powers in the Congress—Russia and Prussia—to aggrandize themselves as much as possible in the process. When the Congress opened, Talleyrand found, or imagined or pretended that he found, all the allies—England, Austria, Russia, and Prussia—committed to a coalition from which prostrate France and the other lesser European powers were to be excluded. In this he was doubtless mistaken, since Castlereagh, representing England, and Metternich, representing Austria, were as jealous as he of the pretensions of Russia and Prussia, and of their design to seize a lion's share of dismembered Europe. It required all their skill to avoid a rupture with their old allies, and they astutely but cautiously, and tardily—as it seemed to Talleyrand—availed themselves of the claims ably and adroitly put forth for France by Talleyrand to cause Russia and Prussia to modify their demands by impressing them with their impracticability. In the destruction of the coalition by the treaty of alliance of January, 1815, the merit of which was claimed by Talleyrand for himself, it is evident to the historical inquirer who has all the facts before him that while Talleyrand was carrying out his own plans for the recognition of France as an equal power, and for the preservation of her territory, he was merely furthering the purposes of Castlereagh and Metternich, who cleverly made use of Talleyrand's cogent pleas to avoid the appearance of antagonizing their quondam allies. And this explains what Talleyrand frequently and contemptuously characterizes as the vacillation and inconsistency of Castlereagh, and the timidity, subserviency, and provoking wariness of Metternich. Talleyrand had but a single line to pursue—to procure the recognition of France in the Congress by the allies as an equal, and to prevent their absorption of the territory of France and of the other prostrate states. England and Austria had this as much at heart as France, but they had also to keep terms with Russia and Prussia, without whose powerful aid Europe would have been still dominated by the military power of Napoleon. They also sought to secure such a political and geographical reapportionment of Europe as would establish a harmonious balance of power, and prevent the undue preponderance of any of the states as a menace to the peace of Europe. This explains what Talleyrand either did not see, or affected not to see, in his grandiose reports to his royal master, and gives him the occasion to claim the merit of having extorted from Castlereagh and Metternich the tardy and apparently reluctant concessions which, as Guizot says, "put an end to the coalition formed against France in 1813, and divided Europe into two great parties" (England, Austria, and France on the one side, and Russia and Prussia on the other), "greatly to the advantage of France." Of course the Congress of Vienna came to naught, and all its immediate conclusions and determinations were sponged out, by the return of Napoleon from Elba. Still, it made a powerful impression on the future of European policy; and the record of its doings is an interesting study for the historian, not only for the magnitude of the interests that were involved, but for the opportunity it gives of witnessing the feints and manœuvres of the two greatest masters of craft and dissimulation, as well as of the higher arts of statesmanship, known in modern history. Metternich as painted by Talleyrand in the volume before us, and Talleyrand as painted by Metternich in his memoirs, enable the reader to take the true measure of each, while he studies methods of diplomacy now happily no longer in vogue.

[1] *The Correspondence of Prince Talleyrand and King Louis XVIII. during the Congress of Vienna.* (Hitherto unpublished.) From the Manuscripts preserved in the Archives of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs at Paris. With a Preface, Observations, and Notes by M. G. Pallain. 12mo, pp. 312. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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SEVERAL contributions have been made to our recent literature by members of the medical profession that arrest attention by the vigor and expressiveness of their style, and the earnestness and ability with which they discuss important subjects of great general interest, without recourse to technical phraseology. One of the most interesting of these is a volume by Dr. William A. Hammond, of this city, on *Certain Conditions of Nervous Derangement*,[2] addressed to the consideration of various forms of nervous disease—such as somnambulism, hypnotism, hysteria, catalepsy, hysteroid affections generally, and the like—which most commonly occur spontaneously, but may be induced or heightened by designing persons who understand the conditions that predispose to them, and which are characterized by a power of simulating other diseases or physical conditions so phenomenal as to deceive non-professional observers, and thus become the fields upon which the miracle-worker expends his most energetic efforts. Dr. Hammond gives historical sketches of some of the most remarkable self-delusions that have been caused through several centuries by these and other forms of mental disease, and of the impostures that have been practiced upon the world by those who understood how to make an adroit use of them in the form of pretended preternatural or abnormal physical and other manifestations. The volume is mainly a caustic exposure of the miraculous agencies that have been indorsed by the Roman Catholic Church, including the numerous instances of stigmatization that are recorded since that alleged mark of the Divine favor was first exhibited in the person of St. Francis, and also the abstinences and ecstasies—or hallucinations, as Dr. Hammond bluntly terms them—of Veronica Giuliani, Louise Lateau, and others, the manifestations attributed to Our Lady of Lourdes, and the like. Dr. Hammond attributes all these phenomena and manifestations to the delusions of disease, craftily aided by clever impostors, and in the matter-of-fact way that belongs to his profession, describes the various symptoms and stages of each case, the methods that were resorted to to impose them upon popular credulity as miraculous, and the treatment that is effective for the cure of such disorders.

THE great increase of nervous disorders in modern times has led numerous eminent physicians to devote themselves to the specialty of ascertaining the causes and consequences, the nature, symptoms, and treatment, of nervousness; and in our own country the two who have pushed their inquiries farthest are Dr. Hammond, whose latest work on the subject we have just noticed, and Dr. George M. Beard, to whose just-published work on *American Nervousness*[3] we now invite attention. Non-professional readers will learn with surprise that nervousness, as we now understand the term, was unknown to the ancients—indeed, had no existence until the present century—and that America is the seat of its greatest manifestation. Formerly nervousness was supposed to mean a particular mental quality, such as irritability of temper, disposition to anger, excitability, and the like; but under its modern manifestation it is more strictly defined as a physical functional disease. It no longer means an unbalanced mental organization, or a predominance of the emotional and a relative inferiority of the intellectual nature, nor is it passionateness, irritability, or a disposition to become fretted over trifles; but it is a lack of nerve force, which manifests itself by some one of a very large number of symptoms of functional debility and irritability, the majority of which are not found in those who have simply unbalanced mental organizations. Among these symptoms Dr. Beard particularizes certain forms of hysteria, hay-fever, sick-headache, inebriety, insomnia, bad dreams, cerebral irritation, nervous dyspepsia, and a long train of disorders due to nervous exhaustion, in his opinion forming a new crop of functional diseases of the nervous system, which first sprung up in this country, and having taken root under our skies, their seed has been distributed until they are beginning to be known in every civilized country. The primary inciting cause of this development and rapid increase of nervousness, according to Dr. Beard, is modern civilization; and its extraordinary manifestation in this country is due to the fact that American civilization is the completest and most intense outcome of all modern civilization. While civilization is the one constant factor, without which there would be little or no nervousness—for it does not exist among barbarous peoples—there are secondary and tertiary causes which predispose to or aggravate it, such as climate, states of mental activity, personal habits, the press, the telegraph, business methods and auxiliaries, civil, social, religious, and political institutions, etc. Dr. Beard gives an exhaustive and at the first glance disheartening catalogue of the maladies resulting from American nervousness, but re-assures us by the statement that side by side with this increase of nervousness, and partly as a consequence of it, there has been an increase of longevity, and that the evils incident to nervous diseases have been more than counterbalanced by the fact that fatal inflammatory diseases have diminished in frequency and violence in proportion as nervous diseases have increased. It is impossible in a brief notice to give a satisfactory epitome of a work as composite and discursive, and as opulent in technical deductions, reason-

[2] *On Certain Conditions of Nervous Derangement.* By WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, M.D. 12mo, pp. 256. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[3] *American Nervousness: its Causes and Consequences.* By GEORGE M. BEARD, M.D. 12mo, pp. 351. New York: George P. Putnam's Sons.

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ings, and learning, as the one before us. Its careful perusal will fully repay, by the information it will convey, the laborious consecutive thought it will require. Especially rich in novel and suggestive food for thought are Dr. Beard's chapters on the longevity of brain-workers and the relation of age to work, on the causes of American nervousness, and on the physical future of the American people.

FOR the last eighteen years of Carlyle's life, Mr. Moncure D. Conway was a constant and favored guest at the house of Carlyle, during which he was admitted to the friendship of the phenomenal Scotchman, enjoyed opportunities for intimate intercourse with him in his most unstudied moments, was the companion of his regular afternoon walks, and was a listener to his most unreserved conversations. Naturally Mr. Conway treasured these conversations, and the incidents of Carlyle's life that came under his observation; and since the death of his illustrious friend he has written out his notes and memories, giving them the form of a memorial monograph, entitled *Thomas Carlyle*,[4] that reproduces the man and the substance and manner of his talk under more genial and lovable aspects than Carlyle presented himself in his own *Reminiscences*. The major part of these recollections, being those that are more strictly personal in their bearing, have already appeared in the May number of this Magazine; but their separate publication affords an opportunity for their expansion by the addition of some materials that have a literary interest. Mr. Conway has enhanced the value of his memorial by publishing, in connection with his own notes and recollections, a number of Carlyle's original letters, a portion consisting of extracts from his early letters to intimate college friends, extending from 1814 to 1828, a number being entire letters to Leigh Hunt, Alexander Ireland, and others, written at intervals from 1832 to 1866, and five lengthy and eminently characteristic epistles addressed to Mrs. Basil Montagu and B. W. Procter, from 1825 to 1830.

UNDOUBTEDLY the primary and indispensable uses of dress are to minister to the health, comfort, and freedom of movement of the wearer, and to veil those portions of the frame the exposure of which is regarded as indelicate or indecent by all peoples who are not degraded savages. But it has other ministries and uses besides these obvious and essential ones, to which mankind give less attention than their importance merits. A study of costumes in the various ages and nations, and among all classes, will reveal the prominent fact that the indispensables we have recited are compatible with the most unmitigated ugliness of form and incongruity of color, as well as with the utmost taste and beauty; and also that the splendor and richness equally with the simplicity and commonness of the material of which apparel is composed have touched every note in the gamut of ugliness or beauty. Indeed, the ingenuity is amazing which mankind have exercised either to make themselves ridiculous or hideous, or to heighten their natural charms and graces by the aid of clothing; but it is noticeable that throughout all the dress chaos of the ages and nations an aspiration after the beautiful is everywhere perceptible, although to the refined and cultivated the forms under which it manifests itself often seem ludicrous or grotesque. Of course much that we pronounce ugly or beautiful, in dress as in art, is purely conventional; and it will be found upon examination that the most refined and civilized communities, scarcely less frequently though less glaringly than the rude and uncultivated, mistake mere conformity to custom or fashion for conformity to the beautiful or the tasteful, and are almost equally guilty of solecisms against which good taste and the sense of the beautiful revolt. All people enjoy beauty of apparel when they see it, but all are not able to master the secrets by which it is attained. So many elements enter into it, that even those who are quite liberally endowed with native good taste will commit many mistakes until they are educated in the mysteries of the harmony and beauty of form and color. Many have just ideas of form, but no idea of color, and *vice versa*; while others, who have generally correct ideas both of form and color, as it relates to the dress as a thing by itself and apart from the person for whom it is designed, have no conception of the harmony that should subsist between the dress and its wearer, and attire themselves in garments whose form or color is incongruous with their figure or complexion, and thus diminish their most characteristic beauties or exaggerate their peculiar defects. A sensible little volume, by Miss Oakey, on *Beauty in Dress*,[5] will enable ladies to avoid the mistakes and solecisms to which we have adverted. While she does not neglect rich, expensive, elegant, and even splendid apparel, her attention is mainly directed to those styles of dress which are within the means of the great body of our country-women. She satisfactorily shows that beauty in dress is not only compatible with the health and comfort, the freedom of movement, and the delicate instincts of the wearer, but with the strictest economy also; and she points out with fine discernment the cheap and simple stuffs as well as the rich and costly fabrics that best set off particular forms, and the adjustment of colors that best harmonize with particular complexions. Having no sympathy with those who convert dress into a mere matter of shallow display and emulation, and holding that fit clothing is not a matter of caprice, but should be based on definite laws of form

[4] *Thomas Carlyle.* By MONCURE D. CONWAY. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 255. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[5] *Beauty in Dress.* By Miss OAKEY. 16mo, pp. 196. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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and color, that it does not depend upon its elaboration or expensiveness, but upon knowledge and good taste, and upon its harmony with the surroundings and needs of the individual, she aims to extend help to all sorts and conditions of women—to those who wear cottons and to those who wear silks and velvets. To this end she designates the types of personal form and complexion to which particular styles of color and form and of material are best adapted. After a preliminary chapter on types of color, such as the red-haired and sandy-haired, the blue-eyed, the brown, gray, and green eyed types, and some general directions as to the contrasts to be avoided and the styles of material and color to be selected by each type, she addresses herself in successive chapters to giving detailed suggestions of costumes for each, as, for instance, costumes for the red-haired, the dark-haired, the brown-haired, the fair-haired, the gray-haired, for various styles of blondes, etc. Throughout she considers dress with relation to the face and to the whole figure, and gives minute suggestions as to the colors to be chosen and avoided, the effects of certain materials on particular types, the harmonies of the various colors and types, the subjects of the corset, hoops, ruffs, embroideries, jewels, shoes, ball dresses, etc., and concludes with a brief and judicious chapter on "Children's Dress."

OUR notices of the previous volumes of McClintock and Strong's *Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature*[6] leave little to be said with regard to the volume now published, which reaches the end of the alphabet. The editors and their collaborators maintain the unflagging industry and unwearied research that signalized their contributions to the earlier volumes, and as their task approaches completion exhibit even richer and riper learning. Many of their articles are exhaustive treatises, sufficiently extensive for and worthy of separate publication, while the infinite number of shorter titles upon which they have expended their energies, and the biographical sketches by special contributors, are models of condensation and accuracy. Too high praise can not be awarded to the scholarly contributions of Rev. Dr. Pick, of Rochester, in his specialty of Biblical Versions and Texts, Syriac, Chaldean, Hebrew, and other sacred books and literatures, and the history and literature of the Talmud, the Old Testament, and the apocryphal and patriarchal books. Among the special contributors who have supplied articles of great value are Rev. Dr. Conant, Professors Schem, A. A. Hodge, and Kidder, Rev. J. C. Stockbridge, D.D., and Rev. W. P. Strickland, D.D. The extent of the volume may be conjectured from the statement that its titles exceed 3500 in number, embracing subjects in the realms of history, biography, philosophy, geography, archæology, and indeed in every branch that bears the slightest relation to Biblical, theological, and ecclesiastical literature. The editors announce that the supplement, with which the work will close, is already in an advanced state of preparation, and will embrace a large amount of matter, the results of the latest investigations, that came to hand too late for insertion in the body of the work.

MR. RICHARD GRANT WHITE'S *England Without and Within*[7] is an unusually readable book, and as genially candid and discriminating as it is readable. Mr. White is the type of a gentlemanly and thoroughly intelligent observer, who is not dominated by the idea that he must set down all the differences that he observes between England and America, or between English and American men and women, as capital defects on the one side or the other, but who is able to estimate local, class, or social peculiarities at their true worth, and to look upon them with tolerant eyes when they disagree with the conventional canons and usages under whose influence he has been bred. We know of no book on England by an American which more candidly and agreeably describes English life, manners, society, and scenery than his very entertaining volume. Not concealing his sympathy with England and its people, his views are given with frank yet delicate unreserve, and his descriptions of English life, character, customs, and institutions, of English men and women, of life in London and of London sights and streets, of rural England, and of the parks, palaces, and famous homes and buildings of England, of its great universities and historic centres, and of its inns, railways, and other modes of locomotion, are graphic, spirited, and fair. Mr. White differs from most American travellers who undertake to describe England in that even in his lightest and most chatty anecdotes he invariably penetrates beneath the surface, and reaches the genuine heart of English social life and character. He neither scolds, nor satirizes, nor caricatures, nor indulges in extravagant panegyric, but, as we have before intimated, looks upon the land and the people with the eyes of a well-balanced and well-bred gentleman, who is none the less clear-sighted for his delicate observance of social amenities.

THE numerous philological and theological scholars in this country who look forward with interest to anything from the pen of Max Müller will heartily welcome, even if they may not in all things indorse, the five learned and thoughtful essays which he has just collected in an additional volume of his *Chips from a*

[6] *Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature.* Prepared by the Rev. JOHN MCCLINTOCK, D.D., and JAMES STRONG, S.T.D. Vol. X. SU-Z. Royal 8vo, pp. 1120. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[7] *England Without and Within.* By RICHARD GRANT WHITE. 12mo, pp. 601. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

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German Workshop.[8] Three of these essays are lectures or addresses that were delivered by him in 1871, 1879, and 1880, before learned societies in England, and two are reproductions of articles contributed by him to the *Contemporary Review* in 1870, and to the *Fortnightly Review* in 1876. The topics discussed in the lectures and addresses are, "Freedom," being a comparative view of the political, religious, and intellectual freedom of England and Germany; the "Philosophy of Mythology"; and an account of "Some Sanskrit Texts Discovered in Japan," as the result of a search instituted by Mr. Müller and some scholarly Japanese friends, which throws some strong side lights on that ancient language and its influence. The review articles are a paper on "False Analogies in Comparative Theology," and an article on "Spelling," the greater portion of which is printed in semi-phonotypic characters, lamenting the corrupt state of the present spelling in English, and gently advocating phonetic reform.

We do not exaggerate when we say that no recent work has appeared, either by an American or a foreign author, which is more worthy of the attention of young men who are seriously preparing for their life work in any occupation or profession demanding careful mental training and the development of their thinking powers, with reference to the practical problems that are constantly presenting themselves, than the three volumes of Dr. Bushnell's miscellaneous writings, lectures, orations, addresses, and essays, now published with the general title *Work and Play.*[9] Addressed to subjects of immediate local, national, personal, literary, religious, and political concern, that must engage the attention, elicit the opinions, and affect the actions of the citizen, the scholar, the philanthropist, and the member of society, they are opulent in practical wisdom, and abound in incentives to thought. The study of these vigorous, eloquent, and incisive miscellanies can not fail to prove an invigorating discipline in the art of thinking closely, and of giving choice expression to the thing thought. No reader will accept all Dr. Bushnell's conclusions, though it will be safe to do so for the most part, but every reader will feel that his faculties have been sharpened by their contact or collision with this master of cogent and close reasoning.

Music Study in Germany[10] is the title of an entertaining and in many respects instructive little volume made up of the letters written to friends at home, from 1869 to 1875, by a young American lady who sought to be trained in Germany from an amateur pianist into an artist. The letters are written with engaging frankness and enthusiasm, and together with a vivid idea of the difficulties which a young lady must encounter when studying art in a foreign land, impart a large amount of valuable information to those who are pursuing their studies at home as to the piano technique and methods with their pupils of the greatest European artists. The special experiences of the writer successively in connection with Tausig, Kullak, and Liszt, their pupils and their methods of teaching, and finally with Deppe and his methods, are related with cleverness and vivacity, and embody many valuable hints and suggestions for the piano student. Interspersed with these are graceful pencillings of social and artist life in Germany, and spirited anecdotes and recollections of Tausig, Von Bülow, Rubinstein, Clara Schumann, the Joachims, and Liszt, those relating to the last-named being specially interesting for their enthusiastic reproduction of the personal traits of the great pianist.

One of the excellent fruits of the School of Industrial Science connected with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, at Boston, is the publication in permanent form of a series of lectures on *American Sanitary Engineering,*[11] recently delivered before it by Edward S. Philbrick, C.E. The subjects discussed in these lectures are of the highest practical importance, especially to dwellers in our large cities, and relate to the ventilation of buildings, the drainage of towns, the construction, ventilation, and cleansing of sewers, the drainage of houses, and the apparatus needed for public and private drainage. Each of these subjects is treated by Mr. Philbrick with brevity, and yet with sufficient amplitude to insure the best results to health and cleanliness, the methods and appliances suggested by him having been carefully chosen with special reference to the conditions of our climate.

With the exception of *Mrs. Geoffrey*[12]—a brilliant novel by the author of *Phyllis* and *Molly Bawn*, that moves the reader by turns to smiles and tears by its touching recital of the fortunes of its beautiful and brave-hearted Irish heroine, and its spirited display of her archness and wit, her stanch loyalty, native grace, and blithe unconventionality, which is more winning and graceful than any art—the large crop of fiction of the month is only of middling quality.—*The Beautiful Wretch,*[13] the decidedly

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[8] *Chips from a German Workshop.* By F. Max Müller, M.A. Vol. V. Miscellaneous Later Essays. 12mo, pp. 247. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[9] *Work and Play.* Literary Varieties. By Horace Bushnell. In Three Volumes. 12mo, pp. 470, 360, and 459. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[10] *Music Study in Germany.* From the Home Correspondence of Amy Fay. Edited by the Author of Cooperative Housekeeping. 16mo, pp. 348. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg, and Co.

[11] *American Sanitary Engineering.* By Edward S. Philbrick, C.E. 8vo, pp. 129. New York: The Sanitary Engineer.

[12] *Mrs. Geoffrey.* A Novel. By the Author of Phyllis. 12mo, pp. 331. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

[13] *The Beautiful Wretch.* A Brighton Story. By William Black. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 60. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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sensational title of Mr. Black's latest completed novel, should not be taken as indicating that its incidents or characters are of the sensational sort. The title is merely a playful appellative applied in pleasantry to the bright and quick-witted heroine by an old and privileged friend, a veteran British admiral, who, like most of his profession, was prone to strong expletives. The story does not touch the sensibilities as deeply or as tenderly as does the sparkling romance just named, but its portraiture of a type of womanhood that has some striking points of resemblance to the exquisite ideal conceived by the author of *Mrs. Geoffrey* is very clever. Like all Mr. Black's novels, it abounds in descriptive passages of great beauty, and in vivacious delineations of life and manners, but, after all is said, it is not up to the standard of Mr. Black's best work.—*An Ocean Free Lance*[14] is another sea story, being the log of a privateersman in the war of 1812, by the author of *The Wreck of the Grosvenor*. Of moderate interest only, and with a strong tendency to tediousness, it betrays a great falling off from the quality of the previous tales by its capable author.—The latest manifestation of the influence of the Tichborne case upon English fiction is a tale by Alice O'Hanlon, entitled *A Costly Heritage*.[15] Its interest centres upon the pretensions and artifices of a false claimant, who for a time ingeniously and successfully personates the true heir, but is at length unmasked. The author shows much ingenuity in describing the complications of interest and passion that ensue from the temporary success and final exposure of the pretender.—As its title intimates, *Visited on the Children*,[16] by Theo. Gift, is a story founded on the idea that the sins of a parent may be visited upon the children, in the course of which the sunshiny life of a sweet weak girl goes out in tears and darkness. The tale has some tenderly pathetic and many unnecessarily harrowing episodes.—The incidents of the Nihilist conspiracy which is now enveloping Europe, and in particular Russia, with a pall of gloomy foreboding, promise to prove as fertile of suggestion to novelists as the Tichborne case, and possibly will supplant it eventually. *A Nihilist Princess*[17] is a clever attempt by a French novelist to delineate, through the medium of a passionate but chaste love story, the ramifications and affiliations of the Nihilist conspiracy in Russia, exhibiting its stealthy but sure invasion of all ranks and conditions, and its intrusion even to the palace of the Czar, and it depicts in startling colors the quasi-thralldom of the Czar under the official restraints of the Russian political system. Its leading actors are counterparts of some of the leading Nihilists who have thrown Russian society and civil order into confusion and dismay.—*Contrasts*[18] is a tale of American life, in which the oft-attempted task is renewed, with indifferent success, of displaying the contrasts that exist between social life and individual character in the North and in the South. It is a commonplace story, with a weakly sensational climax.—*Synnöve Solbakken*[19] is another of those simply told idyllic stories for which we are indebted to the temperament of the poets and novelists of Sweden and Norway, and the primitive social conditions of those Northern nations. The story is based upon the habits and customs of the simple-minded but poetical Northmen. It is the first installment of an American edition of Björnson's stories, translated by Professor Rasmus B. Anderson.—From the fertile pen of Professor Georg Ebers, the distinguished German scholar and savant, we have another of the historical romances in which he has undertaken to reproduce the features of life and manners among the Greeks, Romans, and Egyptians at the beginning of the Christian era. The title of his new romance is *The Emperor*,[20] and among the characters who figure in it are the Emperor Hadrian, the Empress, the Emperor's favorite, Antinous, and the crowd of Roman prefects, consuls, lictors, and other dignitaries who swarmed around the precincts of the imperial court. The scene is laid in Alexandria, Egypt, and the tale vividly describes the famous city and its people, its philosophers, sculptors, and artisans, and it delineates with pathos and dignity the fortunes of the early Christians.—The remaining novels that will moderately reward perusal are, *Among the Hills*,[21] by E. F. Poynter; *The Georgians*,[22] by one of the anonymous authors of the "Round Robin Series"; two volumes of stories, respectively by Nora Perry[23] and Marion Harland;[24] Mr. Cable's tale of quadroon life in Louisiana sixty years ago, *Madame Delphine*;[25] and *A Romance of the Nineteenth Century*,[26] by W. H. Mallock, author of *Is Life Worth Living?*

[14] *An Ocean Free Lance.* From a Privateersman's Log, 1812. A Novel. By W. Clark Russell. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 81. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[15] *A Costly Heritage.* A Novel. By Alice O'Hanlon. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 64. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[16] *Visited on the Children.* A Novel. By Theo. Gift. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 70. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[17] *A Nihilist Princess.* Translated from the French of M. L. Gagneur. 12mo, pp. 366. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg, and Co.

[18] *Contrasts.* By M. R. Grendel. 12mo, pp. 392. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[19] *Synnöve Solbakken.* By Björnstjerne Björnson. 12mo, pp. 197. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[20] *The Emperor.* A Romance. By Georg Ebers. From the German, by Clara Bell. In Two Volumes, 18mo, pp. 319 and 322. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

[21] *Among the Hills.* A Novel. By E. Francis Poynter. 16mo, pp. 310. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[22] *The Georgians.* "Round Robin Series." 16mo, pp. 317. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

[23] *A Book of Love Stories.* By Nora Perry. 16mo, pp. 309. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

[24] *Handicapped.* By Marion Harland. 12mo, pp. 391. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[25] *Madame Delphine.* By George W. Cable. 16mo, pp. 125. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[26] *A Romance of the Nineteenth Century.* By W. H. Mallock. Sq. 16mo, pp. 478. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 20th of July.—An attempt was made to assassinate President James A. Garfield in the city of Washington, D.C., July 2, by a disappointed office-seeker named Charles J. Guiteau. The President was in the waiting-room of the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad Dépôt, about to take the train for New York, when his assailant approached him from behind and fired two shots, one of which passed through his coat sleeve, and the other entered his body. Guiteau was immediately arrested and conveyed to jail.

The dead-lock in the Senatorial contest at Albany was partially broken July 16 by the election of Hon. Warner Miller as successor of Thomas C. Platt as United States Senator for the term ending in 1887.

The Iowa Republican State Convention, at Des Moines June 29, nominated B. R. Sherman for Governor, and O. H. Manning for Lieutenant-Governor.—The Wisconsin State Greenback Convention, at Watertown July 12, nominated E. P. Allis for Governor, and Daniel Giddings for Lieutenant-Governor.—The Ohio Democratic State Convention, at Columbus July 13, nominated for Governor John W. Bookwalter, and for Lieutenant-Governor Edgar M. Johnson.

The President, July 1, made the following appointments: Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, Minister to Spain; Charles Payson, of Massachusetts, Chargé d'Affaires to Copenhagen; George W. Carter, of Louisiana, Minister to Venezuela; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnett, of New York, Minister to Liberia.

The public debt of the United States was decreased in June $12,323,157.

Prince Bismarck, in a recent letter to the Farmers' Committee of Lower Franconia, touching protection, says: "The accomplishment of our common economical programme depends mainly upon the support it receives from the agriculturists. The latter constitute the majority of the population of Germany, and are strong enough to secure by legislation their own and the whole country's interests if at the elections they combine among themselves, and with the representatives of other productive trades endeavor to return only such Deputies as are resolved to protect and advance German labor and production, and assist them by reducing direct taxes and commercial burdens."

A new ministry was formed in Roumania June 21, with M. John Bratiano as President of the Council, Minister of Finance, and *ad interim* Minister of War.

The British House of Commons, June 22, rejected a bill for the abolition of capital punishment, on a motion for a second reading, by a vote of 175 to 89.

Two hundred persons are imprisoned in Ireland under the Coercion Act, including one member of Parliament, one priest, one magistrate, several town councillors, and many poor-law guardians.

The trial of the persons charged with the murder of the ex-Sultan Abdul-Aziz began at Constantinople June 27. Midhat Pasha and eight others were convicted, and sentenced to death, and two others were sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. The Court of Cassation unanimously confirmed the sentences.

The disturbances in North Africa continue formidable. Several powerful tribes along the coast have collected in large numbers under a sheik who refuses to recognize the Bey, and who calls upon his countrymen to make an end of white rule. These men ravaged Oran, and killed the settlers, including 1700 Spaniards. Many thousands of the insurgents gathered about Sfax, and the French squadron bombarded the town, July 15, and captured it. The French commander ordered the immediate disarmament of the natives, the delivery of hostages, and the payment of a war indemnity of 15,000,000 francs. He also requires the inhabitants to furnish the French troops with all necessary supplies, and holds the population responsible for any act affecting the safety of the French army.

DISASTERS.

June 24.—More than two hundred persons, most of them soldiers, killed by the falling of a railroad train into the river San Antonio, near Malpais, Mexico.

June 27.—Swiss village in Valais, consisting of three hundred houses, entirely destroyed by fire.

June 28.—Steamer *Phaeton's* boilers exploded, on the Ohio River. Five persons killed and several injured.

July 16.—New Ulm, Minnesota, completely wrecked by a cyclone. Thirty persons killed or wounded, and more than one hundred houses demolished.

OBITUARY.

June 26.—In New York city, Hon. Henry Stanbery, ex-Attorney-General of the United States, aged seventy-eight years.

June 27.—In Paris, France, Jules Armand Stanislas Dufaure, Life Senator, and member of the Academy, aged eighty-three years.—In London, England, Charles Wyndham Stanhope, Earl of Harrington, aged seventy-two years.

July 7.—Announcement in London, England, of the death of Rev. Dr. John Cumming, minister of the Scotch Church, aged seventy years.

July 13.—At Clifton, Staten Island, New York, John A. Appleton, of the publishing house of D. Appleton and Co., aged sixty-four years.

July 18.—In London, England, Very Rev. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., LL.D., the Dean of Westminster, aged sixty-six years.

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Editor's Drawer.

ROBERT TOOMBS, in a conversation relating to the early part of the rebellion, and some of the grotesque incidents connected with it, said: "Yes, we had a queer government. I remember one day a secret agent of the English government stepped up to me and said, 'Mr. Secretary, where will I find the State Department?' 'In my hat, sir; and the archives in my coat pocket.' And that was true, too. We were doing business on a very small scale at that time, and it naturally seemed strange to the representative of a great government that we hadn't a pretentious building for our departments."

MR. BIGGAR is the humorist of the Irish party in the House of Commons. Sir Wilfrid Lawson told a good little story of him recently. Mr. B. is one of the most active movers of "counts out." One Sunday at church, on a very hot day, overcome by the heat, he fell asleep in his seat. Suddenly awakened by the peal of the organ, he looked about him, and seeing that the members of the congregation had been reduced to some dozen or so, exclaimed, "Mr. Speaker, sorr, I move that the House be counted." Before a count could be had, Mr. Organist had played the "House" empty.

ORLANDO AND JANUARY.—IN TEN SCENES.



1. ORLANDO IS BIDDEN BY HIS FATHER TO "SWIM" JANUARY.

THERE lives in C—— a bright little lawyer who sometimes quaffs the flowing bowl. He came home one night rather top-heavy. Something was wrong about the gas-fixture, and he wanted to fix it, and to mount on top of the marble-topped centre table to do so. His wife objected, fearing a catastrophe, but up he would get. No sooner was he there than down he came, table and all. There he lay flat on his back, and the marble slab nearly covering him. He was really hurt, but he stammered out: "I say, Clara, here I am buried without any expense. All you've got to do is to have a stone-mason come and chisel 'Sacred to the memory of' on this slab."

POPES as well as Protestants are not inappreciative of a mild joke. When the present pontiff was a cardinal, and legate at Brussels, the following incident occurred: He was one day writing in his study, when a house-



2. AT THE SIGHT OF THE DEEP, JANUARY REMONSTRATES, BUT ORLANDO, BEING A MINDFUL LAD, HEEDETH NOT THE REMONSTRANCE.



3. JANUARY CHANGETH HIS MIND, AND TAKETH TO THE DEEP.
"Whoa, January!"

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4. A DEFECTIVE HALTER SEPARATETH ORLANDO FROM JANUARY. JANUARY SWIMMETH ALONE.



5. JANUARY RELUCTANT TO LEAVE THE DEEP. ORLANDO PERSUADETH.

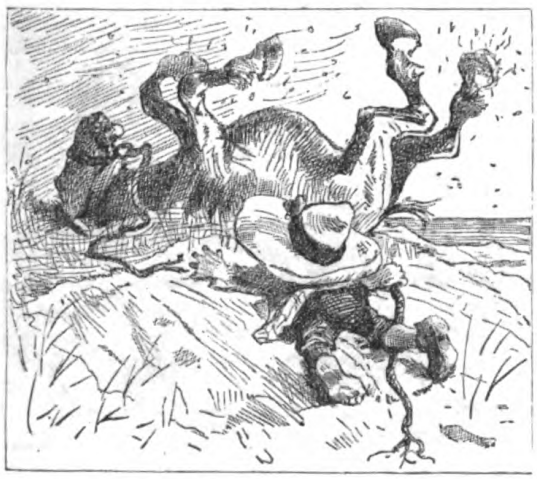
painter, who was employed in painting the exterior of the legation, slid down a rope and looked at his Eminence. The cardinal turned round, and the man slipped down the rope quickly, muttering, "What an ugly mug for a cardinal!" His Eminence started from his chair and went toward the door, determined to have the rude fellow discharged; but as he went past a mirror he looked at himself, and confessing that his "mug" was ugly, smiled, and resumed his seat, continuing to write as if nothing had happened.

THE *North American Review* for August opens with an article on the Christian religion, of which Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll is the assailant, and Judge Jeremiah S. Black the defender. Judge Black's article is marked by the legal astuteness and strong logic that are characteristic of the man. The subject of the article which the judge had been invited to write happened one day to be alluded to in the presence of his admirable wife, who said that she did not know what the judge would do with it, but she felt perfectly sure that "if he could only turn it into a law case, he would certainly win." We think Judge Black has won.

AMONG the little things that have transpired during President Garfield's perilous illness, none have been more acceptable, or more keenly appreciated by the common people of the country, than his cheerful resignation, and the sparkling pleasantries that have constantly bubbled away from him. Two or three of these cheery sayings recur to us: Colonel Rockwell was chatting with one of the newspaper correspondents, who asked,

"Has he slept any this evening?"

"Well," replied Colonel Rockwell, "just before I came out I heard him say to Dr. Bliss,



6. JANUARY EVADETH ORLANDO, AND ROLLETH ON THE SANDS. ORLANDO PROFITETH BY THE OCCASION.



7. JANUARY AND ORLANDO TAKE IN THE SITUATION.

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'Doctor, it is about time to tuck me in my little bed,' so I guess from that he was about going to sleep."

When Steward Crump approached the bedside one morning, the President asked, "Well, Billy, how is your able assistant this morning?"

"Whom do you mean, Mr. President?" asked Billy.

"Why, I mean the cow, Billy," he said, pleasantly.

When he had sipped the milk, he said, "Billy, she ought to have a diploma, or a medal."

"Mr. President," said Billy, "she already has a national reputation."



8. With a view to a further realization of Liberty, through the medium of the defective Halter, January starteth for Home. Orlando followeth.

An evening or two before, General Swaim (who, with Colonels Rockwell and Corbin, is the only gentleman regularly admitted to the chamber of the President, they being in fact his male nurses) was sitting by the bedside fanning him and remonstrating about his talking to his attendant, against the orders of his physicians. His remonstrance failing to have the desired effect, General Swaim said, "I don't want to talk to you, and won't listen to you. Why don't you keep quiet?"

The President laughed at this outburst of his old friend, and said, "What's the use in you getting mad with me, Swaim; you know sick people must be indulged."

To this General Swaim said, "I will get mad if you don't stop talking now. You must keep quiet. If you don't, I won't take care of you, and won't let anybody else do it."

Again the President laughed at his old friend's well-meant bluntness, and, grasping his arm, said, with a twinkle in his eye, "I'll make a treaty with you. If you will keep my mouth filled with ice, I will keep quiet."

"It's a bargain," responded Swaim, as he proceeded to carry out his terms of the treaty.

At another time during the night, when Colonel Rockwell was watching by the bedside, the President moved uneasily, and uttered a slight groan. Colonel Rockwell asked if he was suffering much pain; to which the President responded, "Yes, I suffer some. I suppose the tigers are coming back, but they don't usually stay long. Don't be alarmed, old boy." The acute pains that were periodically experienced in the feet and legs were denominated tigers' claws by the President.

Colonel Corbin, speaking of the President's



9. An aged Oak convinceth January of the power of Mind over Matter, and the mutability of equine affairs.



10. "He's Swum!"

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fine physique and iron constitution, said: "He always took pride in appearing in fine form; always took plenty of exercise, and the hardy life of his youth gave him a good deal of strength. Curiously enough, he indulged in a little athletic tilt a little while before he was shot. Harry ran into the room where his father was dressing, and made a hand-spring over the bed. When he landed on his feet, he called out, 'Don't you wish you could do that, father?' 'Why, Harry,' replied the President, 'I guess I can'; and after a little bantering talk, he ran toward the bed, and cleared it as easily as Harry had done."

This anecdote is also told of the President: "Once, at the age of forty-nine, he exclaimed, 'I suppose I am foolish, but I can't bear to go around with enmities to anybody. There was one man who treated me so outrageously that I thought my self-respect would compel me never to speak to him again. Accordingly, when I was passing down —— Street a week ago, and he turned the corner I was approaching, and came up the same sidewalk, I raised my head, and felt my nostrils swell, and made ready to go past him, till, just as I came opposite to him, something took hold of me, and I crossed over, and exclaimed, "——, you old scoundrel, how are you?"' It may be singular, but if I had seen him go up and break a giant's back, like Samson, he could not now be so vivid to me as when he told that incident. It is in my mind the standard portrait of him."





THE FIRST BABY.

3. "I must be spry; there's dinner to cook." 4. "Why in thunder don't you go to sleep?"

In Mr. Moncure D. Conway's reminiscences of Carlyle, recently published by Harper and Brothers, are many quaint and amusing sayings. We select two with which to close the Drawer:

"On one occasion a reverend gentleman had been favoring the congregation of Mr. Carlyle's (father of T. C.) church with a terrible description of the last judgment. James listened to him calmly; but when the sermon was finished, he came out of his pew, and placing himself before the reverend gentleman and all the congregation, he said aloud, 'Ay, ye may thump and stare till yer een start frae their sockets, but you'll na gar me believe such stuff as that.'"

Carlyle scented a falsehood from afar. Some one spoke of "England's *prestige*." "Do you remember what prestige means?" asked he, sharply. "It is the Latin word for a lie."

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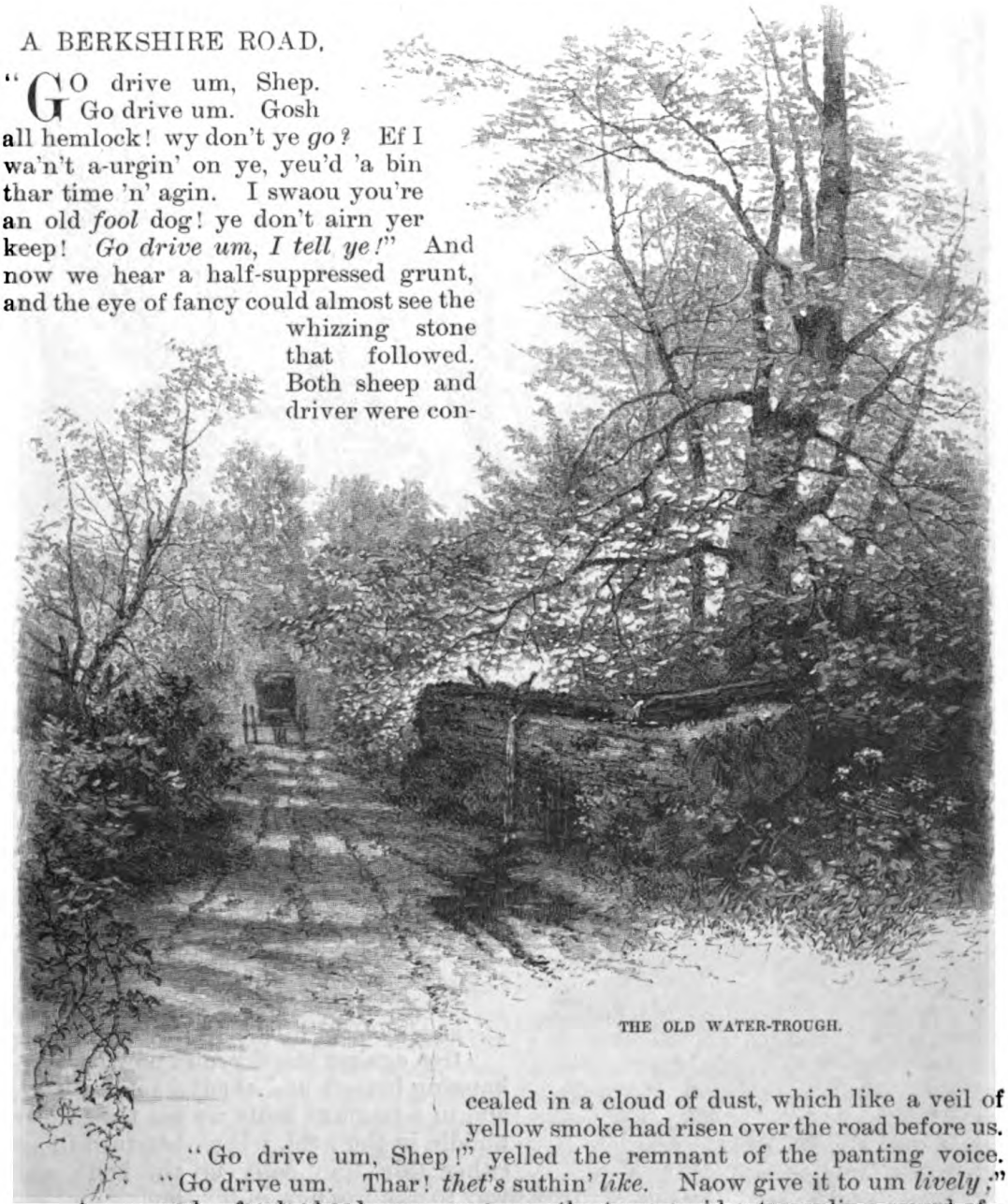
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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCLXXVII.—OCTOBER, 1881.—Vol. LXIII.

A BERKSHIRE ROAD.

"GO drive um, Shep. Go drive um. Gosh all hemlock! wy don't ye *go*? Ef I wa'n't a-urgin' on ye, yeu'd 'a bin thar time 'n' agin. I swaou you're an old *fool* dog! ye don't airn yer keep! *Go drive um, I tell ye!*" And now we hear a half-suppressed grunt, and the eye of fancy could almost see the whizzing stone that followed. Both sheep and driver were concealed in a cloud of dust, which like a veil of yellow smoke had risen over the road before us.



THE OLD WATER-TROUGH.

"Go drive um, Shep!" yelled the remnant of the panting voice. "Go drive um. Thar! *thet's* suthin' *like*. Naow give it to um *lively*;" and a fresh cloud rose up among the trees amid a trampling sound of a host of hurrying hoofs and a half-human chorus of the bleating sheep; and then Shep's voice is heard among the scramble, and we hear the ring of boyish voices intermingled with the tuneful clatter of the falling pasture bars. As we

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CHANGING PASTURE.

follow on, the dense cloud softens, sinks, and melts away among the trees, and lingers above the meadow-grass. Then the landscape steals softly into view, first the apple-tree against the sky, and now its over-hanging branch and shadow on the wall, and in a moment more we see the woolly huddle in the road, where, hemmed in on either side, they sally up the bank, and frisk away to pastures new in the sloping orchard lot beyond.

How many beautiful pictures have I seen emerge from a cloud of dust upon a country road! How many of these pictures have again been half obliterated by the dust of after-years, only to be recalled by even so trivial a thing as the bleating of a lamb, the ring of a boyish laugh, or the homely music of the falling pasture bars!

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Go where you will among New England hills, seek out some isolated town hidden far away from any past associations, and you will find yourself upon the same old tangled road. The same familiar friends have come and crowded on either side to meet you as of old; the same birds sing in the self-same trees, and the quivering aspens whisper and clap their hands in welcome as in years gone by. Here, too, is the identical low-roofed house among the maples, with its vine-clad porch and open door—the always-open door that betokens the kind and open-hearted hospitality within.

There is one of these roads I have in mind. I only made its acquaintance a few short months ago, but it already seems as if it had been my tramping ground for years. It is a simple drive among the hills and dells of a nook in Berkshire, scarcely a league in length; but there, by some happy chance or rare design, nature has contrived to bring together typical characteristics of New England. There are whole sections which seem to have been transplanted bodily from the wild woods of Maine, or the rugged borders of the Housatonic. The brooks reflect the umbrageous banks of my own Shepaug. The same old rumbling saw-mills have floated down the streams, and lodged upon the banks among their overhanging willows; and if a rustic native meets you on your way, he is the same old neighbor you so well remember, or at least you feel sure that he must be his brother or some near relative.

I have a note-book full from cover to cover with transcripts from this road-side. As I look upon its familiar shape beside me, there are certain pages which shine through their closed covers, and I find myself once more upon that road without its further aid, sitting perhaps beneath the swaying beech boughs, listening to some ill-tempered scolding squirrel among the sunny leaves, or to the music of the tiny crystal stream across the way as it shoots along through its mossy groove, and pours in a little glistening column into the old log water-trough. Who is he that is not athirst as he nears the old log water-trough?

And as the crystal streamlet emerges into the broad open light, see how its rustic trough would mimic its woodland solitudes with garlands of trailing vine and fern! See the velvet clumps of deep green moss that crowd about its edge and dip beneath its surface, while all below, among its supporting rocks, every chink and cranny has become a nestling-place for some contented moisture-loving spray.

I sit and watch this picture for a long and pleasant hour. I see the shadows of the overhanging beech play among its bright and fresh mosaic—see the wood-thrush sit upon its brink and wet his throat, tired and hoarse, it would almost seem, from his incessant singing. The robin and the bluebird come, and the complaining cat-bird, interrupted in its bath, scatters a shower of imprecations at the weary traveller, hot and dusty, who stops and bows his head before the way-side benefactor, and passes, refreshed, along his way.

There is a touch of humor in that venerable water-trough. It has its little harmless but doubly pointed joke for every intimate acquaintance, and no doubt enjoys it, for already the running water seems voiced in a rippling laugh as we seat ourselves upon the bank for an earnest interview with these forked burrs which have impaled themselves in ranks and squads and entire companies upon every available portion of our clothing.

The study of botany is not a general pursuit. There are many who could not tell an akene from a silicle to save their lives, but only ask them if they ever saw a *beggar's tick*, and they will glow with that true enthusiasm born of successful scientific research, for there is at least one page of botany with which every one is familiar—the family of the burrs, the cockles, and the tick-seed. You are always running against them in your rambles. They are the vagrants and the vagabonds of the vegetable world, the vegetable tramps of the highways.

Some of them, like the armed burr-marigolds, are bold and daring, and jab you with their spears in true highwayman fashion; others, as the agrimony and enchanter's nightshade, are sly and cautious, hiding in inconspicuous places, and eluding your detection until discovered against the background of your garments. But they are all our very constant companions in the country.

An interesting chapter might be written, and afford ample opportunity for decoration, on the theme of "Nature as a Sower." We have here seen a class of plants whose only means of dissemination is

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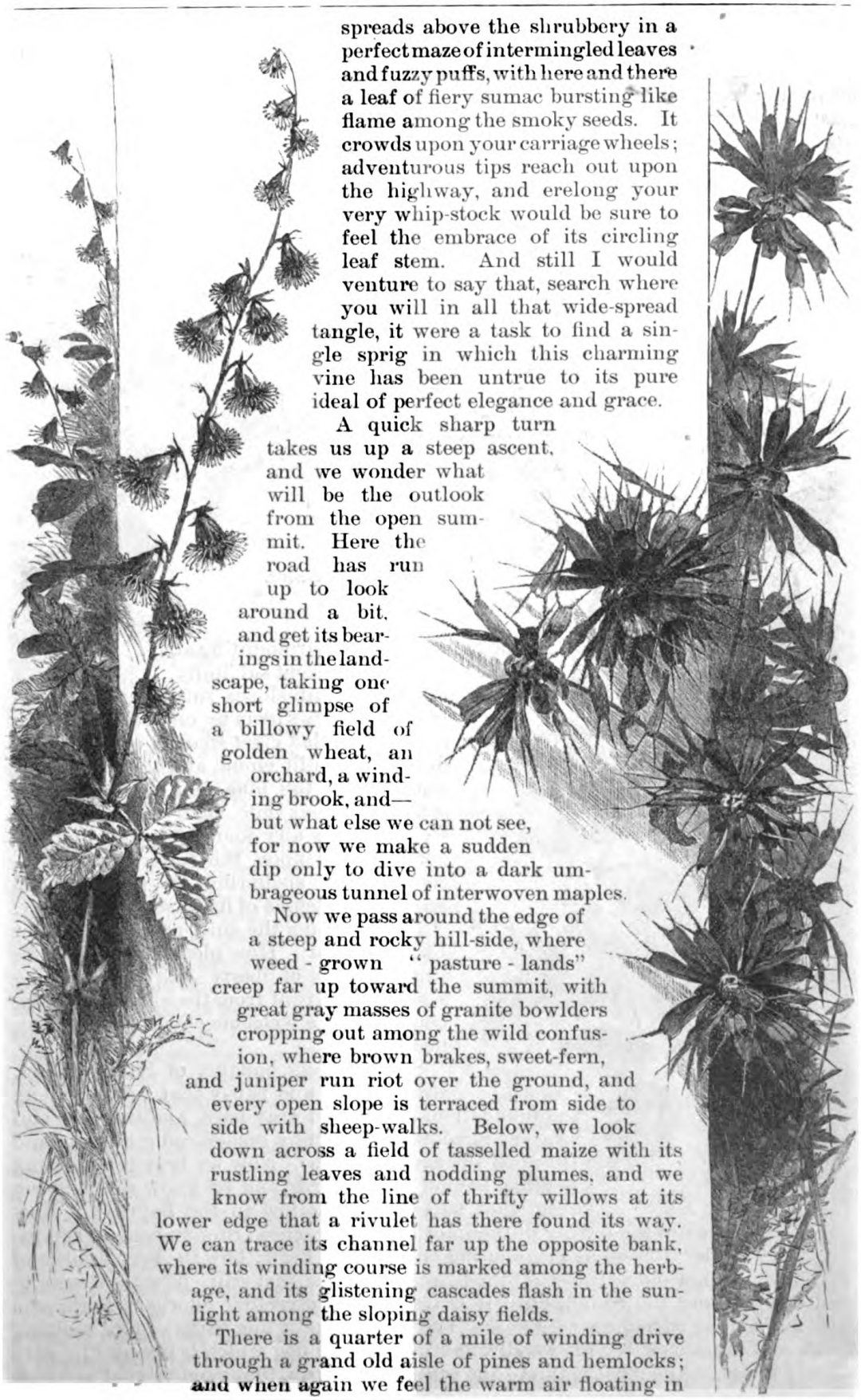
A ROAD-SIDE HOME.

through the medium of alien transportation, of which design their very conformation gives perfect evidence. Others shake their seeds upon the running streams, or hurl them in the current with a jerk, to be washed along and lodged upon the shingly sand-bars. The germs of many of our fruits and berries look to the birds for their future opportunities of growth, while nuts find an abundant means of distribution in the joint propensities of boys and squirrels. Others, like the samaras of the tulip-tree and elm, are launched from the tree-tops, and flutter with a will to the furthest limit of their strength; while many more, ethereal and spirit-like, as in the thistle and the fire-weed, are provided with wings as light as air: they are at home upon the breeze, and the whole earth is their kingdom.

To the latter class belongs that embodiment of grace, our road-side clematis—the queen of all our native climbers, trailing over walls and fences, throwing its embroidered canopy over the unsightly stubble, covering the ungainly branch with waving sprays of borrowed verdure, and swinging its drooping arabesques in most charming abandon along the borders of every pond or running brook.

The occasional spreading copse of clematis is as certain an accompaniment of the New England road as are its foot-prints or its wheel ruts, but here upon this Berkshire road we come upon a long low stretch where for rods and rods on every side it

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spreads above the shrubbery in a perfect maze of intermingled leaves and fuzzy puffs, with here and there a leaf of fiery sumac bursting like flame among the smoky seeds. It crowds upon your carriage wheels; adventurous tips reach out upon the highway, and erelong your very whip-stock would be sure to feel the embrace of its circling leaf stem. And still I would venture to say that, search where you will in all that wide-spread tangle, it were a task to find a single sprig in which this charming vine has been untrue to its pure ideal of perfect elegance and grace.

A quick sharp turn takes us up a steep ascent, and we wonder what will be the outlook from the open summit. Here the road has run up to look around a bit, and get its bearings in the landscape, taking one short glimpse of a billowy field of golden wheat, an orchard, a winding brook, and—but what else we can not see, for now we make a sudden dip only to dive into a dark umbrageous tunnel of interwoven maples.

Now we pass around the edge of a steep and rocky hill-side, where weed-grown "pasture-lands" creep far up toward the summit, with great gray masses of granite bowlders cropping out among the wild confusion, where brown brakes, sweet-fern, and juniper run riot over the ground, and every open slope is terraced from side to side with sheep-walks. Below, we look down across a field of tasselled maize with its rustling leaves and nodding plumes, and we know from the line of thrifty willows at its lower edge that a rivulet has there found its way. We can trace its channel far up the opposite bank, where its winding course is marked among the herbage, and its glistening cascades flash in the sunlight among the sloping daisy fields.

There is a quarter of a mile of winding drive through a grand old aisle of pines and hemlocks; and when again we feel the warm air floating in

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from the outer world, it is to look ahead as through a great Gothic portal, where opens up a charming contrast of sunny road winding along among idyllic pastoral scenes, of sunny cottages peeping out among the trees, of thrifty farms and fields of grain, and pleasant sounds of rural life and husbandry, and surmounting all a distance of magnificent sublimity, where lofty mountain-slopes softly mottled with gliding shadows loom up on every side, with here a pine-clad crest sharply cut against a hovering sun-lit cloud, and there a rugged peak lost in the blue and hazy gloom of some luminous pile that seems to have stopped in its airy journey to rest and linger lovingly upon the towering summit, cooling and sheltering its sun-scorched brow in the depths of its refreshing shadow.



AN ARABESQUE.

How soothing the quiet peace of this New England road! How pleasantly sounds its slightest voice of liberty! Even this unmusical, sleepy grunt from the old wayside pigpen has in it a welcome element of contentment.

See this long bouquet of Bouncing-Bet, stramonium, and pansy that follows along the foundations of this old gray barn, and that graceful swaying shadow of the plumy golden-rod gliding to and fro upon the sunny boards! Now we hear the cackling of a hen behind those boards, and we know she is flying from that snug stolen hollow in the haymow. Now comes the lowing of the imprisoned cow, answering an echo of sympathy from some neighboring barn. And hark! how the very timbers of that old barn seem tuned in unison with that call! how they seem to hold and prolong the sound, until it is lost in the perpetual chorus! Perhaps a great ado among some flock of ducks. You hear the gurgling rattle of that scolding drake, and can almost see his waddle, and the barking dog which is giving him such a lively chase. And what is this?—the scraping of a pan, that magic signal at whose

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bidding all barn-yard feuds and quarrels are dispelled, at which the waddling ducks, the husky hissing geese, and motley hens unite in a stampede of mutuality and a chorus of unanimity.

I remember in one of my sketching rambles stopping on the road and witnessing some such scene as this. It was in one of those picturesque old door-yards, just such as this we are passing, too, with its glittering tins, its coops, its bleaching clothes, just as you see here; its strings of dried apples festooned against the sunny clapboards, and rows of half-colored tomatoes ripening on the window-sills, and a hundred other equally insignificant things, by no means without their "values," however, either to artist or rural possessor; and as I stood (squinting, I dare say) noting down the relative degrees of tone between that sun-gleam on the tin pan, for instance, and the highest light on the white cloth in the grass, or contrasting the lights on the black garment by its side with the depth of tone of the dark doorway of the barn, all preliminary to my proposed sketch — while thus taking notes, I remember there was a swinging noise of the front gate. I turned and saw a long, swaggering individual walking up the path toward his house. I called out, "*Hello!* neighbor." He simply turned and looked at me, awaiting some show of reason for my peremptory challenge.

"Can you tell me who owns that thick patch of woods back on the road about half a mile?"

He turned the right side of his face toward me with a slight forward inclination, as though to listen with his best ear, while a one-sided squint lifted up one cheek, completely closing the eye, and at the same time disclosing to view



THE SWAYING SHADOW.

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A TYPE.

through his scanty gray mustache two long eye-teeth, the only visible dental ornaments of which he was possessed.

He stood in this position without moving a muscle for fully half a minute, and then broke silence in this wise: "Hăăăă?"

"I was asking if you could tell me who owned those very old woods back on the road?" I repeated.

"Sure 'nuff—sure 'nuff," replied he, approaching us with a disjointed, limping gait, with every footstep giving out a soggy wheeze from his old wet boots. "Yeu mean them ar *pines* a piece daown the road yender?" continued he, indicating the direction with the open blade of a huge jackknife which he held.

"Precisely. Do you know who owns them?"

"Wa'al, yis; shudn't wunder ef I did;" and then, with a satisfied smile and a self-important air, resumed—"shudn't wunder ef I did. This 'ere indiwidooal owns um ez much ez ennybody, but et present reck'nin' they ain't nobody in taown but wut owns um. I never *see* sech goin's on ez they iz abaout thet ar piece o' graound. Ye see," continued he, settling down an inch or two as he stood, and emphasizing his remarks by a sort of double baton movement with his jackknife blade and outstretched finger—"ye see, my gran'ther wuz the 'riginal owner on't, 'n' he gut it in trade from old Squire Nathan Sanford, who gut it d'rect from the Sharrapaug Injins, 'n' he gut the *deed*, teu, with all the Injins' marks 'n' signs 'n' sech on to it; but, darn his picter, the pesky old fool— Naow look eeah; I don't make no bones

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abaout my 'pinion o' my grau'ther, 'n' everybody *knows* on't; he wuz nuthin' but a reg'lar old *dunce heels*, 'n' thet's the treuth on't. But thar! he's ded 'n' gone, poor feller, 'n' I ain't a-goin' to say nuthin' agin the ded;" and a look of penitence would seem to close in around those two teeth. "But, ye see, he held thet ar deed, 'n' the pesky old fool never knowed enuff to git it recorded, 'n' wuz so 'tarnal shif'less thet he ended in goin' 'n' losin' on't, er hidin' on't, er suthin'; leastwise they hain't never seen hide ner hair on't sence, 'n' they hez bin more spiteful quarrellin' 'n' fitin' cum by thet consarned idjit then his hide wuz wuth. But thar!" said he, after a moment's hesitation, with the same look of penitence lurking behind that thin mustache, "he's ded 'n' gone, poor feller, 'n' I ain't one o' them az iz goin' to say anythin' agin the ded."

During this latter refrain we had noticed that his eyes were restlessly scanning the ground around where he stood, when suddenly, in a marvellous fashion, he hung himself over the top of the tall picket-fence, and picked up something on the ground outside. It was a long pine stick lying at the edge of the road, with one end imbedded in a mud-puddle. He turned it over, looked at it as if in deep thought, wiped the muddy end in his long gray hair, and finished the process on his shirt sleeve, and then with his newly ground blade took off one long



A WAY-SIDE BARGAIN.

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THE TOLL-BRIDGE.

thin curling shaving along its entire length.

"What are you going to make out of that?" I naturally inquired.

"Oh, nawth'n pertickler," he drawled; "but ye see, I make it a *pint* alliz teu be *a-dewin'* suthin' 'ruther, 'n' never t' be a-wastin' on my time. It's dreffle curus, naow, but they iz fokes wut—"

He stopped short, for a slam of a window-sash interrupted him. He turned his head quickly, and in so doing threw toward us a ball of mud from his loose gray hair, while from the neighborhood of the pans at the pantry window there came a sharp, shrill voice.

"Enoch Emmons, didn't I tell yeu teu fix them *bars?* Thar's the old speckle *caow* in the *corn* agin, 'n' I sed it wud be *jes' so;*" and then came another slam, which not only shut the window, but completely shut off this stream of tender reminiscence.

"I'll look arter it," were the only words he uttered. He threw away his stick among the brambles, shut his jackknife with a snap, and with a parting nod dragged his soggy boots in wheezing steps toward the house.

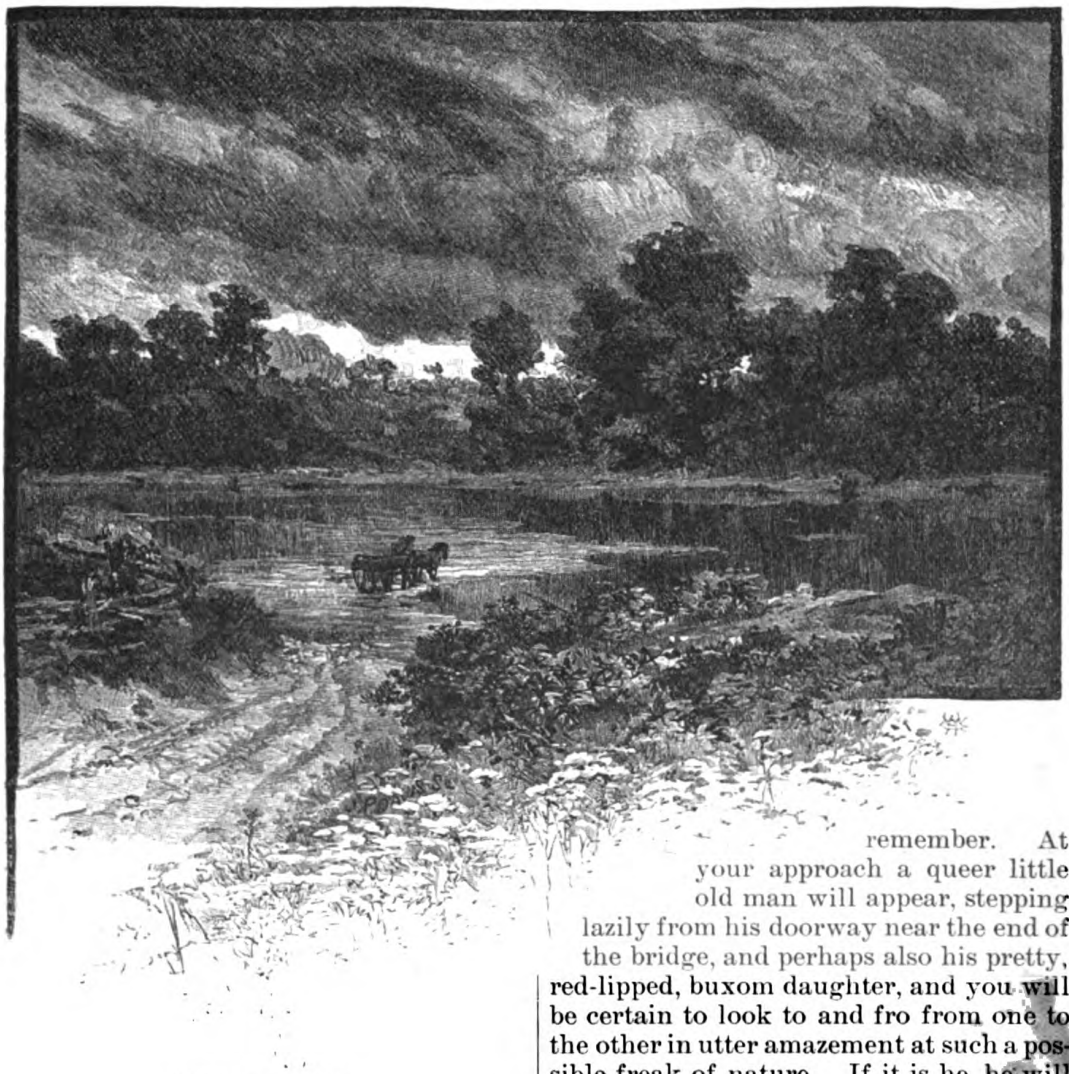
Perhaps you might chance upon an old tin peddler going his regular round of gossip and trade. If so, you will certainly halt a moment to take a look at his remarkable turn out, a sort of peripatetic junk-shop and circus wagon combined, with brooms and feather dusters towering up like plumes above its glittering tins and pans, and huge bursting rag-bag tied on behind, and an endless variety of choice earthen ware stowed away out of sight. It is as good as a circus, too, to hear him descant, as I did once, upon the great virtues of Mother Morton's *Cherry Pictorial*, "a sure and sartin cure fer all affectations of the liver and the lungs."

Or maybe it is a skillful estimate of the saving of the backbone in the use of the "Acme," Sparback's latest improved extra super double-sided zinc-fluted washboard. "Acme!"—mystic word! How insignificant is that pile of rags in the garret when pitted against such a lovely household gem! Thus, at least, you would read the sentiments of the enraptured customer, were you to glance at her expression. She is not long in deciding. "Ef they'z rags enuff, Mr. Spink, I bleeve I'll trade fer it." He follows her into the house, and after spending ten minutes in the sitting-room in friendly gossip, re-appears tugging the bag of rags. They are weighed; they kick the beam and to spare; the "Acme" becomes her priceless treasure, and there is still eleven cents due her, which she takes out in a "cake o' soap fer the spar chamber, a doughnut cutter, a ball o' wickin', 'n' the rest in skein cotton."

If you ever find yourself doubting which road to take when in quest of a pleasant drive, it is always safe to conclude upon the "river road." It may lack the elements of broad panoramic views, but they will be replaced by other pictures

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which will come much closer to you, while you will also be sure to find many of the same features common to the "mountain road" and other roads. Their trickling cliffs, with their nodding columbines and mountain laurels; their wayside thickets of sumac, elders, mountain raspberry, and moose-wood with its large heart-shaped leaves, checkered, splashed, and blotched with crimson, as though painted by the falling drops of "red ink" from those poke-berries hanging in such long clusters above them. You will be sure to creep along the edge of that field of clover, timothy, and purple grasses, with its nodding lilies and its dusty milkweeds; you will see the mowers swing their scythes; and you will watch and laugh again and again at the gushing ardor of those comical bobolinks fluttering through the air in their pell-mell rhapsody, and dropping exhausted in the grass, or alighting out of breath upon the jutting fence rail.



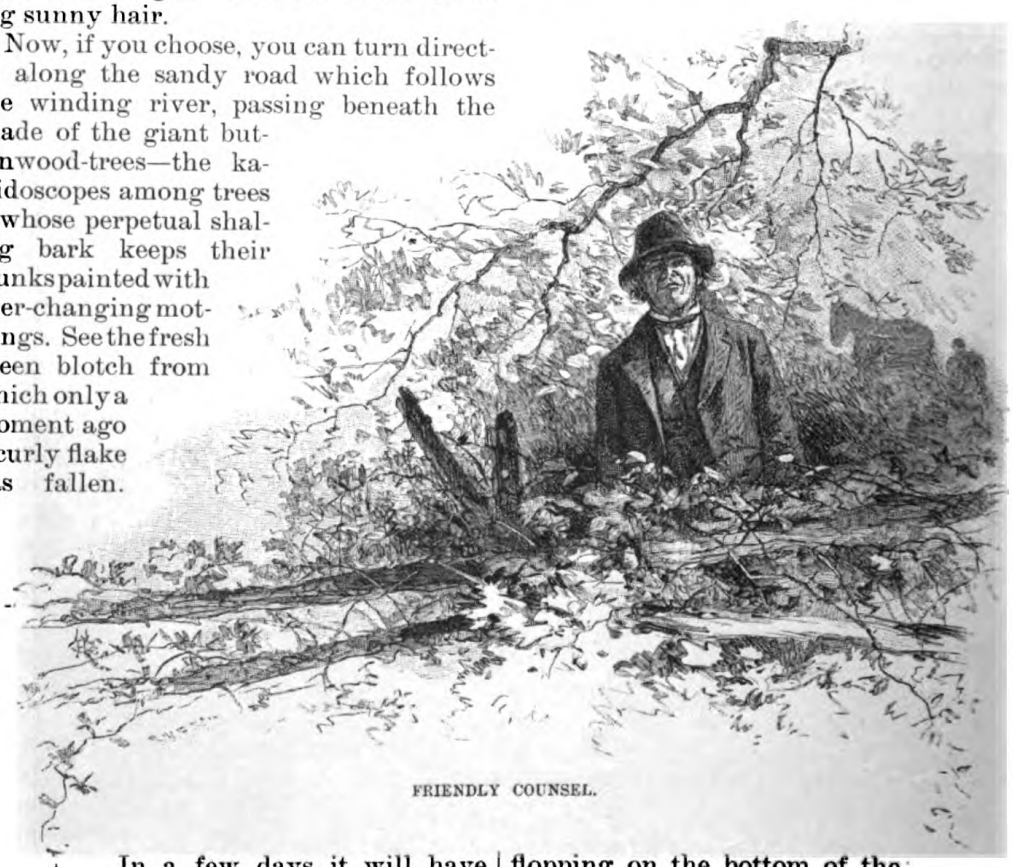
CROSSING THE FORD.

And then you will leave the darkness of some hemlock grove to open out upon that old rickety toll-bridge which we all remember. At your approach a queer little old man will appear, stepping lazily from his doorway near the end of the bridge, and perhaps also his pretty, red-lipped, buxom daughter, and you will be certain to look to and fro from one to the other in utter amazement at such a possible freak of nature. If it is he, he will look you over, and take you all in through his big blue goggles in his own good time; and should he be the little dried-up old specimen that I remember, he will then remark, "They's three on ye, caountin' the hoss—fifteen cents." Or if it is she, there will be held out a very different-looking hand, be assured, accompanied by a winning smile and a pleasant voice—"Fifteen cents, please." And, by-the-way, while you are fumbling so absently for

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the change—if you will permit a friendly suggestion—you would make a much more expeditious matter of it were you to fix your eyes more at your pocket-book, and less at those moist red lips and those white teeth and the golden brown of that flowing sunny hair.

Now, if you choose, you can turn directly along the sandy road which follows the winding river, passing beneath the shade of the giant buttonwood-trees—the kaleidoscopes among trees—whose perpetual shaling bark keeps their trunks painted with ever-changing mottlings. See the fresh green blotch from which only a moment ago a curly flake has fallen.



FRIENDLY COUNSEL.

In a few days it will have become sobered into a tender gray, and the loose brown piece which hangs along its edge will crackle and fall, carrying with it that hidden tuft of spider-eggs, and bringing to full view that white blotch which even now shows beneath its shadow. And this same process is continued more or less throughout the year, from its huge stem clear to the branch tips, and there is a new set of tints with almost every month. Here your attention will be arrested out in mid-stream, perhaps, by the sound of low voices or rattle of an oar among some party of anglers anchored in the stream. You can see the bobber dance upon the ripples, and if you look very sharply you can almost detect that tiny dragon-fly, the little blue-bodied sunbeam, which is certainly fluttering about on its filmy rainbow wings above the water, now settling lightly upon the rowlock, or even poising to thread that pendent fish-line with its bright metallic needle. You can hear the flip-flap of the running waves beneath those flat bows; and now there is a rising tumult in the water, a sun-flash, a spattering, and a wriggling, and now a flopping on the bottom of the boat. You had forgotten your carriage; your whip had become a fish-pole on the instant; it was raised with a snap—and away starts your pony through the low-hanging willows that sweep across your face. Suddenly they let you out again upon a stretch of deep white sand, where nimble tiger-beetles rise and glisten in their short flights before you, and your very ears seem to vibrate with the dizzy, busy buzz of cricket life among the road-side weeds and sedges. We will not forget that green-eyed horse-fly, nor the swarm of huge mosquitoes, with their striped stockings and their tremendous thirst, nor that friendly counsel from over a road-side fence, as we hesitated at the ford:

"Ye want to start in jest whar ye see thet ar' stun stickin' aout o' water, 'n' then folly the ripple right araound. Keep clus into it, 'n' ye can't go wrong; 'n' ef I wuz yeu I sh'd jes' be gittin' right along, fer

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CALLING THE COWS.

I'm cal'latin' we're a-goin' to git a leetle tech o' rain aout o' thet ar' claoud, 'n' the ripples all goes in the rain."

There are a hundred other things which come crowding on the thought. There was a splash in a puddle, where every drop seemed to give birth to a score of yellow butterflies that flew up about us in a fluttering swarm; a row of twittering swallows on a wire; a rumbling, top-heavy stage-coach, with six galloping horses, and cheering crowd up aloft, dodging beneath the maple branches; or a friendly chat with the quaint old village doctor in his ancient one-horse chaise. There was a luscious quaff of wine from the purple clusters of wild cherries, picked from the carriage from an overhanging bough; and other little pleasantries. That tight-drawn spider-

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web, for instance, that cut and snapped across your face; that clumsy, rattle-jointed grasshopper that bumped against your cheek, and landed kicking in your lap; or perhaps a wriggling inch-worm, that has hung himself for amusement, swinging directly in your path, awaiting what would seem to be the ambition of his life, an opportunity to measure the length of your nose—and which he actually did. Yes, they are all trivial, I know; but then how large a place do such small trifles hold in the grand total of a summer's holiday!

But even the loveliest road in New England would erelong, I fear, find its limit in our capacity of enjoyment. The eye is surfeited and the mind often confused at the endless pageantry, and unless the shadows of the twilight come to our rescue there is danger that it may at length prove a tedious journey.

Then let the restful quiet of the gathering darkness fall upon our roadway as we have so often seen it, when the dusky gloom veiled the landscape in obscurity, and our path ahead was lost in a glamour of vague, impenetrable mystery.

The air is still. The sheltered spots among the lowlands and the alders are white and ghostly with their gathering fog. Even in the dimness we can see it floating and creeping among the willows, where the gurgling water gives it birth, and launches it among the bogs and sedges. How still and motionless the leaves! Not even a good-night whisper from the aspen-trees. The gnats are dancing in the quiet air. We can not see them, but we hear their singing wings. The rising mist has stolen close about us, we feel its chill, and it has become redolent with the damp odors of the brooks and marshes, while now and then there steals upon the senses that delicate dew-born perfume, the faint pure breath from some awakening primrose, lighting its pale yellow lamp amid the gloaming. The naiads of the pond, enshrouded in their veil of mist, have long since gone to rest, and could our eyes but penetrate the dim shadows around us, we might discover the drowsy clover leaves losing themselves in sleep, with folded palms and heads bowed down beneath the benediction of the dew. You may hear, perhaps, amid the silence, the plaintive wail of some whip-poor-will far away, or a slight rustling among the leaves overhead; but it is not the breeze that rustles. It is some soft-winged owl that has left his perch for his mission of dark deeds, or some night-flying moth, perhaps, seeking his mate among the shadows. And how full of strangeness is this mysterious commotion, drawing nearer and nearer to you in the darkness, how weird and inexplicable, until you hear the boyish whistle, the clatter of the loosened bars, and now the clear calling voice ringing in the still night air! And hark! how soon there comes an answering tinkle from the gloom. Now a harsh grating note of the first katydid sounds high above in the maple-tree. Another and another seem waiting to take up the challenge, and the air soon vibrates with the never-ending discord of their noisy multitudes. Moment by moment the road-side has wrapped itself in obscurity, and now there is nothing left but the black curtain of the night thrown over all. Nothing visible. Ah, yes, the tiny lanterns of the sporting fireflies that have come to seek us in the darkness; but we are gone.



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JOURNALISTIC LONDON.

First Paper.



A HUNDRED years ago, Fleet Street was the most picturesque, as it is to-day the most characteristic, of London thoroughfares. In the earliest days of George the Third, Temple Bar was the portal of an avenue of many-gabled houses, from which swung trade signs of innumerable variety. There were Saracens' Heads and Golden Keys, Red Lions and Blue Boars, Bibles and Crowns and Mitres. By day they made a brave show of color. At night they creaked and groaned a chorus of strange accompaniment to the watchmen's hourly records of Time's weary progress. The dirty sidewalk was separated from the dirtier roadway by posts, over which the boys of the time played leap-frog, while cumbrous hackney carriages churned into mud the various refuse flung into the street by thoughtless housewives and "idle apprentices." Sedan-chairs were carried hither and thither, attended by linkboys, and occasionally interrupted by marauding foot-pads. Bob-wigs and buckled shoes were the fashion; and the miscellaneous crowd that passed through the frowning bar was as picturesque as the street itself. To-day a griffin spreads a pair of bat-like wings over the spot where Traitor's Gate barred the narrow way. The hybrid monster which the corporation have set up to mark the city boundary is the civic crest; and had the fabulous creature been reared aloft on a mighty pillar towering up into the clouds, the effect would have been dignified, if not grand. As it is, coming from the west, it is not the contemptuous thing severe critics would have us believe, though as a work of art it is not altogether a satisfactory performance. "The Cock," whose plump head waiter has been sung by the Laureate, no longer poses in leaf of gold within the shadow of Temple Bar. Such daylight as there is hereabouts now falls full upon the gilded bird, and the old eating-room beyond the passage over which Grindley Gibbons's chanticleer still mounts its ancient guard looks strangely out of keeping with the wooden pavement and the electric lamps of these brand-new days.

The history of Fleet Street would be a chronicle of the rise and progress of the London press. For that matter, it could be made the basis of a history of the metropolis, not to say the story of England itself, for it has classic links of fact that loop events away back in the furthermost ages of darkness. All the more fitting is it that the press should set up in this region the fierce light that burns upon its ever-flaming altars. Who that is not occupied with that constant thirst of gold which influences many of the crowd to-day hurrying cityward can walk along Fleet Street without thinking of the "footprints on the sands of time" which this historic thoroughfare recalls? Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Walter Raleigh, Dryden, Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, have met here for work and gossip, and in later days Cobbett and Theodore Hook, Thackeray and Dickens, Hood and Jerrold, have carried on the old street's splendid succession. The site of London's most famous taverns, it has always been a great literary and journalistic centre. A few illustrative instances of both these features may be mentioned here. Where the Rainbow now dispenses old English fare, the Devil Tavern stood. The legend of St. Dunstan tweaking his Satanic Majesty's nose originated the sign. Simon Wadloe, "the king of skinners," kept the house. He was immortalized in Squire Western's favorite song, "Sir Simon the King." The tavern had among its customers John Cottington, *alias* "Mull Sack," the highwayman, who divided his favors between king and commonwealth, first by picking the pocket of Oliver Cromwell, and then by robbing King Charles the Second's chambers at Cologne of a vast quantity of plate. The impartial thief was finally hanged at Tyburn for murder. The Globe was a well-known tavern, frequented by Macklin, the comedian, Carnan, the bookseller, and William Woodfall, the first Parliamentary reformer.

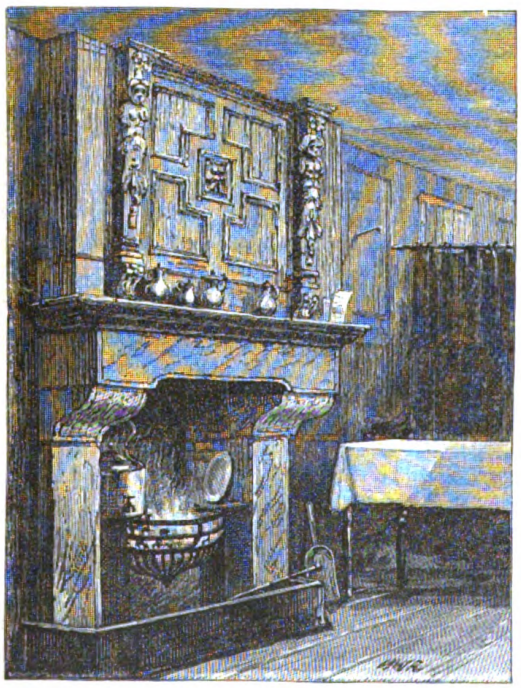
The Cock Tavern remains to-day almost in the same condition as it was when

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Pepys ate a lobster there with Mrs. Pierce and Mrs. Knipp. The same long gloomy entrance from the street, with the same sober glimmer of fire-light playing upon sawdust at the end of it; the same high-backed seats and old square tables; the same appetizing atmosphere, redolent of chops and old ale; and, one could be sworn, the very self-same head waiter whom Will Waterproof, in Tennyson's ballad, apostrophizes in delightful measure:

"And hence this halo lives about
The waiter's hands, that reach
To each his perfect pint of stout,
His proper chop to each.
He looks not like the common breed
That with the napkin dally;
I think he came, like Ganymede,
From some delightful valley."

The carved fire-place of the olden days remains. It dates from the time of James the First; and on a winter's night it is a



FIRE-PLACE IN THE COCK TAVERN.

cheery thing to see the great copper kettle of the house swinging over the fire, and William, the waiter, making whiskey punch for guests to sit by the hot hearth smoking long clay pipes. The Great Fire of London stopped at Temple Bar, and saved the Cock. During the Plague, in 1665, the landlord closed his house, retired into the country, and published the following advertisement in *The Intelligencer*:

"This is to notify that the master of the Cock and Bottle, commonly called the Cock Ale-House, at Temple Bar, hath dismissed his servants and shut up his house, for this long vacation, intending (God willing) to return at Michaelmas next, so that all persons whatsoever who have any Accompts with the said Master, or *Farthings belonging to the said house*, are desired to repair thither before the 8th of this instant July, and they shall receive satisfaction."

One of these coins, the only specimen extant, is preserved in a small ebony box, and is shown to any person who has the curiosity to inspect it. We looked at it the other day while an antiquely attired old gentleman, with a frilled shirt front and a high coat collar, sipped his punch, and enjoyed the primitive aspect of the place. Every now and then you meet here strange old-world-looking men who have a Rip Van Winkle air, as if they were revisiting the haunts of their most ancient and long-past youth. The earliest printing-offices were in Fleet Street, the earliest stores for stationery and books. Wynkyn de Worde (Caxton's assistant) lived here at the sign of the Sun. Pope and Warburton are said to have first met at Jacob Robinson's book-shop, down Inner Temple Lane. On the north corner of Salisbury Square, Richardson, the printer and novelist, lived and had his office. Chaucer's works were first printed by Thomas Godfrey near Temple Bar. Cobbett's *Political Register* was printed in Bolt Court, which is one of the most interesting of the many historical courts that abound in Fleet Street. It is still a quaint, picturesque corner, as our illustration conveys, and is thick with publishing and printing offices. The Stationers' School is curiously packed away in a half-blind nook of it, and the arms of the Medical Society remain over the doorway of the most imposing of its houses, while *Truth* hangs out over the way its modern banner of the classic lady with the lamp. Dr. Johnson lived and died in Bolt Court. It was here that young Samuel Rogers went to show the doctor the early efforts of his Muse. Dr. Johnson is said to have forecast the lighting of London by gas in this court. Watching the lamp-lighter, he observed that the flame of one of the oil wicks died out. The lamp-lighter at once re-ascended his ladder, partially lift-



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ed the cover, and thrust in his torch, when the thick vapor that surrounded the wick took fire, and lighted it. "Ah," said the doctor, "one of these days the streets of London will be lighted by smoke!" What would his lugubrious majesty have said of the electric lamps? It is worth while mentioning, in passing, that at the east corner of Peterborough Court, where *The Daily Telegraph* is now published, was the first store opened for the sale of "Hertner's Euprion," or "Instantaneous Light Apparatus," the complicated predecessor of the Lucifer-match. Cobbett's original shop was at 183 Fleet Street, but he removed to Bolt Court. A gridiron was engraven on the first page of his *Register*, indicative of the political martyrdom he was prepared to endure, and he had a large one made to put out as a sign over his shop, but he never used it. Before Johnson went to Bolt Court he lived at No. 7 Johnson Court, from 1765 to 1776; but it was in Gough Square North where he compiled most of his Dictionary, and lost his beloved wife Letty. Some time about the year 1820, Sir Walter Scott met Theodore Hook at dinner. Charmed with his conversation, impressed with his intellectual power, and sympathizing with the poverty of his worldly means, he recommended him to a friend who was on the eve of starting *John Bull*. Hook was thereupon appointed editor, and the journal was commenced at No. 11 Johnson's Court. For a long time this appointment was worth £2000 a year, the journal being a distinct and financial success from the



DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE.

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first issue. *John Bull* is still published, and has a fair circulation among old-fashioned Conservatives, and subscribers who are interested in its literary articles and clerical news.

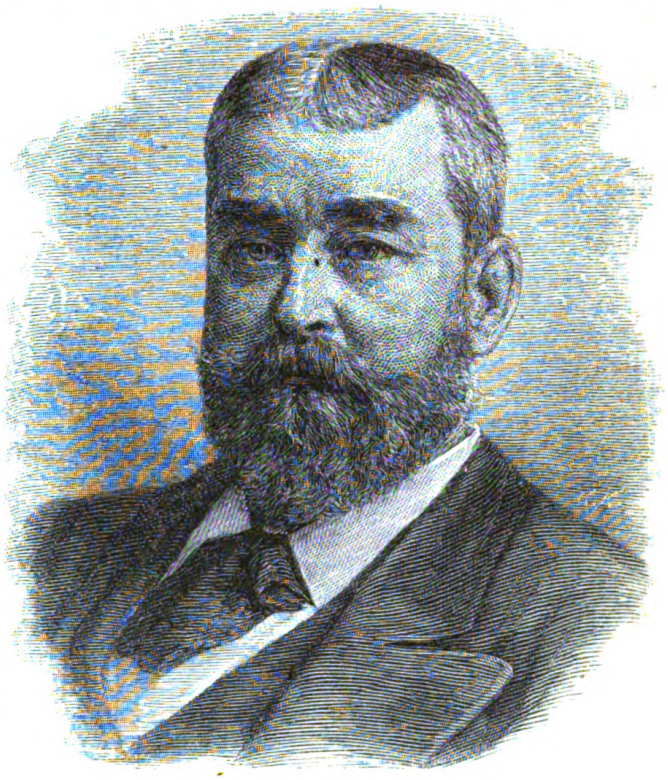
Crane Court, of all the courts in Fleet Street, has been the most prolific of journalistic nurseries. Rebuilt after the great fire of London, it still contains some good specimens of old brick-work. Mr. Timbs, in his *Walks and Talks about London*, says the large front house was built by Sir Christopher Wren, and inhabited by Dr. Edward Brown, an eminent physician, until 1710, when it was purchased, with the "adjoyning little house," by the Royal Society; the president, Sir Isaac Newton, being in favor of the place, because it was "in the middle of the town, and out of noise," whereas to-day it is the very heart of London's tumultuous bustle. The society removed to Somerset House in 1782, and sold the Crane Court building to the Scottish Hospital and Corporation, by whom it is still occupied. On the site of the first house on the right as you enter Crane Court, Dryden Leach, the printer, had his office. He was arrested upon suspicion of having printed No. 45 of Wilkes's *North Briton*. The Society of Arts first met in Crane Court. Its rooms were over a circulating library. It was in Crane Court that Dr. Gavin Knight, of the British Museum (while fitting up a house where Concanen had lodged), found the letter in which Warburton said Dryden borrowed for want of leisure, and Pope for want of time. *The Commercial Chronicle* was started here, and *The Traveller* had offices in the court until it was merged into *The Globe*, which is now published in the Strand. For some years *The Globe* was a favorite journal of the Liberal party. It is now a Conservative organ, edited by Mr. Armstrong, and printed on a pink-toned paper. *The Globe* has a pleasant novelty on its front page, a daily essay of a purely literary character. It is the work not only of members of the staff, but of outsiders. Many excellent contributions to this department have come from Mr. Palmer, one of the editorial lieutenants of the Sheffield *Daily Telegraph*. Mr. Joseph Knight, Mr. Thomas Purnell (the "Q" who excited the ire of poor Mr. Tom Taylor by his attacks in *The Athenæum*), and Mr. Henry Hersee are among its principal writers of dramatic, musical, and general criticism. In its active days of Liberal politics, *The Globe* was credited with being often under the direct inspiration of Lord Palmerston, touching foreign affairs. Mr. Francis Mahony, known to fame as "Father Prout," was one of its most constant writers, and had a pecuniary interest in the profits of the paper. It does not come within the compass of this article to tell the history of *The Globe*, which, however, is not thus briefly passed over on any other grounds than the necessity of restricting the subject of "Journalistic London" to the space of a certain limited number of pages. The early numbers of *Punch* were printed in Crane Court. Some years ago the present writer contributed a complete history of this famous periodical to the pages of



CRANE COURT.

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London Society. Taken as a view of an interesting literary period, the story of *Punch* is concerned with the lives and works of the leading wits, humorists, essayists, novelists, and statesmen of the Victorian era. It introduced to the world the best compositions of Douglas Jerrold, Tom Hood, Albert Smith, Stirling Coyne, Thackeray, Gilbert à Beckett, and Shirley Brooks. It has made Doyle, Leech, Keene, Du Maurier, Bennett, and Tenniell famous. During the past five-and-thirty years of England's eventful history, *Punch* has been an acknowledged power in the state. There were literary as well as political and scientific giants in the days when *Punch* was young—authors and journalists who were just stepping out of the common ruck of men to make their impressions on this wonderful age of telegraphs and penny newspapers. Bulwer was approaching the height of his fame. Charles Knight was compiling his *Encyclopedia.* Wordsworth was laureate. Elizabeth Barrett, Mrs. Hemans, Eliza Cook, and Harriet Martineau were proving at once the beauty and strength of feminine intellect. Leigh Hunt was gathering honey on Parnassus, dreaming much, but never rising to such a pitch of wild imagining as that his son Thornton should become the editor of London's "largest circulated daily paper," published at a penny, and wielding a great national power. Captain Marryat was commending Peter Simple to the young hearts of Christendom. The elder Disraeli was giving to the world his *Amenities of Literature;* while sundry poets and authors were preparing lively incidents for his successor, who has not yet arisen. Samuel Warren had just published *Ten Thousand a Year;* Lever, *Charles O'Malley;* Macaulay, *Lays of Ancient Rome;* Douglas Jerrold was inventing stories beyond that "strip of silver sea" which he said was the best thing between France and England; and Charles Dickens was busy on the first chapters of *The Christmas Carol.* Fancy, after all, amidst this great literary light, the darkness of a community that did not know Tiny Tim! One almost looks back to pity a world that had not joined in the little martyr's Christmas toast, "God bless us every one!" To Mark Lemon is entitled the credit of founding *Punch;* and he was a model editor. At his death he was succeeded by Mr. Tom Taylor, who in his turn was followed by Mr. Shirley Brooks. On this scholarly and facile journalist and author resting from his labors, Mr. F. C. Burnand came into power. Mr. Burnand is one of the most original humorists of his time. For many years he had been "the life and soul" of *Punch*, as to-day he is its best adviser and the most trenchant interpreter of its spirit and purpose. Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, who started *The Daily News*, bought *Punch*, through Mark Lemon, when it was in danger of collapse, and found in their enterprise "an exceeding great reward." The late Mr. Grant, in his book of *The Newspaper Press*, says £1000 a year was in his time the highest salary paid to the editor of a London journal. For some years prior to his death Bradbury and Evans paid Mark Lemon £1500 a year for editing *Punch*. At No. 10 Crane Court *The Illustrated London*



F. C. BURNAND.

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News was first printed. It was the project of Mr. Herbert Ingram during the time that he was a news agent at Nottingham. We propose later on to deal with the rise and progress of this remarkable paper. Mark Lemon was Mr. Ingram's chief adviser in connection with the management of the journal in its early days. Indeed, there were few prominent publications of his time that Mark Lemon was not interested in. He once edited *The Family Herald*, as well as *The Field*, which latter journal was for a short time owned by Bradbury and Evans. *The Family Herald* and *The Field* are now two of the best properties of the day. Mr. Sergeant Cox, who died a year ago, left an immense fortune behind him, largely made out of *The Field*. The astute lawyer had a peculiar prescience in regard to newspapers. He had the faculty of judging what the public wants, and a keen scent for unoccupied ground in the broad field of journalistic enterprise. *The Field* was at one time the property of Benjamin Webster, the actor-lessee of the Adelphi, and it had nearly died on his hands, when Mr. Cox bought it for a trifle. Fixing in his mind what the programme of the paper ought to be, he cast about for an editor. Mr. Walsh, a surgeon of Worcester, had just at this time published a book on dogs, and a kindred work, showing a large knowledge of field-sports. Mr. Cox opened negotiations with Mr. Walsh, and induced him to accept the editorship of *The Field*. Mr. Walsh appointed sub-editors, or chiefs of departments, while travellers, naturalists, and others were invited to send in accounts of the sports of foreign lands, together with articles on natural history, or matters of general interest to country gentlemen. Reporters were appointed to supply reliable and late accounts of agriculture, sporting, hunting, racing, yachting, shooting, and *The Field* became a mirror of the urban and rural world. It grew in importance and popularity, and has for many years been paying an annual income of probably more than £25,000. Almost in the same way Mr. Cox bought *The Queen*. He took it to *The Field* office, and made it for ladies what *The Field* is for gentlemen—a complete magazine of all their practical wants and requirements, as well as a useful reflection of fashion, an organ of cookery, and a reporter of the doings of society. From a losing property, *The Queen* in two years is said to have paid, and its income to-day is not less than £10,000 a year, and it may be double that sum. *The Exchange and Mart* was a new venture of Mr. Cox's, springing out of the overgrown department of exchange in *The Queen*. It is one of the modern curiosities of London journalism, and a very profitable undertaking.

As the City Hall marks the centre of journalistic activity in New York, so may the middle of Fleet Street be taken as the point around which within about half a mile beats and throbs the newspaper machinery of London. Within this radius are all the offices of all the great journals, many of them, as in the case of *The Times*, *The Tribune*, *The Herald*, *The World*, of New York, being almost next-door neighbors, notably *The Telegraph*, *The Standard*, *The Morning Advertiser*, *The Daily News*. Around them cluster the headquarters of many famous weeklies and the London offices of great provincial journals, such as the Manchester *Examiner and Times*, Newcastle *Chronicle*, *Irish Times*, *The Scotsman*, Leeds *Mercury*, Liverpool *Courier*, Manchester *Guardian*, and other organs of influence and position. It is one of Mr. Gladstone's favorite theories that the provincial press is better informed and more powerful than the contemporary journalism of London. There can be no question that the country press has been far more constant in its devotion to Mr. Gladstone as a statesman than the London papers have. An astute writer in *The Nation* (New York) says Mr. Gladstone's preference for the provincial over the London journals lies in the fact that he is criticised by the newspapers of London, and flattered by the newspapers of the provinces. It is interesting to find in an American journal articles so well informed about the inner life of English journalism as those which have appeared in *The Nation*. But I have seen nowhere a true estimate of the remarkable change which has taken place in the influence of the provincial press since the complete development of telegraphic intercourse between the country and the metropolis. A few years ago, before the establishment of news associations and special intelligence wires, the provincial editor was far more in accord with London opinion than now, and for this reason: when the great Parliamentary and other speeches of the day came to him,

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he had also before him the editorial opinions of the leading London daily journals. The Queen's Speech, the Budget debate, and other important political manifestoes, proposals, and discussions reached him simultaneously with the editorials thereon of the metropolitan press. Before he expressed the opinion of his journal to his readers, he was informed and fortified with the views of London. Some country editors were content to adopt the opinions of certain papers which belonged to their party. Others weighed up the points of two or three journals, and combined what fitted their opinions with such a line of advocacy or denunciation as they deemed most suitable to their constituency. Thus the metropolitan press exercised a strong influence on the pens of country writers, and in those days the London papers had a much larger circulation in the provinces than they have now. The position of the country editor and leader-writer has entirely changed with the concurrent telegrams of Reuter, and the use of special London wires. He now receives the Queen's Speech almost as soon as the London dailies get it. The Budget and all other great debates are telegraphed to him as they occur, so that the editorial opinion of the country editor is nowadays a more individual and independent one than that of his London contemporary.

With the proofs of the Parliamentary debates or important international news before him, sometimes with only the telegraphic flimsy itself to guide him, he must write his editorial upon the subject reported. As a rule, the country editor is a writing journalist. He has assistants, but he himself contributes to his paper its most important editorials. He must write, as a rule, on the spur of the moment. There is no club where he can gather the prevailing opinion. He can not go outside his office and tap the sentiments of the crowd. He has no colleagues with whom to consult. No minister is interviewed for him as to the probable course of the government under certain circumstances. He has no proprietary chief picking up ideas in the lobbies of the Commons, or sitting within "the magic portals" of the House itself, who will slip out and guide him with a special "tip." The very atmosphere of London seems instinct with the opinion of the hour on great questions. In the clubs you hear a hundred opinions and comments while great debates are in progress. The telegraphic desks at the Reform, the Carlton, and at many minor clubs are centres of opinions as well as news. The country editor has none of these advantages. Leeds and Manchester and Birmingham have gone to bed long after London clubs and coteries are reading and discussing the nightly telegrams. Moreover, the principal provincial daily papers only receive full telegrams of great events, the baldest summaries being supplied to the local clubs, and those only up to a certain hour; so that the editorial writer who is to influence the local opinion of the next morning distinctly gives them his own uninfluenced individual opinion. It will no doubt smack of the party flavor of his paper, but it will be free from the sudden impulses of London opinion. Sitting in his office alone, with the facts to be discussed fresh before him, he has written his article; and whether for good or evil, it is the outcome of an independent mind, unbiassed by outside information, unchecked by ministerial or other influence; and in this way, having to exercise its own judgment, the provincial press has come to employ high-class talent, which has been further improved by having to rely upon its own resources, and by the constant exercise of the courage of expressing its opinion. It is natural that under these conditions the provincial writer should be cautious in his language and consistent in his views. There is more active political life in the country than in London, because politics represents recreation as well as duty in provincial towns and cities. Therefore the local journal can not afford to be otherwise than consistent. Its policy is watched with jealous eyes, and political chiefs like Gladstone on the one hand and Salisbury on the other are gods not to be lightly criticised. At the same time *The Nation* is hardly fair when it says that the country press merely re-echoes Mr. Gladstone's opinions; for touching the Russo-Turkish war there were some notable examples of Liberal journals that went over to the other side, as *The Daily Telegraph* did on the question of foreign politics.

The Sheffield *Daily Telegraph*, under Mr. E. C. Leng (who exposed the Broadhead tyranny, a pen in one hand, a revolver in the other), risked an established Liberal position to follow the Conservative Premier. It is true that on the whole

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question, if we may judge by the result of the general election, a tremendous percentage of country opinion was with Mr. Gladstone. "The metropolitan journals prophesied defeat; they were wrong. The provincial journals prophesied success; they were right. Therefore Mr. Gladstone's conclusion is that provincial journals understand and reflect public opinion, while the metropolitan mistake and mislead it. But Mr. Gladstone confines himself to the year 1880; he does not look back to the year 1874, when the provincial journals prophesied his victory at the polls, and he found out they were completely wrong. The fact is, the great majority of the provincial journals are Liberal, and the wish being father to the thought, they always prophesy a Liberal victory." This is a plausible explanation, and is admirably put, but it does not, I think, truly gauge the situation. In the 1874 election there was no particular division of opinion between London and the provinces. Mr. Gladstone had made many mistakes, more particularly the one of arrogance toward his party and its leaders. A feeling had spread that he had neglected to maintain the foreign influence and dignity of his country. The Continental press had flouted England over and over again with having sunk to the position of a third-rate power. The national pride was roused with the stigma cast upon Mr. Gladstone's government by the opposition, that the policy of his government was peace at any price. His popularity fell; it went down under the common instinct of the people that there was foreign trouble ahead, and that neither he nor his cabinet were the persons to cope with it. This is not an expression of opinion (this paper is not a political essay), but it is a matter of fact. Mr. Gladstone's majority, in spite of his election promise to reduce the income tax, was cast to the winds, and Mr. Disraeli was returned. But on that occasion there was no marked division of opinion between the opinions of the London and provincial press. At the last general election there was. The London press were not in accord with their country contemporaries either on the question at issue or in their forecast of the results. Whether the country opinion was the right one as to the imperial policy of Lord Beaconsfield is an open question, which it is not necessary to discuss here. But there can be no question about the Gladstonian victory being far more of a surprise to London than it was to the country. The London papers interpreted the result by the unanimous expression of the opinion of intellectual and moneyed London being against the government. They took the views of the city on 'Change and at the banks, and the opinions of Mayfair and Clubland at the West, as the opinion of London. But it turned out not to be the opinion of voting London; while the sanguine forecasts of the Liberal press of the country were the outcome of the discontent of the masses, and the general rallying of a great party stimulated by the desire for a change of government. Mr. Gladstone may take a good deal of credit to himself for the marshalling of these forces. What Lord Beaconsfield called a "pilgrimage of passion" was the trumpet call of a great chief. Mr. Gladstone's famous tour of oratory did much to realize for the country press their forecast of the overthrow of Lord Beaconsfield.

Mr. Gladstone is often said to be more of a politician than a statesman, and there may be a certain amount of diplomacy in his flattery of the provincial press. It is provincial England, not journalistic London, that makes and unmakes Parliaments, but country journalists themselves will not agree with the Premier's statement that they are better informed than their brethren of the metropolis. London is the centre of the world, the half-way house of the Old World on its way to the continent of Europe. It is the pivot upon which the financial operations of the world move. The head-quarters of the Anglo-Saxon race, it is the capital of capitals. All the knowledge of creation past and present is collected here. The seat of government, it is the starting-point of great events, the receptacle of news and opinions from abroad. What the country learns by wire, London learns by word of mouth. The foreign ambassador, the great traveller, the diplomatic intriguer, the foreign scientist, the soldier from distant camps, the Queen's messengers going to and fro, we meet them face to face; we hear their stories from their own lips. Ministers of state, members of Parliament, government officials, the special correspondents of great newspapers, they are here on the spot, and official intelligence of current movements and changes, of facts and

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opinions, filter from these sources through society and down to the streets, and give to the formation of public opinion an amount of information which can not possibly reach the country; and London is always in a position to give a sober and more reliable opinion on foreign politics than Edinburgh, Manchester, Glasgow, Dublin, Sheffield, Leeds, Liverpool, or Birmingham. It would be easy to build up a mountain of reasons to refute Mr. Gladstone's assertions as to the superior knowledge of the provincial over the London press, and without for a moment disparaging the scholarship and power of the country editors, from whose ranks London continually recruits its own; but it is more to the purpose of this sketch that we now turn our undivided attention to the newspapers of the metropolis.

Although it has its head-quarters in and around Fleet Street, it is hard to say where journalistic London begins and ends. Time was when the "writer for the press" did not consider that his calling made it necessary for him to "mix in society," to belong to the best clubs, and have an establishment of his own where the greatest in the land should not be ashamed to visit him, but should gladly grace his board and interchange family courtesies at his wife's receptions. The Potts of Dickens would be as hard to find in the country to-day as the Shandon of Thackeray in London. As Bohemia has laid aside its long pipe and "two of gin," its sawdust floors and pewter pots, so has journalistic London advanced from the tavern corner, the sponging-house, and the gutter to take a foremost place in the best society of the time, combining with literary London to make an intellectual aristocracy that bids fair to hold in general estimation a standing equal to that of hereditary rank and fortune. Liberal Premiers and Liberal cabinets are credited with showing a more genuine respect for journalism than their Conservative opponents, though both have long since ceased to keep the London editor where Lord Chesterfield detained Dr. Johnson, a patient and despised waiter on greatness among the lackeys in the hall. Now and then a London journalist unconsciously reveals the old state of things when he scoffs at some successful rival who has ventured to refer familiarly to a distinguished person, just as Mr. Lawson was attacked for speaking in some past controversy of the Premier as his "friend Mr. Gladstone." Remembering the proverb that hawks do not eat hawks, journalists should not disparage the social distinction of their class. A great journal like *The Daily Telegraph* wields as powerful an influence as Mr. Gladstone, and to suggest that the director of such a power has not sufficient standing to meet Mr. Gladstone on equal terms, especially at a time when *The Telegraph* was supporting the Gladstone policy, is to discount the general status of the journalist, and depreciate the very power which the press claims for itself as the fourth estate of the realm. Besides, who does not remember Lord Palmerston's famous rebuke to Mr. Disraeli when the caustic leader of the opposition suggested, in a Parliamentary debate, that there were London editors who were politically influenced by their reception in "the gilded saloons" of the wives of ministers?

The sneer was aimed at Mr. Delane, who was constantly invited to Lady Palmerston's parties. The House of Commons did not see this more quickly than Lord Palmerston did. The fine old Englishman at once denounced the slight attempted to be put upon the integrity of journalism, and amidst the cheers of the Commons he paid a splendid tribute to the character of Mr. Delane, the editor of *The Times*, concluding by saying that it was a source of pride and gratification to possess the personal friendship and enjoy the society of a man of Mr. Delane's high honor and varied acquirements. In press circles the late Lord Beaconsfield is credited with other personal slights of journalists; and this is strange, seeing how intimately his career was at one time bound up with literature and the press. He was the "Runnymede" of *The Times*, and he must have contributed many a brilliant article to the papers in his early days. But when he was one of the gilded youth of London, press men were "poor devils" to be sneered at and contemned; and in his later days the brilliant statesman and satirist was not able to shake off the social traditions, axioms, and customs of the time when he was a beau of the first water, and the centre of a fashionable set that wiped its feet on journals and journalists. How bitterly some of the newspapers and "newspaper writers" (as Burke called them, when he said, "They are for the greater part either unknown or in contempt") have avenged their dead and gone brethren the

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future historian of the fourth estate may illustrate by extracts from the present press files for the information of a future generation. At the same time, the public men of the present day have had "big stand-up fights" with the newspaper—notably the encounter between Mr. Cobden and Mr. Delane, when Cobden spoiled his opening letter by the pettifogging and hackneyed pretense that he was not in the habit of reading *The Times*, but that his attention had been called to it; notably when Mr. John Bright jibed at the Beaconsfield ministry for allowing themselves to be influenced by the warlike tendencies of a section of their supporters, and by "the raving lunacy of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, and, if the House would pardon the alliteration, the delirium tremens of *The Daily Telegraph*."

As these papers can make no pretense to a systematic history of journalism, the writer proposes to himself rather to give prominence to new and authorized facts in connection with the great journals of the time than to set out the ordinary and oft-repeated histories which have become familiar. In selecting his subjects, he lays aside the customary marshalling of dates of priority, and does not consider it necessary to parade the precedence which has been given to journals according to age, circulation, or position. He is anxious that it shall be considered he is merely chatting with the readers about a great subject, while neither he nor they have any more time at the moment to spare than is necessary for a gossip, which he hopes will, however, be both pleasant and instructive. Among the stories of the projection and establishment of London papers, that of *The Daily News* has never been completely told. We can commend this present history of it as new in many respects, and true in all. The first number is dated January 21, 1846. It is curious to see a daily paper without any telegrams. It was thought a great thing to have received from Paris on the 21st of January advices as late as the 19th. There was a story in Bouverie Street, which we believe was true, that before this number appeared, a bogus paper was brought out in order to show the preparedness of the machinery and detail. Notwithstanding this, it appears from the good-humored protest from "A Subscriber," in the second number, that the arrangements were by no means perfect. The letter is interesting, since it is known that Mr. Charles Dickens wrote both the letter and the editorial rejoinder which follows.

"*To the Editor of the 'Daily News':*

"SIR,—Will you excuse my calling your attention to a variety of typographical errors in your first number? Several letters are standing on their heads, and several others seem to have gone out of town; while others, like people who are drawn for the militia, appear by deputy, and are sometimes very oddly represented. I have an interest in the subject, as I intend to be, if you will allow me,

"YOUR CONSTANT READER.

"*21st Janvary*, 1846."

"We can assure our good-humored correspondent that we are quite conscious of the errors he does us the favor to point out so leniently. The very many inaccuracies and omissions in our first impression are attributable to the disadvantageous circumstances attending the production of a first number. They will not occur, we trust, in any other.—ED. 'DAILY NEWS.'"

Dickens, during the six weeks of his editorship, was most active in engaging contributors right and left. Money flowed from the proprietary coffers "like water." A railway editor was engaged at two thousand pounds a year. There were foreign, colonial, and Heaven knows what editors besides. Bradbury and Evans supplied the capital. Ultimately Mr. C. W. Dilke, the grandfather of the present Sir Charles, and a man of great energy, on becoming manager, reduced things to order, though if it was upon his recommendation that the price of the paper was lowered to 2½*d.*, his wits must have been asleep for once. In those days the heavy paper and advertisement duties made it impossible for a journal to be sold profitably under 5*d.* per copy. The object of *The Daily News* for some time seemed to be to constitute itself a popular *Times*. In those days *The Times* was not the champion of freedom it is now.

The Daily News, on the other hand, espoused the cause of the nationalities of Italy and Hungary, as of the Parliamentary reformers at home. In this work, however, it quarrelled with Messrs. Cobden and Bright, whose peace-at-any-price doctrines were not to its taste. Mr. Bright openly sneered at *The Daily News*, and has never been a very cordial friend to it. Such contributors as Douglas Jerrold, Harriet Martineau, Dr. Lardner (who was the correspondent in Paris), and John For-

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ster gave the paper a high literary standing. Mr. Forster made an excellent editor, but the forces against him were too strong for him to prove successful. Mr. Knight Hunt, a busy, energetic little doctor, who wrote a fair account of the history of the newspaper press, worried himself to death in the effort to bring the paper to live upon a farthing a day without actual extinction. He was succeeded by a worthy Scotchman—a tall, gray-haired, canny Scot, as deaf as a post, into whose ear Lord Brougham said it was impossible, though he often tried, to pour a confidential communication. For this reason poor Weir was excluded from the political clubs, greatly to his annoyance. There was a chorus of praise from the press when the poor fellow died, despite the hostility which had reigned between them. No one was a better "hater" than old Weir. *The Times* of September 17, 1858, had the following paragraph: "'The late William Weir.' Under this title *The Daily News* publishes a well-earned tribute to the memory of its late editor—a gentleman to whom the public is greatly indebted for the able and honest conduct of that journal. We have often differed with it, but never without sincere respect for the ability and the gentlemanly spirit in which it was conducted—a spirit which made it, the youngest of our contemporaries, a worthy representative of the English press." Harriet Martineau discussed all sorts of topics with the utmost freedom. She wrote three articles a week by agreement, and this was continued after she had gone to her Westmoreland home. She delighted in her work, and contributed greatly to the high literary reputation of the paper. Her style was always clear and forcible, and her views were enlarged and humane. One story which she used to tell after she had ceased to write, which was only a few years before her death, was that she once enabled the paper to make an announcement of the first importance, viz., the sailing of the fleet for the Baltic during the Crimean war. It appears that she was on visiting terms with a lady who was anxious to get an appointment on one of the ships for her son, and having claims upon her Majesty, she had asked the royal interposition. The Queen called upon her one morning to tell her to set her mind at rest, for the fleet was going to the Baltic, and her boy should go with it. In the afternoon Miss Martineau called to see her friend, and was told of the circumstances. With true journalistic aptness, she drove back to *The Daily News* office, and made known the fact, and *The Daily News* had all the credit of having received exclusively an official notification. In 1869, Mr. J. R. Robinson, the manager, persuaded Miss Martineau to let him collect from *The Daily News* the various biographic sketches she had written for the paper. They were published, and secured a large sale. She was delighted, as she fancied the world had forgotten her. The praises which the critics lavished on the essays gave her great pleasure. The profits amounted to some hundreds of pounds, and were to her the least part of the gratification derived from the publication of the work.



J. R. ROBINSON.

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Mr. Thomas Walker, who was for some time sub-editor of the paper, has a claim to the respect of the American people, for it was during his editorship that the paper



F. H. HILL.

fought so gallantly in the cause of the North. In 1855, the present manager of the paper, Mr. J. R. Robinson, joined *The Daily News*, taking the post of editor of an evening paper in connection with *The Daily News*, called *The Express*, which under his direction was considered among journalists to be the best evening paper for news and general make-up that had ever been published. Mr. Robinson was an enthusiastic sympathizer with the North. For many years he had been the London correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* and the Boston *Advertiser*. The Southern sympathies of the wealthy classes tended to injure the paper, and certain large auctioneers, publishers, and other advertisers of that class declared they would have nothing to do with "such a rascally Yankee print." It was even reported that the journal had been subsidized by the North. A facetious gossip went about vowing he had seen a cart-load of greenbacks at *The Daily News* door. The proprietors at that time were two gentlemen unknown to fame. They bore up under the external pressure for some time, but at length grew nervous, and one of them insisted that the paper should "rat." The story goes that one day, when the fortunes of the North were at their darkest, and Mr. Roebuck had postponed in Parliament a motion for the recognition of the South, simply because, as he said, "events would have answered it" before the week had passed, Robinson and his co-editor were confronted with the suggestion that the policy of the papers must be altered, or—Both vowed they would stand fast so far as each was concerned, and go out into the wilderness if need be; but before a week had passed, events *had* settled the question, though not in the manner indicated by Mr. Roebuck. Laboring patiently against the adverse condition of "too low a price," *The Daily News* at last, in 1868, decided once for all to take the revolutionary step of transforming itself into a penny paper. A few gentlemen, including Mr. S. Morley, M.P., Mr. H. Labouchere, M.P., Sir Charles Reed, M.P., and Mr. H. Oppenheim, bought the paper, and the experiment began. Mr. Walker, who will be remembered with esteem, we are persuaded, by Mr. Adams and other American friends, obtained the comparative sinecure of the editorship of the London *Gazette*, which he still holds, and Mr. Frank H. Hill, who, while editing *The Northern Whig* at Belfast, had contributed much valuable matter on the American question to *The Daily News*, and had subsequently joined it as assistant editor, becoming eventually editor-in-chief. An accomplished and scholarly writer, Mr. Hill has an incisive and telling style, which is aided by a broad and extensive knowledge of the world. One of his colleagues, a man of undoubted and universally acknowledged power, in replying to a letter addressed to him inquiring his opinion of Mr. Hill, whose acquaintance the writer had not made, says: "You are aware, of course, that Mr. Hill is the author of that collection of masterly and, I

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ARCHIBALD FORBES.

think, unrivalled personal *Political Portraits*. He is also, there can be no doubt, the author of the 'Political Adventures of Lord Beaconsfield,' which appeared in *The Fortnightly Review*. He is one of the most accomplished scholars I know, and his reading, both in solid and light literature, is very varied. He is a wonderfully good talker, with a strong tinge of the sarcastic in his manner and his way of looking at things and men. I do not know any one who has a happier gift of touching off a character in two or three phrases, and seeming to get to its very depths, and illustrate its weak points as if by a flash. The number of happy things he has said about people in public life is surprising. At the same time, like many or most persons who have a liking for the satirical mood, he is a man of singularly kind nature, about whom one hears nothing that is not to his credit." Mr. Hill, before he came to the editorial chair of *The Daily News*, was a leader-writer on *The Saturday Review*.

For two years, however, the new penny paper was carried on at a loss. In 1870 there came a change. "You and Bismarck," said the late Shirley Brooks to a chief of *The News*, "are the only persons who have gained by this war; *you* deserved it." Awaiting his opportunity, Mr. Robinson, the far-seeing manager, had seized this war as the one to be used. His first theory was to substitute at every point the electric telegraph for the post. "You mean," said the correspondents to him, "that we are to telegraph bits of our letters." "No," was the reply; "you are to telegraph the whole of them." Given the right men, this was the way to succeed. Money was spent so freely that the coffers must have become very low before the tide turned. A happy alliance was contracted with the New York *Tribune*, the two papers exchanging each other's dispatches. Mr. Smalley is held in great respect by his former associate, who declares him to be



JUSTIN McCARTHY.

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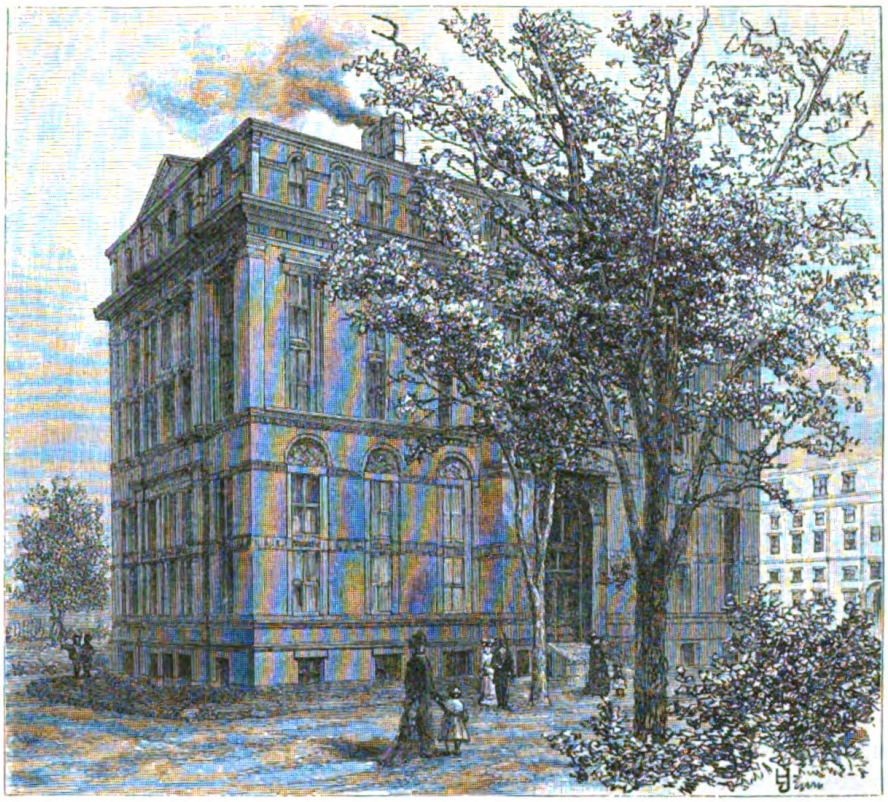
"a very Napoleon of journalism." The remarkable war telegrams in *The Daily News* changed the whole aspect of affairs. In one week the circulation increased from 50,000 to 150,000, and everywhere abroad *The Daily News* dispatches were recognized as the best. Collected afterward into two volumes, they still form the most complete record of the actual war operations. As indicating the influence of the paper, it may be said that in the midst of the war the directors suggested the collection of a fund for the relief of the peasants in the occupied districts of France. So rapidly was this taken up that in a few weeks £27,500 was forwarded in various sums to the office. This represented a tremendous addition to Mr. Robinson's labors, as he was treasurer, committee, and secretary all in one. Collections were made at Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, and in a large number of churches and chapels throughout the land. The number of war correspondents on *The Daily News* staff was seventeen. Mr. Archibald Forbes was the chief, and his brilliant adventures and successes are so fresh in the minds of the public on both sides of the Atlantic that it is not necessary to dwell upon them here. Mr. Labouchere's "Diary of a Besieged Resident of Paris" is among the brightest and cleverest of newspaper correspondence. Other distinguished "war pens" on *The Daily News* were Messrs. J. A. MacGahan, F. D. Millet, E. Pease, E. O'Donovan, T. H. Skinner, and V. Julius. Among the eminent men who have contributed to *The Daily News* may be mentioned Sir Joseph Arnold, afterward judge at Bombay; Professor T. Spencer Baynes; Mr. E. Pigott, Examiner of Plays in the Lord Chamberlain's department; Drs. Warren, George Macdonald, and Westland Marston; Professor Nichol; and Messrs. William Black (the novelist), John Hollingshead, J. N. Lockyer, A. Lang, and Mr. E. L. Godkin, the latter gentleman known in New York as the accomplished editor of *The Nation*, which has not been inaptly called "an improved *Saturday Review*." Mr. Moy Thomas, a writer of rare acumen and large knowledge of books, plays, and actors, is the dramatic critic; and Mr. Justin McCarthy, one of the most industrious of the hard-worked class of journalists and authors, and a writer of great and varied gifts, is still properly credited with a good deal of the incisive editorial matter in *The News*. Novelist, journalist, historian, lecturer, member of Parliament, Mr. McCarthy is a representative man in all the branches of literature and politics, which he has essayed with courage and success. Some of his friends lament that he has been drawn into the whirlpool of Irish agitation; but despite his thirty years' residence in England, he is Irish, "native and to the manner born," and master of his own destiny, it is not for friends or admirers to limit or select the field of his labors, or the political and personal objects of his sympathies. Journalistic London has reason to be proud of counting among its ranks men whose talents command alike the respect of friends and foes.

THE PEABODY MUSEUM OF ARCHÆOLOGY AND ETHNOLOGY.

ALTHOUGH the Society of Antiquaries of London was founded in 1572, and although other organizations devoted to the collection of antiquities were established in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, archæology as a science is of recent origin. The oldest European society designed to further the study of the monuments of ancient civilization—the German Institute for Archæological Correspondence at Rome—celebrated in 1879 only the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation. But within the last ten years the development of our knowledge of the early races has been rapid and extensive. The explorations of Di Cesnola at Cyprus, of Schliemann at Troy and Mycenæ, of Wood at Ephesus, have lifted the curtain which had hidden the memorials of the civilization of Asia Minor. It is not rash to assert that within the last decade we have learned more of the character of the early races, as embodied in their material works, than eighteen Christian centuries had taught.

But the origin of American archæology is yet more recent. Although the works of the early inhabitants of Mexico and Central America had been explored for a considerable period previous, it was not till 1848 that a treatise of importance on the antiquities of the United States was published. It was issued by the Smithsonian Institution, and was on *The Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley*. For the last thirty years the work of exploration and investigation has been

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PEABODY MUSEUM OF ARCHÆOLOGY AND ETHNOLOGY

carried on with a greater or less degree of rapidity. Yet if one day above another marks the time when American archæology began to be pursued steadily and systematically, that day is the 3d November, 1866, when George Peabody paid $150,000 to Robert C. Winthrop and other trustees to found the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology.

Among Mr. Peabody's numerous gifts none was wiser or more unique. No such museum as he proposed had been established on this continent. No systematic and prolonged endeavor had been made to preserve and to compare the monuments of the ancient American peoples. The remains of the early civilization (or barbarism) were gradually becoming obliterated. Although, therefore, scores of colleges were begging for endowments, and the university at Cambridge was sadly in need of funds in the prosecution of its regular work, he by his bequest founded an institution whose like did not exist in America, and whose worth would be far more apparent in the year 2500 than in 1866. Of the entire bequest Mr. Peabody directed that $45,000 be invested as a fund whose income "shall be applied to forming and preserving collections of antiquities and objects relating to the earlier races of the American continent, or such .... as shall be requisite for the investigation and illustration of archæology and ethnology in general, in main and special reference, however, to the aboriginal American races"; that an equal sum be devoted to establishing a professorship of American archæology and ethnology in Harvard University; and that the remaining $60,000 be allowed to accumulate till on reaching $100,000 it be employed in erecting a "suitable fire-proof museum building." Jeffries Wyman—whose investigations in comparative anatomy are hardly surpassed in thoroughness and originality by those of his friend Louis Agassiz in zoology—was appointed curator, an office which he held for the eight remaining years of his life. A collection of articles pertaining to the purposes of the museum was at once begun, and the work thus inaugurated in 1866 has advanced with greater vigor and richer results each succeeding year. A decade after the bequest was made, a building, as directed by Mr. Peabody, was erected. It stands near the more famous Agassiz

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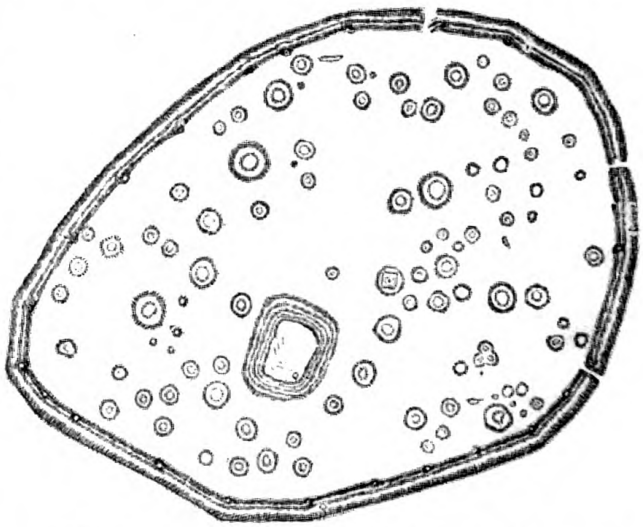


JEFFRIES WYMAN.

Museum. In its seven rooms and four galleries are arranged the collections; and ample facilities are provided for the present curator, Professor F. W. Putnam, and his assistants, to examine and compare the bones, shells, vases, and other relics constantly received.

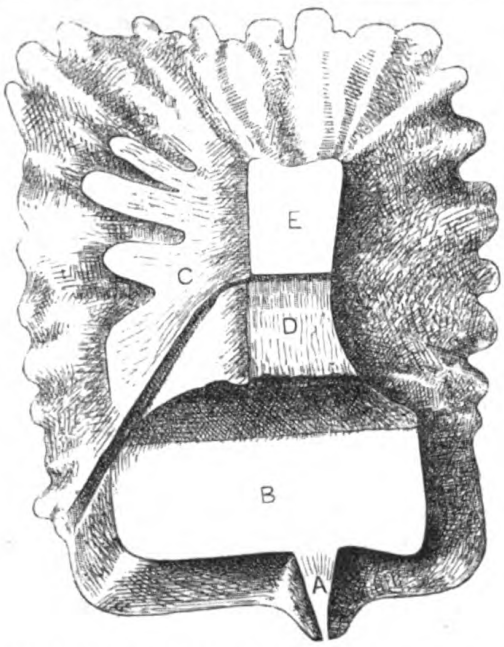
The objects included in the collections, now numbering more than twenty thousand, have been obtained by explorers commissioned by the museum, by purchase, and by gift. Explorations have been made in many parts of the northern continent: in the shell heaps on the St. John's, in Florida, along the coast of California, in the caves of Cumberland Gap, in the gravel-beds of the Delaware Valley, among the ruins of the cliff houses of Colorado and New Mexico, and in the mounds of Ohio, Utah, and the Mississippi Valley. Extensive investigations have also been conducted in Central America and Mexico. The antiquarian treasures which the pickaxe and the spade unearth in these widely separated localities, however diverse in workmanship, show little variety in the articles themselves. They consist ordinarily of bones and crania; of stone axes and chisels; of jars, vases, bowls, and other articles of pottery; of spear and arrow heads; of awls of either deer's horn or bone; of spoons made of shells; of beads of teeth or shells; and of rings of either stone or clay. But in these and similar articles, which the earlier races employed in either use or ornament, the mounds are mines far richer than either shell heap, cave, or gravel-bed.

The work of the mound-builders covers a large extent. It is found in at least one-half of the States and Territories, and at points as widely separated as Western New York and Utah, as Michigan and Louisiana. The purposes of the mounds are diverse. It is probable that some were built for defense in war, others as the sites of temples and altars in religious worship, or of public buildings, and it is certain that many were designed as burial-places. They are constructed usually of earth, sometimes of earth and stones, and are frequently covered with the primeval forest. Respecting their age archæologists differ, but it seems probable that many of them are the work of a race anterior to that which occupied the country on the landing of Europeans. Certain scholars declare they have been abandoned for a thousand years. Not infrequently they are located in a group of fifty or more. Their height extends from the slightest elevation, as possessed by many in Ohio, to a hundred feet, the altitude of the Cahokia mound in Missouri. This mound, the largest in the country, covers twelve acres. No thorough exploration



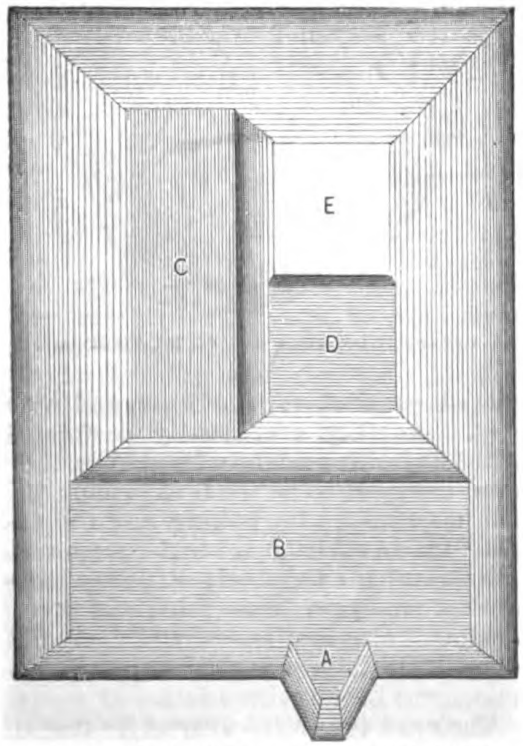
MOUNDS SURMOUNTED BY EARTH-WORK, LEBANON, TENNESSEE.

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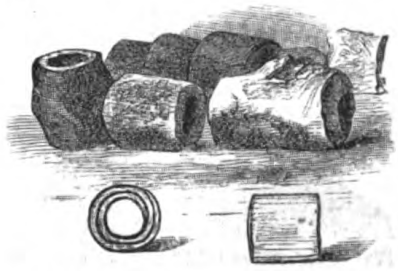
PLAN OF CAHOKIA MOUND, MISSOURI, THE LARGEST IN THE UNITED STATES.

of it has been made. Yet although the plough has reduced its terraces, and the rain gullied its sides, the evidence seems conclusive that it was originally composed of four platforms, rising one from the other as they approached the highest, which formed the centre. It is not improbable that it was the site of a camp,



A, B. The lowest platform. C. The second platform. D. The third. E. The fourth and highest.

PLAN OF CAHOKIA MOUND—RESTORATION—FROM MODEL MADE BY DR. PATRICK.



COPPER BEADS FROM GEORGE CONNETT'S MOUND, OHIO.

and that the platforms were designed to protect the lodges occupying them from the attacks of enemies.

From the mounds are taken the larger number of the bowls, beads, shells, crania, and other antiquarian treasures of the museum. The manufactured articles show most diverse degrees of skill and ingenuity. Those from tumuli in the Southwestern States are usually ruder than those from Illinois, Ohio, and Tennessee. The pottery found in the mounds of the Central States is ordinarily of a blue-gray color, and was moulded probably without the use of the wheel. The fine proportions and symmetrical curves of some of the jars are not rivalled by the best forms of the early European pottery. A piece is occasionally dug up which bears attempts at decoration. One vase is ornamented on four sides with a figure of a human face in relief, made by laying clay upon the surface after the vessel had been otherwise completed, as is seen in the pottery from Central America and Mexico. A large number of pieces, taken from distant parts of the United States, show impressions of twisted cords, as has also been observed in vessels of the prehistoric age of the Old

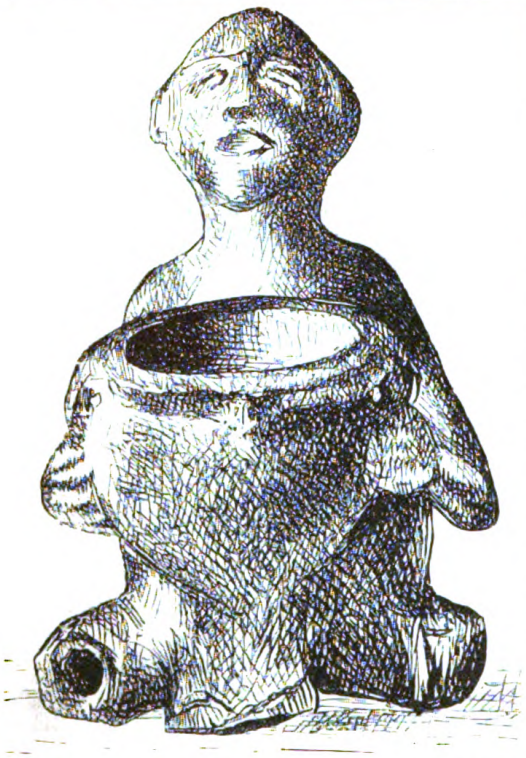


SHELL PIN FROM ELY MOUND, VIRGINIA.



POT FROM GRAVE OF A CHILD.

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PIPE CARVED FROM STEATITE, FROM BURIAL MOUND, TENNESSEE.

World. Upon jars figures were painted, which, however, as they were not burned in, soon scaled off upon being exposed to the air. Bowls are moulded in the forms of animals, as the duck and the bear, and also in the human figure. A water jar is made in the form of a woman, with the opening in the back of the head; and a pipe, whose bowl is clasped in the arms of a legless and gable-headed man, suggests the aboriginal fondness for tobacco.



PAINTED JAR FROM GRAVE OF CHILD IN A HOUSE, TENNESSEE.

The degree of civilization reached by the earlier races on this continent is further indicated by the engraved shells in which many of the mounds of Tennessee abound. These shells are, in respect to form, of two kinds—circular and pear-shaped. The circular are from two to four and a half inches in diameter, and the pear-shaped from four to eight inches in length, and from four to six in breadth. They are ornamented usually on the concave side. Although some are rudely marked, many are neatly engraved with complex figures. On some the figure of the rattlesnake is cut; on others, of the human face; on others, outlines of birds are marked; and the surface of others is filled up with concentric circles, with crossed,



CARVED SHELL FROM ELY MOUND, VIRGINIA.

curved, parallel, angular lines, and with dots. As they are usually perforated with two holes, evidently for strings, they were designed to be worn as ornaments. The decorations on pottery and the engravings on shells prove that the mound-builders of the Cumberland Valley, who worked in copper, wove fabrics of several kinds, cultivated maize, and carved in stone, had attained a good degree of development in the ceramic art.

The most important district for the investigation of the architecture of the early tribes lies, however, not among the mounds of the Central States, but in the cliff cities of Colorado and New Mexico.

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SHELL ORNAMENT FROM GRAVE, TENNESSEE.



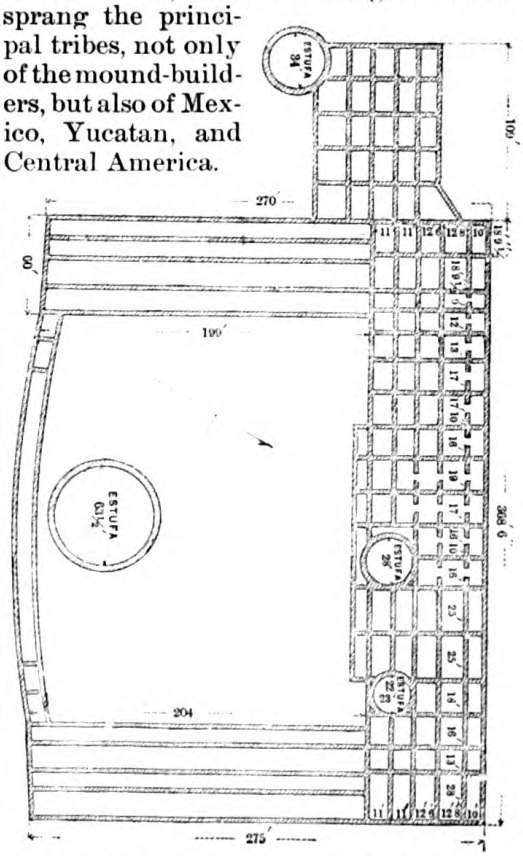
SHELL ORNAMENT, NASHVILLE.

From these cities, inhabited by the so-called Village Indians, it is supposed that the mound-builders at a very early period migrated. The remains of their stone dwellings have for thirty years been more or less explored, but they still furnish, as Professor Charles Eliot Norton, the author of *Historical Studies of Church Building*, has said, "the surest method for the determination of many unsolved questions concerning the archæology of the continent."* The ruins of these stone houses indicate their former immense size. Many of them were four hundred feet in length, and rose to the height of five or six stories. They were usually built of stone, cemented with a clay soil very abundant in the region, called adobe. Their form is that of terraces, each story being narrower than the preceding by a single row of apartments. The first story, with the exception of trap-doors in the floor, was closed up solid for purpose of defense, and the second was reached by ladders from the ground. The walls now measure at least two feet in thickness.



JAR FROM STONE-GRAVE, TENNESSEE.

Writing of one of these stone dwellings still inhabited, Lewis H. Morgan, the distinguished ethnologist, and who recently explored a pueblo for the museum, says: "The dining-rooms are about ten by fifteen feet and ten feet high, with plastered walls, a hard earthen floor, and usually a single window opening. Water jars of fine workmanship, and of capacity for several gallons, closely woven osier baskets, blankets of cotton and wool woven by their own hand-looms, are among the objects seen in those apartments. They are neatly kept, roomy, and comfortable, and differ in no respect from those in use at the period of the Conquest." The number of Indians dwelling in one of these stone houses, at the time of their greatest prosperity, differed with the size, but it probably seldom fell to a hundred, and frequently may have arisen to a thousand or more. The method of life, there is reason for believing, though the evidence is not conclusive, was communal. To this region it is not impossible that maize—the only cereal which America has given to the world—is a native; and from it, some ethnologists claim, sprang the principal tribes, not only of the mound-builders, but also of Mexico, Yucatan, and Central America.



PORTION OF GROUND PLAN OF PUEBLO IN RUINS ON THE ANIMAS RIVER, NEW MEXICO.

* First Annual Report of Archæological Institute of America, 1880, p. 20. This society was organized May 10 and 17, 1879, for the purpose of promoting and directing archæological investigation and research, by the sending out of expeditions for special investigation, by aiding the efforts of independent explorers, by publication of reports of the results of the expeditions which the institute may undertake or promote, and by any other means which may from time to time appear desirable. The officers are, Charles Eliot Norton, president; Martin Brimmer, vice-president; Francis Parkman, Henry W. Haynes, William R. Ware, William W. Goodwin, Alexander Agassiz; Oliver W. Peabody, treasurer; Edward H. Greenleaf, secretary.

The institute has made arrangements for a more complete study of the life of the Village Indians.

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But exploration in mound and cave city is of little use without study and investigation of the relics prosecuted in the work-rooms of the museum. One of the more important of these investigations consists in the measurement of the crania and bones of the human body found in the mounds and other burial-places. By the comparison of these results with the measurements made by French and English archæologists of the skulls of early European peoples, weighty conclusions respecting the origin and development of the different races are obtained. As an exact indication, however, of the *intellectual* position of races, the measurements of the skull furnish no reliable foundation. The size of the brains of a race, as the Peruvian, which established a civil and religious polity, and made great progress in the material arts, is less than that of the barbarous tribes of America, and almost exactly that of the Australians and Hottentots. The quality as well as the quantity of the brain must be considered in estimating the intellectual power of either an individual or a race. The brains of Cuvier and of Schiller were of the maximum size, so also were those of three unknown individuals from the common cemeteries of Paris; and the brain of Dante was slightly above, and Byron's probably below, the average. Yet the mean capacity of the skull of the Caucasian, the most intellectual people, is the largest—eighty-seven cubic inches; and that of the skull of the Ethiopian the smallest—seventy-eight.*

From the explorations of Professor Wyman in the shell heaps of Florida, and from the documentary evidence hidden in the foot-notes of histories and in early manuscripts, the museum has furnished proof that many of the Indian tribes of North America were once cannibals. The existence of cannibalism in this country has received little attention from either historian or archæologist. Mr. Parkman stands almost alone in having called attention to the historical evidence for the prevalence of the horrid custom among the American aborigines; and Professor Wyman stands equally alone† in proving



PUEBLO STONE DWELLING IN RUINS, NEW MEXICO.

* Races.	No. of Skulls Examined.	Mean Capacity, Cubic Inches.	Largest.	Smallest.
Caucasian . .	52	87	109	75
Mongolian . .	10	83	93	69
Malay	18	81	89	64
American . .	147	82	100	60
Ethiopian . .	29	78	94	65

(Samuel George Morton's *Crania Americana*, 1839.)

† Mr. Manly Hardy, of Brewer, Maine, has, in the shell heaps of Great Deer Isle, Penobscot Bay, found evidence, in the number and position of human bones, of the existence of cannibalism among the shell-heap people of New England.

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from archæology that human flesh was eaten on these shores. The evidence which he presents is as follows: (1) The bones found on the St. John's were not deposited at an ordinary burial. In this case they would possess an orderly arrangement, and would be entire. But, on the contrary, they are scattered in disorder, broken into many fragments, and important parts are missing. (2) The bones were broken as in the case of those of edible animals, as the deer. This was necessary to reduce them to a proper size for either cooking or eating. (3) The breaking of the bones had a certain amount of method. And (4) there is no evidence that the breaking was done by wild beasts. In that case the bones would bear the marks of the teeth, which are not to be detected. The evidence, therefore, is, in the view of an accurate scholar, conclusive that the aborigines of Florida were cannibals. The "relations" of the Jesuits, moreover, who were often eye-witnesses of these horrible orgies, prove that human flesh was eaten by the Iroquois and Algonquins.

The custom was also observed by the Miamis and Kickapoos,* and existed in Louisiana,† Illinois, and on the northwest coast.

Yet the explorations conducted by the museum do not comprise the only means the institution employs in advancing archæological researches. By purchase and gift it has obtained several collections, mainly European, which are of special value for purposes of comparison with the prehistoric remains found on this continent. The Mortillet collection, made by and bought from the distinguished archæologist whose name it bears, illustrates the early condition of the human race in France. Among its three thousand specimens, however, are also objects from Belgium, Northern Italy, and Switzerland. They represent both the age of stone and the age of metals. The stone implements, polished and unpolished, are composed chiefly of hatchets, chisels, hammers, scrapers, spear and arrow points. The museum also possesses a collection of fifteen hundred pieces made in Denmark, Schleswig, and Holstein in 1861–67. This collection derives special value from the fact that the Danish government now reserves for its own museums the results of explorations carried on in its territory. With the exception of some fifty implements in bronze or iron and a few in bone, its objects are mainly of flint. By comparing the specimens of those two collections, and of the Clement collection from Switzerland, with the specimens drawn from American soil, important resemblances and differences between the Stone Age of the Old World and the New are seen. "The resemblances," Professor Wyman remarks, "grow largely out of man's necessities in his primitive condition for similar kinds of instruments, and the differences as largely from the materials at hand for working them. The prevalence of flints, cherts, and hornstones in the Old World naturally led to the process of chipping as the more common method of working materials, while in the New the prevalence of primitive rocks led to the process of picking and grinding.... In the Danish collections one is struck with the large number of spear-points.... while in the United States arrow-points form the largest proportion of all the objects found." The museum also exhibits collections of antiquities from South and Central America and from Mexico. One hundred and twenty-six Mexican relics were presented by Caleb Cushing. They were obtained by him, while in command of a division of the United States army, by excavations near the city of Mexico soon after General Scott captured it. They comprise idols in stone, vases, images, and musical instruments in terra cotta. They are in the ancient Aztec forms, and are of great worth in illustrating the plastic art of that people.

In the future the work of the Peabody Museum will be, as it has been for nearly a score of years, to construct a picture of the institutions, habits, character, of the earlier races of this continent. The investigations will also shed light on the affinities between the aborigines of the Old World and the New—a problem which the archæologist has but recently begun to consider. The explorations carried on by the museum in mound villages and cave cities are necessary to complete the history of the human family, and to gratify the common curiosity regarding the predecessors of the white man in our land.

* See Notes of Hon. Lewis Cass to "Ontwa, the Son of the Forest," a poem by Henry Whiting (New York, 1822), p. 129.

† Father Hennepin, *Description de la Louisiane* (Paris, 1868), pp. 65, 68, 69.

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EDMONDS'S POND.

ADIRONDACK DAYS.

"Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat;....
Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets;
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather."

—*As You Like It.*

THERE is a saying of quaint Izaak Walton's which has often given me much inward pleasure, not only because it is true, but because it flatters that secret vanity which makes every man like to believe himself the possessor of some quality or taste which does not belong to mankind in common. "Angling," says honest Piscator, "is somewhat like poetry—men are to be born so. I mean with inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice; but he that hopes to be a good angler must not only bring an inquiring, searching, and observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself; but having once got and practiced it, then doubt not but angling will prove to be so pleasant that it will prove to be, like virtue, a reward to itself."

Well said, thou genial father of our gentle craft! And is not the same thing true of all that wild, free life in the woods and mountains of which angling often

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forms so large a part? It is good and pleasant only for those who have some natural bent and fitness for it, and to them its delights are always new and always increasing. This has often come to my mind in the Adirondacks, when I have seen how many of the people who travel through that beautiful mountain land are unhappy and discontented, or find their chief pleasures in the comforts and amusements of the large hotels which have sprung up through the region. But there are others who love the rough hills and spreading forests for their own sake, and turn with unfailing gladness from the cares of the world and the noisy whirl of cities to a fresh and vigorous life in close contact with nature. It restores the jaded mind and body. It is like coming out from a crowded room into the clear cool air of night. Every breath is a delight.

This is what we four friends felt when we met again, after some years of separation, in the little Adirondack village of Elizabethtown. Never had the "Pleasant Valley" looked more lovely; never had the outline of the western mountains seemed more grand than as we sauntered up the road together on that fair August evening, and watched the sunset glow fading away, and the first star trembling into sight above the sharp peak of Hurricane. It filled us with honest joy to find ourselves once more in the old haunts, and look forward to a month of wandering in the woods.

The morning of the next day was bright and glad. Our wagon stood waiting before the porch of the Windsor; the miscellaneous *impedimenta* were stowed away under the seats; the mouse-colored horses were leaning patiently against the pole, after the manner of their tribe; and nothing remained to be done save to say good-by, and start away for our distant camping ground. A merry shout, a blowing of horns, and ringing of bells, and waving of handkerchiefs, a spasmodic burst of speed from the Gothic steeds, and we were out of sight around the corner of the road.

Our course lay due west, toward the opening of the Keene Pass, the road following up the bed of a rushing mountain stream once full of trout, and still repaying the patient angler with a few fish and many picturesque pools and cascades. As we mounted through the narrowing valley, each mile gave a wider outlook behind us over the slopes of Lake Champlain and the far-away ridges of the Green Mountains. Every bridge that we crossed, and every thicket we passed, the little red school-house with its grove of pine-trees, and the dismantled saw-mill—all were associated with some pleasant memory or jolly story, and the talk and laughter flowed merrily as we rattled on our way.

Within the pass all was still and desolate. On either side rose high cliffs, stripped by fire and scarred by frost, with skeleton trees still standing here and there, the new growth of pale green poplar and birch but thinly veiling the rugged slopes. The narrow strip of arable land between the mountains was silent and deserted. The two or three adventurous farmers who had tried to wring a living from the niggard soil had at last given up the attempt, and their houses stood gray and lonely in the bright sunshine. The stillness of mid-day rested over the place. There were no inhabitants and no travellers. The current of our merriment had ceased, and the only sound that stirred the air was the scream of a blue jay in some distant thicket, or the tinkle of a far-away cow-bell. How many times we had come and gone along this high and lonely road, tramping with staff and knapsack, swinging along with a jolly party on a buckboard, or returning from camp with merry companions! And where were they all now? and could those good old times ever come again?

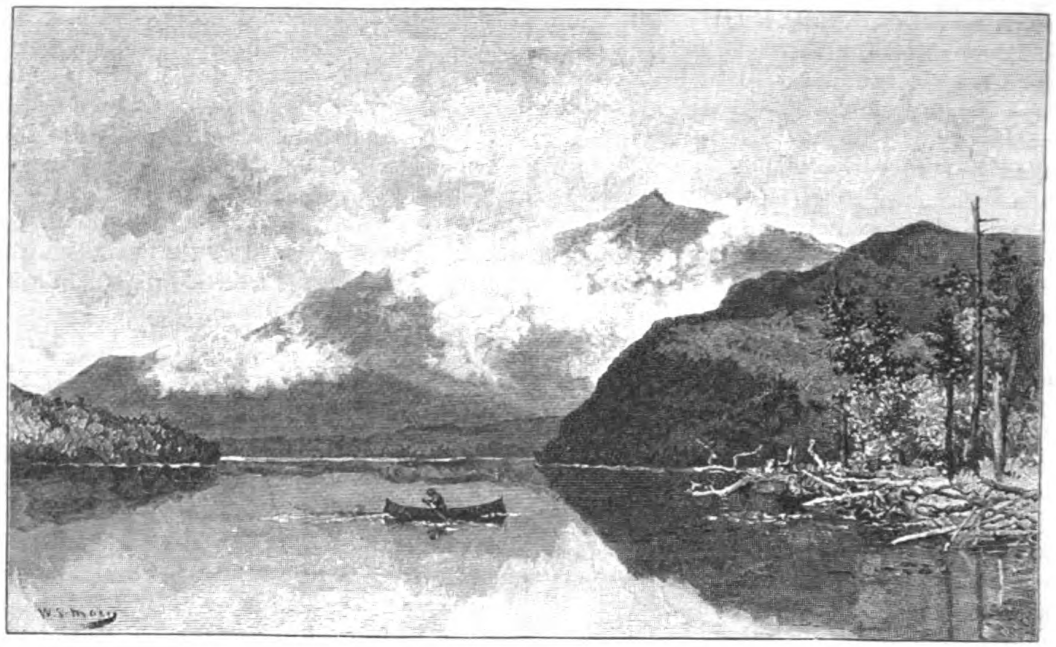
"Perhaps not," said the Governor. "But there is one sense in which we can never lose them; and no matter what changes take place in us, there is always sunshine for us, and beautiful things make us glad. What is it that Wordsworth says?

> 'My heart leaps up when I behold
> A rainbow in the sky;
> So was it when my life began,
> So is it now I am a man,
> So be it when I shall grow old,
> Or let me die.'

Surely as long as we can see a landscape like this, it will fill us with delight."

And indeed it was a lovely scene that now opened before us from the brow of the hill. A thousand feet below lay the Keene Valley, with its soft green meadows and feathery elms. Beyond it we saw range upon range of dark fir-clad mount-

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MIST RISING OFF MOUNT WHITEFACE.

ains, and beyond all rose the long pyramidal slope of Whiteface.

Down we plunged into the valley by a steep sandy descent, through the sleepy little village of Keene, with its dreary tavern and loafer-haunted post-office, and then up again on the other side by a stony hill covered with acres of blackberries. At the top of this the road passed into a dark and beautiful forest, and then, after a few miles, emerged at the foot of the lower Edmonds's Pond These ponds are twin sheets of water, which completely fill a long and narrow defile in the mountains. I will not compare them to great pearls fallen into a crevice of malachite, nor to mirrors in which the mountains, like Narcissus, study their own beauty, for I must confess that such comparisons always seem to me trivial and unworthy. No jewels or works of art ever equalled the strange, wild loveliness of these little lakes.

The road wound along a narrow ledge beside the water. It was rough, and none too safe. The driver showed us the place where the traditional peddler's wagon had pitched off into the water a few years ago.

"How many of that peddler were there?" asked Gad, "and how many times did he fall off? For I have been shown at least a dozen spots where the peddler fell off, and my mind is a little confused."

Now this remark was neither kind nor sensible; for the driver only meant to give us a gentle thrill of sensation with his favorite story, and could not be expected to know how often we had heard it before; and, indeed, for that matter, if our imaginations had only been vivid enough, we ought to have been glad to have as many spots as possible connected with the thrilling tale, for then we should have had just so many more sensations. For my part, I never could sympathize with those people who cavil at slight discrepancies like this; it is really a great advantage to have two or more birth-places of Franklin, for it just doubles our opportunity of reverent emotion; and I can not see why every city in the United States should not have a Washington's Head-quarters, simply as a means of moral education.

But the real reason why Gad spoke so hastily and with such acerbity was to be found in the fact that he was hungry, as we all were, and therefore irritable. We had travelled a long way since breakfast, the blackberries had been but trifles light as air to appetites like ours, and we were inwardly rejoiced when we arrived at Miller's Silver Cascade House.

Shudder not at the name, unsentimental reader! I know it is ominous, suggestive of artificial water-falls and romantic but famine-stricken summer boarders. It is a name which fills the wise traveller,

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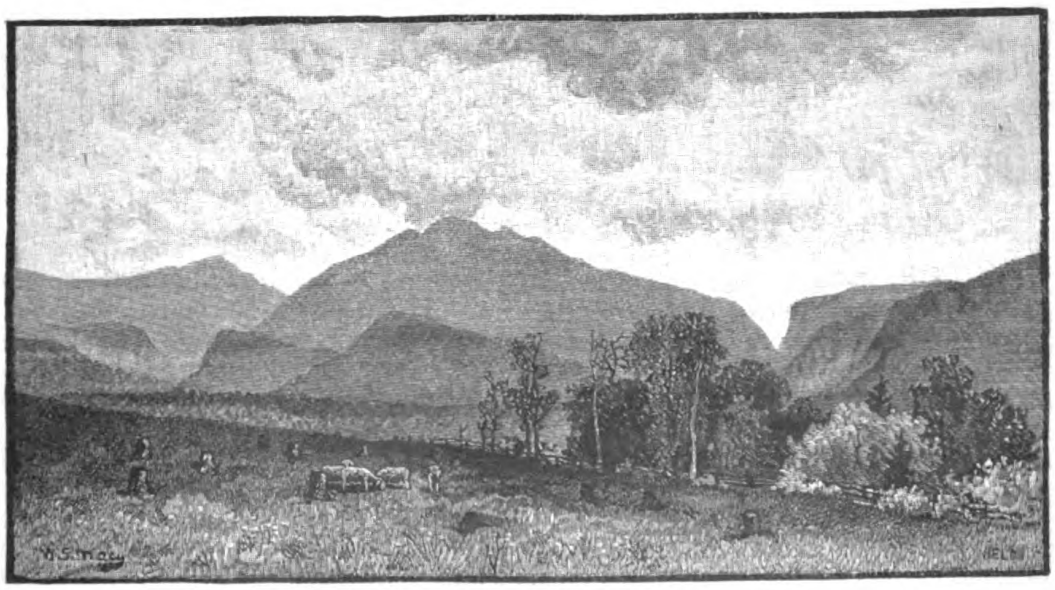
bent on a good dinner, with dark forebodings. But here they are unfounded and needless. For we who remember the days when Mrs. Miller used to keep the little tavern down in the valley know that she has lost none of her ancient skill in cooking, and can give us a dinner worthy of the Dutchman's in Jamaica Bay, or old Rockwell's by Lake Lucerne. Dishes of fried trout as dainty to the eye as to the taste, huge snowy potatoes, broiled chickens, and scrambled eggs as light and golden as—as Beaconsfield's novels: these all were set before us by a little maid with a fleet step and large soft eyes, like a gentle, shy daughter of the forest.

From the ponds the road wound onward through a still heavier forest, broken only by a few new and fertile clearings, and then emerged on the high rolling plain of North Elba. Here at last the great mountains came in view, a majestic range of dark and solemn forms outlined against the sky—the weird fantastic ridges of the Gothics, Marcy's granite dome, the scarred and sullen face of Colden, the giant mass of McIntyre, and, most wonderful of all, the Indian Pass opening like a huge gateway into a boundless world of light. What power and delight dwell in this vision! These green fields, sloping to the long valley of unbroken forest, rest and rejoice the eye. The silent hills beyond lift themselves to heaven in the glory of enduring strength, changeless amid the fleeting forms and fashions of earth, calming and uplifting our restless hearts, speaking to us of the truth which abides forever. And above all this marvellous pass into the luminous distance, this sole and splendid portal in the rocky wall, flooded with illimitable radiance, seems like the gateway into another life, the entrance of the Infinite. These are the words which Nature speaks to us: *repose*, untroubled by the storms of human passion, unshaken by the ebbings and flowings of the tide of life; *strength*, enduring, inexhaustible, based upon a changeless and inviolate will; *infinity*, opening with glorious vistas ever beyond that which is seen, and touching the earth with gleams of far-off splendor. Shall we not say rather that these are the words and messages of Him whose dwelling is deeper than the bases of the hills, and high above their sun-clad peaks, and far beyond the farthest light? Not vain and visionary are the hours in which we seem thus to hear His voice, and catch glimpses of His glory beneath

"The outward shores of sky and earth."

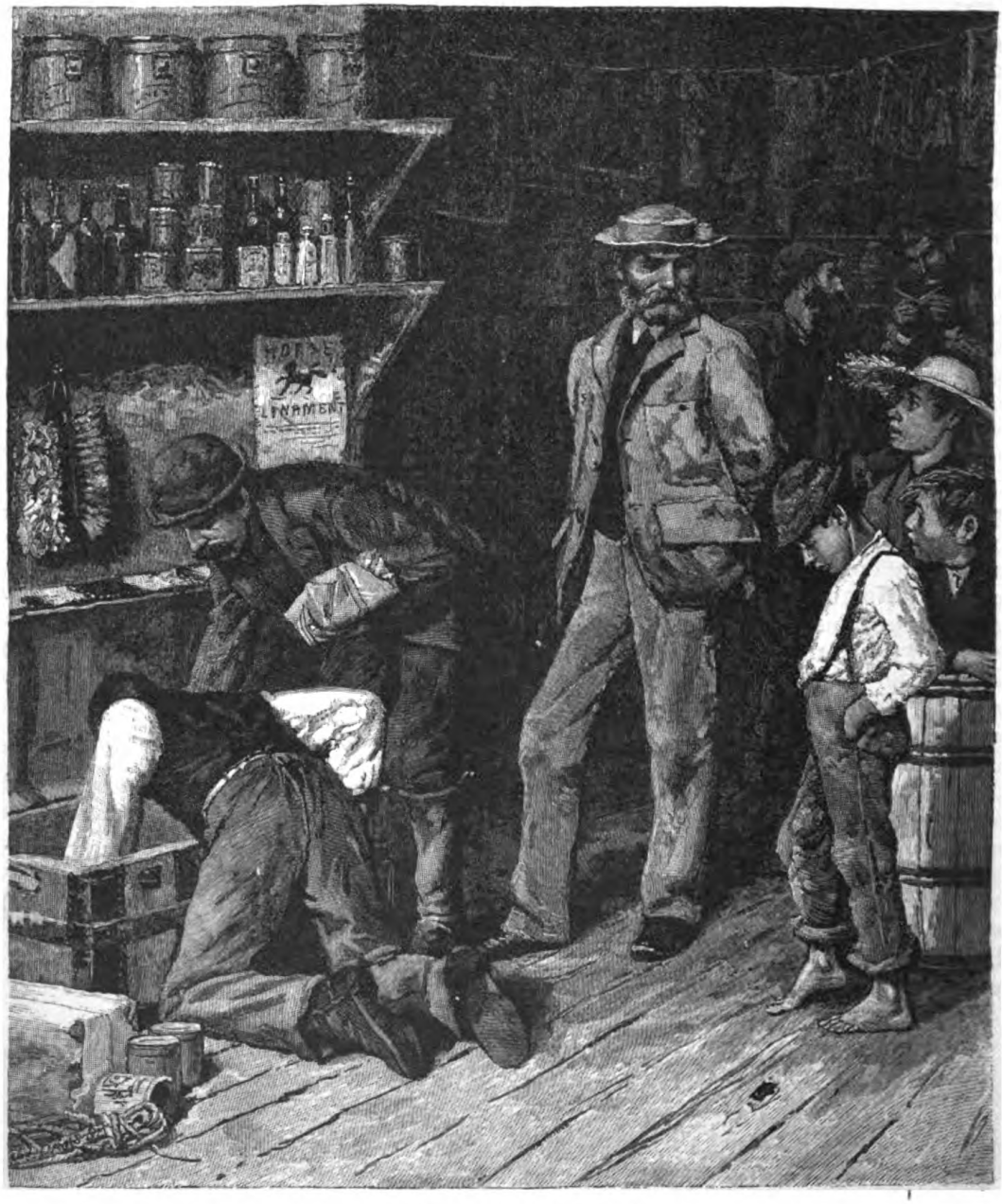
They are the moments of true strength and insight amid the dreams and delusions of life. Not the vision, but the awakening, in which a Divine voice calls us to ourselves, and a sight of the everlasting realities flashes through the forms of things into our souls.

The afternoon sun was slowly declin-



INDIAN PASS.

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"I AIN'T GOT NO FISH-HOOKS."

ing in the western sky as we rode through the fields of North Elba, past the dilapidated gray houses where the early abolitionists had once endeavored to plant a colony of negroes (a strange and futile fancy), and the barren little farm where John Brown's body lies mouldering beneath a bowlder of native granite. Here and there we saw a better farm-house, which looked as if the owner had succeeded in making the cold and stony earth yield him a more generous tribute. Occasional groups of children stared at us with quiet and indifferent faces. Once we passed a wagon full of young people from the hotels of Lake Placid, singing the refrain of some merry college song. And then the road crossed Chub River, and entered the woods beyond.

At moonrise we reached Cameron's, a new hotel which has sprung up on the site of an old white farm-house. Here Peter and Howard disembarked with knapsacks and fishing-rods, for they had

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obtained permission of the Governor (whose word was law by consent of the little company) to stay over a day and fish Ray Brook, while he and Gad went on to Harrietstown, four miles beyond, to buy provisions and make ready for camp.

The next day was bright and warm, and the two fishermen vainly whipped the stream through the natural meadows where it flows. They came back to the house discouraged. "Patience," said Peter; "every day has an evening; for the present, this hammock is comfortable." So, as the sun went down behind the tall tamaracks, the brothers stood on opposite sides of a certain dark still pool, and knotted on their best casts of flies. Softly the lines went curling out over the quiet water. A rise! that was a good trout. Another! now you have him. How he fights, rushing down the pool, and lashing the water into foam! But the supple rod holds well, and soon he is landed on the grassy bank. Then another rises, and as he swings away, tautening the line, there is a flash of yellow in the water beside him, and two fish are hooked at once. And so it goes on—exciting work, for the fish are quick and strong, and it needs a steady hand to cast and strike and land in this half-darkness. But presently the moon steals up behind the trees, and looks down upon us over their dark tops. And now we can see more clearly. Still the fish are rising and fighting hard. Still the flies go darting out through the air, and drop softly on the surface of the gleaming water, until at last our wrists are tired and our desires contented, and we climb up the little hill to Cameron's with two fine strings of trout, running from half a pound upward. Cameron gears up his colts to a springy buckboard, and in half an hour the party is reunited at Harrietstown.

Gad and the Governor had spent a busy day. The great trunk, with our tents and blankets and tin dishes and all the paraphernalia of camp, which had been left in the care of Reub, our faithful guide, must be looked over, defects repaired, wants supplied, and provisions laid in for a three weeks' trip. I think the Governor rather enjoyed the hours in Tip Spalding's store. Like many men whose lives are spent in professional or literary work, he has a practical trait, and delights in dealing with such concrete realities as pork and flour and sugar and "canned things." A group of brown-faced little boys stood by, and watched the purchases with an interest which was but ill concealed under the guise of carelessness. When it was all finished, one of the smallest urchins came up to the Governor, with an easy and indifferent air, and said, in a casual sort of way, "Mister, be you fond o' fishin'?"

"Why yes," said the Governor, "of course I am."

"Wa'al," said the youngster, "I know a hole where there's lots o' trout—big ones too; none o' yer little sardines; reg'lar *gee-whollopers;* and, mister, if ye want a *guide*, guess I ken take ye thar 'most any day."

"But," said the Governor, "why don't you catch the fish yourself, if they are such big ones?"

The bright brown eyes dropped to the floor, and the "guide" curled up one of his brown toes, and began to trace figures with it on the boards, in genteel embarrassment. But nothing could equal the suggestiveness of the tone with which he answered, "'Coz I can't, mister; I ain't got no fish-hooks."

This was irresistible, and the Governor must stand treat all around—for each boy a fish-hook and a candy bull's-eye, and for the clever little "guide" a double share.

Harrietstown is on the Saranac River. A mile away, at the foot of the Lower Saranac Lake, is Martin's Hotel, well known to sportsmen. The scene from the piazza on the morning of our departure was bright and busy. A cool breeze blew down from the distant islands, and the broad sheet of water sparkled and danced between its dark green shores. People were coming and going, laughing and talking, hurrying about to get ready for various expeditions; guides were loading their boats beside the little dock; hounds were tugging at their chains, and whimpering impatiently for their masters. A stage-load of passengers "going out" drove away for Au Sable station. Little groups of boats, heavily laden for camp, or lightly laden for some fishing excursion, pushed out from the narrow landing-place, and slipped away up the lake. At last, after much tribulation, packing and repacking, our own three boats were ready, and we were off, with long steady strokes, for Big Tupper Lake.

Our three guides were good men whom

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A CARRY—THE START.

we had long known, and engaged for this trip some months beforehand. Reub and Raut are brothers—small men, but tough as pine knots, with muscles like whip-cord, and tremendous endurance. They are fine oarsmen, and while Raut is perhaps a little ahead as a hunter, Reub is one of the best cooks in the woods. They can swing an axe mightily, and know how to make a comfortable camp. Above all, they are kind and faithful and steady. Steve is a well-known guide of the older generation, a tall, thin man, with a red beard and keen eyes, a quick and sure shot, a most taking fisherman, and no man in the region can beat him at starting deer. He has a laugh like thunder, and an endless fund of stories.

There are guides and guides. It is folly to praise or trust them all alike indiscriminately. Some of them are poor sticks—stupid, surly, conceited, lazy. But most of them are good men. Drinking, I am glad to say, is becoming more and more uncommon. And some of them are noble specimens of manhood—honest, skillful, devoted, and pleasant companions, respecting themselves as well as their employers, to whom they are often united by very warm attachments on both sides. Everything depends on getting such men to go with you into the woods.

Meanwhile our tiny fleet went creeping up the lake, past rocky points and islands, through narrows, and across curving bays. Forest fires have destroyed much of the beauty of the shores. But the Saranac River, up which, after seven miles, we turned, has still the charm of a wild stream. The brown current flows steadily and swiftly between its banks. The quiet bays and "slews" are filled with many-colored aquatic plants; the broad dark leaves and coarse yellow flowers of the splatterdock mingle with the lighter and more delicate leaves and shining white blossoms of the pond-lily; tall, jointed water grasses like miniature thickets of bamboo; patches of moose-weed, with lance-shaped leaves, and flowers of the brightest blue; and scarlet Indian sage flaming beneath the sombre shadow of the woods. After the wearisome olive green and old gold of modern art decoration, these living hues seemed to us a new and joyful revelation of what true color is—a thing of light and gladness.

Half way up the stream we had to take out the boats, and carry them over the Middle Falls.

"Do you remember our fishing here last May?" said the Governor to Howard. "How different everything looked then—the pale green of the early foliage, the

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faint smell of the trailing arbutus, and the great trout leaping all along the full, rushing stream!"

"Yes," said Howard. "And particularly well do I remember how *you* looked when you made that long cast, and then stepped on the end of a loose plank, and subsided into the water. It was much deeper then than it is now, and colder too. Don't you think so?"

"Never mind that," said the Governor. "We had good enough sport to make up for a dozen duckings."

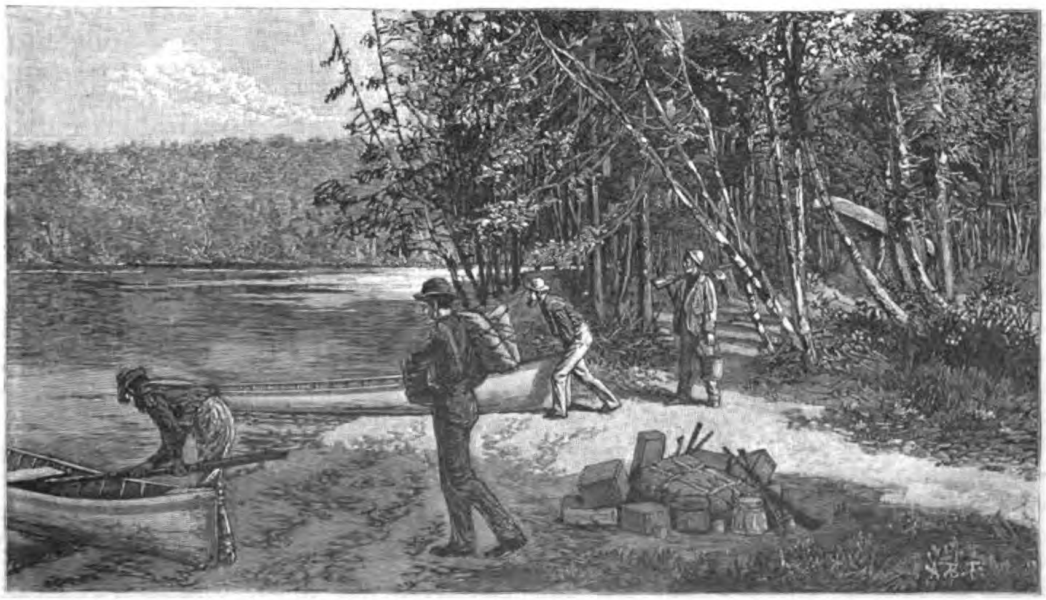
An hour more up the river and across the beautiful but tempestuous Round Lake brought us to Bartlett's, on the Upper Saranac Carry, where we were warmly welcomed by Mrs. Bartlett, most excellent of forest landladies. The long low house was crowded with guests, but we preferred to recall it as it is in the spring, the chosen resort of a few ardent fishermen, who come in when the leaves are few and the trout are plenty. Many are the huge "lakers" brought down from the Upper Saranac and laid out on the fresh grass at the door; many the brace of river trout caught at sunset from the bridge in front of the house; many the happy evenings passed around the fire in the snug little parlor. O good father Walton, and gentle Cotton, would that your pens might worthily record these pleasures!

A wet and windy pull of three miles brought us across the Upper Saranac. The little boats were tossed like cockle-shells by the white-capped waves. But the craft were stanch and the oarsmen skillful, and we had not shipped more than a pint or two of water when we reached the Sweeny Carry. This is a well-worn road, three miles long, leading across the divide between the waters of the Saranac, flowing eastward into Champlain, and the waters of the Raquette, flowing westward into the St. Lawrence. Our boats were placed on the wagon racks to be hauled over, and we set out on foot, following the road through a noble hardwood forest. Tall, straight sugar-maples lifted their leafy crowns high above us; smooth beeches, with round gray trunks, stood like massive pillars; and great yellow birches, with shaggy curling bark and gnarled limbs, rose like monarchs above the lesser trees.

As we came down the last hill, and through the clearing to the bank of the Raquette, Howard was silent. Five years had passed since he had seen that river, and he had only heard from the others of the melancholy change which had befallen it. But the reality was far worse than the description. He stood silent for a moment on the muddy bank, and then there came a flood of untranslatable German.

"*Donnerwetter noch einmal!* What a hole!"

It was indeed a hideous change. The most beautiful of wild rivers, a swift, dark current, flowing for miles between high



A CARRY—THE END.

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A DIFFICULT PASSAGE.

banks and through broad natural meadows fringed with water-maples, with bold, clear sweeps and shining reaches, bordered with lilies and overhung with trees, had been transformed into a dreary, sluggish stream, the water foul and slimy, the banks covered with mud, the dead trees standing on either side like two long lines of skeletons, leaning already to their fall across the stream. And all this destruction simply because some lumber merchants wanted a dam at Piercefield Falls to enable them to get out their logs more easily!

"Do you call this the progress of civilization," said Howard, as we rowed sullenly down the stream between the spectral rows of tree trunks, "to destroy one of God's fairest works in order that a few men may have more money to decorate their houses with poor pictures and hideous furniture? I call it barbarism, vandalism—worse than breaking statues and pulling down cathedrals."

That night we spent at Mart Moody's, at the foot of Big Tupper Lake, and the next morning pushed our way against a heavy wind to the head of the lake, where the Bog River comes tumbling in over a wall of rock. This was once a famous place for trout, but the glory of it has departed since the snaky and all-devouring pickerel found their way down from Long Lake into these waters. But while these fresh-water sharks can easily go down a water-fall, they have not yet learned to go up one; and as we carried around the falls, and launched our boats in the dark winding stream above, we rejoiced in the thought that we were again in trout waters.

It was hard work going up the stream, for the water was low and the rocks far too numerous. Reub's emphatic, "By jolly!" and Steve's grunt of discontent, were heard as we occasionally left a streak of paint on a hidden bowlder, or bumped heavily and had to back off. The carries around the rapids and then across into Round Pond were longer than we could have wished, and we were all thoroughly tired when we reached, just after dark, the house on Little Tupper Lake kept by Pliny Robbins, an old guide of ours.

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This was the end of our journey, and we slept the sleep of the just.

The next morning we set out to choose a camp ground. Little Tupper is a beautiful sheet of water, about six miles long, with deep branching bays on both sides. There is not a clearing on it; it is all unspoiled by fires, and the great pines still fringing the shores bear witness that the forest here is still virgin. We selected our ground near the head of the lake, at the entrance of a little bay so sheltered from the wind that it made a perfect harbor for the boats. A circle, perhaps fifty yards across, had been cleared away in the forest. On the upper edge of this, on a slight rise of ground, we pitched the tents. Below, and nearer the boat-landing, were the guides' shanty, the kitchen, and the pantry, made of bark. On a level with the tents, and continuing their line in a sort of crescent toward the lake, was the dining-table, with a sloping roof of bark, open on all sides, and commanding a fine outlook through the trees into the lake. A winding path led back from the boat-landing a few yards into the forest to a never-failing spring of ice-cold water; and a hard-wood ridge, rising directly behind the camp, supplied us with the best of fire-wood. Back of the tent, under a great yellow birch, the Governor swung his hammock, and we built a rustic table and a seat looking out over the water.

To accomplish all this was no slight task, nor was it done in a single day. The making of a camp, like the furnishing of a house, to be done rightly, must be done slowly. And, indeed, it can hardly be said to be done at all. It is always, as the Germans would say, *im Werden.*

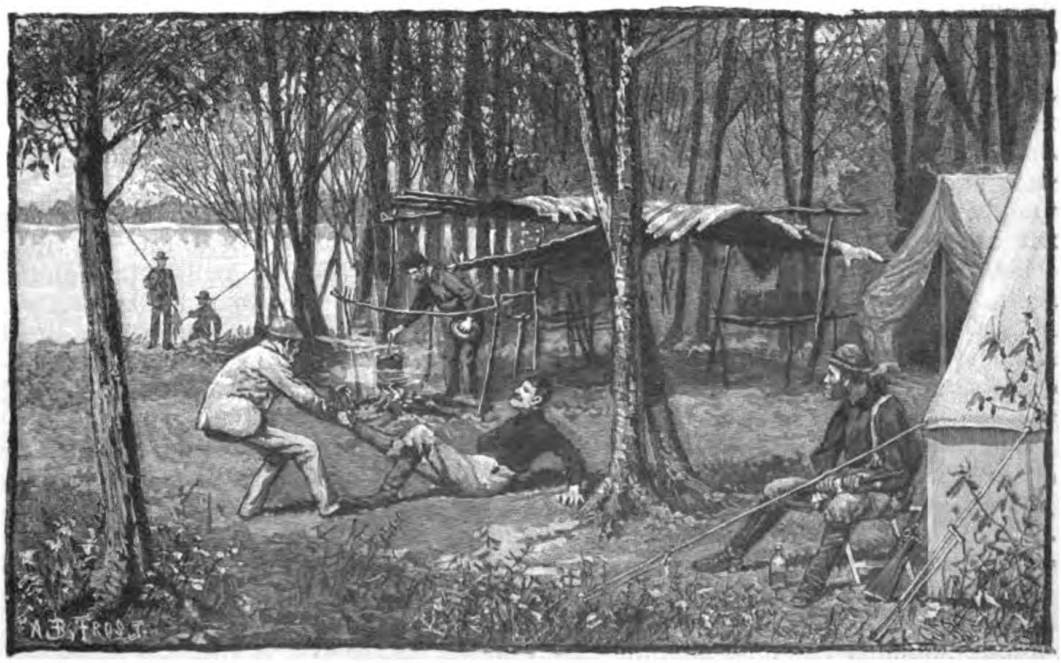
The first night, however, saw the tents pitched and the beds comfortably laid, with odorous balsam boughs, and covered with blankets. Three of the weary campers had unpacked their knapsacks and settled themselves to sleep. But the fourth place was vacant. A figure, scantily arrayed, stood outside in the dim light of the fire, wrestling mightily with a huge round canvas bag.

"Come to bed, Gad," said a sleepy voice from the tent.

"Can't find my night-cap. That's the worst of these bags. You never can find anything in them. And I packed everything on top too, so that I could get it when I wanted it. Where the— Oh, here it is."

Then at last he crept in between the blankets, and silence came upon the camp.

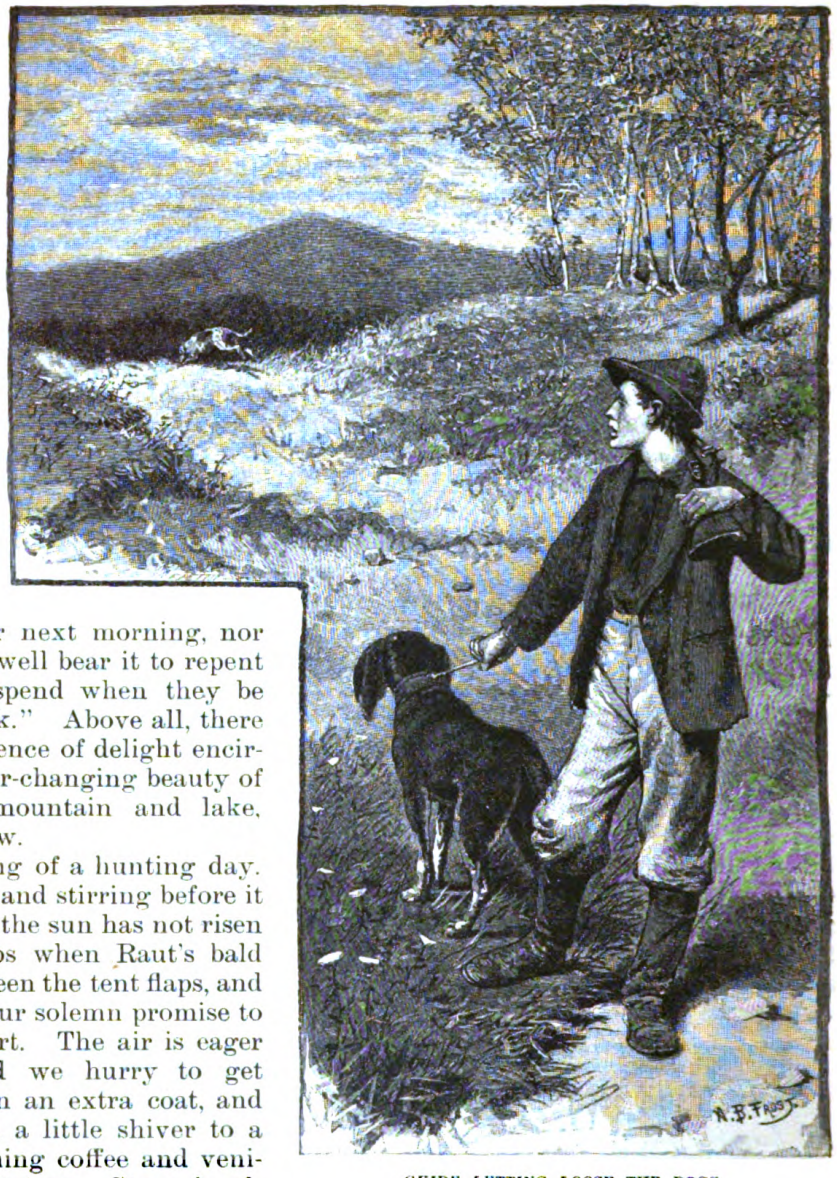
How shall I describe the pleasures of our life in the forest? It is impossible to put them into words, or to make one who has never experienced the like understand what they are. There is a sense of freedom and freshness in every hour; the



IN CAMP.

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wretched cares and complications of our artificial existence, the strifes and rivalries and hypocrisies of society, are far away and forgotten; we possess ourselves in quietness; a round of simple, natural toils fills up each day; and we have such mirth as Izaak Walton loved — "mirth that does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning, nor men that can not well bear it to repent the money they spend when they be warmed with drink." Above all, there is a constant influence of delight encircling us in the ever-changing beauty of sky and forest, mountain and lake, stream and meadow.



GUIDE LETTING LOOSE THE DOGS.

It is the morning of a hunting day. The guides are up and stirring before it is fairly light, and the sun has not risen above the tree-tops when Raut's bald head appears between the tent flaps, and he reminds us of our solemn promise to make an early start. The air is eager and nipping, and we hurry to get dressed, putting on an extra coat, and sitting down with a little shiver to a breakfast of steaming coffee and venison steak and potatoes. Steve is already starting into the woods with the hounds. He fastens their chains to his belt, and sets off with a long swinging stride, following no path, but making for a certain ridge far back in the forest, where he hopes to find a stag or two not yet awakened from their morning nap. It will be a hard tramp, through swamps and thickets, jungles of underbrush and tangles of fallen wood, with the dogs pulling and tugging at his belt, and nosing the ground impatiently for scent. After an hour or two, if he finds a fresh track, he will let one of them loose, and then go on to start a second, and, if he can, a third. The dogs are noble creatures, two of them thorough hounds with long hanging ears, and the other a rough Scotch dog, with the keenness and pertinacity that belong to his race. They will follow the track with untiring vigor, crawling through the densest slash of burned and fallen timber, rushing along the more open hard-wood ridges, threading the tangled alder thickets, dashing through marshes, swimming narrow streams, until at last the deer crosses some runway where a hunter stands, or takes some larger water, and is captured or escapes. Then, if there be no one there to take the dog in, he turns and follows his track back until he comes to the camp, and creeps in, wet and hungry and tired, to lie down by the fire, and wait for his master to feed him.

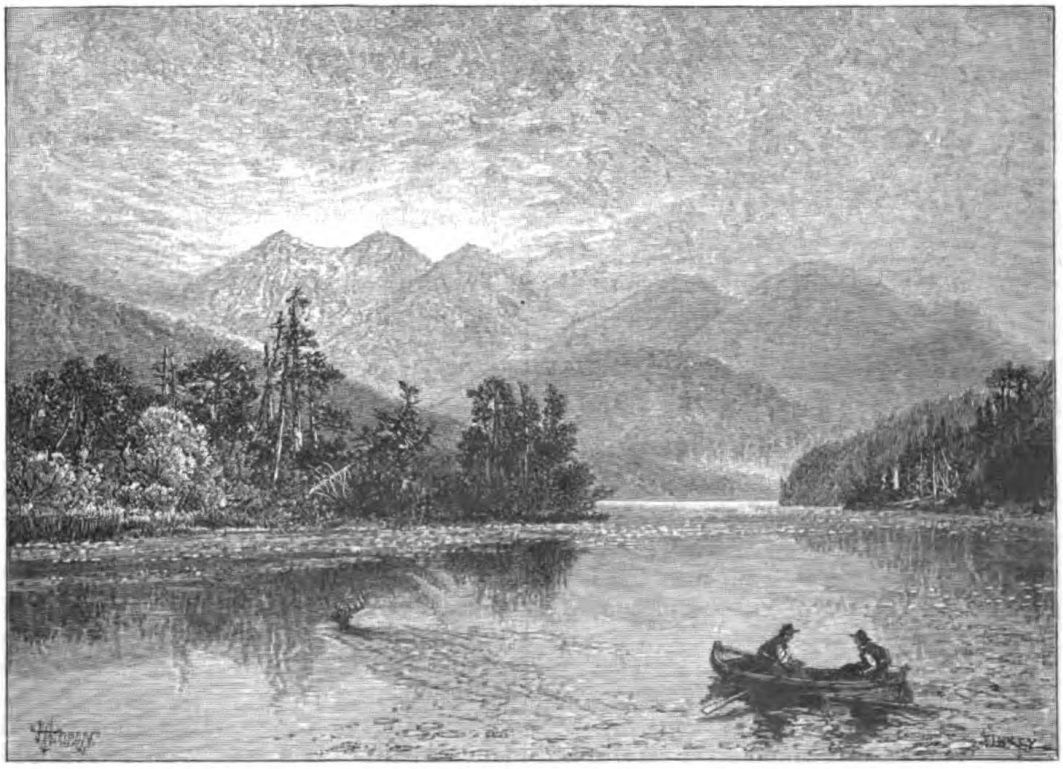
In the mean time we have finished our

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preparations, and are pushing out in our boats to take possession of the watch grounds. The light mist of the morning is curling up in fantastic shapes from the water, and the air is yet unwarmed by the sun, as we turn away each to his appointed station—one on a little pond some three miles up a winding stream, another on an island at the head of the lake, another down at Red Island, and Peter alone, for he is a ready oarsman, has charge of the island in front of the camp. It is tiresome work watching alone, for your eyes must be strained to catch the first sight of the deer as he enters the water, or moves, visible only as a black spot, across the surface. Fancy often plays you tricks, so that a floating piece of wood, or a loon swimming across some distant bay, seems to be a deer's head, and you set out in pursuit, and almost break your back, until you discover your mistake.

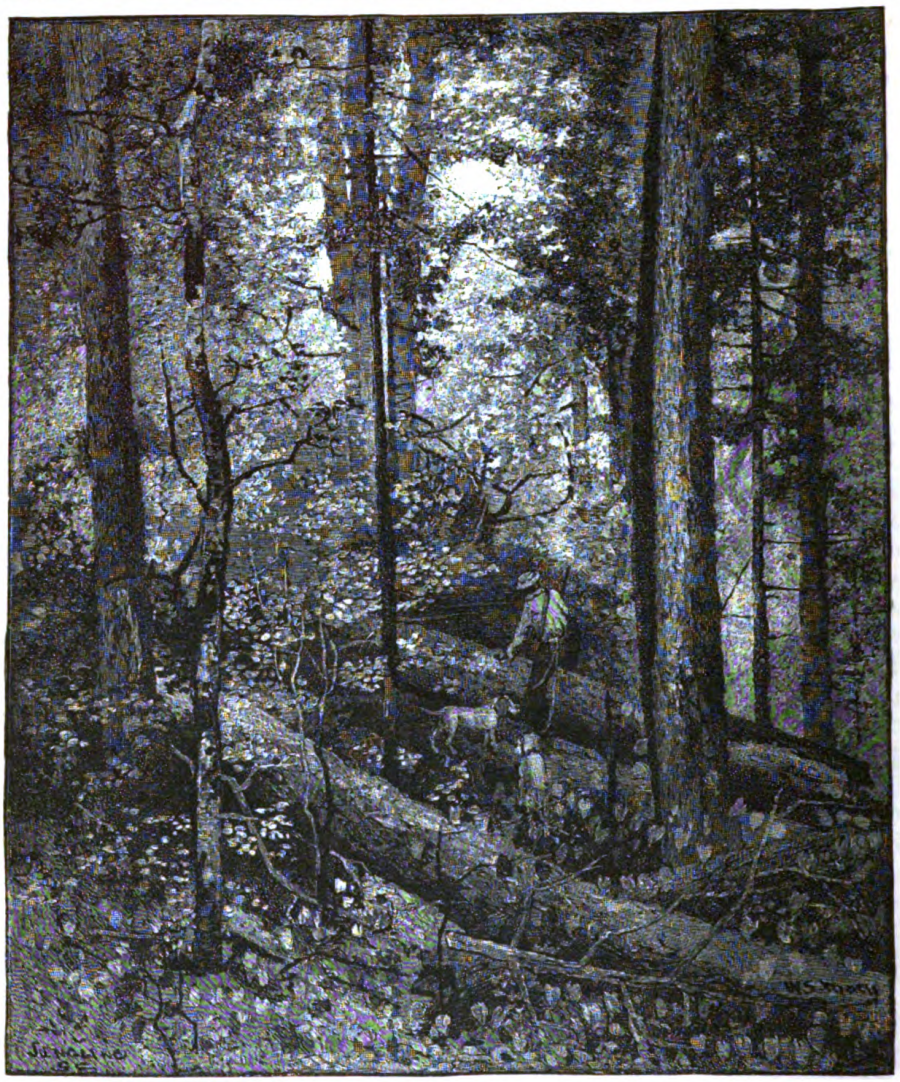
But if you have a good guide with you, you may leave the larger part of the watching to his sharp eyes, and finding a shady place, amuse yourself with a book, or watch the ants crawling through the grass forest, or lie and dream, letting your thoughts wander lazily along the curving shores and among the drifting clouds. Presently there comes a faint sound, very different from those constant noises of the woods and waters to which you have been listening. Reub straightens himself on the projecting limb of the dead pine where he is sitting. Hark! A faint mellow note of a hound's voice coming over the trees. It is Jack. He is running. Now the chase is coming toward us. You can hear the sharp ringing bark distinctly. How eagerly he runs! There is a moment of silence. He is puzzled, or is struggling with some difficulty. Now the cry rings out again in quick, clear notes. The wind sweeps it away, and then brings it back with new power. It grows fainter and fainter. He is passing around some hill or ridge in the forest. He is turning away. No, here he comes again, clearer and louder than ever. He is making for the lake. But what is this? The music ceases. Then it begins more slowly. The deer has made a turn, and is swinging away for Stony Pond. Jack follows him, and his voice grows fainter, and then is lost as he passes back into the forest. We are disappointed.

We look down the lake again. Suddenly Peter's boat puts out from the island where he is watching. He is pulling for



A SWIM FOR LIFE

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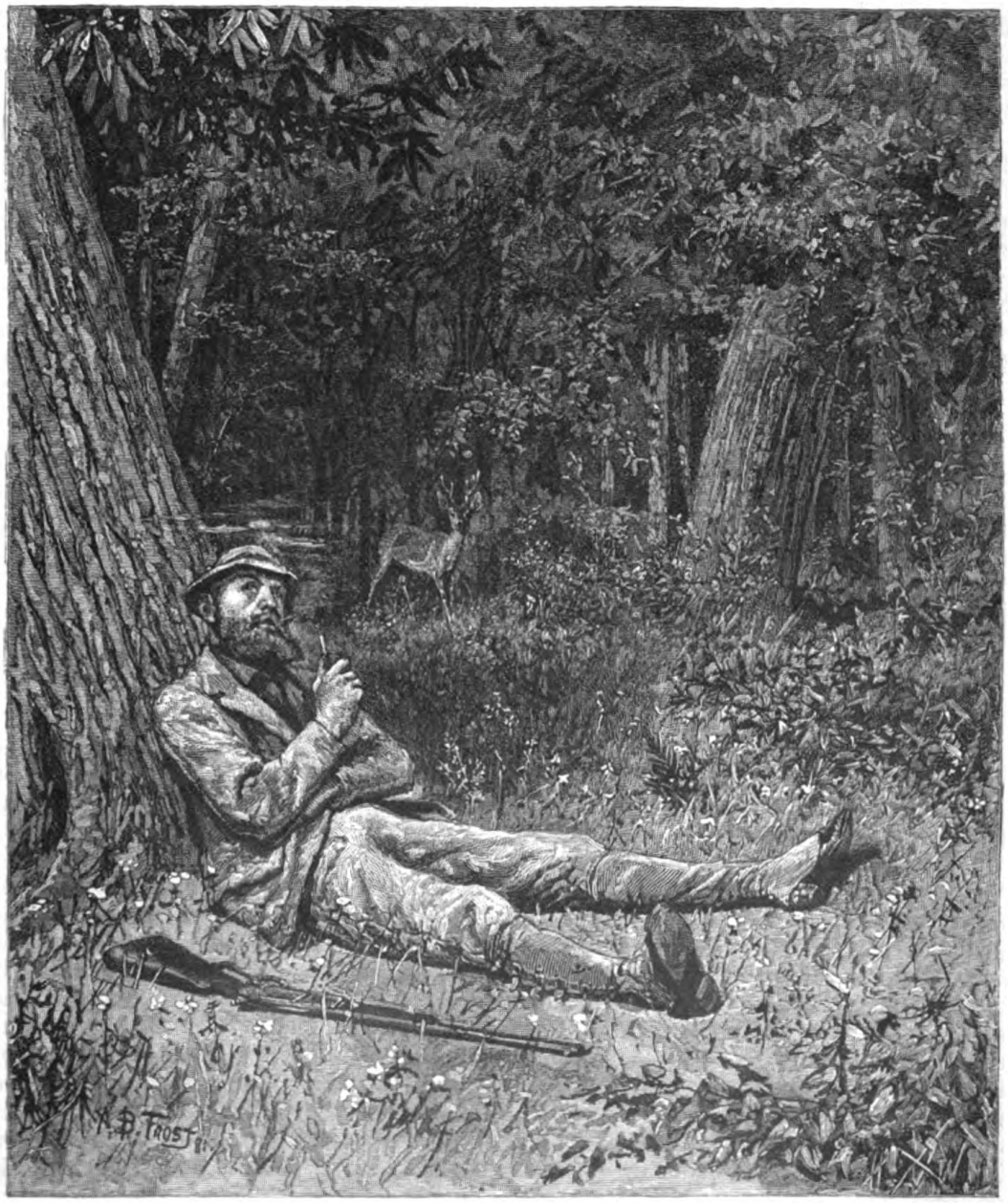
IN THE FOREST.

dear life He must see something. We will go down. Reub's sinewy arms make the oars bend, and the boat flies through the water. Do you see that dark spot moving out from the shore? It is a deer, a buck, a noble head. Peter is still a little in advance of us. But the deer swims fast. Will he get away? Peter pulls bravely, and at last his boat shoots between the stag and the point for which he was making. The great head, with its branching horns, turns out into the lake. Steady now, for the boat is dancing, and the stag is almost springing from the water. We must not spoil the antlers. A ball just below the ear. The rifle-crack rings sharp, and the buck is ours.

This is certainly the easiest way to kill a deer—so easy, in fact, that it hardly deserves the name of sport, and is only to be justified on the ground that it is the only way to get venison in that season of the year which intervenes between jack-hunting and still-hunting. But even hounding may try the skill of the marksman if he has a narrow piece of water to watch, and has to make a long shot as the deer is going out or skirting along the shore. And if this watch ground be a runway in the woods or on some narrow stream, then the hunter must have a quick and sure aim. It is a strange experience to spend a day for the first time on one of these forest runways. The first sensation is one of pleasure in the wild beauty of the woods. Then the silence begins to oppress you. Through all the maze of mighty tree trunks no

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creature seems to be moving. There are no birds in the high branches, which are but feebly stirred by the wind, and through which only the thinnest rays of sunlight fall into the sombre green atmosphere below. Even the mimic forests of undergrowth and moss with which the ground is covered seem barren of all life. It is such a wood as Mage Merlin slumbered in when lissome Vivien slid from his embrace, and vanished with swift steps down the glade. But after a while your ear becomes attuned to the surroundings, and you begin to hear a gentle sound, like the dropping of ceaseless rain. It is the pattering of minute spiculæ falling from spruce and pine and hemlock, and mingling with the decaying roots and underbrush to form the dark rich forest mould on which every step falls so softly. Lying closer to the ground, you become aware of a busy insect life hurrying to and fro. Then there is a rustle of leaves, a patter of quick, light feet, and a red squirrel runs along a fallen trunk, peers at you curiously, and half in fear, half in



ON THE WATCH GROUND.

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audacity, gives his sharp, shrill bark. A little bird which you can not see pierces the air with a slender, long-drawn note. A woodpecker beats his sounding tattoo on a hollow tree, and growing bolder, comes nearer and nearer, until perhaps he ventures to try the very trunk against which you are leaning. The influence of the place is soothing. You are very still, possibly a little drowsy. There is a louder rustling in the brush; you turn your head; a deer is looking at you with great startled eyes; you reach for your rifle, but at the first motion he is gone like a flash, bounding lightly over the great logs, and your random shot only awakes the echoes. You have lost your chance, and must come home empty-handed.

At our camp we usually had dinner at four o'clock; and never banquet was more delightful than these hearty feasts of venison and trout, eaten in the fresh air, with the living picture of the lake ever changing before our eyes. The fare was by no means that of anchorites. For besides the juicy saddles and tender steaks with which good fortune kept our larder supplied, we enjoyed the fruits of the Governor's forethought and Reub's skill in soups and sauces, and crisp baked beans, and flapjacks browner and more tempting than those which the fisherman in Shakspeare's play promised the shipwrecked Pericles. But two difficulties troubled us. One was subjective—the inability to eat enough. And this Gad solved by a simple rule. "Never," said he, with a mouth full of flapjack and maple syrup—"never eat too much at any one time, and then you will be able to eat a great deal all the time." Solon never said a wiser thing.

The other trouble was objective. The good things on the table attracted a swarm of yellow-jackets, who insisted on sharing our meals with us. In justice to them, I must say that they did not sting unless provoked; but at first their presence was embarrassing. Once they were so numerous and persistent that Gad and Peter and Howard were driven away to eat their dinner at the tent, leaving the Governor in solitary dignity at the table. "Foolish boys!" said he; "these are harmless creatures if you do not molest them. They do but seek their natural sustenance. Treat them— Whew!" The Governor's hand had rested too heavily on one of the harmless creatures, and he joined the party by the tent with a very much lower opinion of the innocence of yellow-jackets. But a judicious use of hot water and sugar traps, and a ceaseless war of extermination which Steve waged at all times and with all weapons, soon reduced the troublesome visitors to control.

After dinner, Howard, the indefatigable angler, usually rowed away to cast the fly for trout in one of the dark winding streams at the head of the lake. He loved much to be alone at this hour, and the fishing was little more than an excuse. Peter was fond of exploring the neighboring bays, sometimes returning from his expeditions with a duck, and once bringing home with pride a great northern diver, the hardest of all birds to shoot. The Governor retired to his hammock with a cigar and his inevitable volume of Milton. Gad sat on the shore, placidly smoking a huge pipe, and trying to sketch the sunset effects.

The sun descended to his rest amid soft and glowing clouds, lingering, as it seemed, to caress the forest and the lake with an ineffable tenderness of light. When he was gone, hues of yellow and rose and orange spread over the sky, and were reflected with infinite gradations of paler color in the smooth water. Then came deeper tones of saffron and of red, fading slowly through purple into silvery gray. Low on the horizon dwelt

"That green light that lingers in the west";

the first star faintly twinkled on the edge of the night, and the pine-covered shores were clad with dark shadows.

When it was dark, we had our supper of oatmeal porridge and chocolate, and gathered around the camp fire. This, after all, is the centre of camp life. The great pile of burning logs sends out a cheerful heat and a steady glow. The straight tree trunks, gleaming in the light, surround us in a solemn circle. Beyond that is utter darkness, except on one side, where we can see a pallid gleam of the lake. A column of smoke, mingled with darting, twisting sparks, goes up to the stars. Now we recount the experiences of the day, and make plans for the morrow, and tell innumerable stories. Steve relates his marvellous history of the blueberry deer. Raut tells of that memorable night when Gad went out "jacking" with him, and jumped right

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over the bow of the boat to catch a deer that he had wounded; whereat Raut laughed so consumedly that he almost fell overboard. At this a hoot-owl, sitting unseen above our heads, startles us with a derisive Hu-hu-hu-whoo-oo-oo! And this reminds Gad of the time when he ran into a nest of them, when night-hunting, and was frightened almost out of his skin. Thus one story suggests another, and the fragrant smoke wreaths curl away into the night, until the white disk of the moon shines like an oriel-window through the branches of the trees, and climbing higher, sheds a flood of light into the camp.

We made many excursions from our camp: to Rock Pond, a wild and lovely sheet of water; to Charley Pond; to Smith's Lake, beautiful despite its name; and often in the evening we manned a boat with double sculls, and ran down to Robbins's cozy hostelry to get our letters and hear the news. It is strange how fast news travels in the wilderness; and by news I do not mean the stock quotations and the foreign telegrams, but the report of what is happening from day to day in the woods. If a bear was killed on the Raquette, or if some one shot a huge buck at Big Wolf, or if some scoundrel poisoned a lot of dogs on the Saranac, or if they had a fortunate day's hunt at Smith's Lake, or if some one caught a monstrous trout at Big Clear, we were sure to hear of it within forty-eight hours. Indeed, we rather regretted this facility of transmission, for the report of the excellent sport on Little Tupper brought more people there than we cared to see. But there was room enough for all, and, as it happened, game enough. And our position at the head of the lake was thoroughly secluded.

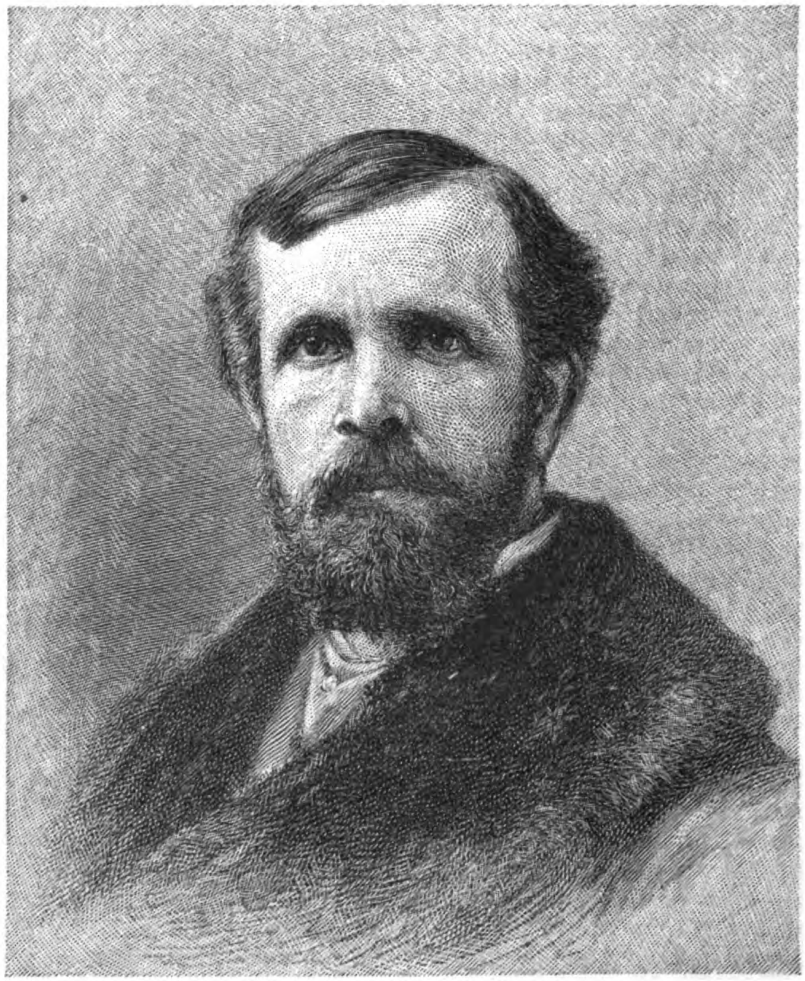
During the last week of our stay the air was filled with smoke from distant forest fires. The effect was strange and beautiful. A gray luminous haze came floating down, filled with the faint odor of burning pine. The high mountain far beyond the foot of the lake grew first purple, then misty and indistinct. The nearer hills were covered with a mysterious veil. The long ridges became more dim and distant. Every vista was prolonged, and the islands seemed to recede and float mirage-like in the air. At sunset the sun was a glowing ball of fire, deepening as it sank into rosy mist, which spread and darkened into purple, and at last into the gloom of night.

Under this veil of smoke we could dimly see that the autumn colors were beginning to glow on the hills; and when, on the morning of our last day, the west wind, blowing fresh, made the air as clear as crystal, every hard-wood ridge was glorious with gold and scarlet leafage. Thus our woodland home never seemed so fair as when we turned our faces away from it, and went out again into the busy world.



SWAN LAKE.

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FREDERICK A. BRIDGMAN.

OUR good-natured foreign critics, while admitting that there are American artists, ask insistently where there is such a thing as an American art. The ensuing notes are dedicated to a young painter who, without manifesting such originality and authenticity of invention as would constitute him the leader of a new national school, has reached high position in that classical and eclectic treatment of scholarly themes where all mannerisms merge, and where idiosyncrasies of personal style are almost refined away in the attainment of style itself.

It was my fortune to watch the European career of Mr. Bridgman from its beginnings, and to have forced upon my notice the disadvantages and the privileges that are peculiar to the Western republican in earning the consideration of the world of culture which exists on the other continent. That world of culture, without meaning to do so, constitutes itself a close corporation. If the republican aspirant acquires some traces of that accent of civilization which is the freemasonry of the educated circles, his accomplishments are his reproach. He is asked, if a painter, why he does not bring into the world's art some national flavor, like the passion of Munkacsy, or the embroidery of Fortuny, instead of emulating the faded perfections of traditional art. He is charged to remain provincial at his peril. If he insists on falling into the line of art-progress in its classical development, every merit he assumes is liable to be imputed as a fault, and the suavities and accomplishments he may acquire, such as would be recognized as perfections in the European, are apt to be blamed upon him as the little hypocrisies of the renegade. That the subject of this paper has conquered a marked place, not by in-

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sisting on his foreign accent, but by competing in those pure classical themes where all contestants are equal, is so much the more to his credit. It is a harder success than are the common successes of what may be called dialect art, where only half the merit is in the hard, uncompromising test of quality, and the other half is in the piquant strangeness which excites wonder, where the award of popularity is given by those who can have no competence, merely because they are tickled, and not because they can judge of felicities and fidelities.

Frederick A. Bridgman was, I believe, among the first American students who entered the atelier of Gérôme, in the Beaux-Arts school at Paris. The little group who succeeded in obtaining admission at the date of Bridgman's entrance had been rebuffed and refused time and again. Minister Bigelow had asserted that he could solicit no more, and the news from the school was always the convenient news that it was full. At length, one summer day, the present Professor Eakins, of the Philadelphia Academy, then a slender and not unprepossessing boy, bearded Count Nieuwerkerke in his den, having obtained access by the device of complete ignorance of French, combined with a successful deafness whenever a refusal was pronounced by a lackey; this effectual champion soon wearied the minister of the Emperor's household into signing a pass for the whole list of American aspirants; and Bridgman, on a foggy autumn morning, entered as of right into the crowded school where some of the rest of us were already working and watching with interest the embarrassment of our fellow-countryman.

I remember his entrance pretty distinctly. The last of a series of bleak rooms, whose doors stud a long corridor painted with Raphael's Bible, is the atelier of Gérôme. At the head of the entry, and nearest to our door, a man dressed like a gendarme sits, eternally twisting up little tortillons, or paper stumps, to sell to the students; and the proper direction being easily got from this Cerberus, the admission into the largest and most disreputably noisy of the government art schools is achieved. Bridgman, like every freshman, was greeted with cries of sarcastic joy from about thirty throats. The youngest apprentice is always received with delight, by none more so than by his predecessor in office, who passes over to him the task of going out for milk and soap, used respectively as a varnish and a brush cleanser. The freshman also replenishes the fire, and acquires a baneful intimacy with the secrets of the wood closet. As his accession also stands for the addition of a new easel and rush stool to the common stock, battered to pieces in a hundred school fights, and as he will contribute a sum of money for the next student breakfast, his entrance is the signal for an approval quite independent of his personal qualities. The picture presented by the school-room on the advent of the latest American must have been to him memorable. A barn-like interior, with the peculiar Rembrandt lighting conferred by a single lofty window, so that the derisive voices proceeding from every corner belonged to bodies at first invisible; rows of students arranged about the model's dais on the principle of the Indians around William Penn, the first semicircle squatting on the floor or on color boxes, the next row sitting, the next standing, and the outside ranks climbing upon high stools; a tympan over the doorway into a small hat-room covered with large and very gross caricatures of the more notable students of this and preceding generations; under the wooden pedestal of the plaster Mars in the vestry-room, a prisoner (this hostage, either at the epoch of Bridgman's admission or directly after, had complained at the bureau of being interrupted at his work, and was forced daily into the wooden box for about a week, until he recalcitrated one morning, and fought out his liberation)—such were the spectacles that greeted our Brooklyn youth as a freshman in the most unruly art school of Europe. Armed with an immense portfolio filled with "Ingres" paper, he fell very quietly to work, and a kind of chivalry extended to his foreignership exempted him, as in the case of all Americans, from the wood and soap fetching—from every tax, indeed, except the initiation breakfast fee. He was also spared the usual and sufficiently brutal ordeal of hazing, which he could watch with greater interest exemplified in the persons of others. The native students are usually made to pose as nude models, to sing songs to the accompaniment of mock choruses, to dance, and to perform any gymnastic feat within their compass. He had early opportunities of witnessing the sickening

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punishments devised for tale-bearing, such as the forcing of one prisoner daily into a narrow box, and holding him there for hours, or the "bucking" of another with sticks and ropes, and painting his body completely with English Winsor and Newton colors. The more genial diversions of the studio succeeded in their usual order. From the little lofty window in the hat-room communicating with Cabanel's atelier—visits between the studios being forbidden—dropped from time to time aerial callers, out of the ken of the guardian, consisting of students with finger on lip, or of more attractive and elegant-looking naked models.

In the recesses classical games of very French complexion were organized. Choristers, wearing their shirts externally, and holding lighted matches for tapers, would wind through the studio, singing ribald songs to sacred airs, and circulating among the wet paintings precariously and not always safely. Or the fight of Romulus and Tatius, from David's picture, would be enacted—in costume—with easels and portfolios for shields, or "the metopes of the Parthenon" would be imitated, with a solemn collision of two forces riding quadrupedal stools, in a very measured and Phidian manner.

Of this pandemonium Bridgman became a tolerant but hardly a participating member, saving his reputation by smiling at every turbulent jest, but being always too busy at the moment to mix in the louder demonstrations. He had a knack, never before equalled, of being industrious with a disengaged and Bohemian air; he would plunge into the labors of the ants, all the while laughing at the vagaries of the butterflies so heartily that they thought in good faith he was of their party. With a beaming face of good-nature turned on the escapades of the idle apprentice, he would be found perpetually doing the work of the industrious one, absorbing the nutriment of the school with his whole heart while appearing to laugh school study to scorn. When he seemed only intent on learning the amusements of a student's gaudy nights, he was really dreaming amorously, like good Paolo Ucello, of the tender mysteries of perspective, or cultivating a mathematician's liaison with curves of the higher orders. In this way he became technically learned without being unpopular, correcting the obvious superiority of his drawings with the saving trait that he never seemed to care anything about them. His compatriots, Eakins and Humphrey Moore, both became known afterward, but Bridgman obtained honors and rewards in an almost surreptitious way, when he could scarcely be said to be remembered, or recollected only as that particularly good-natured fellow.

At the old town of Pont-Aven, in Brittany, he made that summer the acquaintance of Robert Wylie, the regretted American, whose personal magnetism began about this time to draw around him a colony of artistic tourists in the pretty little hamlet and chain of water-mills he had discovered dreaming on the Aven River. It has become a sort of university town for artists since, owing to the impulse Wylie gave it. An agreeable and harmonious party of American and English students bore down upon the village in that first year of Bridgman's residence there, swamping the Hôtel des Voyageurs, putting Madame Feutry to strange devices to feed and bed us, overflowing into the adjacent house of Tanguy, the notary, and surprising the inhabitants on fair days with a totally new line of purchasers of Breton costumes. The jolly notary, who fairly moped when he could not have the society of the artists around the tavern table, was custodian of the keys of a rotten old country house, the Château de Les-Aven, and readily let us open studio there, among the delights of a garden run to seed, and of salon walls from which were dropping old canvases badly painted with Watteau subjects. Studio hours were instituted, the villagers were trained as models, and a healthful and improving system of work organized. Marie Mower, possessed of a waxen complexion and a fine red petticoat, was probably the first model whom Bridgman studied in this academy. A good man, with black hair reaching to his waist, but without any family or Christian name that we ever discovered, was another favorite with the fraternity; and this quaint old fellow I discovered one morning at sunrise, leaning against a wall in a smuggler-like attitude, with Bridgman painting away from him for dear life, having surreptitiously bribed him to posture between hours for his private and special benefit. What chance was there for the others against a comrade who worked so unfairly as this? Bridgman positively enjoyed making the

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"APOLLO CARRYING AWAY CYRENE."

rest of the artists feel good for nothing. Painting was his dram, and his dram between drams. He perforated the neighborhood in every direction; he discovered delicious or characteristic models; he found the beautiful boy Grégoire Canivet, praying at a *pardon* at Scaer, and brought him home in triumph and in the odor of sanctity, somewhat as Titania did her little Indian henchman; he found wonderful trees, pollard oaks, and lost chapels with rusty bells. The studio of Les-Aven became a bric-à-brac fair, full of Breton embroideries, spinning-wheels, crucifixes, and knee-breeches. Of this artistic revival Bridgman was largely guilty. He had a blamable gift of perpetual work without fatigue, and a most miserly habit of stuffing occupation into odds and ends of time. There would be, perhaps, a twilight hour of utter vacancy, and then, with the window of a very small inn chamber thrown up for ventilation, he would coax a violin, worn to the wood, but rather mellow of tone, to tell him the fugitive secret of Art. In the evening there would be talk from wandering sailors, a grandmother's reminiscences of the Vendean war, sporting news from Tanguy the notary, or more cultivated conversation from the Marquis du Montier, a modest nobleman who formed a romantic attachment with Mr. Wylie. This gentleman's daughters, handsome girls, who were seen promenading by all of us in the village lanes, avoided our acquaintance with the usual French delicacy, but during Bridgman's second summer, as the American party were swimming in the Bay of Biscay, not far from where the Marquis's carriage-load of guests were also bathing, the life of one of the high-born girls was saved by Bridgman, with considerable risk of his own, and he and his violin were afterward made welcome at their home. Fate, in fact, seems to reserve these pieces of luck for those unobtrusive people who are always on hand. Bridgman appears to me to have secured during his lifetime a reprehensible share of the goods of fortune by the mere needle's trick of having an eye always open. Meanwhile the artist visitors became the lions of Pont-Aven. Beggars used to gather around the door of the château-atelier just as if it had been a church. Tourists visited the studio as the museum of the place, and the studies made by Bridgman, Wylie, Moses Wight, Benjamin Champney, Howard Roberts, Martin, Lew-

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"INTERIOR OF A CAIRO HOUSE."

is, and Garraway gave a modern air to the old manor-house, or enlivened the closet doors of Madame Feutry's tavern. The landlady made pets of her transatlantic family, and organized feasts on Twelfth-nights and saints' days to show them the customs of the country. The nights in the inn parlor were festal, but not bacchanalian. The curfew bell from the village church broke up every evening's diversions, and as it sounded, Yvonne, the waitress, entered, and incontinently dismissed the guests, gentle and simple, to their repose. It was singular to see the grave, Spanish-looking marquis pluck up his hat and retire humbly in obedience to this antique tocsin.

In the opportunities for confidential talk afforded by such close companionship, Bridgman gave me many incidents of his life. Others I learned when he had become famous, and distance had intervened between us, in a hotel balcony in Colorado, from a cousin who was his living image translated from dark to blonde. Frederick, the artistic cousin, was born, during the migrations of a Massachusetts physician's family, at Tuskegee, in Alabama, November 10, 1847. When he was three years old his mother was left a widow, with a cluster of sturdy little sons. "At the age of five I decided to be an artist," he said, simply. When sixteen years old, Frederick considered his schooling complete, and entered the American Bank-note Company as apprentice. I have seen specimens of his engraved work executed for the company, among others a child's head, the lines of the cheeks engine-turned, like the back of a watch, in the traditional style of that mighty school of American engraving. After a couple of years of it, the boy-engraver felt the internal pushings of a more liberal artistic ambition. He cancelled the agreement which would have confined his hand to the graver until his twenty-first year, and pushed directly to Paris, with such scanty resources as a hard-bestead mother could divide to one of her boys. I am sure that he was not always comfortable in his circumstances before his pictures began to sell, but an art student can live abroad on so little! His two years' discipleship under Gérôme were evidently the turning-point of his life, and gave him a bent which time is only developing more and more distinct-

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ly. It is the not unmixed effect of Gérôme's art to make every student emulous of his severe intellectual, scholarly style of painting. This is a grief to the *patron* himself. "Do not try to imitate me," he will say. "Seek out effects in nature which are sympathetic with your perceptions. Be realists, be Courbets, or Manets; only use the grand laws I have indicated to restrain yourselves by." A few of his pupils, as Bastien-Lepage, have used this liberty with manifest advantage to themselves. Others, as Glaize, Lecomte,

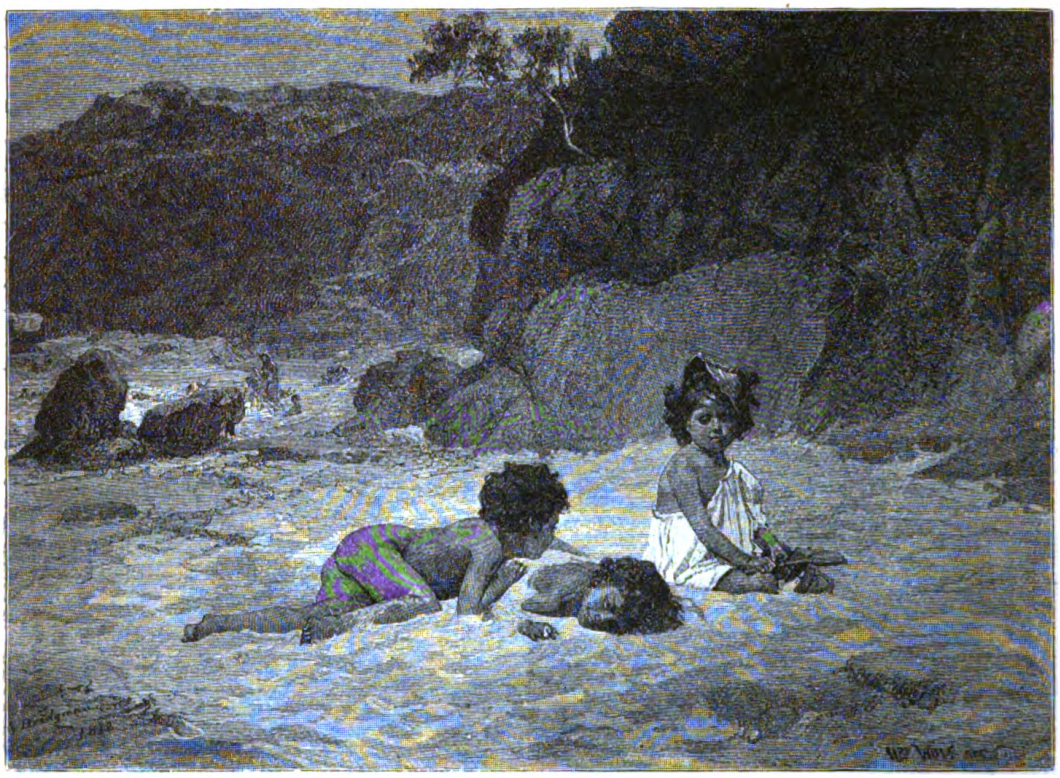


"PROCESSION OF THE BULL APIS."

Dunouy, Matte, and Bridgman, have seemed to err in excess of fidelity to their master. Of Bridgman it must be said in all modesty that he has bettered his instruction in the indication of landscape and atmosphere. Gérôme's flat bass-relief backgrounds, reducing the lines of landscape to theorems, and deprived of air or of unction, certainly have a calculated harmony with his figures; they force the attention on the human actors by their very paucity, as Shakspeare's crossed spears and meagre properties directed the eye to the grandiose action on his stage. But none the less is the scenery of Gérôme's dramas insufficient, and it has been the privilege of his American pupil to demonstrate that good figure-painting will bear good landscape-painting, the best that a man can do, as its foil and support. Bridgman's five successive summers in Brittany, in a dewy, cloudy air full of mystery, amid the companionship of able landscape artists, riveted his attention to the wonders of atmosphere, and made him forever ambitious of landscape excellence. Accordingly, his pictures avoid the look, too common with Gérôme, of an ivory plaque covered with engraving. The palpitation of vaporous air, the depth of fugitive horizons, give life and vibration to his scenes, and inspire with vitality not only his European compositions that are based on the Brittany studies, but the poetically reconstructed incidents of ancient Egypt or Assyria. It is merely obvious truth to assert that the landscape in his "Funeral of a Mummy" is a better landscape than his preceptor Gérôme ever executed.

At the revival of national life in France after the Franco-Prussian war (the dark period having been passed by Bridgman in characteristically tranquil study in Brittany), the pictures of the young stranger began to enter into the French painting market, and to sell. In 1869, the "Breton Children in Carnival-Time" was remarked at the Salon, and engraved for one of the illustrated papers. Already the lad was composing incidents, arranging populous subjects, and exercising the dramatic faculty. In 1870, "The American Circus in Brittany" made visitors to the Salon ask who the artist was. Every annual exhibition has since exhibited some specimen of his talent. In 1872 he struck into a

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"HAVING A GOOD TIME."—SCENE ON THE BAY OF BISCAY.

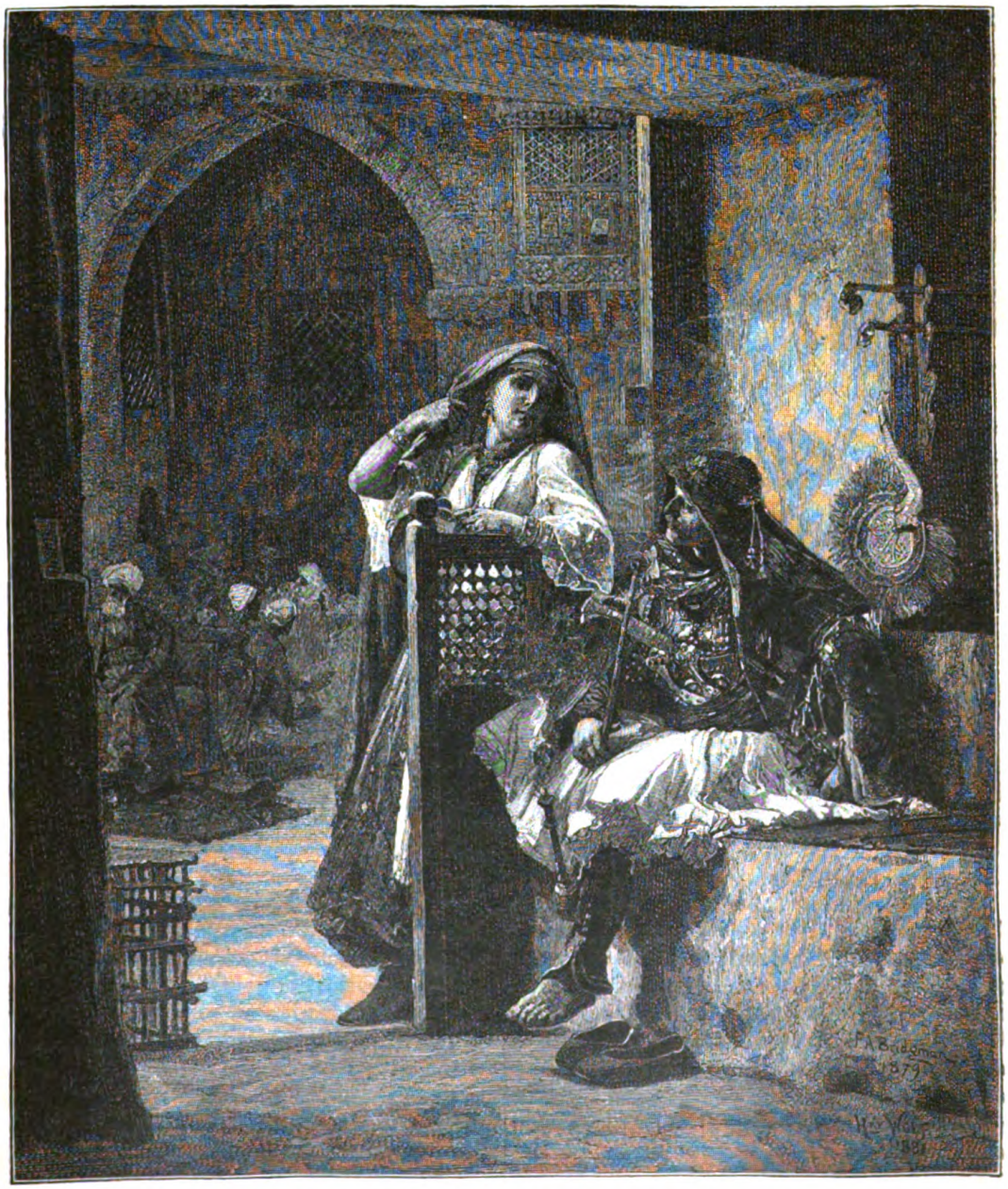
classical vein—his studies in Smith's Classical Dictionary having conducted him to the myth of "Apollo carrying away Cyrene"; this allegorical line he has abandoned since. Having made an excursion to the Pyrenees in this year, he celebrated it with one of his best, sincerest, most harmonious pictures, "Bringing in the Maize, near Bayonne." Gérôme never touched this effect, whether in atmosphere, color, or identification of the figures with the landscape; his grand student-lamp qualities, the qualities of an essayist, look somehow poor and artful beside the simple, robust, breathing vivacity of his disciple. This picture was exhibited in 1873; but in that very year the artist was away, flying after very different horizons. He was in Cairo, sticking up the studies contained in his luggage around the walls of a hot bedroom in Shepherd's Hotel. A couple then staying in the Khedive's capital, themselves interested in art, were introduced into the painted chamber, became attached to the quiet artist's dark eyes and winning manner, and invited him to share expenses and a dahabieh for a voyage up the Nile. Thus, for not much more than a guinea a day, Bridgman proceeded, in rather luxurious circumstances, a thousand miles up the primeval river, being absent three months and a half, and going as far as the second cataract. Returning to France, his Salon contributions immediately began to tell the story of the charmed voyage, which a man can only once take for the first time in his life. The Nubian improvisatrice in the harem, the dahabieh on the Nile, prayers in the mosque, departure of the sacred carpet for Mecca, such were the warm Oriental narrations which he gave to the Paris public. In 1877, 1878, and 1879, appeared successively his "Funeral of a Mummy," "Pastimes of an Assyrian King," and "Procession of the Bull Apis," the last now to be seen in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington.

The truancy of an artist into archæological themes is always regarded with some dismay by his painter-friends. So much of his attention as is given to the study of antiquities is distracted from the study of legitimate artistic effect. The very interest of his archæologic anecdotes is a heavy bid for the popular applause, taken in a bulk from his capital of legitimate endeavor. So much virtue is gone

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out of him. He should busy himself with problems of air and tone and value and constructive form rather than with recondite paragraphs out of authors and curious models out of museums. The appeal for consideration which the archæology painter makes is in its nature fallacious. No abiding reputation was ever founded in art on correct antiquarianism. It is inevitable that the science of one generation should correct the science of the last; and idle it were to hope that the antique subjects of Alma Tadema and Gérôme will ultimately seem more exact, in the light of future discoveries, than the antique subjects of David and Poussin do now.

To those studio ravens who are always present to croak, Bridgman can reply: "The background of my Egyptian funeral is thought to be not only one of the best ever put into an archæological picture, but one of the best I have painted yet." To those worldlings who wink and accept the descent into antiquity painting as a voluntary plunge into clap-trap, rath-



"ALMEH AND ARMENIAN."—SCENE IN CAIRO.

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er praiseworthy in a commercial sense, he can answer in the most serious way that study is his bent, and that these are the subjects he "feels." He dropped a little remark to me lately which showed how close to his soul are those mummies and Assyrians. I had asked him the humdrum question, inevitably put to the art student returning from abroad, whether he didn't think a painter could work to just as good advantage in America as in Europe. He answered simply, with that wide black stare of his: "Why, not if he wants antique specimens; because they've got the museums there, you know." There was evidence of an invincible scholarly vocation in this reply, because it so jauntily begged the whole question—the question whether an artist ought to record realistically the effects around him, or patch up old curiosities by guess-work—and leaped over all these juts of argument to arrive at the conclusion that "specimens" were an admissible art pabulum, and—"they've got the museums there, you know." To a certain class of art talents, to a certain class of educated intelligences, the historic sense is so close to the creative genius as to be almost a part of it. But the historic sense is a pitfall to the executant; Velasquez would never have painted "The Forge of Vulcan" as he has done if he had had an intellect leading him to dwell upon nymphs as Mr. Cox dwells on them, or as Mr. Max Müller dwells on them. A painter who



"GRANDPA."—SCENE IN CAIRO.

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"BRINGING IN THE MAIZE HARVEST OF THE PYRENEES."

works with the mechanical sincerity of the photograph slips into error the moment he is off of familiar ground. Think of Gérôme, of his Orientalisms so scrupulous and categorical: an Arab lately saw one of them, and spat on the ground in token of utter rejection. "That picture-maker is a fool," he said. There had been a solecism in the order in which the garments were applied to a certain figure. The under-coat was above the over-coat, or some such mighty matter. The implacable Clio, wherever in the immensity she is, looks upon the Egyptians and Assyrians of our best restorers, and spits ambrosially upon the ground.

Faulty in the restoration of history with the faults of all his class, Bridgman, in his sketches from nature, reveals the true artist. When he came to America last winter, he attached to Mr. Moore's walls in Madison Square a host of unfinished, unpretending studies from nature, made in Brittany, in Algiers, in Cairo, in Nubia. Few artists sketch better. The hot, blinding splash of light in an Egyptian court-yard, shredded into luminous splinters by the shadow of a palm-tree; the serenity of Nile horizons, where the accents of land and water take the character of mere sublimated streaks; dazzling kaleidoscope effects like those of the Spanish-Roman school, but this time sincere and enforced: these studded the walls, and for the time made the most jealous artist his friend. There were movements of an animal's shoulder, of a beast's haunches, snapped up almost automatically; the anatomical knowledge did not seem to be very deep, but the action was certain to be there.

With the "American Circus in Brittany," one of his earliest compositions, Bridgman promised something that he has not quite fulfilled—a study of nature for its own sake, and without conventionality. This canvas, now owned by Mr. Rook, of Brooklyn, is a sincere setting down of each spot of value, each "tache" of color, in a crowd of objects. It is slight, it is imperfectly modelled, but the uncontaminated impression of natural objects in a given light is there. The "Bringing in the Maize Harvest of the Pyrenees"—the canvas of 1873—is his best picture technically. Without the hardness and flatness, the hints of Manet that were visible in the "Circus," it is equally direct and serious. It is quite without studio patchwork: when the artist wants to arrive at the exact pitch of the woman's shirt sleeves against the wooded hill, he

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"CONVERSATION."—SCENE IN A CAIRO BAZAR.

goes to nature for it, he does not imagine it in the chamber. The peaceful pastoral figures are wrapped in the same light that plays over the landscape; an indescribable rustle of summer wind crisps every item of the scene; and nobody would imagine, to look at the oxen, that Bridgman was not an animal painter.

From the golden youthful period when he executed these invaluable studies, the artist passed into a period when he piled up Oriental bric-à-brac and figures with a view to decorative effect, and thence into the period of his reconstructions of history. Of the bric-à-brac inventions may be mentioned: "Grandpa," an ancient Cairo merchant seated on a divan and playing with a child, a canvas owned by Miss Louise Cary; "Conversation," an Arab of the desert with a carpet merchant in a Cairo bazar, owned by Joseph F. Knapp; the "Interior of a Cairo House," a picture owned in England, with negro pouring coffee for a lady of the harem; and the "Almeh and Armenian," a canvas likewise in England, showing an Armenian member of the police force of Cairo at the entrance of a café, to whom a dancing girl unveils her face and talks unreservedly.

The "Having a Good Time," with children on a sea-beach of the northerly or Breton shore of the Bay of Biscay, has a certain delicacy, freshness, and reserve of power. But it is far indeed behind the burning, impurpled, and golden reality of light which Sargent has shed upon a group of Neapolitan but similar urchins in one of our late Academy exhibitions. The baby group belongs to Mr. Charles Jones. The "Apollo carrying away Cyrene" is interesting principally as an excursion into an unaccustomed style never repeated.

The Egyptian pictures of Bridgman, when all reserves are made, contain a great deal that is artistically interesting, besides their burden of antiquarian lore. Let the "Procession of the Bull Apis" at the Corcoran Gallery serve for a specimen. Wonderful feats of breeding on the part of the Oriental nations of antiquity are suggested to us by the tradition of the maintenance of a succession of piebald bulls by the cunning priesthood, all marked with the twenty-eight sacred signs. When we think of this, of the patriarch Jacob's success in marking his sheep, of the Carthaginian cattle with dyed skins and fantastically twisted horns, we are

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apt to believe that our own breeders know very little in comparison with their predecessors. In the picture, the devoted bull, having been found with the stigmata, the triangle on the forehead, the cross on the back, and other marks indicated for the student in more than one Egyptian painting, marches to his installation in the temple of Osiris, there to live his twenty-eight years of luxury, or to die promptly if he shows a disposition to exceed them. Rameses II., dressed to-day as a priest, treads the lotus-strewn temple pavement, throwing spices into the censer, and his fair queen strikes the sistrum with the inspiration of a prophetess. The sacred animal, led by a fat priest like one of Mariette's wooden images at Boulak, advances under housings embroidered with the mystical scarab, his silken sides enwreathed with flowers. The ark, or chapel, and ship, borne by white-vested priests amid a whole ballet of dancing girls, and signifying the (presumably strongly protected) commerce of Egypt, succeeds the dumb and placid incarnate god; and priests and worshippers, in purest linen, read the ritual or bow low in prayer as far as the vista extends.

It is exquisitely put together, but it is joiner-work.

THE TELEGRAPH OF TO-DAY.

IT has been said that the amount of sulphuric acid used in any given locality is the measure of the intelligence of the people who live there. This greasy-looking fluid is the universal solvent in which thoughts must be dissolved before they can put on wings. In order to send the thoughts of men over the land and under the sea, they must put on the new life of electricity, born of metals burning in the fiery embrace of this acid. The more the people give their ideas electric wings, the more sulphuric acid must be used, and thus it is the consumption of the acid is a fair indication of the intelligence of the people. The more telegraphs, the more easy for mind to speak to mind without heed to time or space; and the more free the interchange of ideas, the wider the knowledge, the more universal the intelligence.

Dealers in fabrics sometimes place in their windows pictures of a thrifty housewife of other generations throwing the shuttle in her hand-loom as she weaves her homely web. In the same window are fabrics of wonderful fineness and delicacy that could never be made on a hand-loom. The dealer is not such an innocent as to display materials really made by hand, for the passing shopper would never come in to purchase. The picture is only designed to heighten the contrast between the old and the new, between hand weaving and machine weaving.

Now, as is the old domestic loom to the modern power-loom, so is the old telegraph of Morse to the new telegraph of to-day. There are many people still living who can recall the first telegraphic message, yet the distance between the apparatus used to send it and the best apparatus that may be used now is greater than the distance between the distaff and the ring spinning machine. It would seem the more recent any art, the more rapid its improvement. Only the ancient arts move slowly.

It may therefore be worth the while to examine the new telegraphy, to see wherein it differs from the old, and to learn, if may be, wherein the people are to be benefited by the extraordinary developments that have sprung from the old Morse key and sounder. Only the land telegraph is to be here considered. Telegraphing by cable, the telephone, the microphone, and the whole field of radiaphones, which is just opening a new world of wonders, must be left quite at one side. We have now only to do with sending messages from place to place on land by electricity.

The galvanic battery is as familiar as the tea-kettle; and just as steam-power sprang from the kettle, so the battery is the basis of telegraphy. In the battery two metals, copper and zinc, are plunged in a bath of dilute sulphuric acid. The acid eats or corrodes the metals; in other words, there is chemical energy, and though the battery appears dark, silent, cold, and motionless, yet this energy may be made manifest to our senses as light, sound, heat, motion, and still other chemical action. If a bit of copper wire be fastened to each metal in the battery, and the ends of these be brought together, there will be a slight spark and a feeble sound—light and sound. If a piece of paper soaked in certain chemicals be placed between the ends of the wires as they are brought together, there will be a stain or discoloration on the paper. Here the

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chemical energy in the battery re-appears as another form of chemical action. If one of the wires, when properly "insulated," or covered with cotton, be wound round a bar of soft iron, the iron will become a magnet the moment the second wire is joined to the first. The magnet will then attract its armature, and the armature will move toward it. Here is motion, and motion may be useful work. If a piece of iron wire be placed between the ends of the two copper wires, it may become white-hot—light and heat. These are the manifestations of the energy we call electricity.

Before examining the new telegraph we must glance at the original system invented by Morse, and now used in a modified form in all parts of the world. It consists essentially of a battery, a "key," or "circuit-breaker," and an electro-magnet and armature, and long wire called the "line." From the battery the wire extends over the country to the magnet, passes many times round it, and is then connected with a piece of metal sunk in the earth. This is called the "circuit," and the electricity is said to "flow from the battery to the earth over the circuit." In reality nothing of the kind happens. There is no "current," no "flow," and no "circuit." These are only convenient words to describe what does happen. If now the circuit be broken, no current flows. The key at the transmitting end of the line breaks the connection of the wire, or, as it is said, makes and breaks the circuit. While the circuit is broken, nothing happens. When the key is pushed down, and the break in the wire is closed, the energy developed in the battery so affects the electro-magnet that the armature moves. This movement is accompanied by a slight sound, so it happens the apparatus won the name of "sounder." When the key is opened, the sounder ceases to be a magnet, and the armature falls back to its former position. Let us clearly understand this thing. From one of the metals in the battery the line wire leads through the key to the sounder, and thence to the earth. From the other metal another wire also leads to the earth, immediately under the battery. This connection from earth to earth is conventionally called the "circuit." The origin of this word is very curious. At first it was thought two wires must be used, one from one metal, through key, line, and sounder, back to the battery. This was really a circuit, and when it was found that by sticking the two ends of a single wire into the earth all the effects of the two-wire circuit were obtained, telegraph operators jumped to the apparently natural conclusion that the current returned to the battery through the mass of the planet. It was thought it found its way back under cities, rivers, and mountains, found its own particular wire, and returned to its own pickle jar. The conception showed a truly practical mind of a highly imaginative order.

Since no one has been able to define electricity, it would be presuming to try to do so here. All we want now is the few plain practical facts that have to do with business, that we may learn wherein the telegraph has benefited the people. We wish to know what has really been done, and to find out, if may be, how far the price of telegrams is regulated by the real cost, and how far controlled to satisfy (if it ever can) the greed of the telegraphic stockholder. We must accept the conventional idea of a circuit, and use some of the common terms used in telegraphy for convenience' sake, with the understanding that what really happens is the transformation of energy in a battery into light, heat, sound, motion, and chemical action, and these mean work, and work may be the expression of a thought.

The telegraph consists essentially of a battery, a key, or circuit-breaker, a sounder, and a line wire of indefinite length. Certain conventional marks are used to express these things.

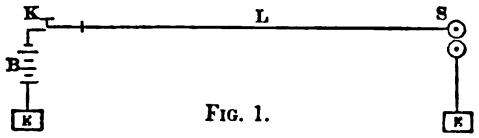
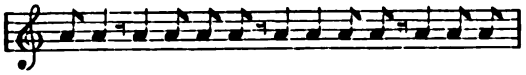


Fig. 1.

For instance, in the above diagram L is the "line," or wire, of indefinite length, K is the "key," B is the conventional mark for a battery, S is the "sounder," and E inclosed in a square at either end stands for the mass of the globe, or "earth." The key is shown as open, leaving the circuit broken. The end of the wire leading to earth is commonly fastened to a plate or sheet of metal—hence the square figure—while the ends of the electro-magnet, or sounder, are shown by two rings. These are the common marks used in describing telegraphic apparatus, and should be care-

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fully remembered. If now the key is pressed down, the energy of the battery moves the armature of the electro-magnet, and it gives a slight sound. On raising the key the circuit is broken, and by thus "making and breaking" the current the sounder repeats at the distant station one sound for each motion. This may be done quickly or slowly, allegro or andante, and the ear, observing the difference in rhythm between the sounds, may translate it into successive notes, long notes or short notes, that may be expressed thus:



If we have rhythm, we may affix meaning to notes, and these notes, heard on a sounder, stand for A, B, C, and D. Other groups of notes may mean other letters; and thus it is the motion of the key in New York re-appears as sounds, meaning letters that spell words, in Boston.

This is not by any means all of the telegraph, but it expresses the underlying principles on which it is based. It clearly shows the great simplicity of the Morse system of telegraphy, and is sufficient to enable us to understand the new telegraph and the telegraphs of the future. There are no patents on any part of this. Any one can construct a line who has the money to pay for it, and the mind to do so. It is now very cheap, and when the line, battery, keys, and sounders are set up, there is very little to wear out except the operators. Acid is cheap, and the metals are cheap. The only things that really cost much are the man at the key and the man at the sounder. With all this, telegrams have not been cheap until quite recently, and the people have, as with one accord, begun to say, every man to his neighbor, "Why must we pay much treasure for a very little message?" Moreover, great and notable things have appeared, and they who own the telegraphs have reaped great gain from them. Have the people also shared in the benefits conferred by these inventions?

While there was an operator at one end of a line, and another at the distant place, there could be little improvement. The cost of acid and wire might fall, and the labor rise in skill, yet these would not help the matter materially. Telegrams are cheaper than formerly because of the fall in the price of raw materials, and by reason of new inventions. The question is, has the price fallen all that might be expected, and is this Morse system the best, or are we to look for a better? By the single Morse system only one message can be sent at a time in one direction. This is the old telegraph, and it clearly gives very little hope for cheap rates. It has limitations that are fatal to any progress in this direction. If there is a man or woman at the receiving end of the line, the speed of transmission and the volume of the business that may be sent over one wire are limited by the physical ability of the receiving operator to listen to the sounds and translate them into the words of the message. The single Morse system is admirable, and may always serve a useful purpose in certain small towns and thinly peopled countries. To do the great work of the world it is curiously behind the age, and totally inadequate to the demands of the people. It employs hand labor. That is enough. We must look to something better if the transmission of intelligence is ever to be cheap.

It was early seen that if the capacity of a given length of wire could be increased, more operators could be employed, and thus more business could be done at only a slight advance in the cost of the plant, and a doubling or quadrupling of the wage account. Very many experiments were made in this direction, and two inventions were finally crowned by practical and commercial success. To understand these most interesting steps toward an improved telegraphy we must consider for a moment two or three curious laws governing the action of electricity. If an insulated wire be wound round a piece of soft iron, and a current of electricity be sent through the wire, the iron will become a magnet, hence the name "electro-magnet." This is the basis of all electro-magnets, including the "sounder." The manner in which the wire is wound round the iron makes a wonderful difference in the behavior of the magnet. Wind the wire one way, and one end of the magnet will attract the armature, and the other repel it. Wind it the other way, and the polarity of the magnet is changed, and the positive end becomes the negative end. Wind two wires in opposite directions, and send a current through each, and one will offset the other, and the magnet will be neutralized, and have no effect on the armature.

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If a current of electricity flowing through a wire meet a "fork," or divide, it will behave like so much water. Like a river, it will follow the line of least resistance.

In Fig. 2, A is a water-pipe having two branches, B and C. Pipe A is three inches in diameter, B is one inch, and C two inches. Now if a stream of water filling A flows in the direction of the arrow, it is clear it will divide at the branches, one-third passing through B, and two-thirds through C. In like manner if electricity, following a conductor of a certain capacity (or, as it is expressed, of a certain "resistance"), meet two conductors of unequal resistance, it will divide between them in exact proportion to their resistance.

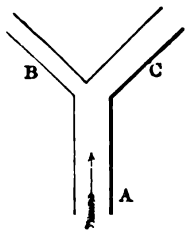


FIG. 2.

Fig. 3 is designed to be an ideal representation of the manner in which these two laws are made useful. There is, indeed, very much more that is here omitted, as we only seek to know the laws of things, and not caring for every minute detail of mechanism in their actual application. B^{I} is a battery at the transmitting end of the line, L, and B^{II} is the battery at the receiving end. K^{I} is a key controlling the current from B^{I}. When it is closed, the current flows through wires I and 2, a portion passing through the sounder S^{I}, and a portion going to the line. Of course the resistance of the line is far greater than through 2, and by the aid of an apparatus called a reostat, not shown in the figure, this difference in resistance is made equal, and the current divides equally between 2 and I. S^{I} is a neutral sounder, and is silent to all the currents sent by key K^{I}. Why this is so is not shown by the figure, but it is sufficient to understand that it is so. The portion of the current from the battery released by key K^{I} follows wire I to the line, and affects sounder S^{II} at the receiving end. At this place, in like manner, the key marked K^{II} has no control over sounder S^{II}, but moves S^{III} at the transmitting end of the line. By this arrangement it is possible to double the capacity of a single wire. There will be four operators, two at each end, and while the first operator is sending to the receiver at the other end, the transmitter there may be dispatching to this end. Moreover, the system may be used at will as a single wire with only two operators, so that if (say at night) the volume of business does not require four operators, two can use the apparatus in the old way.

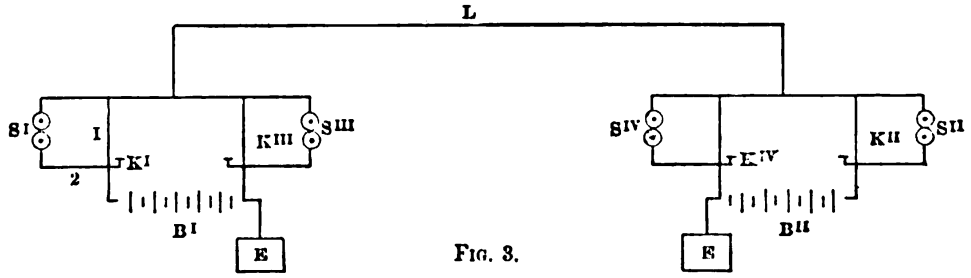


FIG. 3.

This system of telegraphy, invented by Sterns, of Boston, has been used upon a large commercial stage, and marked the first important step toward the new telegraphy. No doubt it did much to reduce the cost of telegrams, for it made the fixed plant twice as useful and profitable, at only a doubling of the labor account. Whether the people reaped all the benefit that might be expected is quite another matter. It was a step in advance, and yet it was not a step exactly in the right direction.

In a battery there are two metals and two currents, one called the positive, the other the negative. In certain forms of electro-magnets a change in the current sent through it produces a change in the magnet. If the zinc end of the battery is joined to the magnet, it behaves in one way; if the copper end is connected with it, it behaves in quite a different fashion. In other words, by changing the polarity of the current we may change the polarity of the magnet.

A single jar of acid with its metals is called a cell, and by joining cell to cell it is easy to increase the strength of the current. Moreover, it is easy to imagine an electro-magnet so adjusted that its arma-

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ture will not be affected unless the current is quite strong. The armature is held back by a spring, and while a feeble current flows through the magnet, nothing happens, because the magnetism set up in the magnet is not sufficient to overcome the resistance of the spring. When a stronger current flows, it causes the magnet to compensate for the strain of the spring, and it moves, and the sounder speaks. This sluggish magnet may be at the same time quite indifferent to any changes in the polarity of the current.

In Fig. 4 we have a representation of a pipe in which water flows in the direction of the arrow. The water is admitted by the stand pipes I and II. At III

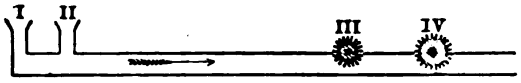


FIG. 4.

is a small water-wheel projecting part way into the pipe. At IV is a larger wheel nearly filling the pipe. Now if water be poured into the pipe at I, it may fill half the pipe, pass under the wheel III without in any way affecting it, and cause wheel IV to move on its axis. Now if more water be added at II at the same time, the pipe will be completely filled, and both wheels will be affected. A drawing somewhat like the above figure was made by Edison in the presence of the writer to illustrate the two magnets, the magnet affected by a change in the polarity of the current, and the magnet affected only by a change in the strength of the current. One corresponds to the large wheel in the pipe controlled by the large volume of water, and the other suggests the smaller magnet affected by a current of less strength and different character. It may also show his happy manner of illustrating the laws of one science by the laws of another, electricity by hydraulics.

Fig. 5 is an ideal representation of a compound system of telegraphy, whereby two messages are sent at the same time over the same wire in the same direction. L is the line, and the arrow indicates the direction of the two currents from the transmitting end to the receiving end. At B^I is a small battery connected at both ends by wires with key K^I. Each movement of the key changes the polarity of the current by taking it from either end of the battery, and yet without interrupting the flow of the current. This change of polarity affects both sounders, S^I and S^{II}, but only one, S^I, responds to these changes of polarity. At the same time the current has no apparent effect on the larger sounder, S^{II}, because it is not sufficiently powerful to overcome the tension of the spring on its armature. When key K^{II} is moved, the larger battery, B^{II}, is added to the other, and a much stronger current is sent over the wire. This current overcomes the spring on sounder S^{II}, and it speaks in response to the movement of the key. At the same time this increased current has no influence over the other sounder, S^I, as this sounder is only subject to changes in the polarity of the current without regard to its strength.

In this interesting and valuable invention, which is chiefly due to Edison, two messages are sent in the same direction over one wire. By employing the Duplex system with it, its capacity is again doubled, and we have the Quadruplex system, now in general use on all the main lines of telegraph in this country, and being rapidly introduced in Europe.

These things may appear of small moment, and interesting only to the telegraph companies. Be not deceived in this matter. These things concern all the people. If by the introduction of the Duplex system the capacity of all the telegraph lines were doubled, surely there should be a decided reduction in the cost of telegrams. If the Quadruplex system increased the capacity of the wires fourfold, surely the tariff should be reduced to one-quarter its former price. Did such

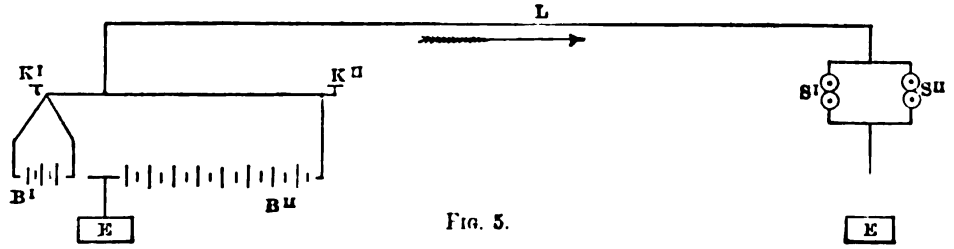


FIG. 5.

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results follow? There was a reduction, but whether it was all that might be expected is best known to those who reap the profits. The ways of telegraph companies are past finding out, and they are said to view all interests save their own as through a glass darkly, and to see men as trees walking. A dividend is like a lens: the larger it is, the greater the distortion of vision.

In *Appleton's Railroad and Steamboat Companion*, published by D. Appleton and Co., at 200 Broadway, in 1848, it appears that the New York and Boston Telegraph Line was at that time prepared to send messages from New York to Springfield or Worcester, Massachusetts, or Hartford and New Haven, Connecticut, at a uniform rate of 25 cents for the first ten words, exclusive of address and signature, and 2 cents for each additional word. To Boston the price was 50 cents for ten words, and 3 cents for each extra word.

Prices by the Philadelphia and Pittsburgh Telegraph Line were as follows: From Philadelphia to Lancaster 20 cents for ten words, 40 cents for twenty words, and so on up to $2 for one hundred words. To Harrisburg 25 cents for ten words, 50 cents for twenty words, and so on up to $2 50 for one hundred words. To Chambersburg 30 cents for ten words, 60 cents for twenty, and $3 for one hundred words. To Pittsburgh 50 cents for fifteen words, and the same for every additional fifteen words.

The New York and Buffalo Telegraph Line offered to take messages for Poughkeepsie at the rate of 27 cents for fifteen words; to Albany, Utica, and Rome at 37 cents; and to Syracuse, Auburn, Rochester, Buffalo, Elmira, and Oswego for 77 cents for fifteen words.

The tariff of the New York and Washington Line is quoted as follows: For every ten words to Philadelphia, 25 cents; Wilmington, Delaware, 35 cents; Baltimore and Washington, 50 cents—with a slight reduction for messages exceeding one hundred words.

From a telegram sent in 1852, and written on a blank of "Bain's New York State Telegraph," it appears messages could then be sent from New York to Newburgh, Rondout, Kingston, Saugerties, Catskill, and Coxsakie for 20 cents for ten words, and 1 cent for each extra word. To Albany, Troy, Fort Plain, Herkimer, and Utica the price was 30 cents for ten words, and 2 cents for each extra word. To Syracuse, Oswego, Watertown, Auburn, Rochester, Lockport, and Buffalo, 40 cents for ten words, and 3 cents for every extra word. Let us arrange some of these in a little table, and compare them with the prices charged for ten words by the Western Union Telegraph Company in April, 1881.

	1848.		1852.		1881.	
	Fifteen Words.	Extra per Word.	Ten Words.	Extra per Word.	Ten Words.	Extra per Word.
Albany.....	37	..	30	2	25	2
Auburn	77	..	40	3	35	2
Oswego.....	77	..	40	3	25	2
	10 words.					
Worcester, Mass.	25	2	..	..	25	2
Newburgh	..	..	20	1	25	2
	15 words.					
Poughkeepsie ...	27	..	..	..	25	2

The price of telegrams has been no doubt reduced. Even in these few places there is something of a reduction. The Quadruplex system was introduced between 1852 and 1881. Did it reduce the price to one-fourth? Clearly it did not at these places. Did it do so anywhere? And if it did not, which is to blame, the system, or the men who own and use it? The table on page 711 was taken from the *American Almanac* for 1881, edited by the Librarian of Congress.

These figures are from the official reports of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and may help us in our search for cheap telegraphy. According to this table, the volume of business transacted by the company has increased from 1867 to 1880 from nearly six million messages to twenty-nine million, or almost fivefold. If all these messages were sent by the single Morse system, the length of wire ought to have increased in something like the same proportion, for it can not be imagined that the operators have gained very much in skill in that time. In 1867 there were 85,291 miles of wire. In 1880 there were 233,534 miles of wire. The messages increased nearly fivefold, the wires over which they were sent did not increase quite threefold. Clearly the Duplex and the Quadruplex have proved of benefit to some one. In thirteen years the capacity of all the wires of this company has doubled. What of the price of telegrams? In 1867 it is reported at an average toll of 104.7 cents per message. In 1868 it had fallen to 89.3 cents. In 1875 it had come down

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STATEMENT SHOWING THE MILEAGE OF LINES AND WIRES, NUMBER OF OFFICES, AND TRAFFIC OF THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY FOR EACH YEAR, FROM JUNE 30, 1866, TO JUNE 30, 1880:

Year.	Miles of Line.	Miles of Wire.	No. of Offices.	No. of Messages sent.	Receipts.	Expenses.	Profits.	Average Tolls per Message.	Average Cost per Message.	Average Profit per Message.
1866....	37,380	75,686	2250	....	....	....	....	..	..	..
1867....	46,270	85,291	2565	5,879,282	$6,568,925	$3,944,006	$2,624,920	..	..	..
1868....	50,183	97,594	3219	6,404,595	7,004,560	4,362,849	2,641,711	104.7 cts.	63.4 cts.	41.3 cts.
1869....	52,099	104,584	3607	7,934,933	7,316,918	4,568,117	2,748,801	89.3 "	54.7 "	34.6 "
1870....	54,109	112,191	3972	9,157,646	7,138,738	4,910,772	2,227,966	75.5 "	51.2 "	24.3 "
1871....	56,032	121,151	4606	10,646,077	7,637,449	5,104,787	2,532,662	69.5 "	45.7 "	23.8 "
1872....	62,033	137,190	5237	12,444,499	8,457,096	5,666,863	2,790,233	66.2 "	43.8 "	22.4 "
1873....	65,757	154,472	5740	14,456,832	9,333,018	6,575,056	2,757,963	62.5 "	43.4 "	19.1 "
1874....	71,585	175,735	6188	16,329,256	9,262,657	6,755,734	2,506,920	54.9 "	39.5 "	15.4 "
1875....	72,833	179,496	6565	17,153,710	9,564,575	6,335,415	3,229,158	54.0 "	35.2 "	18.8 "
1876....	73,532	183,832	7072	18,729,567	10,034,986	6,635,474	3,399,510	50.9 "	33.5 "	17.4 "
1877....	76,955	194,323	7500	21,158,941	9,812,353	6,672,225	3,140,128	43.6 "	29.8 "	13.8 "
1878 ...	81,002	206,202	8014	23,918,894	9,861,355	6,309,813	3,551,543	38.9 "	25.0 "	13.9 "
1879....	82,987	211,566	8534	25,070,106	10,960,640	6,160,200	4,800,440	43.6 "	24.5 "	19.1 "
1880....	85,645	233,534	9077	29,216,509	12,782,895	6,948,957	5,833,938	43.6 "	23.7 "	19.9 "

to 54 cents, or nearly one-half. Before the creation of the present Western Union, the average rate, it is said, was $1 20 per message. At the time of the two tariffs cited, in 1848 and 1852, there were a great number of competing companies, and to send a message any great distance required the payment of a number of different tolls. By the consolidation into one great company one toll was established, to the great gain of the company, and also to the public. In 1875 the average price is reported at 54 cents—a gain of nearly one-half since 1867. The Quadruplex was introduced the year before, and in 1878 was in general use on all the main lines, and the company's plant was doing nearly a fourfold duty. Did the price fall in like proportion? It does not so appear.

In 1867 the price of the raw material from which sulphuric acid was made was $61 a ton, and the selling price of the acid was $2\frac{3}{4}$ cents per pound. In 1879 the raw material was $23 a ton, and the acid $1\frac{1}{8}$ cents per pound. The difference in the price of acid and the cost of material, it must be remarked, was also affected by improvements in the process of manufacture, the gain being estimated at about fifteen per cent. Sulphuric acid and the metals zinc and copper are the chief costs of a battery, and yet the acid has fallen since 1867 from $2\frac{3}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{8}$ cents a pound. However, we need seek no further in this direction, for within two years a more wonderful step has been taken in this field of science. The dynamo-electric machine, driven by steam-power, has replaced the battery, and, according to good authority, reduced the expense of obtaining the required current of electricity at least one-half. In addition to this, it is said that in other directions the cost of transmitting telegrams has been greatly reduced within a few years. For instance, more perfect insulation has been secured, and better methods of construction are employed. The Quadruplex system acts as a police by driving the operators up to their work. No man can loiter over his key while seven others are watching him. The price of wire has also fallen materially, and with perhaps the exception of poles, everything used in telegraphy is much cheaper now than in 1867.

Between 1867 and 1875 the report shows a gain of nearly one-half. Between 1875 and 1880 the average toll is reported to have fallen from 54 cents to 43.6 cents, or only 10.4 cents. In this time the Quadruplex was generally introduced, the price of materials continually fell, and the battery was replaced by the dynamo-machine.

Suppose that by some mechanical marvel the capacity of the Croton aqueduct had been suddenly quadrupled and without in any way increasing the size of the pipe. Clearly, if there were sufficient water in the Croton River, the people would get four times as much water, and the Water Commissioners would be fully justified in reducing the water rates to one-half. This is precisely what the Quadruplex has done for the telegraph.

The great fortune held out as a reward to any man who could invent a cheap system of telegraphy led to the introduction and trial of a great number of other systems, and we must glance at a few of them in order to reach a clear understanding of

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this subject. If the energy developed in a battery can be made to manifest itself at a distance as motion, clearly it can be harnessed to some other forms of useful work besides making a tiny click on a sounder. We can imagine a wheel having on its edge a number of types, and caused to revolve on its axis by clock-work or by electricity. We can also imagine an electro-magnet so arranged that when set in action by a current received over a line, its armature may perform the useful work of stopping the wheel, and of pushing a fillet of paper against the rim of the wheel, and thereby getting an imprint of the type that happens to be uppermost at that instant. By the use of ingenious and most interesting mechanism, it is possible to arrange a key-board at the transmitting end of the line. Depress one of the keys, and that letter is printed at the other end of the line. This is the main idea underlying the various printing telegraphs, and of which the gold and stock reporting apparatus is a familiar illustration. These printing telegraphs are used upon a commercial scale in Europe, and in this country short private lines are both cheap and common. The names of Hayes and Edison are associated with these remarkable inventions, but for evident reasons the printing telegraphs offer little hope for cheap telegrams.

Cassell and Mayer are associated with autographic systems of telegraphy that deserve consideration, because out of these systems there has come an American invention that promises much for cheap rates. Two pendulums, one at each end of a line, are set in motion by clock-work, and the swing or beat of one is made to electrically correct the motion of the other, so that they move together. At the transmitting end of the line is a platen connected with the wire, and on this is laid a sheet of foil on which the message has been written in a certain kind of ink. A needle or style is made to pass from side to side over the foil, moving down a fraction of an inch between each stroke (on the principle of the machine tool planer). While it passes over the foil the circuit is closed. When it passes the ink-marks it is insulated, and the circuit is broken. At the receiving end is a sheet of paper connected with the earth, and moistened with certain chemicals. There is also a style connected with the line, and having the same planer-like motion. The movement of the two styles is controlled by the pendulums, and they move together. Now, while the circuit is whole, the style leaves a stain or trace on the paper. When the current is broken, no mark is made, and the paper is left white. In this manner the letter written on the foil is produced in white on a blue ground at the receiving end. This system seemed to promise a great deal, and it has been used on a commercial scale, but its effect on telegraph rates has not been noticeable.

The names of Reis, Varley, La Cour, and Grey are associated with a system of telegraphy that must be regarded as the most curious and interesting ever devised. All the systems of these inventors have been tried on a commercial scale, and they may be included under the general name of harmonic telegraphs. If a tuning-fork is by any means set in vibration, and is so connected with a line wire that each swing of its prongs makes and breaks the circuit, the energy of the battery will be manifested at the far end of the line in an electro-magnet as a series of vibrations of the armature exactly corresponding to the vibrations of the tuning-fork. If a second tuning-fork of precisely the same pitch or rate of vibration be placed in connection with the electro-magnet, it may be made to vibrate and give its note so long as the first fork is kept in motion. Moreover, there may be several pairs of forks arranged in this manner at opposite ends of a single wire. Let any one of these pairs be sounded at the transmitting end, and at once the fork of the same pitch will respond to it. It seems as if each knew its mate and sang with it whenever moved by the electric sympathy between them. Out of this exceedingly interesting fact in science come the harmonic telegraphs. In practice a Morse key controls each fork at the sending end, and the receiving operator listens to the note of the fork that sings with it, and the notes appear as the letters of the Morse alphabet. No less than four messages have thus been sent over one wire at the same time, and as each fork replies only to its unison mate, the messages in no wise interfere with each other.

These are not by any means all the various methods that have been tried to increase the capacity of a telegraph wire or to make it autographic, but these have been more or less successful in this coun-

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try, and illustrate American practice. In Europe there has also been great progress, and much of great scientific interest might be described. Space only admits of the consideration of those inventions that have benefited or appear likely to benefit the people from a business point of view.

In all these—the single Morse system, the Duplex and Quadruplex, the harmonic telegraph, and the printing telegraphs—there is one defect, one limitation, that forever bars the way to cheap telegraphy. In the autographic system the apparatus used in Europe is too complicated, and not of much commercial value. In all except this the operator stands in our way. It makes no difference that there are four operators at each end of the line. It would make no difference if there were twenty. If some one had a method of enabling four weavers to work at the same time on a hand-loom, and thus produce four webs at once, it could not be regarded as a particularly good invention. Only when the loom was made automatic was real progress possible. In like manner, when Wheatstone, Siemens-Halskie, and Edison sought to do away with the Morse operator, real progress was made, and cheap telegraphy was made possible.

This is the new telegraph to which the people already look with some degree of hope and confidence. For short lines the printing telegraph and single Morse key have given way to the telephone, and the new telegraph appears to do more than the telephone. Naturally it may be asked, Why not stop right here? Will not the telephone supersede the telegraph, and make the search for a cheaper telegraphy useless? No. The telephone will not supplant the telegraph, for this simple reason: In the telephone the speed of transmission is limited by the speed of speech, and the tongue is a laggard member. The telephone is like the old hand-loom and the Morse key: it employs human agency. The telephone and the Morse key, even in quadruplex, are too slow. The world's business can not move at such a pace, and the new telegraph demands machinery, not men.

If it is the duty of the Morse operator to open and close a circuit by moving a key up and down by a motion of his hand or finger, clearly this work can be performed by some simple machinery. A strip of paper was punched full of holes, and this was then passed under the Morse key. While the paper passed the key was supported. When a hole passed under the key it dropped through the hole and closed the circuit. As the paper moved on it lifted the key again, and the circuit was broken. It is easy to imagine the holes punched in groups that might express the Morse alphabet, and thus the perforated ribbon became a device for transmitting the message automatically, and without the aid of the operator. This was the germ idea underlying the automatic telegraph. In practice the work is now done in a somewhat different manner.

The history of automatic telegraphy is not now important. We only care for actual commercial results, for a positive lowering of rates.

In order to understand the new telegraphy as now actually carried on by the American Rapid Telegraph Company, and to gain a correct idea of other systems that are still in the experimental stage, we must briefly consider one or two interesting facts connected with electricity. It was discovered some time ago that a current of electricity could produce chemical as well as mechanical effects at a distance. The energy obtained from a battery could be made to manifest itself by decomposition, and this was made evident to the eye as a discoloration or staining. If a piece of paper be dipped in certain chemicals, and while still wet be exposed to a current of electricity, it will be stained or discolored, the most common effect being a blue stain on a pale green ground. Suppose, now, we have a telegraph wire connected with a battery, and provided with a Morse key. A bit of this moist paper is placed in any part of the line in such a position that a part or the whole of the current may be sent through the paper. Now each time the key is depressed and the circuit is closed, the energy of the battery will be manifested to our sight by a blue stain on the paper. If the paper is moved swiftly along under the wire it is easy to see that the repeated currents sent over the line might be made manifest on the paper as a series of blue stains, and these stains might be made to represent the dots and dashes of the Morse alphabet. It has also been found that if the polarity of the current passing over any given telegraph wire be changed between each break of the current, the speed of transmission may

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be greatly increased. Knowing these two simple facts, and recalling what has already been said about the Morse system, we are now prepared to understand the new telegraph.

If a perforated paper ribbon gets rid of the transmitting operator, and the moistened ribbon does the work of the receiving operator, clearly we have at last escaped from mere hand labor, and the telegraph becomes a mechanical wonder, rivalling the high-speed steam-engine and the fast printing-press. Here is the sure foundation on which we may build a cheap telegraphy. Science and mechanism come to our aid, and replace the antiquated Morse sounder and the laggard key. The question is now one of pure mechanics, and the whole matter becomes intensely interesting, because the new telegraph and the telegraphs of the future mark as great a change in the world's business as did the invention of the propeller, the positive-motion loom, and the Bessemer converter.

In the automatic system, as carried on by the American Rapid Telegraph Company, the messages are received written on blanks by the senders. The messages, as fast as they come in, are distributed to the perforators. The details of the apparatus used to translate the words of the message into the perforations that stand for the Morse dots and dashes need no description. It is sufficient to understand that by a comparatively simple piece of mechanism, having a key-board like a piano, a young girl spells out the message by touching key after key on the key-board, each key being marked with a letter. This work is performed very rapidly, and the paper ribbon that rolls out of the machine looks like the accompanying engraving, Fig. 6.

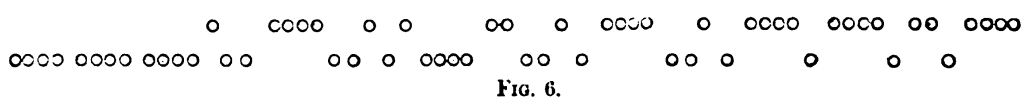


Fig. 6.

It will be seen that the perforations begin with three groups of four. This corresponds to a long dash or space mark, and indicates the beginning of the message. Another series of groups is also placed at the end to separate one message from another, and also to separate the words. It is found that where two or more perforations are placed together the current leaps from hole to hole so quickly that the result is a continuous stain or mark. One hole produces only a short mark; a number of holes make a longer mark. For this reason the perforations are not placed in a single line, but in two lines, designed to be read alternately. There is also another reason for this that will be explained presently. To read this perforated ribbon is comparatively easy, and when the idea is once grasped, young girls learn to read the messages as readily as print. Understand that two holes mean a dash, and one hole a dot, while four or more holes mean a longer dash. See how simple it is. After the first long dash below comes the single dot above and the group of two below. This is the — ——, or the letter A of the Morse alphabet. Next, reading alternately, is a group of four holes, or a long dash. This is designed to separate the letters, there being a long dash between every letter. Next comes a group of two holes, followed by three holes, the —— — — —, or B. Then after a long dash come two dashes, followed by two dots, —— —— — —, or the letter C.

The object of these double lines of marks to be read alternately is to change the polarity of the current. In place of a single key, we have in this system two keys, each one having a different polarity of current. It is found that if the current is thus changed from one end of the battery to the other between each closing of the circuit, the speed can be greatly increased. Why, it is not now necessary to explain. It is sufficient to understand that this is so, and by having two keys and two lines of perforations the polarity may be changed between each impulse sent over the line, even if they follow each other at the rate of more than a thousand a minute. For instance, if this ribbon were passed under the two keys, they would be used alternately, the letter A being split in two, and the letter B being divided three times. To secure this alternating current, the longer groups of four or more holes are placed between every letter and word. The groups send their effect to the distant station, and there appear as a long dash, but the reader, knowing their meaning, skips them in

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reading the message. Thus the perforated ribbon, read alternately, and skipping the long dashes, plainly reads, A, B, C, D, E, F.

The messages written by the senders come in rapidly, and are distributed to the girls at the perforating machines. They may be all going to Boston, and for the

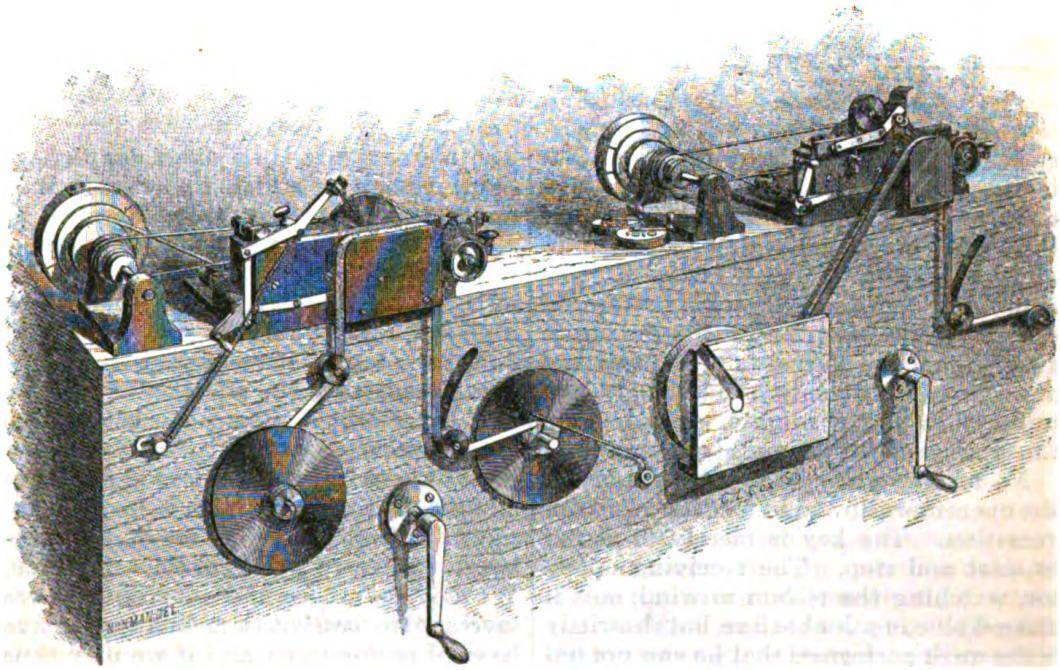


FIG. 7.—TRANSMITTER AND RECEIVER OF THE RAPID TELEGRAPH.

one wire extending from New York to Boston there will be fifteen perforators copying the words of the messages into the perforations. This work is done very quickly, and as fast as the ribbons are ready a young girl gathers them up and takes them to a table, where another girl pastes them together, end to end, in a ribbon many yards long. As she does so, a second girl, with a suitable high-speed winding apparatus, winds them all into a compact reel or circular bundle. In doing this she winds them beginning at the first word of the first message, a finished reel holding perhaps twenty-five messages of twenty words each, or even more if the business is very active. The bunch of messages is now ready to be dispatched over the line.

The accompanying picture represents the transmitting and receiving apparatus at the New York end of the New York and Boston wire. At the left of the table stands the transmitter. Below it is seen the perforated ribbon on its reel, and partly unwound, and taken upward and over a small disk. This is double, the two parts being insulated from each other, and each part being connected with the line. (The ribbon hides this disk and insulation.) Above it is the movable arm, bearing at the end the two needles, each made of a bundle of fine steel wires, and each connected with a different end of the battery. It is now raised, in order to show the needles. When at work, the arm falls, and the needles rest on the paper ribbon. The ribbon passes under the needles downward under a tension roller (designed to keep it tight), and on to the spool. Below is seen a hand crank. Beside the transmitter is a common Morse key, and behind it is a sounder. On the right of the engraving is the receiving apparatus. The large reel of prepared paper is seen in front, and it can be traced under the recording apparatus, and downward under the tension wheel to the spool. The recording apparatus consists of two needles connected with the line, and in the engraving they are shown at the end of the supporting arm, and resting on the paper. At this desk there is also a Morse key and sounder.

Let us see how the thing works. A bunch of twenty or more messages is made ready, and the reel is placed in the ma-

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ohine, and the end is carried over the insulated disk to its spool. Of course, if the reel was wound up from left to right, it will now unwind from right to left, or backward. Thus the messages will be sent, commencing at the end of the last message, and ending at the beginning of the first. The operator touches the Morse key, and signals to Boston that he has a lot of messages to send. The Boston operator replies in one letter or signal that he is ready, and he at once begins to turn the crank on his receiving apparatus, and thus cause his ribbon of prepared paper to move swiftly under the two needles. The New York operator lowers his needles on the perforated strip, and turns the crank swiftly, and the messages are dispatched at a speed of from eight hundred to twelve hundred words a minute, or less than thirty seconds for the twenty messages.

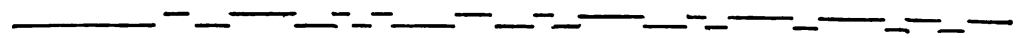


FIG. 8.—TRANSLATION OF FIG. 6 INTO THE MORSE ALPHABET.

No messages are sent by keys, nor are the operators allowed to use them for conversation. The key is merely to signal to start and stop. The receiving operator, watching the ribbon unwind, sees it starred blue in a double line, but so swiftly is the work performed that he can not tell where one message begins or ends, much less read the letters. The instant the long dash appears to show the bunch of messages is finished, he stops and signals to New York that he is ready to transmit. Two signals answer to clear the line, a reel is put on, and a bunch of messages is rushed backward from Boston to New York. Each time a single message or bunch of messages is received, it is wound up on a wooden spool, and the spool is taken off and given to a girl seated at a type-writer. She places it in a rack and begins to unwind it, and to translate it into print as she goes. As the message was received backward, it unwinds from the spool right end foremost, and so it comes out all right. One girl may copy all the messages in a bunch, or it may be torn up into its separate messages, and divided among a large number of girls operating the type-writers. Thus the message is finally ready for delivery in clear bold print, and is given to the messenger-boy. So great is the speed of transmission by this system that one wire can receive messages so fast that it will take twenty skillful girls operating their type-writers at full speed to print the messages as fast as they arrive.

In testing the wires by this system, it is the custom to perforate the alphabet, and to paste the two ends of the ribbon together, and to run the paper ring through the transmitter as fast as possible for a number of times, or at the rate of twenty words or one hundred letters a second. The above figure is an exact copy of the paper ribbon on which a portion of such an alphabet was sent from Hartford to New York at this speed. Remembering that the marks are read alternately, it will be seen it is exactly like the perforated alphabet, and by omitting the dashes between the letters, it readily spells out the first six letters of the alphabet.

If a perforated ribbon can be made to send a message over a wire, clearly we have only to increase the number of wires and the width of the ribbon to increase the number of messages that may be sent between two given points at the same time. We may go further, and imagine the wires increased to five, with a ribbon having five lines of perforations, and if we may thus increase the number of perforations laterally on the fillet of paper, the groups of perforations may be made into figures or designs that may express the letters of the alphabet.

Fig. 9 is a portion of a new perforating apparatus designed by Edison. Twenty-five holes may be made at once, five along the ribbon, and five across it. There are twenty-eight keys, each marked with a letter or figure, and on touching a key, say T, perforations are made in all the upper horizontal row of holes and the central vertical row, thus making the letter T on the ribbon. This is shown by the black holes in the figure. Another key perforates the first and fifth vertical row and the centre horizontal row, making the letter H. Another key selects the first vertical row, the second and third holes in

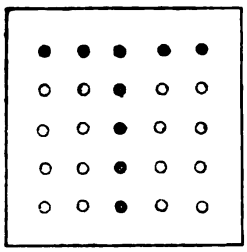


FIG. 9.—PERFORATION FOR LETTER T.

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the top and bottom rows, and one hole in the middle row, thus making the letter E.

Fig. 10 is a reproduction of a pencil drawing made by Mr. Edison in the pres-

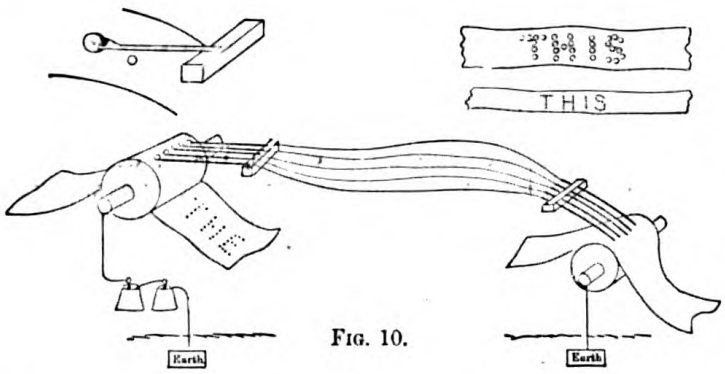


FIG. 10.

ence of the writer, and designed to show how such a perforating machine might be used in telegraphing. At the left is a cylinder connected with a battery, over which the paper fillet is passing backward, or from left to right. On the cylinder rest five needles, each having a little wheel at the end, as shown in the enlarged figure in the upper part of the drawing. Each needle has a wire, and the five wires forming the line go to the second cylinder, shown at the right. Here five needles touch the paper, each delivering its blue dot on the prepared ribbon of paper as it travels from left to right, and thus the five needles reproduce the perforations on the fillet at the transmitting end. Above this is shown the relative size of the two ribbons, with a word of four letters in perforations and dots.

While this most ingenious system was suggested by the so-called "typo-telegraph," and while it is still in the experimental stage, it is certainly a very promising idea. The perforator is cheap and simple, and might be used in the merchant's office to perforate his messages. The messages may be sent at a very fair speed, though not so fast as by the Rapid Telegraph Company's apparatus; but there is this very great gain—the messages are printed as received, and each fillet has only to be torn off and given to the messenger for delivery.

The drawing below is a representation of an improved form of the Cassell autographic telegraph. In place of a flat platen on which the foil containing the message was laid, we have an upright cylinder. Round this may be wrapped the message,

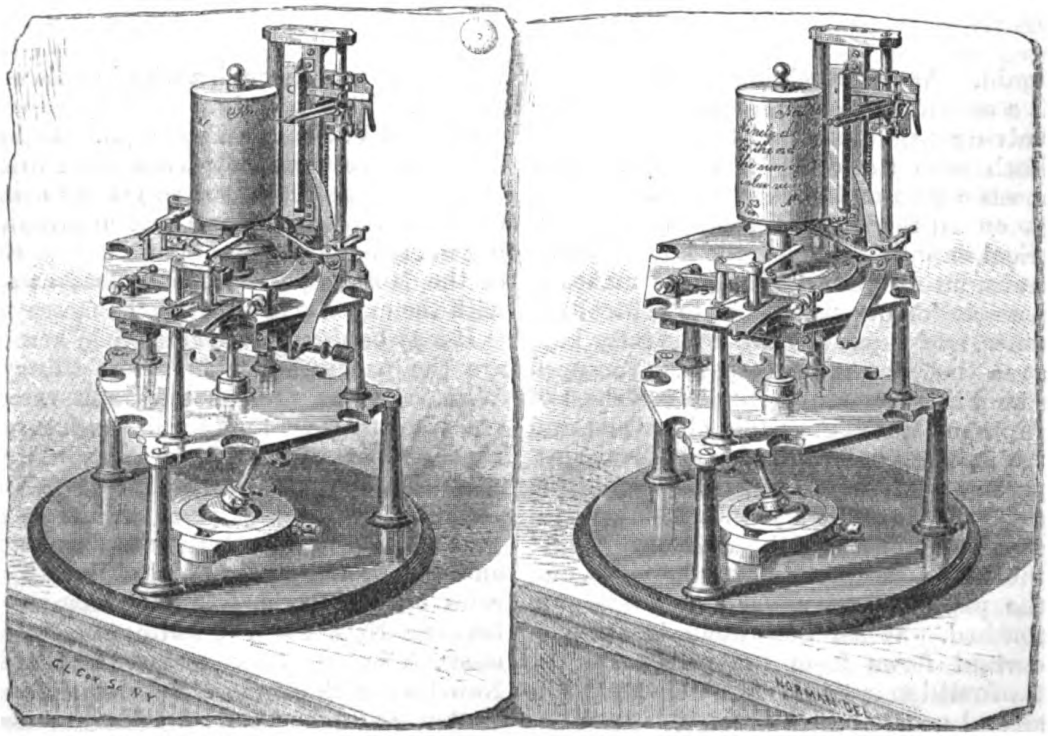


FIG. 11.—RECEIVER AND TRANSMITTER OF THE CASSELL AUTOGRAPHIC TELEGRAPH.

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written with a hard lead-pencil, or by a type-writer, on common drawing-paper. This cylinder is kept in constant uniform motion by a pendulum swinging in a circle, and moved by a Gramme electrical motor. At the side of this cylinder is shown a horizontal arm bearing at the end two fingers. Between these is a delicate needle that rests on the paper. As the cylinder revolves, the needle travels along the paper, as if it were feeling for the letters and words, and at the end of each revolution of the cylinder it drops down a fraction of an inch, and then begins again. At the receiving end of the line is a second cylinder, also moved by a revolving pendulum and Gramme motor. Each time the cylinder turns round it meets a stop, and is checked, and can not go on till the stop is released by an electrical impulse sent over the line from the transmitting end. This device makes it possible for one pendulum to control the other, and thus they are constantly kept at a nearly uniform speed. Wrapped round this receiving cylinder is a sheet of paper moistened in certain chemicals, and the motion of the cylinder causes the paper to travel under the needle seen at the side. This needle also moves downward at each revolution of the cylinder. While the circuit is open nothing happens, and the paper passes under the needle untouched. When the circuit is closed, a current flows from the needle on the transmitting cylinder over the line to this second needle, and a stain is left on the paper.

The needle at the transmitting end glides over the paper so long as the paper is smooth. When it meets the slight dent made by the lead-pencil tracing the message, it drops into the depression in the paper and closes the circuit by touching the fingers on the arm that supports it. The closing of the circuit makes a mark at the receiving end, and the aggregate of all the marks reproduces the message, be it words, plans, designs, or figures, exactly as it was drawn or written.

Fig. 12 is a reproduction of a drawing made in pencil on common drawing-board, and sent through a wire by this apparatus. This very ingenious system is called the Fac-simile Telegraph. It has been tried between New York and Philadelphia, though not used as yet for commercial purposes. It is a system promising many advantages, because it gets rid of the Morse operators, and does away with the expense of copying the message.

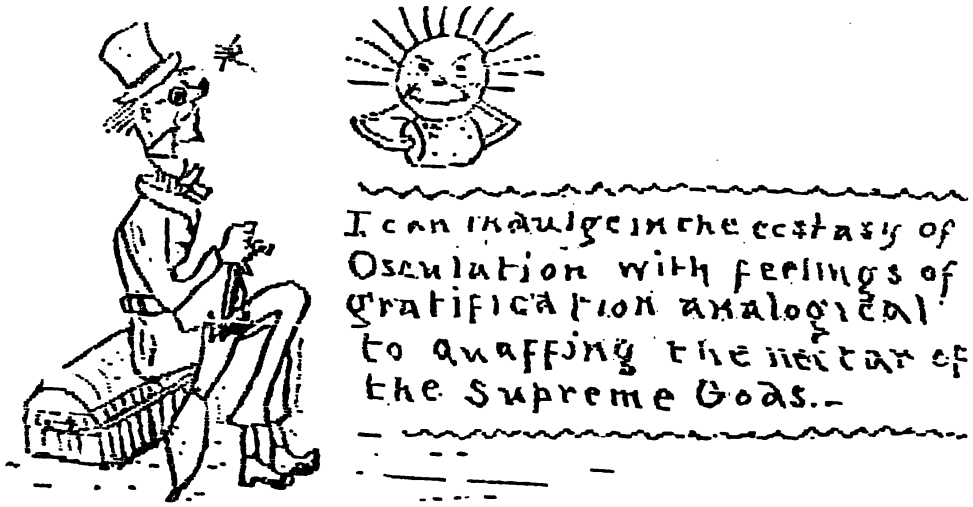


Fig. 12.

It may be asked in conclusion, Wherein are the people better for these things? What are the present telegraph rates, and what may we look for in the future? By the report of the Western Union, it is clear that the rates have steadily fallen till 1879. From that year till the next they stood still, though the cost decreased and the profits increased slightly. The rates by the Rapid Telegraph Company between New York, Washington, Baltimore, Trenton, New Jersey, Hartford, New Haven, Springfield, Providence, and Boston are fifteen cents for twenty words, and five cents for every additional ten

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words. For mail messages (or messages designed to be sent part way by wire and part way by mail) the price (inclusive of postage) is fifteen cents for thirty words, and five cents for every additional fifteen words. For some of these places the rates of the Western Union are said to be the same. The Rapid Telegraph Company has already created a large business at these rates, and there seems to be no reason why the latter should be raised.

Persons of an imaginative turn have said these rates are only maintained by the company for amusement, or out of a beautiful charity to a long-suffering public, and that the business is being done at a loss. It may be so; but if it be true, the stockholders are not doing business after the manner of men, but of angels. Others have remarked that the Automatic is a failure, and that the messages were really sent by the Morse key. This may be so, yet in several visits to the company's operating-room the writer never succeeded in finding such a state of affairs, and can not therefore speak with certainty on this point.

The Western Union Telegraph Company in many respects deserves the vast business it controls. It has introduced great and notable improvements in the business, and placed the scientific side of telegraphy in a position where it is the admiration and model for the world. It has, as has been shown, lowered the rates nearly every year. It promises to do still more. In all this it deserves credit. However, it still clings to the Morse system, and this, in the nature of things, is unscientific, because it employs manual labor. The Morse key may always be used on all lines, but naturally the people look for something better on the great through routes.

The fact that the Western Union has a practical monopoly of the telegraph business of this country has in some senses been a public gain. It has cheapened rates by doing away with intermediate stations and by maintaining offices where no doubt they do not pay. Whether it is an unmixed good in all directions is quite another matter. Whether this company keeps the lion's share of the business and keeps the lion's point of view in regard to profits, or whether a healthful competition or the post-office is to come to the rescue, is a question now before all the people.

COTTON AND ITS KINGDOM.

IT has long been the fortune of the South to deal with special problems—slavery, secession, reconstruction. For fifty years has the settlement of these questions engaged her people, and challenged the attention of the world. As these issues are set aside finally, after stubborn and bloody conflict, during which she maintained her position with courage, and abided results with fortitude, she finds herself confronted with a new problem quite as important as either of those that have been disposed of. In the cultivation and handling, under the new order of things, of the world's great staple, cotton, she is grappling with a matter that involves essentially her own welfare, and is of the greatest interest to the general public. To the slave-holder the growing of cotton was straight and easy, as the product of his land was supplemented by the increase of his slaves, and he prospered in spite of himself. To the Southern farmer of *post bellum* days, impoverished, unsettled, and thrown upon free labor, working feverishly with untried conditions, poorly informed as to the result of experiments made by his neighbors, and too impatient to wait upon his own experience, it is quite a different affair. After sixteen years of trial, everything is yet indeterminate. And whether this staple is cultivated in the South as a profit or a passion, and whether it shall bring the South to independence or to beggary, are matters yet to be settled. Whether its culture shall result in a host of croppers without money or credit, appealing to the granaries of the West against famine, paying toll to usurers at home, and mortgaging their crops to speculators abroad even before it is planted—a planting oligarchy of money-lenders, who have usurped the land through foreclosure, and hold by the ever-growing margin between a grasping lender and an enforced borrower—or a prosperous self-respecting race of small farmers, cultivating their own lands, living upon their own resources, controlling their crops until they are sold, and independent alike of usurers and provision brokers—which of these shall be the outcome of cotton cul-

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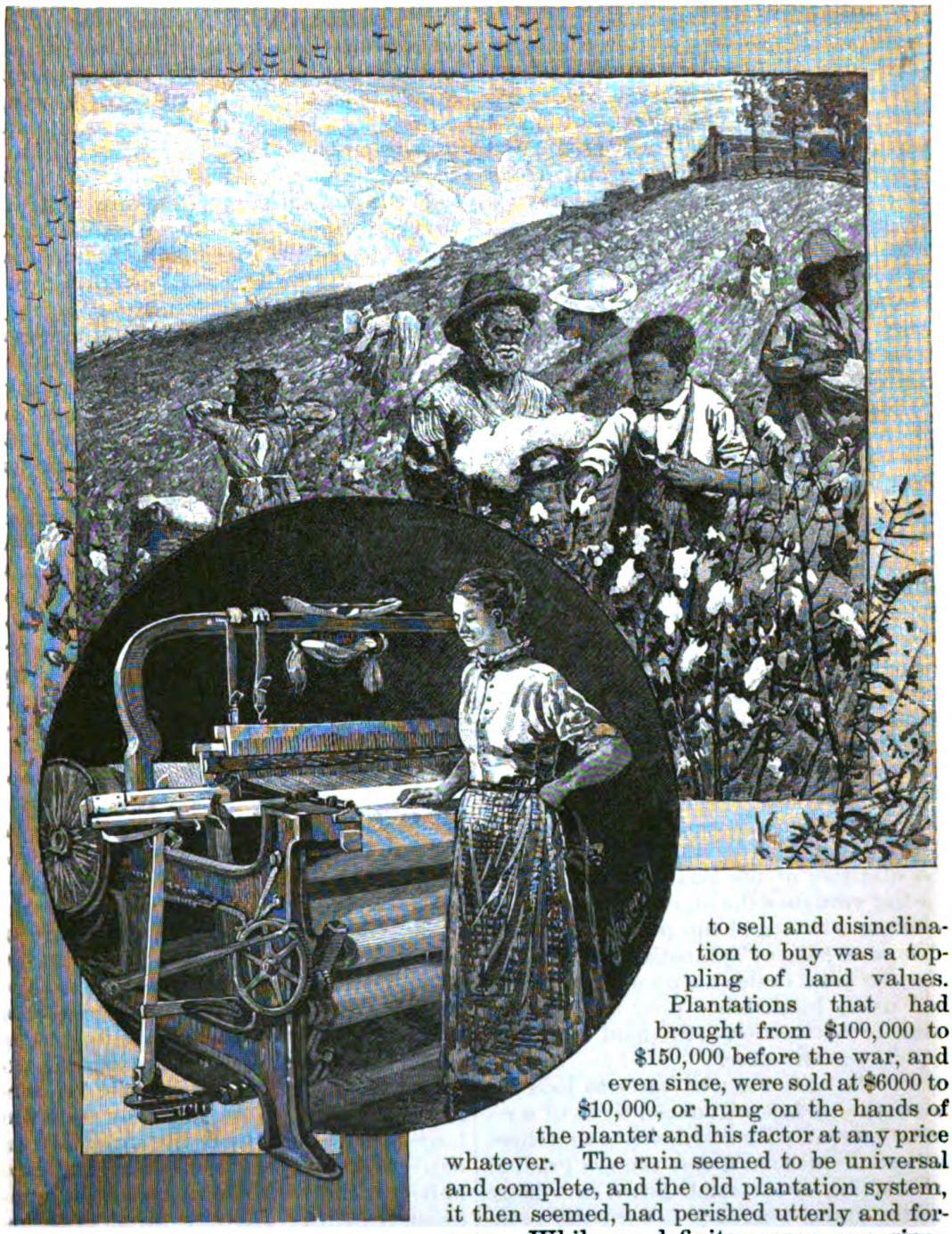
ture the future must determine. It is certain only in the present that the vigor of the cotton producers and the pace at which they are moving are rapidly forcing a settlement of these questions, and that the result of the experiments now swiftly working out in the South will especially concern a large part of the human race, from the farmer who plods down the cotton row, cutting through his doubts with a hoe, to the spinner in Manchester who anxiously balances the totals of the world's crop.

It may be well to remark at the outset that the production of cotton in the South is practically without limit. It was 1830 before the American crop reached 1,000,000 bales, and the highest point ever reached in the days of slavery was a trifle above 4,500,000 bales. The crop of 1880–81 is about 2,000,000 in excess of this, and there are those who believe that a crop of 8,000,000 bales is among the certainties of the next few years. The heavy increase in the cotton crop is due entirely to the increase of cotton acreage brought about by the use of fertilizers. Millions of acres of land, formerly thought to be beyond the possible limit of the cotton belt, have been made the best of cotton lands by being artificially enriched. In North Carolina alone the limit of cotton production has been moved twenty miles northward and twenty miles westward, and the half of Georgia on which no cotton was grown twenty years ago now produces fully half the crop of the State. The "area of low production" as the Atlantic States are brought to the front by artificial stimulation is moving westward, and is now central in Alabama and Florida. But the increase in acreage, as large as it is, will be but a small factor in the increase of production, compared to the intensifying the cultivation of the land now in use. Under the present loose system of planting, the average yield is hardly better than one bale to three acres. This could be easily increased to a bale an acre. In Georgia five bales have been raised on one acre, and a yield of three bales to the acre is credited to several localities. President Morehead, of the Mississippi Valley Cotton Planters' Association, says that the entire cotton crop of the present year might have been easily raised in fourteen counties along the Mississippi River. It will be seen, therefore, that the capacity of the South to produce cotton is practically limitless, and when we consider the enormous demand for cotton goods now opening up from new climes and peoples, we may conclude that the near future will see crops compared to which the crop of the past year, worth $300,000,000, will seem small.

Who will be the producers of these vast crops of the future? Will they be landowners or tenants—planters or farmers? The answer to this inquiry will be made by the average Southerner without hesitation. "Small farms," he will say, "well tended by actual owners, will be the rule in the South. The day of a land-holding oligarchy has passed forever." Let us see about this.

The history of agriculture—slow and stubborn industry that it is—will hardly show stronger changes than have taken place in the rural communities of the South in the past fifteen years. Immediately after the war between the States there was a period of unprecedented disaster. The surrender of the Confederate armies found the plantations of the South stripped of houses, fences, stock, and implements. The planters were without means or prospects, and uncertain as to what should be done. The belief that extensive cotton culture had perished with slavery had put the price of the staple up to thirty cents. Lured by the dazzling price, which gave them credit as well as hope, the owners of the plantations prepared for vast operations. They refitted their quarters, repaired their fences, summoned hundreds of negro croppers at high prices, and invested lavishly their borrowed capital in what they felt sure was a veritable bonanza. The few years that followed are full of sickening failure. Planters who had been princes in wealth and possessions suddenly found themselves irretrievably in debt and reduced to beggary. Under the stimulation of high prices the crops grew, until there was a tumble from thirty to ten cents per pound. Unable to meet their engagements with their factors, who, suddenly awakening to the peril of the situation, refused to make further advances or grant extensions, the planters had no recourse but to throw their lands on the market. But so terrible had been their experience—many losing $100,000 in a single season—that no buyers were found for the plantations on which they had been wrecked. The result of this panic

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IN THE FIELD AND THE FACTORY.

to sell and disinclination to buy was a toppling of land values. Plantations that had brought from $100,000 to $150,000 before the war, and even since, were sold at $6000 to $10,000, or hung on the hands of the planter and his factor at any price whatever. The ruin seemed to be universal and complete, and the old plantation system, it then seemed, had perished utterly and forever. While no definite reason was given for the failure—free labor and the credit system being the causes usually and loosely assigned—it went without contradiction that the system of planting under which the South had amassed its riches and lived in luxury was inexorably doomed.

Following this lavish and disastrous period came the era of small farms. Led into the market by the low prices to which the best lands had fallen, came a host of small buyers, to accommodate whom the plantations were subdivided, and offered in lots to suit purchasers. Never perhaps was there a rural movement, accomplished without revolution or exodus, that equalled in extent and swiftness the partition of the plantations of the ex-slave-holders into small farms. As remarkable as was the eagerness of the negroes—who bought in Georgia alone 6850 farms in three years—

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the earth-hunger of the poorer class of the whites, who had been unable under the slave-holding oligarchy to own land, was even more striking. In Mississippi there were in 1867 but 412 farms of less than ten acres, and in 1870, 11,003; only 2314 of over ten and less than twenty acres, and in 1870, 8981; only 16,024 between twenty and one hundred acres, and in 1870, 38,015. There was thus in this one State a gain of nearly forty thousand small farms of less than one hundred acres in about three years. In Georgia the number of small farms sliced off of the big plantations from 1868 to 1873 was 32,824. In Liberty County there were in 1866 only three farms of less than ten acres; in 1870 there were 616, and 749 farms between ten and twenty acres. This splitting of the old plantations into farms went on with equal rapidity all over the South, and was hailed with lively expressions of satisfaction. A population pinned down to the soil on which it lived, made conservative and prudent by land-ownership, forced to abandon the lavish method of the old time as it had nothing to spare, and to cultivate closely and intelligently as it had no acres to waste, living on cost as it had no credit, and raising its own supplies as it could not afford to buy—this the South boasted it had in 1873, and this many believe it has to-day. The small farmer — who was to retrieve the disasters of the South, and wipe out the last vestige of the planting aristocracy, between which and the people there was always a lack of sympathy, by keeping his own acres under his own supervision, and using hired labor only as a supplement to his own—is still held to be the typical cotton-raiser.

But the observer who cares to look beneath the surface will detect signs of a reverse current. He will discover that there is beyond question a sure though gradual rebunching of the small farms into large estates, and a tendency toward the re-establishment of a land-holding oligarchy. Here and there through all the Cotton States, and almost in every county, are reappearing the planter princes of the old time, still lords of acres, though not of slaves. There is in Mississippi one planter who raises annually 12,000 bales of cotton on twelve consolidated plantations, aggregating perhaps 50,000 acres. The Capeheart estate on Albemarle Sound, originally of several thousand acres, had $52,000 worth of land added last year. In the Mississippi Valley, where, more than anywhere else, is preserved the distinctive cotton plantation, this re-absorbing of separate farms into one ownership is going on rapidly. Mr. F. C. Morehead, an authority on these lands, says that not one-third of them are owned by the men who held them at the close of the war, and that they are passing, one after the other, into the hands of the commission merchants. It is doubtful if there is a neighborhood in all the South in which casual inquiry will not bring to the front from ten to a dozen men who have added farm after farm to their possessions for the past several years, and now own from six to twenty places. It must not be supposed that these farms are bunched together and run after the old plantation style. On the contrary, they are cut into even smaller farms, and rented to small croppers. The question involved is not whether or not the old plantation methods shall be revived. It is the much more serious problem as to whether the lands divided forever into small farms shall be owned by the many or by the few, whether we shall have in the South a peasantry like that of France, or a tenantry like that of Ireland.

By getting at the cause of this threatened re-absorption of the small farmer into the system from which he so eagerly and bravely sought release, we shall best understand the movement. It is primarily credit—a false credit based on usury and oppression, strained to a point where it breeds distrust and provokes a percentage to compensate for risk, and strained, not for the purchase of land, which is a security as long as the debt is unpaid, but for provisions and fertilizers, which are valueless to either secure the lender or assist the borrower to pay. With the failure of the large planters and their withdrawal from business, banks, trust companies, and capitalists withdraw their money from agricultural loans. The new breed of farmers held too little land and were too small dealers to command credit or justify investigation. And yet they were obliged to have money with which to start their work. Commission merchants therefore borrowed the money from the banks, and loaned it to village brokers or store-keepers, who in turn loaned it to farmers in their neighborhood, usually in the form of advancing supplies. It thus came to the farmer after it had been through three principals, each of whom demanded a

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heavy percentage for the risk he assumed. In every case the farmer gave a lien or mortgage upon his crop or land. In this lien he waived exemptions and defense, and it amounted in effect to a deed. Having once given such a paper to his merchant, his credit was of course gone, and he had to depend upon the man who held the mortgage for his supplies. To that man he must carry his crop when it was gathered, pay him commission for handling it, and accept the settlement that he offered. To give an idea of the oppressiveness of this system it is only necessary to quote the Commissioner of Agriculture of Georgia, who by patient investigation discovered that the Georgia farmers paid prices for supplies that averaged fifty-four per cent. interest on all they bought. For instance, corn that sold for eighty-nine cents a bushel cash was sold on time secured by lien at a dollar and twelve cents. In Mississippi the percentage is even more terrible, as the crop lien laws are in force there, and the crop goes into the hands of the merchant, who charges commission on the estimated number of bales, whether a half crop or a full one is raised. Even this maladjustment of credits would not impoverish the farmer if he did not yield to the infatuation for cotton-planting, and fail to plant anything but cotton.

Those who have the nerve to give up part of their land and labor to the raising of their own supplies and stock have but little need of credit, and consequently seldom get into the hands of the usurers. But cotton is the money crop, and offers such flattering inducements that everything yields to that. It is not unusual to see farmers come to the cities to buy butter, melons, meal, and vegetables. They rely almost entirely upon their merchants for meat and bread, hay, forage, and stock. In one county in Georgia last year, from the small dépôts, $80,000 worth of meat and bread was shipped to farmers. The official estimate of the National Cotton Planters' Association, at its session of 1881, was that the Cotton States lacked 42,252,244 bushels of wheat, 166,684,279 bushels of corn, 77,762,108 bushels of oats, or 286,698,632 bushels of grain, of raising what it consumed. When to this is added 4,011,150 tons of hay at thirty dollars a ton, and $32,000,000 paid for fertilizers, we find that the value of the cotton crop is very largely consumed in paying for the material with which it was made. On this enormous amount the cotton farmer has to pay the usurious percentage charged by his merchant broker, which is never less than thirty per cent., and frequently runs up to seventy per cent. We can appreciate, when we consider this, the statement of the man who said, "The commission merchants of the South are gradually becoming farmers, and the farmers, having learned the trick, will become merchants."

The remedy for this deplorable tendency is first the establishment of a proper system of credit. The great West was in much worse condition than the South some years ago. The farms were mortgaged, and were being sold under mortgages, under a system not half so oppressive as that under which the Southern farmer labors. Boston capital, seeking lucrative investment, soon began to pour toward the West, in charge of loan companies, and was put out at eight per cent., and the redemption of that section was speedily worked out. A similar movement is now started in the South. An English company, with head-quarters at New Orleans, loaned over $600,000 its first year at eight per cent., with perfect security. The farmers who borrowed this money were of course immensely relieved, and the testimony is that they are rapidly working out. In Atlanta, Georgia, a company is established with $2,000,000 of Boston and New York capital, which it is loaning on farm lands at seven per cent. In the first three months of its work it loaned $120,000, and it has now appointed local agents in thirty counties in the State, and advertises that it wishes to lend $50,000 in each county. The managers say that they can command practically unlimited capital for safe risks at seven per cent. Companies working on the same plan have been established elsewhere in the South, and it is said that there will be no lack of capital for safe risks on rural lands in a few years.

The first reform, however, that must be made is in the system of farming. The South must prepare to raise her own provisions, compost her fertilizers, cure her own hay, and breed her own stock. Leaving credit and usury out of the question, no man can pay seventy-five cents a bushel for corn, thirty dollars a ton for hay, twenty dollars a barrel for pork, sixty cents for oats, and raise cotton for eight cents a pound. The farmers who prosper

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CUFFEE'S ONE BALE.

at the South are the "corn-raisers," *i. e.*, the men who raise their own supplies, and make cotton their surplus crop. A gentleman who recorded 320 mortgages last year testified that not one was placed on the farm of a man who raised his own bread and meat. The shrewd farmers who always have a bit of money on hand with which to buy any good place that is to be sold under mortgage are the "corn-raisers," and the moment they get possession they rule out the all-cotton plan, and plant corn and the grasses. That the plan of farming only needs revision to make the South rich beyond measure is proven by constant example. A corn-raiser bought a place of 370 acres for $1700. He at once put six tenants on it, and limited their cotton acreage to one-third of what they had under cultivation. Each one of the six made more clear money than the former owner had made, and the rents for the first year were $1126. The man who bought this farm lives in Oglethorpe, Georgia, and has fifteen farms all run on the same plan.

The details of the management of what may be the typical planting neighborhood of the South in the future are furnished me by the manager of the Capeheart estate in North Carolina. This estate is divided into farms of fifty acres each, and rented to tenants. These tenants are bound to plant fifteen acres in cotton, twelve in corn, eight in small crops, and let fifteen lie in grass. They pay one-third of the crop as rent, or one-half if the proprietor furnishes horses and mules. They have comfortable quarters, and are entitled to the use of surplus herring and the dressings of the herring caught in the fisheries annexed to the place. In the centre of the estate is a general store managed by the proprietor, at which the tenants have such a line of credit as they are entitled to, of course paying a pretty percentage of profit on the goods they buy. They are universally prosperous, and in some cases, where by skill and industry they have secured 100 acres, are laying up money. The profits to Dr. Capeheart are large, and show the margin there is in buying land that is loosely farmed, and putting it under intelligent supervision. Of the $52,000 worth of land added to his estates last year, at a valuation of twenty-five dollars per acre, he will realize in rental nine dollars per acre for every acre cultivated, and calculates that in five years at the most the rentals of the land will have paid back what he gave for it.

Amid all this transition from land-owner to tenant there is, besides the corn-raiser, one other steadfast figure, undisturbed by change of relation or condition, holding tenaciously to what it has,

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though little inclined to push for more. This is Cuffee, the darky farmer. There is no more interesting study in our agriculture than this same dusky, good-natured fellow—humble, patient, shrewd—as he drives into town with his mixed team and his one bag of cotton, on which, drawn by a sympathetic sense of ownership, his whole family is clustered. Living simply and frugally, supplementing his humble meal with a 'possum caught in the night hunt, or a rabbit shot with the old army musket that he captured from some deserted battle-field, and allowing no idlers in the family save the youngsters who "'tend de free school," he defies alike the usurer and the land-shark. In the State of Georgia he owns 680,000 acres of land, cut up into farms that barely average ten acres each, and in the Cotton States he owns 2,680,800 acres, similarly divided. From this possession it is impossible to drive him, and to this possession he adds gradually as the seasons go by. He is not ambitious, however, to own large tracts of land, preferring the few acres that he has constantly under his eye, and to every foot of which he feels a rude attachment.



HALLIE.

The relations of the negro to cotton are peculiar. Although he spends the most of his life in the cotton field, and this staple is the main crop with which he is concerned, it does not enter into his social life, catch his sentiment, or furnish the occasion for any of his pleasures. None of his homely festivals hinge upon the culture or handling of the great staple. He has his corn-shuckings, his log-rollings, his quilting bees, his threshing jousts, and indeed every special work about the farm is made to yield its element of frolic, except the making of cotton. None of those tuneful melodies with which he beguiles his work or gladdens his play-time acknowledge cotton as a subject or an incident. None of the folk-lore with which the moonlight nights are whiled away or the fire-lit cabins sanctified, and which finds its home in the

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corn patch or the meadows, has aught to do with the cotton field. I have never heard a negro song in which the cotton field is made the incidental theme or the subject of allusion, except in a broken perversion of that incomparable ballad, "The Mocking-Bird," in which the name of the heroine, the tender sentiment, and the tune, which is a favorite one with the negroes, are preserved. This song, with the flower of Southern girlhood that points the regretful tenderness changed into a dusky maiden idealized by early death, with the "mocking-bird singing o'er her grave," and sung in snatches almost without words or coherence, is popular with the field hands in many parts of the South.

But when we have discussed the questions involved in the planting and culture of the cotton crop, as serious as they are, we have had to do with the least important phase of our subject. The crop of 7,000,000 bales, when ready for the market, is worth in round numbers $300,000,000. The same crop when manufactured is worth over $900,000,000. Will the South be content to see the whole of this added value realized by outsiders? If not, how much of the work necessary to create this value will she do within her own borders? She has abundant water-powers, that are never locked a day by ice or lowered by drought, that may be had for a mere song; cheap labor, cheap lands, an unequalled climate, cheap fuel, and the conditions of cheap living. Can these be utilized to any general extent?

It may be premised that there are questions of the utmost importance to the South outside of the manufacture of the lint, which is usually held to cover the whole question of cotton manufacture. There is no particle of the cotton plant that may not be handled to advantage. Mr. Edward Atkinson is authority for the statement that if a plant similar to cotton, but having no lint, could be grown in the North, it would be one of the most profitable of crops. And yet it is true that up to a late date the seed of the cotton has been wholly wasted, and even now the stalk is thrown away as useless. A crop of 7,000,000 bales will yield 3,500,000 tons of cotton seed. Every ounce of this seed is valuable, and in the past few years it has been so handled as to add very heavily to the value of the crop. The first value of the seed is as a fertilizer. It has been discovered of late that the seed that had been formerly allowed to accumulate about the gin-houses in vast piles and rot as waste material, when put upon the fields would add twenty-five to thirty-three per cent. to the crop, and was equal to many of the fertilizers that sell in the market for $25 per ton. In 1869 a mill was established in New Orleans for the purpose of pressing the oil from the cotton seed, and manufacturing the bulk into stock food. Its success was so pronounced that there are now fifty-nine seed-oil mills in the South, costing over $6,000,000, and working up $5,500,000 worth of seed annually. The product of the seed used sells for $9,600,000, so that the mills create a value of $4,500,000 annually. They use only one-seventh of the seed produced in the South. A ton of seed which can be worked for $5 50 a ton, and costs originally $8 to $10, making an average cost when worked of $15, is estimated to produce thirty-five gallons of oil worth $11 50, seed-cake worth $5 50, and lint worth $1 50—a total of $18 50, or profit of $3 50, per ton. The oil is of excellent quality, and is used in the making of soaps, stearine, white oils, and when highly refined is a table oil of such flavor and appearance as will deceive the best judges. A quality has been lately discovered in it that makes it valuable as a dye-stuff. It is shipped largely to Europe, 130,000 barrels having been exported last year, chiefly to Antwerp. It is put up carefully, and reshipped to this country as olive-oil to such an extent that prohibitory duties have been put on it by the Italian government, and it is ruled out of that country. Before it is placed in the oil mill the cotton seed is hulled. The hulls are valuable, and may be used for tanning, made into pulp for paper stock, or used as fuel, and the ashes sold to the soap-makers for the potash they contain. The mass of kernels left after the hulls have been removed and the oil pressed out is made into seed-cake, a most desirable food for stock, which is exported largely to Europe. It is also worked into a fertilizer that yields under analysis $37 50 in value per ton, and can be sold for $22 a ton. It is a notable fact that the ton of seed-cake is even more valuable as a stock food after the $11 50 worth of oil has been taken from it than before, and quite as valuable as a fertilizer. In the four hundred pounds of lint in a bale of cotton there are but four pounds of chem-

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ical elements taken from the soil; in the oil there is little more; but in the seed-cake and hulls there are forty pounds of potash and phosphate of lime. But admirable as is the disposition of the cotton seed for manufacture, ample as is the margin of profit, and rapid as has been the growth in the industry, there exists the same disorganization that is noticeable in the handling of the whole cotton question. Although less than one-seventh of the seed raised is needed by the mills, they are unable to get enough to keep them running. The cotton is ginned in such awkward distribution, and in such small quantity at any one locality, that it can not be gathered promptly or cheaply enough for the oil mills. Of the 3,500,000 tons of seed, 500,000 tons only are worked up, and perhaps as much more used for seed. This leaves 2,500,000 tons not worked, and in which is lost nearly $30,000,000 worth of oil. For whether this two and a half million tons is used as a fertilizer or fed to stock, it would lose none of its value for either purpose if the thirty-five gallons of oil, worth $11 50, were extracted from each ton of it.



EDGE OF THE COTTON FIELD.

Even when the South has passed beyond the proper handling of cotton seed, she has very important ground to cover before she arrives at what is generally known as cot-

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ton manufacturing. "The manufacture of this staple," says a very eminent authority, "is a unit, beginning at the field when the cotton is picked, and ending at the factory from which the cloth is sent to the merchant." How little this essential truth has been appreciated is apparent from the fact that, until the last census, ginning, pressing, and baling have been classed with the "production" of cotton, and its manufacture held to consist solely of spinning and weaving. Yet there is not a process to which the lint is submitted after it is thrown from the negro's "pocket" that does not act directly on the quality of the cloth that is finally produced, and on the cheapness and efficiency with which the cloth is made. The separation of the fibre from the seed, the disposition made of the fluffy lint before it is compressed, the compression itself, and the baling of the compressed cotton—these are all delicate operations, involving the integrity of the fibre, the cost of getting it ready for the spindle, and the ease with which it may be spun. Indeed, Mr. Hammond, of South Carolina, a most accomplished writer, contends that the gin-house is the pivotal point around which the whole manufacture of cotton revolves. There is no question that with one-tenth of the money invested in improved gins, cleaners, and presses that would be required for factories, and with incomparably less risk, the South could make one-half the profit, pound for pound, that is



A POCKET OF COTTON.

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NOON AT THE COTTON-GIN.

made in the mills of New England. Mr. F. C. Morehead, already alluded to in this article, says: "A farmer who produces 500 bales of cotton—200,000 pounds—can, by the expenditure of $1500 on improved gins and cleaners, add one cent per pound to the value of his crop, or $2000. If he added only one-half of one cent, he would get in the first year over fifty per cent. return of his outlay." Mr. Edward Atkinson—to close this list of authorities—says that the cotton crop is deteriorated ten per cent. at least by being improperly handled from the field to the factory. It is, of course, equally true that a reform in this department of the manufacture of cotton would add ten per cent. to the value of the crop—say $30,000,000—and that, too, without cost to the consumer. Much of the work now done in the mills of New England is occasioned by the errors committed in ginning and packing. Not only would the great part of the dust, sand, and grit that get into cotton from careless handling about the gin-house be kept out if it were properly protected, but that which is in the fibre naturally could be cleaned out more efficiently and with one-third the labor and cost, if it were taken before it has been compressed and baled. Beyond this, the excessive beating and tearing of the fibre necessary to clean it after the sand has been packed in weaken and impair it, and the sand injures the costly and delicate machinery of the mills.

The capital available to the farmers of any neighborhood in the South is entirely adequate to make thorough reform in this most important, safest, and most profitable department of the manufacture of cotton. A gin-house constructed on the best plan, supplied with the new roller gins lately invented in England, that guarantee to surpass in quantity of cotton ginned as well as quality of lint our rude and imperfect saw gins, having automatic feeders to pass the picking to the gin, and an apron to receive the lint as it comes from the gin and carry it to the beater, or cleaner, where all the motes and dust can be taken from the freshly ginned fibre, and then, instead of rolling this fleecy mass on a dirty floor, where it would catch every particle of dust and grit, to carry it direct to a Dedrick press that would compress forty pounds within a cubic foot, and reduce the little bale of one hundred and twenty pounds to the

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consistency of elm-wood, and as little liable to soak water or catch dirt—an establishment of this sort would add one cent per pound to every pound of cotton put through it, and would be worth more as an example than a dozen cotton factories. Annexed to this gin-house should be a huller to take the hulls from the seed, and to this huller the seed should be taken as it comes from the gins. Once hulled, the hulls should be fed to the stock, restored to the soil, or sold, and the kernels sent to the nearest oil mill, the oil sold, and the meal fed to sheep or stock, or used as a fertilizer. These improvements, costing little, and within the skill of ordinary laborers, would bring as good a profit as could be realized by a factory involving enormous outlay, great risk, and the utmost skill of management. The importance of reform here will be seen when we state that there is half as much capital—say $70,000,000—invested in machinery for baling, pressing, and ginning cotton as there is invested in the United States in machinery for weaving and spinning it. So great has been the progress in invention, and so sluggish the cotton farmer to reform either his methods or his machinery, that experts agree that the ginning, pressing, and baling of the crop could be done with one-half or possibly one-third of the labor and cost of the present, and done so much better that the product would be worth ten per cent. more than it now commands, if the best machinery were bought, and the best methods employed.

The urgency and the magnitude of the reforms needed in the field and about the gin-house have not deterred the South from aspiring to spin and weave at least the bulk of the cotton crop. Indeed, there is nothing that so appeals to Southern pride as to urge the possibility that in time the manufacture of this crop as well as the crop itself shall be a monopoly of the cotton belt. As the South grows richer and the conditions of competition are nearer equal, there will be a tendency to place new machinery intended for the manufacture of cotton near the field in which the staple is growing; but the extent to which this tendency will control, or the time in which it will become controlling, is beyond the scope of this article. We shall rather deal with things as they are, or are likely to be in the very near future. We note, then, that in the past ten years the South has more than doubled the amount of cotton manufactured within her borders. In 1870, there were used 45,032,866 pounds of cotton; in 1880, 101,937,256 pounds. In 1870, there were 11,602 looms and 416,983 spindles running; in 1880, 15,222 looms and 714,078 spindles. This array of figures hardly indicates fairly the progress that the South will make in the next ten years, for the reason that the factories in which these spindles are turned are experiments in most of the localities in which they are placed. It is the invariable rule that when a factory is built in any city or country it is easier to raise the capital for a subsequent enterprise than for the first one. At Augusta, Georgia, for instance, where the manufacture of cloth has been demonstrated a success, the progress is remarkable. In the past two years two new mills, the Enterprise and Sibley, with 30,000 spindles each, have been established; and a third, the King, has been organized, with a capital of $1,000,000 and 30,000 spindles. The capital for these mills was furnished about one-fourth in Augusta, and the balance in the North. With these mills running, Augusta will have 170,000 spindles, and will have added about 70,000 spindles to the last census returns. In South Carolina the same rapid growth is resulting from the establishment of one or two successful mills; and in Columbus, Georgia, the influence of one successful mill, the Eagle and Phœnix, has raised the local consumption of cotton from 1927 bales in 1870 to 19,000 bales in 1880. In Atlanta, Georgia, the first mill had hardly been finished before the second was started; a third is projected; and two companies have secured charters for the building of a forty-mile canal to furnish water-power and factory fronts to capital in and about the city. These things are mentioned simply to show that the growth of cotton manufacture in the South is sympathetic, and that each factory established is an argument for others. There is no investment that has proved so uniformly successful in the South as that put into cotton factories. An Augusta factory just advertises eight per cent. semi-annual dividend; the Eagle and Phœnix, of Columbus, earned twenty-five per cent. last year; the Augusta factory for eleven years made an average of eighteen per cent. per annum. The net earnings of the Langley Mills was $480,000 for its

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THE OLD SPINNING-WHEEL.

first eight years on a capital of $400,000, or an average of fifteen per cent. a year. The earnings of sixty Southern mills, large and small, selected at random, for three years, averaged fourteen per cent. per annum.

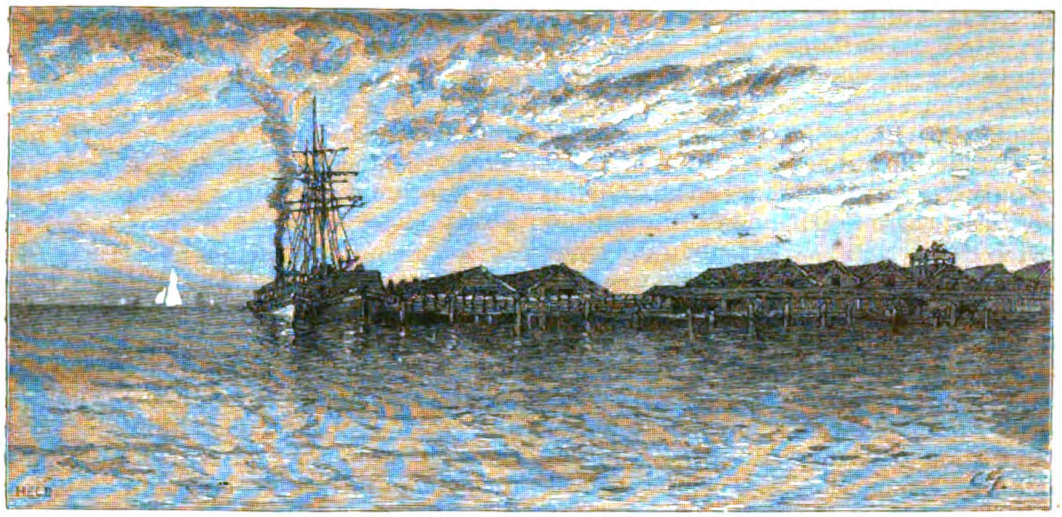
Indeed, an experience varied and extended enough to give it authority teaches that there is absolutely no reason why the South should not profitably quadruple its capacity for the manufacture of cotton every year in the next five years except the lack of capital. The lack of skilled labor has proved to be a chimerical fear, as the mills bring enough skilled labor to any community in which they are established to speedily educate up a native force. It may be true that for the most delicate

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work the South will for a while lack the efficient labor of New England that has been trained for generations, but it is equally true that no factory in the South has ever been stopped a week for the lack of suitable labor. The operatives can live cheaper than at the North, and can be had for lower wages. As sensible a man as Mr. Edward Atkinson claimed lately that in the cotton country proper a person could not keep at continuous in-door labor during the summer. The answer to this is that during the present summer, the hottest ever known, not a Southern mill has stopped for one day or hour on account of the heat, and this, too, when scores of establishments through the Western and Northern cities were closed. One of the strongest points of advantage the South has is that for no extreme of climate, acting on the machinery, the operatives, or the water-supply, is any of her mills forced to suspend work at any season. Beyond this, Southern water-powers can be purchased low, and the land adjacent at a song; there are no commissions to pay on the purchase of cotton, no freight on its transportation, and it is submitted to the picker before it has undergone serious compression. Mr. W. H. Young, of Columbus, perhaps the best Southern authority, estimates that the Columbus mills have an advantage of $\frac{8}{10}$ of a cent per pound over their Northern competitors, and this in a mill of 1600 looms will amount to nine per cent. on the entire capital, or $120,099. The Southern mills, without exception, pulled through the years of depression that followed the panic of 1873, paying regular dividends of from six per cent. to fifteen, and, it may be said, have thoroughly won the confidence of investors North and South. The one thing that has retarded the growth of manufacturing in the Cotton States, the lack of capital, is being overcome with astonishing rapidity. Within the past two years considerably over $100,000,000 of Northern capital has been subscribed, in lots of $1,000,000 and upward, for the purchase and development of Southern railroads and mining properties; the total will probably run to $120,000,000. There is now being expended in the building of new railroads from Atlanta, Georgia, as head-quarters, $17,800,000, not one dollar of which was subscribed by Georgians or by the State of Georgia. The men who invest these vast amounts in the South are interested in the general development of the section into which they have gone with their enterprise, and they readily double any local subscription for any legitimate local improvement. By the sale of these railroad properties to Northern syndicates at advanced prices the local stockholders have realized heavily in cash, and this surplus is seeking manufacturing investment. The prospect is that the next ten years will witness a growth in this direction beyond what even the most sanguine predict.

The International Cotton Exposition, opening October 5 of the present year, in Atlanta, must have a tremendous influence in improving the culture, handling, and manufacture of the great staple of the South. The Southern people do not lack the desire to keep abreast with improvement and invention, but on the contrary have shown precipitate eagerness in reaching out for the best and newest. Before the war, when the Southern planter had a little surplus money he bought a slave. Since the war, he buys a piece of machinery. The trouble has been that he was forced to buy without any guide as to the value of what he bought, or its adaptability to the purposes for which he intended it. The consequence is that the farms are littered with ill-adapted and inferior implements and machines, representing twice the investment that, intelligently placed, would provide an equipment that with half the labor would do better work. It is the purpose of the exposition to bring the farmers face to face with the very best machinery that invention and experience have produced. The buildings themselves will be models each of its kind, and will represent the judgment of experts as to cheapness, durability, safety, and general excellence. The past and present will be contrasted in the exhibition. The old loom on which the rude fabrics of our forefathers were woven by hands gentle and loving will be put against the more elaborate looms of to-day. The spinning-wheel of the past, that filled all the country-side with its drowsy music, as the dusky spinner advanced and retreated, with not ungraceful courtesy and a swinging sidewise shuffle, will find its sweet voice lost in the hum of modern spindles. The cycle of gins and ginning will be there completed, invention coming back, after a half-century of trial with the brutal saw, to a perfected varia-

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COTTON PORT, GALVESTON, TEXAS.

tion of the patient and gentle roller with which the precious fleece was pulled from the seed years upon years ago. There are the most wonderful machines promised, including a half-dozen that claim to have solved the problem—supposed to be past finding out—of picking cotton by machinery. Large fields flank the buildings, and on these are tested the various kinds of cotton seed, fed by the various kinds of fertilizers, each put in fair competition with the others.

One of the most important special inventions at the exposition will be the Clement attachment—a contrivance for spinning the cotton as it comes from the gin. The invention is simply the marriage of the gin to the spindle. These are joined by two large cards that take the fibre from the gin, straighten it out, and pass it directly to the spinning boards, where it is made into the best of yarns. The announcement of this invention two years ago created very great excitement. If it proved a success, the whole system of cotton manufacture was changed. If the cotton could be spun directly from the gin, all the expense of baling would be eliminated, and four or five expensive steps in the process of cotton from field to cloth would be rendered unnecessary. Better than all, the South argued, the Clement attachment brought the heaviest part of manufacturing to the cotton field, from which it could never be divorced. By the simple joining of the spindles to the gin, the cotton worth only eight or nine cents as baled lint, in which shape it had been shipped North, became worth sixteen to eighteen cents as yarns. The home value of the crop was thus to be doubled, and by such process as New England could never capture. Several of the attachments were put to work, and were visited by thousands. They produced an excellent quality of yarns, and made a clear profit of two cents per pound on the cotton treated. The investment required was small, and it was held that $5000 would certainly bring a net annual profit of $2200. Many of these little mills are still running, and profitably; but difficulties between the owner and his agents, and a general suspicion raised by his declining to put the machine on its merits before certain agricultural associations, prevented its general adoption. That this attachment, or some machine of similar character for spinning the cotton into yarns near the field where it is grown, will be generally adopted through the South in the near future, I have not a particle of doubt; that the exposition with its particular exhibits on this point will hasten the day, there is every reason to hope. There are many yarn mills already scattered through the South, but none of them promise the results that will be achieved when the spindles are wedded to the gin, and the same motive power drives both, carrying the cotton without delay or compression from seed to thread.

Such, then, in brief and casual review, is King Cotton, his subjects, and his realm. Vast as his concerns and possessions may appear at present, they are

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but the hint of what the future will develop. The best authority puts the amount of cotton goods manufactured in America at about fourteen pounds per head of population, of which twelve pounds per capita are retained for home consumption, leaving only a small margin for export. On the Continent there is but one country, probably — Switzerland — that manufactures more cotton goods than it consumes; and the Continent demands from Great Britain an amount of cotton cloth that, added to its own supply, exhausts nearly one-half the product of the English mills. It is hardly probable that, under the sharp competition of American mills, the capacity of either England or the Continent for producing ordinary cotton cloths will be greatly increased. But, with the yield of the English and Continental mills at least measurably defined and now rapidly absorbed, there is an enormous demand for machine-made cotton fabrics springing from new and virtually exhaustless sources. The continents of Asia, Africa, South America, Australia, and the countries lying between the two American continents, contain more than 800,000,000 people, according to general authority. This immense population is clothed in cotton almost exclusively, and almost as exclusively in hand-made fabrics. That the cheap and superior products of the modern factory will displace these hand-made goods as rapidly as they can be delivered upon competing terms can not be doubted. To supply China alone with cotton fabrics made by machine, deducting the 35,000,000 people or thereabout already supplied, and estimating the demand of the remainder at five pounds per capita, would require 3,000,000 additional bales of cotton and 30,000,000 additional spindles. The goods needed for this demand will be the lower grades of cottons, for the manufacture of which the South is especially adapted, and in which there is serious reason to believe she has demonstrated she has advantages over New England. The demand from Mexico, Central and South America, will grow into immense proportions as cotton and its products cheapen under increased supply, and improved methods of culture and manufacture. The South will be called upon to furnish the cotton to meet the calls of the peoples enumerated. That she can easily do so has been made plain by previous estimate, but it may be added that hardly three per cent. of the cotton area is now devoted to cotton, and that on one-tenth of a single Cotton State—Texas—double the present crop might be raised. Whether or not she will do this profitably, and without destroying the happiness and prosperity of her former population, and building up a land-holding oligarchy, depends on a reform in her system of credit and her system of planting. The first is being effected by the introduction of capital that recognizes farming lands as a safe risk worthy of a low percentage of interest; the latter must depend on the intelligence of her people, the force of a few bright examples, and the wisdom of her leaders. She will be called upon to supply a large proportion of the manufactured goods for this new and limitless demand. It has already been shown that she has felicitous conditions for this work.



"TAKE OFF DAT CROWN."

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CHAPTER XX.

"*Philip.* Madam, a day may sink or save a realm.
Mary. A day may save a heart from breaking, too."—TENNYSON.

MR. HEATHCOTE retained his place beside mademoiselle through a whole long hour. She had time to get over her fear that he would go away soon, time to adjust her powers, time to enlarge, and to do justice to herself and several subjects adapted elegantly and with easy grace to the occasion. In her hard-working life she had seldom enjoyed a greater pleasure. For Jeanne-Armande had good blood in her veins; the ends of her poor old fingers were finely moulded, and there had been a title in the family long ago in Berri. And when at last monsieur did go, it was not hastily. The proper preliminaries were spoken, the first little movement made, and then, later, the slow rising, as if with reluctance, to the feet. Jeanne-Armande was satisfied, and smiled with honeyed graciousness, as, after another moment's delay, he bowed and went back to the place behind, where Anne was sitting.

In truth, Heathcote had not been unwilling to take the hour himself; it was not necessary to talk—Jeanne-Armande would talk for two. The sight of Anne had been unexpected; he had not decided what he should say to her even at Valley City, much less here. After an hour's thought, he took his place beside her. And remarked upon—the beauty of the day.

Dexter would have said something faultless, and all the more so if he had wished to disguise his thoughts; his quotation would have fitted himself and the occasion so well that it would have covered both completely. But all Heathcote said was, "What a lovely day!"

"Yes," replied Anne. In her mind surged to and fro one constant repetition: "Ah, my dear child, do you not see that I can not help loving you? and that you—love me also?" "Ah, my dear child, do you not see that I can not help loving you? and that you—love me also?"

"They improve things, after all," said Heathcote. "The last time I went over this road the train-boy was a cripple, and therefore you couldn't quite knock him down, you know." This was in allusion to the progress of a brisk youth through the car for the purpose of depositing upon the patient knees of each passenger a paper-covered novel, a magazine or two, and a song-book.

—"And that you—love me also," ran Anne's thoughts, as she looked out on the gliding fields.

There was a silence. Then Heathcote moved nearer. "Anne," he said, in a low tone, "I was very much disturbed when I found that you had gone. From the little I was able to learn, I fear you were harshly treated by that hard old woman who calls herself your aunt."

"Not according to her view of it," said Anne, her face still turned to the window.

"I wish you would look at me, instead of at those stupid fields," said Heathcote, after a moment, in an aggrieved tone. "Here I have escaped from Caryl's under false pretenses, told dozens of lies, spent a broiling morning at a hole of a place called Lancaster, melted myself in the hot city, and bought tickets for all across the continent, just for the chance of seeing you a moment, and you will not even look at me."

But she had turned now. "Did you go out to the half-house?" she said, with a little movement of surprise.

"Yes," he answered, immediately meeting her eyes, and holding them with his own. (They had not precisely the kind of expression which is appropriate to the man who has decided to perform the part of "merely a kind friend." But then Heathcote always looked more than he said.)

"I am very sorry," she murmured—"I mean, sorry that you have followed me."

"Why are you sorry? You do not know how distressed I was when Mrs. Lorrington told me."

"Helen!" said Anne, her eyes falling at the sound of the name.

"She does not know where I am; no one knows. They think I have gone to the mountains. But—I could not be at peace with myself, Anne, until I had seen you once more. Do you remember the last time we met, that morning in the garden?" She made a mute gesture which begged for silence; but he went on: "I can never forget that look you gave me. In truth, I fear I have done all this, have come all this distance, and in spite of myself, for—another."

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"IT IS, OR SHOULD BE, OVER THERE."—[SEE PAGE 742.]

There was no one behind them; they had the last seat. Anne was thinking, wildly, "Oh, if he would but speak in any other tone—say anything else than that!" Then she turned, at bay. "Mrs. Lorrington told me that you were engaged to her," she said, announcing it quietly, although her face was very pale.

"Did she? It is partly true. But—I love *you*, Anne."

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The last words that Ward Heathcote had intended to speak, when he took that seat beside her, he had now spoken; the last step he had intended to take he had now taken. What did he mean? He did not know himself. He only knew that her face was exquisitely sweet to him, and that he was irresistibly drawn toward her, whether he would or no. "I love you," he repeated.

What could be said to such a plain, direct wooer as this? Anne, holding on desperately to her self-possession, and throwing up barriers mentally, made of all her resolutions and duties, her pride and her prayers, drew away, coldly answering: "However you may have forgotten your own engagement, Mr. Heathcote, I have not forgotten mine. It is not right for you to speak and for me to hear such words."

"Right is nothing," said Heathcote, "if we love each other."

"We do not," replied Anne, falling into the trap.

"We do; at least *I* do."

This avowal, again repeated, was so precious to the poor humiliated pride of the woman's heart within her that she had to pause an instant. "I was afraid you would think," she said, blushing brightly—"I was afraid you would think that I—I mean, that I can not help being glad that you—"

"That I love you? I do. But just as truly as I love you, Anne, you love me. You can not deny it."

"I will not discuss the subject. I shall soon be married, Mr. Heathcote, and you—"

"Never mind me; I can take care of myself. And so you are going to marry a man you do not love?"

"I do love him. I loved him long before I knew you; I shall love him long after you are forgotten. Leave me; I will not listen to you. How dare you speak so to me?"

"Because, dear, I love you. I did not fully know it myself until now. Believe me, Anne, I had no more intention of speaking in this way when I sat down here than I had of following you when I first heard you had gone; but the next morning I did it. Come, let everything go to the winds, as I do, and say you love me; for I know you do."

The tears were in Anne's eyes now; she could not see. "Let me go to mademoiselle," she said, rising as if to pass him. "It is cruel to insult me."

"Do not attract attention; sit down for one moment. I will not keep you long; but you shall listen to me. Insult you? Did I ever dream of insulting you? Is it an insult to ask you to be my wife? That is what I ask now. I acknowledge that I did not follow you with any such intention. But now that I sit here beside you, I realize what you are to me. My darling, I love you, child as you have seemed. Look up, and tell me that you will be my wife."

"Never."

"Why?" said Heathcote, not in the least believing her, but watching the intense color flush her face and throat, and then die away.

"I shall marry Rast. And you—will marry Helen."

"As I said before, *I* can take care of myself. The question is *you*." As he spoke he looked at her so insistently that, struggling and unwilling, she yet felt herself compelled to meet his eyes in return.

"Helen loves you dearly," she said, desperately.

They were looking full at each other now. In the close proximity required by the noise of the train, they could see the varying lights and shadows in the depths of each other's eyes. The passengers' faces were all turned forward; there was no one on a line with them; virtually they were alone.

"I do not know what your object is in bringing in Mrs. Lorrington's name so often," said Heathcote. "She does not need your championship, I assure you."

"How base to desert her so!"

"Not any more base than to marry a man you do not love," replied Heathcote, still looking at her steadily. "I hardly know anything more base than that. But marry *me*, my darling," he added, his voice softening as he bent toward her, "and you shall see how I will love you."

"You said I could go," said the girl, turning from him, and putting her hand over her eyes.

"You may go, if you are afraid. But I hardly think you a coward. No; let us have it out now. Here you are, engaged. Here I am, half engaged. We meet. Do you suppose I wish to love you? Not at all. You are by no means the wife I have intended to have. Do you wish to love me? No. You wish to be faithful to

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your engagement. In a worldly point of view we could not do a more foolish deed than to marry each other. You have nothing, and a burden of responsibilities; I have very little, and a much heavier burden of bad habits and idleness. What is the result? By some unknown enchantment you begin to love me, I begin to love you. The very fact that I am sitting here to-day conclusively proves the latter. I am as fond of you as a school-boy, Anne. In truth, you have made me act like a school-boy. This is a poor place to woo you in; but, dear, just look at me once, only once more."

But Anne would not look. In all her struggles and all her resolutions, all her jealousy and her humiliation, she had made no provision against this form of trial, namely, that he should love her like this.

"Oh, go, go; leave me," she murmured, hardly able to speak. He gathered the words more from the movement of her lips than from any sound.

"I will go if you wish it. But I shall come back," he said. And then, quietly, he left her alone, and returned to Jeanne-Armande.

The Frenchwoman was charmed; she had not expected him so soon. She said to herself, with a breath of satisfaction, that her conversation had fallen in fit places.

Alone, looking at the hills as they passed in procession, Anne collected her scattered resolves, and fought her battle. In one way it was a sweet moment to her. She had felt dyed with eternal shame at having given her love unsought, uncared for; but he loved her—even if only a little, he loved her. This was balm to her wounded heart, and diffused itself like a glow; her cold hands grew warm, her life seemed to flow more freely. But soon the realization followed that now she must arm herself in new guise to resist the new temptation. She must keep her promise. She would marry Rast, if he wished it, though the earth were moved, and the hills carried into the midst of the sea. And Heathcote would be far happier with Helen; his feeling for herself was but a fancy, and would pass, as no doubt many other fancies had passed. In addition, Helen loved him; her life was bound up in him, whether he knew it or no. Helen had been her kindest friend; if all else were free, this alone would hold her. "But I *am* glad, glad to the bottom of my heart, that he did care for me, even if only a little," she thought, as she watched the hills. "My task is now to protect him from himself, and—and what is harder, myself from myself. I will do it. But I *am* glad—I am glad." Quieted, she waited for his return.

When he came she would speak so calmly and firmly that his words would be quelled. He would recognize the uselessness of further speech. When he came. But he did not come. The hills changed to cliffs, the cliffs to mountains, the long miles grew into thirty and forty, yet he did not return. He had risen, but did not come to her; he had gone forward to the smoking-car. He had, in truth, caught the reflection of her face in a mirror, and decided not to come. It is not difficult to make resolutions; there is a fervidness in the work that elevates and strengthens the heart. But once made, one needs to exercise them, otherwise they grow cold and torpid on one's hands.

Jeanne-Armande, finding herself alone, barricaded her seat with basket and umbrella, so as to be able to return thither (and perhaps have other conversations), and came across to Anne.

"A most accomplished gentleman!" she said, with effusion. "Mrs. Lorrington, charming as she is, is yet to be herself congratulated. He has even been in Berri," she added, as though that was a chief accomplishment, "and may have beheld with his own eyes the château of my ancestors." Rarely indeed did Jeanne-Armande allude to this château: persons with château ancestors might be required to sustain expenses not in accordance with her well-arranged rules.

"Where does this train stop?" asked Anne, with some irrelevance as to the château.

"At Centerville, for what they call dinner; and at Stringhampton Junction in the evening. It is the fast express."

"Do we meet an eastward-bound train at Centerville?"

"I presume we do; but we shall not get out, so the crowd in the dining-room will not incommode us. The contents of my basket will be sufficient. But if you wish a cup of coffee, it will be eight cents. There is a species of German cake at Centerville, remarkably filling for the price. They bring them through the cars."

"What time is it now?"

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"About half past twelve; we reach Centerville at two. What age has Monsieur Heathcote, my dear?"

"Thirty-two or thirty-three, I believe."

"A gentleman of independent fortune, I presume?"

"He is independent, but, I was told, not rich."

"The position I should have supposed," said mademoiselle. "What penetrating eyes he possesses; penetrating, yet soft. There is something in his glance, coming from under those heavy brows, which is particularly moving—one might almost say tender. Have you observed it?"

Yes, Anne had observed it.

Jeanne-Armande, protected as she supposed from indiscretion by the engagement to the charming Mrs. Lorrington, rambled on, enjoying the real pleasure of being sentimental and romantic, without risk, cost, or loss of time, on this eventful day.

"I wish you could have seen Mr. Dexter, mademoiselle," said Anne, making an effort to turn the tide. "He is considered handsome, and he has a large fortune—"

"But not inherited, I presume," interposed mademoiselle, grandly. "Mr. Heathcote, as I understand, lives upon his paternal revenues."

If Heathcote had been there, he might have answered that he tried to, but never succeeded. He was not there, however; and Anne could only reply that she did not know.

"He has undoubtedly that air," said Jeanne-Armande, faithful to her distinguished escort, and waving away all diversions in favor of unknown Dexters. "Do you know when they are to be married?"

"No," said Anne, drearily, looking now at the cliffs which bounded the narrow valley through which the train was rushing.

"Let us hope that it will be soon; for life is short at best. Though not romantic by nature, I own I should be pleased to possess a small portion of the wedding cake of that amiable pair," pursued Jeanne-Armande, fixing her eyes upon the suspended lamp of the car, as though lost in sentimental reverie.

"I think I will buy a newspaper," said Anne, as the train-boy came toward them.

"Buy a paper? By no means," said mademoiselle, descending hastily to earth again. "I have yesterday's paper, which I found on the ferry-boat. It is in good order; I smoothed it out carefully; you can read that." She produced it from some remote pocket, and Anne took refuge in its pages, while Jeanne-Armande closed her eyes under the helmet, no doubt to meditate further on the picture of felicity she had called up.

Anne felt all the weariness of long suspense. It was one o'clock; it was half past one; it was nearly two; still he did not appear. Even mademoiselle now roused herself, looked at her watch, and in her turn began to ask where he could be; but she had the comfort of asking it aloud.

The speed was now perceptibly slackened, and the brakeman announced at the door: "Cen—ter—ville. *Twen*—timinets for dinner," in a bar of music not unlike a hoarse Gregorian chant. At this instant Heathcote entered from the next car.

"Ah! there he is," said mademoiselle, with satisfaction. "Do you think he will partake of a little taste with us?" He joined them, and she repeated her question in the shape of a modest allusion to the contents of her basket.

"No, thanks; I shall go out and walk up and down to breathe the air. But first, will you not go with me, and see what they have? Perhaps we might find something not altogether uneatable."

Mademoiselle declined, with her most gracious smile. She would content herself with the contents of her basket; but perhaps Anne—

The eastward-bound train was in, drawn up beside them.

"Yes," said Anne, "I should like to go." Then, as soon as they were in the open air, "I only wish to speak to you for a moment," she began. "I shall not go to the dining-room."

"Take my arm, then, and we will walk up and down."

"Yes, let us walk," she said, moving onward.

"We can not walk well unless you take my arm."

"I do not wish to walk well," she answered, angrily. He never would act according to her plan or theory. Here was all this persistence about a trifle, while she was wrought up to matters of deep moment.

"I do not care whether you wish to take it or not; you must. There! *Now* what do you want to say to me?"

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He was not wrought up at all; he was even smiling, and looking at her in the same old way. It was hard to begin under such circumstances; but she did begin. "Mr. Heathcote, while I thank you for all your kindness—"

"I have not been kind; I only said that I loved you. That is either above or below kindness, certainly not on a level with that tepid feeling."

But Anne would not listen. "While I thank you, I wish at the same time to say that I understand quite well that it is but an impulse which—"

"It *was* but an impulse, I grant," said Heathcote, again interrupting her, "but with roots too strong for me to break—as I have found to my dismay," he added, smiling, as he met her eyes.

"I wish you, I beg you, to return to New York on this train now waiting," said the girl, abandoning all her carefully composed sentences, and bringing forward her one desire with an earnestness which could not be doubted.

"I shall do nothing of the kind."

"But what is the use of going on?"

"I never cared much about use, Miss Douglas."

"And then there is the pain."

"Not for me."

"For me, then," she said, looking away from him across the net-work of tracks, and up the little village street ending in the blue side of the mountain. "Putting everything else aside, do you care nothing for my pain?"

"I can not help caring more for the things you put aside, since *I* happen to be one of them."

"You are selfish," she said, hotly. "I ask you to leave me; I tell you your presence pains me; and you will not go." She drew her arm from his, and turned toward the car. He lifted his hat, and went across to the dining-hall.

Mademoiselle was eating cold toast. She considered that toast retained its freshness longer than plain bread. Anne sat down beside her. She felt a hope that Heathcote would perhaps take the city-bound train after all. She heard the bell ring, and watched the passengers hasten forth from the dining-hall. The eastward-bound train was going—was gone; a golden space of sunshine and the empty rails were now what had been its noise and bell and steam.

"Our own passengers will soon be returning," said Jeanne-Armande, brushing away the crumbs, and looking at herself in the glass to see if the helmet was straight.

"May I sit here with you?" said Anne.

"Certainly, my dear. But Mr. Heathcote—will he not be disappointed?"

"No," replied the girl, dully. "I do not think he will care to talk to me this afternoon."

Jeanne-Armande said to herself that perhaps he would care to talk to some one else. But she made no comment.

The train moved on. An hour passed, and he did not appear. The Frenchwoman could not conceal her disappointment. "If he intended to leave the train at Centerville, I am surprised that he should not have returned to make us his farewells," she said, acidly.

"He is not always attentive to such things," said Anne.

"On the contrary, *I* have found him extremely attentive," retorted mademoiselle, veering again.

But at this stage Heathcote entered, and Anne's hope that he had left them was dashed to the ground. He noted the situation, and then, with studied dignity, he asked mademoiselle if she would not join him in the other seat for a while. The flattered Frenchwoman consented, and as he followed her he gave Anne one quiet glance which said, plainly as words, "Check." And Anne felt that it was "check" indeed.

He had no intention of troubling her; he would give her time to grow tired.

But she was tired already.

At last, however, he did come. They were in plain sight now, people were sitting behind them; she could not childishly refuse to let him take the vacant place beside her. But at least, she thought, his words must be guarded, or people behind would make out what he said, even from the motion of his lips.

But Heathcote never cared for people.

"Dear," he said, bending toward her, "I am so glad to be with you again!" After all, he had managed to place himself so that by supporting his cheek with his hand, the people behind could not see his face at all, much less make out what he said.

Anne did not reply.

"Won't you even look at me? I must content myself, then, with your profile."

"You are ungenerous," she answered,

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in a tone as low as his own. "It will end in my feeling a contempt for you."

"And I—never felt so proud of myself in all my life before. For what am I doing? Throwing away all my fixed ideas of what life should be, for your sake, and glad to do it."

"Mr. Heathcote, will you never believe that I am in earnest?"

"I know very well that you are in earnest. But I shall be equally in earnest in breaking down the barriers between us. When that Western lover of yours is married to some one else, and Mrs. Lorrington likewise, *then* shall we not be free?"

"Helen will never marry any one else."

"Why do you not say that Mr. Pronando never will?"

"Because I am not sure," she answered, with sad humility.

"Are you going to tell him all that has happened?"

"Yes."

"And leave the decision to him?"

"Yes."

"You will put yourself in a false position, then. If you really intend to marry him, it would be safer to tell him nothing," said Heathcote, in an impartial tone. "No man likes to hear that sort of thing, even if his wife tells it herself. Though he may know she has loved some one else, he does not care to have it embodied and stated in words; he would rather leave it disembodied." Anne was looking at him; a sudden pain, which she did not have time to conceal, showed itself in her face as he spoke. "You darling child!" said Heathcote, laughing. "See how you look when I even *speak* of your marrying any one save me!"

She shrank back, feeling the justice of his inference. Her resolution remained unchanged; but she could not withstand entirely the personal power of his presence. She gazed at the afternoon sunshine striking the mountain-peaks, and asked herself how she could bear the long hours that still lay between her and the time of release—release from this narrow space where she must sit beside him, and feel the dangerous subtle influence of his voice and eyes. Then suddenly an idea came to her, like a door opening silently before a prisoner in a cell. She kept her face turned toward the window, while rapidly and with a beating heart she went over its possibilities. Yes, it could be done. It should be done. With inward excitement she tried to arrange the details.

Heathcote had fallen into silence; but he seemed quite content to sit there beside her without speaking. At last, having decided upon her course, and feeling nervously unable to endure his wordless presence longer, she began to talk of Caryl's, Miss Vanhorn, mademoiselle, the half-house—anything and everything which possessed no real importance, and did not bear upon the subject between them. He answered her in his brief fashion. If she wished to pad the dangerous edges of the day with a few safe conventionalities, he had no objection; women would be conventional on a raft in mid-ocean. The afternoon moved on toward sunset. He thought the contest was over, that although she might still make objection, at heart she had yielded; and he was not unwilling to rest. Why should they hurry? The whole of life was before them.

As night fell, they reached Stringhampton Junction, and the great engine stopped again. The passengers hastened hungrily into the little supper-room, and Heathcote urged mademoiselle to accompany him thither, and taste a cup of that compound found at railway stations called Japan tea. Jeanne-Armande looked half inclined to accept this invitation, but Anne, answering for both, said: "No; we have all we need in our basket. You can, however, if you will be so kind, send us some tea." This decision being in accordance with Jeanne-Armande's own rules, she did not like to contravene it, in spite of the satisfaction it would have given her to enter the supper-room with her decorous brown glove reposing upon such a coat sleeve. Heathcote bowed, and went out. Anne watched his figure entering the doorway of the brightly lighted supper-room, which was separated by a wide space from the waiting train. Then she turned.

"Mademoiselle," she said, her burning haste contrasting with her clear calm utterance of the moment before, "I beg you to leave this train with me without one instant's delay. The peace of my whole life depends upon it."

"What *can* you mean?" said the bewildered teacher.

"I can not explain now; I will, later.

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But if you have any regard for me, any compassion, come at once."

"But our bags, our—"

"I will take them all."

"And our trunks—they are checked through to Valley City. Will there be time to take them off?" said Jeanne-Armande, confusedly. Then, with more clearness, "But why should we go at all? I have no money to spend on freaks."

"This is Stringhampton Junction; we can cross here to the northern road, as you originally intended," explained Anne, rapidly. "All the additional expense I will pay. Dear mademoiselle, have pity on me, and come. Else I shall go alone."

The voice was eloquent; Jeanne-Armande rose. Anne hurried her through the almost empty car toward the rear door.

"But where *are* we going?"

"Out of the light," answered Anne.

They climbed down in the darkness on the other side of the train, and Anne led the way across the tracks at random, until they reached a safe country road-side beyond, and felt the soft grass under their feet.

"Where *are* we going?" said the Frenchwoman again, almost in tears. "Monsieur Heathcote—what will he think of us?"

"It is from him I am fleeing," replied Anne. "And now we must find the cross-road train. Do you know where it is?"

"It is, or should be, over there," said Jeanne-Armande, waving her umbrella tragically.

But she followed: the young girl had turned leader now.

They found the cross-road train, entered, and took their seats. And then Anne feverishly counted the seconds, expecting with each one to see Heathcote's face at the door. But the little branch train did not wait for supper; the few passengers were already in their places, and at last the bell rang, and the engine started northward, but so slowly that Anne found herself leaning forward, as though to hasten its speed. Then the wheels began to turn more rapidly—clank, clank, past the switches; rumble, rumble, over the bridge; by the dark line of the wood-pile; and then onward into the dark defiles of the mountains. They were away.

CHAPTER XXI.

"How heavy do I journey on the way
When what I seek, my weary travel's end,
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
'Thus far the miles are measured from my friend.'"—*Shakspeare's Sonnets.*

In the mean time Ward Heathcote was in the supper-room. After selecting the best that the little country station afforded, and feeing a servant to take it across to the train, he sat down to eat a nondescript meal with some hunger.

The intelligent mulatto boy who carried the waiter consumed as many minutes as possible in his search for "the two ladies in that car, on the right-hand side opposite the fourth window," who, plainly, were not there. He had the fee in his pocket, there would not be another, and the two "suppers" were paid for. It was decidedly a case for delay. He waited, therefore, until the warning bell rang, and he was then encountered in hot haste hurrying to meet his patron, the waiter still balanced on his shoulder.

"No ladies there, sah. Looked everywhere fur 'em, sah."

There was no time for further parley. Heathcote hurried forward, and the train started. They must be on board, of course; probably the cars had been changed or moved forward while the train was waiting. But although he went from end to end of the long file of carriages, he found no one. They were under full headway now; the great engine did not need gradual beginnings. He could not bring himself to ask questions of the passengers whose faces he remembered in the same car; they would open upon him a battery of curiosity in return. He went to the rear door, opened it, and looked out; the two grime-encircled eyes of a brakeman met his gravely. He stepped outside, closed the door, and entered into conversation with the eyes.

Yes, he seed two ladies get off; they come out this here end door, and climbed down on the wrong side. Seemed to be in a hurry. Didn't know where they went. Called after 'em that that warn't the way to the dining-room, and the young one said, "Thanks," but didn't say no more. Was they left behind? No, train didn't stop this side of Valley City; but the gentleman could telegraph back, and they could come on safe and sound in the morning express. 'Twarn't likely they'd gone north by the little branch

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road, was it? Branch connects at Stringhampton for the Northern Line.

But this suggestion made no impression upon Heathcote. Mademoiselle lived in Valley City; he had seen her tickets for Valley City. No, it was some unlooked-for mistake or accident. He gave the brakeman a dollar, and went back into the car. But everything was gone—bags, shawls, basket, cloak, bundle, and umbrella, all the miscellaneous possessions with which mademoiselle was accustomed to travel; there had been, then, deliberation enough to collect them all. He sat down perplexed, and gradually the certainty stole coldly over him that Anne had fled. It must be this.

For it was no freak of the Frenchwoman's; she had been too much pleased with his escort to forego it willingly. He was deeply hurt. And deeply surprised. Had he not followed her to ask her to be his wife? (This was not true, but for the moment he thought it was.) Was this a proper response?

Never before had he received such a rebuff, and after brooding over it an hour in the dismal car, it grew into an insult. His deeper feelings were aroused. Under his indolence he had a dominant pride, even arrogance of nature, which would have astonished many who thought they knew him. Whether his words had or had not been the result of impulse, now that they were spoken, they were worthy of at least respect. He grew more angry as the minutes passed, for he was so deeply hurt that he took refuge in anger. To be so thwarted and played upon—he, a man of the world—by a young girl; a young girl regarding whom, too, there had sprung up in his heart almost the only real faith of his life! He had believed in that face, had trusted those violet eyes, he did not know how unquestioningly until now. And then, feeling something very like moisture coming into his own eyes, he rose, angry over his weakness, went forward to the smoking car, lit a cigar, and savagely tried to think of other things. A pretty fool he was to be on a night train in the heart of Pennsylvania, going no one knew whither.

But, in spite of himself, his mind stole back to Anne. She was so different from the society women with whom he had always associated; she had so plainly loved him, and loved him, too, so deeply! Poor, remorseful, conscientious, struggling little heart! Why had she fled from him? It did not occur to him that she was fleeing from herself.

He arrived at Valley City at eleven o'clock, and had the very room with gaudy carpet he had pictured to himself. The next morning, disgusted with everything and out of temper as he was, he yet so far postponed his return journey as to make inquiries concerning schools for girls—one in particular, in which a certain Mademoiselle Pitre had been teaching French and music for several years. The clerk thought it must be the "Young Ladies' Seminary." Heathcote took down the address of this establishment, ordered a carriage, and drove thither, inquiring at the door if Mademoiselle Pitre had arrived.

There was no such person there, the maid answered. No; he knew that she had not yet arrived. But when was she expected?

The maid (who admired the stranger) did not take it upon herself to deny his statement, but went away, and returned with the principal, Professor Adolphus Bittinger. Professor Bittinger was not acquainted with Mademoiselle Pitre. Their instructress in the French language was named Blanchard, and was already there. Heathcote then asked if there were any other young ladies' seminaries in Valley City, and was told (loftily) that there were not. No schools where French was taught? There might be, the professor thought, one or two small establishments for day scholars. The visitor wrote down the new addresses, and drove away to visit four day schools in succession, sending a ripple of curiosity down the benches, and exciting a flutter in the breasts of four French teachers, who came in person to answer the inquiries of monsieur. One of them, a veteran in the profession, who had spent her life in asking about the loaf made by the distant one-eyed relative of the baker, answered decidedly that there was no such person in Valley City. "Monsieur" was beginning to think so himself; but having now the fancy to exhaust all the possibilities, he visited the infant schools, and a private class, and at two o'clock returned to the hotel, having seen altogether about five hundred young Americans in frocks, from five years old to seventeen.

According to the statement of the little store-keeper at Lancaster, mademoiselle

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had been teaching in Valley City for a number of years: there remained, then, the chance that she was in a private family as governess. Heathcote lingered in Valley City three days longer on this governess chance. He ate three more dinners in the comfortless dining-room, slept three more nights in the gaudy bedroom, and was at the railway station five times each day, to wit, at the hours when the trains arrived from the east. If they had waited at Stringhampton until he had had time to return to New York, they would be coming on now. But no one came. The fourth day opened with dull gray rain; the smoke of the manufactories hung over the valley like a pall. In the dining-room there was a sour odor of fresh paint, and from the window he could see only a line of hacks, the horses standing in the rain with drooping heads, while the drivers, in a row against an opposite wall, looked, in their long oil-skin coats, as though they were drawn up there in their black shrouds to be shot. In a fit of utter disgust he rang for his bill, ordered a carriage, and drove to the station: he would take the morning train for New York.

Yet when the carriage was dismissed, he let the express roll away without him, while he walked to and fro, waiting for an incoming train. The train was behind time; when it did come, there was no one on board whom he had ever seen before. With an anathema upon his own folly, he took the day accommodation eastward. He would return to New York without any more senseless delays. And then at Stringhampton Junction he was the only person who alighted. His idea was to make inquiries there. He spent two hours of that afternoon in the rain, under a borrowed umbrella, and three alone in the waiting-room. No such persons as he described had been seen at Stringhampton, and as the settlement was small, and possessed of active curiosity, there remained no room for doubt. There was the chance that they had followed him to Valley City an hour later on a freight train with car attached, in which case he had missed them. And there was the other chance that they had gone northward by the branch road. But why should they go northward? They lived in Valley City, or near there; their tickets were marked "Valley City." The branch led to the Northern Line, by which one could reach Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, the wilderness, but not Valley City. The gentleman might go up as far as the Northern Line, and inquire of the station agent there, suggested the Stringhampton ticket-seller, who balanced a wooden tooth-pick in his mouth lightly, like a cigarette. But the gentleman, who had already been looking up the narrow line of wet rails under his umbrella for an hour, regarded the speaker menacingly, and turned away with the ironical comment in his own mind that the Northern Line and its station agent might be—what amounted to Calvinized—before *he* sought them.

The night express came thundering along at midnight. It bore away the visitor. Stringhampton saw him no more.

In the mean time Anne and her companion had ridden on during the night, and the younger woman had explained to the elder as well as she could the cause of her sudden action. "It was not right that I should hear or that he should speak such words."

"He had but little time in which to speak them," said Jeanne-Armande, stiffly. "He spent most of the day with me. But, in any case, why run away? Why could you not have repelled him quietly, and with the proper dignity of a lady, and yet remained where you were, comfortably, and allowed me to remain as well?"

"I *could* not," said Anne. Then, after a moment, "Dear mademoiselle," she added, "do not ask me any more questions. I have done wrong, and I have been very, very unhappy. It is over now, and with your help I hope to have a long winter of quiet and patient labor. I am grateful to you; you do not know how grateful. Save those far away on the island, you seem to me now the only friend I have on earth." Her voice broke.

Jeanne-Armande's better feelings were touched. "My poor child!" she said, pityingly.

And then Anne laid her head down upon the Frenchwoman's shoulder, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

They reached Weston the next day. The journey was ended.

Mademoiselle selected new lodgings, in a quarter which overlooked the lake. She never occupied the same rooms two seasons in succession, lest she should be regarded as "an old friend," and expected to make concessions accordingly. On the second day she called ceremoniously upon

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the principal of the school, sending in her old-fashioned glazed card, with her name engraved upon it, together with a minute "Paris" in one corner. To this important personage she formally presented her candidate, endowing her with so large a variety of brilliant qualities and accomplishments that the candidate was filled with astonishment, and came near denying them, had she not been prevented by the silent meaning pressure of a gaiter that divined her intention, and forbade the revelation. Fortunately an under-teacher was needed, and half an hour later Anne went away, definitely, although at a very small salary, engaged.

She went directly home, locked her door, took paper and pen, and began to write. "Dear Rast," she wrote. Then, with a flood of remorseful affection, "Dear, dear Rast." Her letter was a long one, without break or hesitation. She told him all save names, and asked him to forgive her. If he still loved her and wished her to be his wife, she was ready; in truth, she seemed almost to urge the marriage, that is, if he still loved her. When the letter was completed she went out and placed it in a letter-box with her own hands, coming home with a conscience more free. She had done what she could. The letter was sent to the island, where Rast still was when she had heard from him the last time before leaving Caryl's; for only seven days had passed since then. They seemed seven years.

A day later she wrote to Miss Lois, telling of her new home and change of position. She said nothing of her letter to Rast or the story it told; she left that to him to relate or not as he pleased. In all things he should be now her master.

When this second letter was sent, she asked herself whether she could write to Helen. But instantly the feeling came surging over her that she could not. In addition there was the necessity of keeping her new abode hidden. No one knew where mademoiselle was, and the younger woman had now the benefit of that carefully woven mystery. She was safe. She must not disturb that safety.

To one other person she felt that she must write, namely, Miss Vanhorn. Harsh as had been the treatment she had received, it came from her mother's aunt. She wrote, therefore, briefly, stating that she had obtained a teacher's place, but without saying where it was. This letter, inclosed in another envelope, was sent to a friend of Jeanne-Armande in Boston, and mailed from that city. Anne had written that a letter sent to the Boston address, which she inclosed, would be immediately forwarded to her. But no reply came. Old Katharine never forgave.

The school opened; the young teacher had a class of new scholars. To her also were given the little brothers who were allowed to mingle with the flock until they reached the age of eleven, when they were banished to rougher trials elsewhere; to those little boys she taught Latin grammar, and the various pursuits in the imperfect tense of those two well-known grammar worthies, Caius and Balbus. Jeanne-Armande had not failed to proclaim far and wide her candidate's qualifications as to vocal music. "A pupil of Belzini," she remarked, with a stately air, "was not often to be obtained so far inland." The principal, a clear-headed Western woman, with a keen sense of humor, perceived at once (although smiling at it) the value of the phrase. It was soon in circulation. And it was understood that at Christmas-time the pupil of Belzini, who was not often to be obtained so far inland, would assume charge of the music class, and lift it to a plane of Italian perfection hitherto unattained.

The autumn opened. Anne, walking on the lake shore at sunset, saw the vessels steal out from port one by one, and opening white sails, glide away in the breeze of evening silently as spirits. Then came the colored leaves. The town, even in its meanest streets, was now so beautiful that the wonder was that the people did not leave their houses, and live out-of-doors altogether, merely to gaze. No tropic tree in full bloom could compare with these; for every leaf was a flower, and brighter than the brightest blossom. Then came a wild storm, tearing the splendor from the branches in a single night; in the morning, November rain was falling, and all was desolate and bare. But after this, the last respite, came Indian summer.

If there is a time when the American of to-day recalls the red-skinned men who preceded him in this land he now calls his own, it is during these few days of stillness and beauty which bear the name of the vanished race. Work is over in the fields, they are ready for their winter

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rest; the leaves are gone, the trees are ready too. The last red apple is gathered; men and the squirrels together have gleaned the last nut. There is nothing more to be done; and he who with a delicate imagination walks abroad, or drives slowly along country roads, finds himself thinking, in the stillness, of those who roved over this same ground not many years ago, and tardily gathering in at this season their small crops of corn beside the rivers, gave to the beautiful golden-purple-hued days the name they bear. Through the naked woods he sees them stealing, bow in hand; on the stream he sees their birch-bark canoes; the smoke in the atmosphere must surely rise from their hidden camp fires. They have come back to their old haunts from the happy hunting grounds for these few golden days. Is it not the Indian summer?

Early in December winter came, with whirling snow followed by bitter cold. The ice formed; navigation was over until spring. Before this time Anne had heard from Dr. Gaston and Miss Lois, but not from Rast. The chaplain wrote that a letter addressed to Erastus in her handwriting had been brought to him the day after the youth's departure, and that he had sent it to the frontier town which was to be his first stopping-place. Erastus had written to her, he thought, the day before his departure, but the letter had of course gone to Caryl's. Miss Vanhorn, without doubt, would forward it to her niece. The old man wrote with an effort to appear cheerful, but he confessed that he missed his two children sadly. The boys were well, and Angélique was growing pretty. In another year it would be better that she should be with her sister; it was somewhat doubtful whether Miss Lois understood the child.

Miss Lois's letter was emphatic, beginning and ending with her opinion of Miss Vanhorn in the threefold character of grandaunt, Christian, and woman. She was able to let out her feelings at last, unhindered by the now-withdrawn allowance. The old bitter resentment against the woman who had slighted William Douglas found vent, and the characterization was withering and picturesque. When she had finished the arraignment, trial, and execution, at least in words, she turned at last to the children; and here it was evident that her pen paused and went more slowly. The boys, she hoped (rather as a last resort), were "good-hearted." She had but little trouble, comparatively, with Tita now; the child was very attentive to her lessons, and had been over to recite to Père Michaux at his hermitage almost every other day. The boys went sometimes; and Erastus had been kind enough to accompany the children, to see that they were not drowned. And then, dropping the irksome theme, Miss Lois dipped her pen in romance, and filled the remainder of her letter with praise of golden-haired Rast, not so much because she herself loved him, as because Anne did. For the old maid believed with her whole heart in this young affection which had sprung into being under her fostering care, and looked forward to the day when the two should kneel together before Dr. Gaston in the little fort chapel, to receive the solemn benediction of the marriage service, as the happiest remaining in her life on earth. Anne read the fervid words with troubled heart. If Rast felt all that Miss Lois said he felt, if he had borne as impatiently as Miss Lois described their present partial separation, even when he was sure of her love, how would he suffer when he read her letter! She looked forward feverishly to the arrival of his answer; but none came. The delay was hard to bear.

Dr. Gaston wrote a second time. Rast had remained but a day at the first town, and not liking it, had gone forward. Not having heard from Anne, he sent, inclosed to the chaplain's care, a letter for her. With nervous haste she opened it; but it contained nothing save an account of his journey, with a description of the frontier village—"shanties, drinking saloons, tin cans, and a grave-yard already. This will never do for a home for us. I shall push on farther." The tone of the letter was affectionate, as sure as ever of her love. Rast had always been sure of that. She read the pages sadly; it seemed as if she was willfully deceiving him. Where was her letter, the letter that told all? She wrote to the postmaster of the first town, requesting him to return it. After some delay, she received answer that it had been sent westward to another town, which the person addressed, namely, Erastus Pronando, had said should be his next stopping-place. But a second letter from Rast, sent also to the chaplain's care, had mentioned passing through that very town

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without stopping—"it was such an infernal den;" and again Anne wrote, addressing the second postmaster, and asking for the letter. This postmaster replied, after some tardiness, owing to his conflicting engagements as politician, hunter, and occasionally miner, that the letter described had been forwarded to the Dead-letter Office. This correspondence occupied October and November; and during this time Rast was still roaming through the West, writing frequently, but sending no permanent address. Now rumors of a silver mine attracted him; now it was a scheme for cattle-raising; now speculation in lands along the line of the coming railroad. It was impossible to follow him—and in truth he did not wish to be followed. He was tasting his first liberty. He meant to look around the world awhile before choosing his home: not long, only awhile. Still, awhile.

The chaplain added a few lines of his own when he sent these letters to Anne. Winter had seized them; they were now fast fettered; the mail came over the ice. Miss Lois was kind, and sometimes came up to regulate his housekeeping; but nothing went as formerly. His coffee was seldom good; and he found himself growing peevish—at least his present domestic, a worthy widow named McGlathery, had remarked upon it. But Anne must not think the domestic was in fault; he had reason to believe that she meant well even when she addressed him on the subject of his own short-comings. And here the chaplain's old humor peeped through, as he added, quaintly, that poor Mistress McGlathery's health was far from strong, she being subject to "inward tremblings," which tremblings she had several times described to him with tears in her eyes, while he had as often recommended peppermint and ginger, but without success; on the contrary, she always went away with a motion of the skirts and a manner as to closing the door which the chaplain thought betokened offense. Anne smiled over these letters, and then sighed. If she could only be with him again—with them all! She dreamed at night of the old man in his arm-chair, of Miss Lois, of the boys, of Tita curled in her furry corner, which she had transferred, in spite of Miss Lois's remonstrances, to the sitting-room of the church-house. Neither Tita nor Père Michaux had written; she wondered over their new silence.

Anne's pupils had, of course, exhaustively weighed and sifted the new teacher, and had decided to like her. Some of them decided to adore her, and expressed their adoration in bouquets, autograph albums, and various articles in card-board supposed to be of an ornamental nature. They watched her guardedly, and were jealous of every one to whom she spoke; she little knew what a net-work of plots, observation, mines and countermines, surrounded her as patiently she toiled through each long monotonous day. These adorations of school-girls, although but unconscious rehearsals of the future, are yet real while they last; Anne's adorers went sleepless if by chance she gave especial attention to any other pupil. The adored one meanwhile did not notice these little intensities; her mind was absorbed by other thoughts. Four days before Christmas two letters came; one was her own to Rast, returned at last from the Dead-letter Office; the other was from Miss Lois, telling of the serious illness of Dr. Gaston. The old chaplain had had a stroke of paralysis, and Rast had been summoned; fortunately his last letter had been from St. Louis, to which place he had unexpectedly returned, and therefore they had been able to reach him by message to Chicago and a telegraphic dispatch. Dr. Gaston wished to see him; the youth had been his ward as well as almost child, and there were business matters to be arranged between them. Anne's tears fell as she read of her dear old teacher's danger, and the impulse came to her to go to him at once. Was she not his child as well as Rast? But the impulse was checked by the remainder of the letter. Miss Lois wrote, sadly, that she had tried to keep it from Anne, but had not succeeded: since August her small income had been much reduced, owing to the failure of a New Hampshire bank, and she now found that with all her effort they could not quite live on what was left. "Very nearly, dear child. I think, with *thirty* dollars, I can manage until spring. Then everything will be *cheaper*. I should not have kept it from you if it had not happened at the *very time* of your trouble with that *wicked old woman*, and I did not wish to add to your care. But the boys have what is called *fine* appetites (I wish they were not quite so 'fine'), and of course *this* winter, and never before, my provisions were spoiled in my own cellar."

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Anne had intended to send to Miss Lois all her small savings on Christmas-day. She now went to the principal of the school, asked that the payment of her salary might be advanced, and forwarded all she was able to send to the poverty-stricken little household in the church-house. That night she wept bitter tears; the old chaplain was dying, and she could not go to him; the children were perhaps suffering. For the first time in a life of poverty she felt its iron hand crushing her down. Her letter to Rast lay before her; she could not send it now and disturb the last hours on earth of their dear old friend. She laid it aside and waited—waited through those long hours of dreary suspense which those must bear who are distant from the dying beds of their loved ones.

In the mean time Rast had arrived. Miss Lois wrote of the chaplain's joy at seeing him. The next letter contained the tidings that death had come; early in the morning, peacefully, with scarcely a sigh, the old man's soul had passed from earth. Colonel Bryden, coming in soon afterward, and looking upon the calm face, had said, gently,

"Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not good-night, but, in some brighter clime,
Bid me good-morning."

When Anne knew that the funeral was over, that another grave had been made under the snow in the little military cemetery, and that, with the strange swiftness which is so hard for mourning hearts to realize, daily life was moving on again in the small island circle where the kind old face would be seen no more, she sent her letter, the same old letter, unaltered and travel-worn. Then she waited. She could not receive her answer before the eighth or ninth day. But on the fifth came two letters; on the seventh, three. The first were from Miss Lois and Mrs. Bryden; the others from Tita, Père Michaux, and—Rast. And the extraordinary tidings they brought were these: Rast had married Tita. The little sister was now his wife.

"RALDY."

A STORY OF THE WISCONSIN RIVER.

"WHAT 'll they do?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Sim won't work, and they're poor as poverty. It's a year since the wife died, and now the old mother's gone. She brought in the pennies right smart."

"There he is now."

The two women stopped their whispering as the tall, loosely built figure of Sim Peebles came shambling along the ragged street of "Dearborn City." A look of unmistakable affliction rested upon his weak but handsome face, and a rag of black stuff was tied decently about his shabby hat. Two children, little more than infants, came running to meet him from the low but fierce-fronted house into which he finally entered with them, and then the two women went on with their interrupted conversation.

"Who's a-doing things for them, anyhow? Who fixed *her*?"

"Him, I guess."

"Then he's smarter than I ever give him credit for."

A young woman who was walking hastily along the street had come close upon them while they were engaged in watching Sim Peebles, and had overheard these latter remarks of that gentleman's critics. She was above the medium height, and of a large and imposing figure, though far from graceful. Her large hands swung almost fiercely as she walked, and her tread was hard and masculine. With a mouth and chin handsomely and firmly though somewhat coarsely moulded, her broad and projecting forehead, and brilliant, fearless blue eyes, added to the heavy braids of flaxen hair which were wound neatly about her head, made her face striking, and even comely. The women turned with a start as they saw her, and realized that she had overheard them. Geralda, or, as she was commonly known, "Raldy," Scott was evidently a woman of whose opinion they stood somewhat in awe.

"*You* didn't offer to help Sim Peebles yesterday," Raldy Scott said, disdainfully, pausing a moment in her hurried walk. "He was alone there with that dead woman and those little children, and yet you, his neighbors, women with husbands and children of your own, never offered to help him. You ought to

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be ashamed of yourselves," she continued, her eyes flashing, and her language, which had been much better than that of her slovenly neighbors, taking on in her excitement more of their peculiar Western twang. "And here, instead of walking up to his door and saying, 'Sim, can't we help you in your trouble?' you are standing in the street outside, wondering 'who'll help him.' Raldy Scott despises lazy, shiftless Sim Peebles as much as you do; but she washed and dressed his dead mother for him, she fed his children, and, not being quite a brute, she proposes to take care of them till Sim Peebles can get somebody else. He swam in, when the Dells were full of ice, and got my father's body, so that his daughters could bury him decently, and Mart and I don't forget it."

And Raldy Scott swung along, leaving her listeners half stunned with her scathing rebuke.

"Humph!" said one of them, sullenly; "mebbe Raldy Scott can't always carry things so high."

"But the men 'll always stand up for her," said the other one, dejectedly. "They think she's pow'rful smart because she's made two or three trips up in the pines and down on the rafts with the men. It must 'a ben since you come here that she come back the last time with her drunken old father. She sorter looked after him, I reckon. He had fine airy ways, *he* had, and nothing but a tipsy Irishman, after all; and she with trousers and coat on, jest like the men. Oh"—spitefully—"she ain't pertickeler, Raldy Scott ain't; can swim and pole a raft with any man in the Dells any day. Only since old Roy Scott died she dresses like the rest of us. Her sister Mart's goin' to get married. Likely *she* wants to, too;" and the two women laughed viperishly.

"Perhaps she'll get Sim Peebles," said the other, as they parted; "he's ben a likely young widower some time now," and they laughed a coarse, hateful laugh as they went to their homes.

The two or three scores of houses, many of them built of logs, which formed the homely, straggling street of Dearborn City, were inhabited almost wholly by lumbermen. During a large part of the year these men were away from their families cutting wood in the pines; but when the ice began to break, and the great spring flood of the majestic Wisconsin rolled down from the north, they massed their logs into rafts, and came floating down the river to their homes. The village had been planted in the midst of the forest, and from many of its houses were visible the high red walls of the river as it shot through its wonderful Dells, and the roar of its torrent rose upon their hearing perpetually. Just below the site of the village there was a break in the high red sandstone which lined the river for miles—with occasional rifts like this one—and here, when the current would permit, the rafts paused in the spring long enough for those to land who were not absolutely necessary to conduct the unwieldy argosies to the distant Mississippi. If the current was too strong for the rafts to stop, as was generally the case, the men sprang into the boiling rapids and swam ashore. Many a life even of experienced river pilots had been lost in the attempt, and it was in this way that Roy Scott had perished.

He had indeed been an Irishman, and a dissipated one, but he had belonged to a wealthy and honorable family. He squandered his patrimony early in life, however, emigrated to the New World, and pushed into the wilds of what was then the farthest West. There he became enamored of the exciting life of the lumbermen of the Wisconsin, entered into it, met and married a quiet Swede girl, the daughter of one of his hardy comrades, and from their strange union had sprung the gentle Martha and the large-featured, fair-haired Geralda, whose Northern phlegm and endurance were united with the quick wit and intense passion of her Irish ancestors.

Geralda Scott clung to the memory of her father with an almost sublime devotion. His varied knowledge, a certain bluff polish of manner which his wild and roving life had never entirely obliterated, and his feats of strength and bravery, which were many and remarkable, she loved to dwell upon. From the upper windows of the rude, high-fronted "shanty" in which she and her sister lived, they could see plainly, some fifty feet down the red rock which bound the river, and a full two hundred above the swirling rapids, the legend, in bold white letters,

LEROY TALBOT SCOTT,
RIVER PILOT.
1843.

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The girl never saw this without a secret thrill, for her father, years before she was born, had climbed unaided up the beetling crag, and had hung by one hand between heaven and earth while he had written it.

"Humph, Mart Scott!" she had said, sharply, to her quiet and unimpassioned sister, "what are you made of, that you can hear these things, and yet sit there like a block?"

But Martha, with her pale Northern face and stolid Swede manner, cared more for the stout young pilot who was going to marry her than for all the stories of her reckless father's exploits. To her, whose frame was less robust than Geralda's, and who had always lived at home with her gentle mother, he had seemed only a carousing debauchee, whose absence in the pines was a pleasant relief, and whose coming was dreaded like the coming of a cyclone. To tell the truth, Martha regarded Raldy, who at sixteen had donned man's attire, as the disapproving neighbor had truly said, and had gone, under the leal though maudlin protection of her father, to do lumbermen's work and share lumbermen's fare in the rough life of the pineries—she regarded Raldy with almost as much dread as she had had of her dead father. But Raldy Scott, though she might be dreaded, was thoroughly respected by every man, woman, and child in Dearborn City. She was the soul of honor, and by hard work and economy she and Martha had managed to bury their father and mother decently, and then to pay off the mortgage on their little home. Raldy Scott had a brusque and forbidding manner, but, as Sim Peebles and many another man and woman had found out in times of trouble, underneath it beat a kind and generous heart.

Raldy Scott was as good as her word; and when the little funeral procession which followed Sim Peebles's mother to the grave moved away from the desolate hut, which Raldy's strong neat hands had cleansed and purified, Raldy herself, with her brave, straightforward face held up defiantly to her gaping neighbors, had led one of the sobbing babies, while their shambling father, looking strangely kempt and tidy, walked beside the other. Then they had come home again to the little hut, and every day through the dreary November weather Raldy Scott had tended the orphaned children, and kept the cabin o' days, hastening home, when the little ones were safely in bed, to Mart and her own trim though only less humble home.

"What you goin' to git for your pains, Raldy?" said a kindly old lumberman to her one day. He had befriended her father, and Raldy could not answer him curtly.

"Talk behind my back—and experience," said Raldy, half smiling. But Mart was to be married at Christmas-time, so that Raldy felt she could afford to earn less for a while; and indeed, though she would not have allowed it to herself, she was becoming almost fond of the life which she was leading in Sim Peebles's cabin.

"You're a powerful hand to work, Raldy," said Sim to her one day, as he sat watching her swift and energetic movements about his cheerless little kitchen.

Raldy stopped, and squared her elbows, looking straight at him from under her great forehead.

"I'm setting you an example, Sim Peebles," she said, slowly. "You're clever, and you're kind; you did me a great service once, and I'll never forget it; but if you had half the work in you that I have, you needn't be so all-possessed poor that you can't pay an honest woman for tending your wee bits and cooking your venison."

Raldy's tone forbade reply or argument, and Sim Peebles slunk guiltily away.

A day or two later he came in with a new brightness in his face.

"Say, Raldy," he began, half sheepishly—for Sim Peebles had been "raised" in semi-luxury in some Eastern State, had loafed ever since he could remember, and hardly knew whether the announcement which he was about to make would be really creditable to him or not—"could you get along—I mean, would you stay and look after things here till I come back, if I go up in the pines till spring?"

Raldy laughed a rather incredulous laugh.

"What are you going to do up in the pines?" she asked at length.

"Chop," answered Sim Peebles, succinctly.

"Humph! they've all gone long ago."

"No; there's a party going up to Stevens Point next week, and strike off from there."

"You can't chop," said Raldy, contemptuously.

"Yes, I can, too."

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"Well, then, go." Raldy spoke crustily. She would not give the peeping neighbors any chance to accuse her of spending soft words on Sim Peebles. Yet, truth to say, she no longer held him in the low respect which she had expressed in the screed delivered to her gossiping neighbors, and which her language to him would seem to indicate. In these long, quiet weeks since she had come to live in his humble cabin, she had detected in the lonely, saddened man qualities which had softened her heart toward him. He loved his children, and though he knew little enough how to care for them, he yet "minded" them devotedly in his own rough way. Then Sim Peebles's almost womanish face was yet handsome and attractive—when it was clean and shaven; and one day Raldy had come unexpectedly upon him with his eyes wet with tears, gazing upon a picture, which her quick vision noted, before he could put it away, as a likeness of his old mother.

"Humph!" said Raldy to herself, quite angry at a little secret tenderness which the sight had evoked in her, "Sim Peebles puts on considerable about his mother; but I notice he didn't get her a new dress while she was here, and if she had enough to eat, it was because she hoed the clearing and dug the potatoes."

Still, it was a fact, and Raldy, in a dim, unwilling way, knew it, that she was daily growing to set a higher value upon Sim Peebles than he deserved, and she felt this more definitely than before when he told her that he was going "up in the pines." There was in her a strange, an unreasoning aversion to having him go, glad as she was to see him developing something of the courage of a man.

She had repelled so fiercely the young men who, won to admiration by her spirit and good looks, had dared to make her any overtures, that Raldy had never yet had a regular love affair, and, as is usually the case with a strong and self-reliant woman, weakness had won where force had failed. She could not help acting a little more tender and approachable than her wont as the day drew near for Sim Peebles to go; and Sim—poor Sim, who had come to worship the very ground that Raldy trod—Sim felt it, but he did not dare to speak.

He was to start on a Monday, and Raldy had patched and darned his clothes till he was fit to go. Sunday morning she went, as usual, to the little Lutheran chapel, the only place of worship which Dearborn City afforded, and where her mother had been one of the most devout attendants, and having come home again, she got the dinner and fed the children. Then she turned them out to play in the clearing, and leaving the door ajar—for it was one of the mildest and pleasantest days of early winter—she went singing about her work. Sim Peebles watched her as she moved here and there, and Raldy, independent and imperious as she was, stole now and then a furtive glance at him.

"He's handsome," she thought, dreamily, as she gave a casual glance at Sim's waving hair and large brown eyes; "but," coming to herself a little, "how shiftless he is! But he's kind," wandering off again, "and he's done some brave deeds—but no pride, no ambition. But he's honest," thought Raldy again; "nobody ever said Sim Peebles wasn't honest; there's nothing mean about Sim Peebles, and that's one reason," excusingly, "why he's so poor;" and then her thoughts drifted off to what Mrs. Jenks and Mrs. Smith, her hateful neighbors, would say, if she should happen, by chance—of course she wouldn't, even if Sim should ask her—but what would they all say, what would Mart say, if she should ever happen to marry Sim Peebles?

Here Raldy checked herself, for she was standing absently, with a plate of butter in her hand, the butter in great danger of slipping, and her song quite still. She had been singing the old revival hymn:

> "And when I pass from here to Thee,
> Dear Lord, dear Lord, remember me."

Sim saw his opportunity, and seized it, and as she hurried into the little pantry and out again he spoke quietly and earnestly:

"That's what I've been thinking, Raldy—something like, I mean. When I'm gone away, remember me."

"I'm not likely to forget you, with the youngsters under my feet all day," retorted Raldy, with asperity.

"You have been very kind to me and mine," continued Sim, with a choice of words which proclaimed an early training greatly superior to that of the rough men around him. Raldy recognized this superiority. It was, indeed, one of Sim's

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strongest claims upon her favor. But she was not to be tempted from her rôle.

"I didn't suppose you had noticed it," she said, tartly.

"Noticed it! Why, Raldy!" in a tone of deep reproach. "And you can't think—I wanted to tell you before I went away—you can't think, Raldy, how it kind of spurs me up to try and be somebody. That's what makes me want to go up river now. I want to show you, Raldy—I want—" But here Sim Peebles choked up. His courage had given out. Raldy felt hers oozing out too.

"I guess I'll go home till supper," she said, and she darted away.

After supper she put the children to bed, and then brushed up the hearth and put the little cabin to rights, Sim meanwhile devouring her, as usual, with his eyes. Raldy had captured him, soul and body, and the nearer he came to the sublime sacrifice which he felt that he was making for her sake, the more completely his passion dominated him.

Raldy moved for her hat and shawl, and murmured something in a manner strangely unlike herself about "going home to Mart," when Sim Peebles caught her hand—no man had ever dared to touch Raldy Scott's person before—and begged her to sit down for a moment with him by the fire.

"You know," Sim said, brokenly, and with a face like ashes, "it's my last night, Raldy." With all his love, he stood in absolute terror of her.

Raldy sat down with a strange docility, but Sim could not speak, after all, and they sat for several moments in silence.

"Well," said Raldy at last, getting up in her old arrogant way, "I guess I'll go."

"Say first," said Sim, swallowing hard, and catching at her hand again—"tell me first, Raldy, that maybe when I come home, if I do well, Raldy, and turn out better, that—" He paused.

"That what?" questioned Raldy, in so gentle a tone that Sim took heart wonderfully.

"That maybe you'll—you'll marry me, and live here always, and see to the children."

It was all out now, and Sim drew a deep sigh as he turned his handsome, effeminate face, almost strong in its expression of intense love, full upon the strangely hesitating woman.

Raldy dropped into her seat again, and buried her face in her hands. Then she let them fall slowly, and said, with a serious and deliberative air which would have daunted a less persistent suitor:

"You're an honest fellow, Sim—and you know that's a good deal to me—and you're good-looking, but I declare I don't know of any other earthly reason why I should marry you. You couldn't support me. How you have had to fly around to get enough for us to eat since I have been here! And what wages have you paid me?"

Sim fairly cowered before her; but, with a woman's perversity, Raldy Scott's love only burned the more fiercely.

"It's all true," he said, mournfully, "but don't you see, Raldy, I'm turning over a new leaf? I'm going to work, and I'm going to show you, and the rest of them, that I can be like other men."

As Raldy looked at him a tear glittered in her eye.

"Well," she said, rising, and with no hint in her voice of the tear, "when you come back 'll be time enough to see."

"Oh, but, Raldy," cried poor Sim, who had reached just the point where "despair sublimes to power," "won't you just tell me that you love me—just a little?" He fell on the floor at her feet, and buried his face in her dress. "Haven't you any thought about me," he went on, piteously, "only that I'm a worthless fellow?"

"Sim, you fool," said Raldy, raising him up with more tenderness than her words would seem to warrant, "do you suppose that I would have let you go on this way if I hadn't? Good-by, Sim;" and slipping away before he could stop her, Raldy left him with such consolation as he could gather from her last remark.

Sim did not go till nine o'clock the next morning, and meant to have a few words more with Raldy before he left; but she was cold and incisive as usual, when she came in at daybreak, and she went about her work in a way that precluded further conversation. Once she colored violently when Sim caught her eye, and some tender words rose to his lips at the sight; but she looked at him again so sternly that he was glad to withdraw into himself at once, and dared not plead his cause any further.

The days of the winter wore slowly away, while Raldy did her self-appointed task, and bore unflinchingly the slurs of the gossips, and the thousand little irksome

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trials of her position. At last the intense cold began to yield. March glided into April. The ice in the river thawed, and daily among its floating masses came down great rafts of logs, guided by sturdy lumbermen, whose cries echoed and re-echoed from the mighty walls of the river, and gladdened the waiting hearts in the little village.

"When will our men come?" an aged lumberman, too old to go "up river" any more, shouted as one great raft became wedged between rocks and ice, near enough to converse a little amid the tremendous tumult.

"In a week or two," shouted back a man who lived at the next landing, and knew them well. There was no time for further talk, for the great raft just then made free, and swung into the current, and with the loud cries of the men as they plied their heavy poles, and the rescuing and clambering up of several swept off, as they often were in the dipping and swaying of the raft on its perilous passage, it was carried out of sight, the echoes of the hubbub lingering long after the vision had vanished.

All along the straggling, forlorn, burned, stumpy street of Dearborn City, with its staring hotel, its half-dozen beer saloons, and its one small meeting-house, ran the good news, "The men will be back in a week or two," and Raldy Scott sang more blithely over her work, while visions of Sim Peebles in an absurdly glorified aspect floated all day through her mind, though if anybody had insinuated as much to her, she might have raised the old shot-gun in the corner, which no man in Dearborn City could handle better than she, and have shot him dead on the spot. Still, she had to acknowledge to herself the alarming extent of her infatuation, and chide herself a little. "I don't care," her heart had answered, as the heart of many a woman had answered before her; "there's something about Sim Peebles that I like, and if he likes me, what difference does it make to anybody? There's nobody in this world that can dictate to Raldy Scott;" and Raldy drew herself up proudly. "He needs me—I can see that I'm just the woman he needs; and I like weak creatures. And he's honest, if he is shiftless; he wouldn't defraud a man out of a cent."

Raldy's straightforward soul clung desperately to that—Sim Peebles was honest. He might drink sometimes, though Raldy had never seen him the worse for liquor, but everybody called him "an honest fellow."

"Yes," Raldy said to herself over and over again, "he's a true, well-meaning man, and I like him; and if I want to marry him when he gets back, I'll do it, whether Mart or anybody objects or not."

The days dragged somewhat as a week went by and the men did not come; but Raldy read once again the few books which her father had left her, and which she had already worn threadbare, did her daily work, and tried to be patient, and every afternoon she went with the children down to the landing to watch the rafts.

It was Friday afternoon, and the April sunshine was warm and bright, when the noise of a great drive, manned by strangers, having just died away, a new one was heard coming down the Dells. The voices seemed to Raldy's quick ear familiar ones. She had thrown her long, heavy red cloak, such as all the Norse women wear, around her to cover her house dress, which consisted, as her mother's had before her, of a short stuff petticoat and a black bodice over a coarse woollen waist, and she drew her cloak closer, and gazed fixedly up the river, where the rafts always shot suddenly into view around a great bend.

The voices grew more distinct. "Halloo!" "Bear a hand!" "Shove her in, boys!" "Keep her steady!" And the great drive came thundering into view, rising and sinking, creaking and rubbing, the strong poles keeping her clear of the rocks, and the shouts of the men coming down with startling clearness on the gentle wind.

A cry rose from the men on shore. Yes, these were their friends and neighbors, and there—there was Sim Peebles, straighter than his wont, and standing on the very edge of the logs, ready to leap into the current and swim ashore, for it was impossible to push the raft to land.

Half a dozen others were beside him, mostly the older ones, whose families needed them. The youngsters would see the raft safe to its destination.

On swept the great drive, the men redoubling their cries as the passage became narrower and more dangerous; and just as they shot under the great white

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name of Leroy Scott, the river pilot, one after another of the black figures who were waiting sprang into the water, and began to struggle for the shore.

Raldy's pulses quickened, and a longing for her old wild life came over her. She had more than once made that leap herself, and no man of them all had battled more stoutly and resolutely than she with the freezing rapids.

One after another of the swimmers came safely through the five or six rods of foaming icy water, which were all that were necessary in order to reach the shore; but as Sim Peebles sank after his plunge, a dozen floating logs passed over him. The logs were carried on, but he did not rise; another moment, still he did not rise.

Raldy Scott paused for no second thought. A strapping fellow near her was pulling off his coat; but before he could do it, she had flung her heavy cloak aside, bared her arms, and dashed past him. She was a bold and vigorous swimmer, and fought her way desperately to the place where Sim went down. Suddenly a man's white face glared from the water ten feet away. His eyes were set, and his mouth was open. Raldy struggled toward him, seized his collar, and with the help of the young man, who had reached the spot just in time to help her bring her burden in, towed Sim Peebles ashore.

Once there, she lifted him as though he had been a baby, and poured the water from his lungs, loosened his coarse shirt, breathed into his bloodless lips, and poured a few drops of brandy down his throat, chafing his hands and chest meanwhile. Then she listened for his heart-beats, and a look of relief passed over her stern face.

"He's all right, boys," she said, turning carelessly to the breathless crowd about her. "Here, you, Sam Jenks, and the rest of you, you can carry him home. You'll find things all right there," and flinging her cloak around her, Raldy called the children and strode off, and by the time the men had fairly revived Sim Peebles, and had got him home, Raldy was at the door to meet them, her drenched clothes exchanged for dry ones, and the wet braids of her fair hair alone revealing that she had dared, not an hour before, the perils of the Dells of the Wisconsin for the sake of Sim Peebles.

"I hope," said Mrs. Jenks, viciously, as she passed out with the rest of the crowd that had seen Sim safe home—"I hope you'll get paid somehow, Raldy, for all you've done; and I rather guess"—with a meaning and to Raldy an utterly maddening leer—"I rather guess you're going to get something or other."

Mrs. Jenks discreetly passed out of earshot as she uttered her last words, the effect of which upon Raldy was rather impaired by the noise of the clink of glasses in the dingy little saloon opposite, and the voice of Mr. Jenks, raised purposely, so that Raldy might hear it—"I give you Raldy Scott, boys, the smartest girl on the Wisconsin River."

Raldy's training had not, unfortunately, taught her, much as she disliked drinking, to feel toward it exactly as an "Ohio crusader," and she took a grim satisfaction in imagining Mrs. Jenks's wrath when she too heard the toast, as she could not well help hearing it, and in thinking that these rough men, no one of whom would dare to speak to her save in the deepest respect, yet admired her with all their souls.

In a few days Sim Peebles was all right again. He seemed in excellent spirits; but it was not until he had been at home for nearly a week that Raldy gave him any chance to "speak out." Then he contrived it only by desperately barricading the door, and sitting down in front of it, just as she was about going home for the night.

"I want to tell you something," he said, piteously, for Raldy was severely on her dignity.

Raldy concluded to be cornered, and sat down to listen to him.

"I've saved up my pay," continued Sim, speaking a trifle hurriedly, "and I've done well, Raldy. I can support you well now. I got an extra job up there, and made some money out of that, and I've really done well, Raldy; you ask the fellows if I haven't."

Something in his manner made the quick-witted woman pause and look at him suspiciously; but as she looked, she saw nothing but Sim Peebles's handsome face, and great pleading brown eyes full of adoration for her, and she flung her suspicions to the wind.

"Well," she said, calmly, "if you have money, you'll find use for it. I suppose you know by this time that I've run up quite a bill at the store since you went

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away; I told them there that I'd foot it if you didn't."

"I'll foot it—I'll foot everything," said Sim, deliriously, taking her nonchalance, as well he might, for direct encouragement. "I've got enough to last us well for a good while, Raldy. And so it's all right, isn't it?—isn't it, Raldy?"

He rose to his full height with a sudden dilation of impetuous passion which compelled the scornful woman's admiration. Then he stretched out his arms to her mutely, and she let them fold her in.

She had been starved for love. "Now," she said to herself, laying aside all of her coldness and her asperity—"now I will love him as other women do. I will marry him. He has proved his love to me. He is going to be a different man, and I am his motive. I will believe in him; I will be a true wife to him, and a mother to his little children." And she did not chide Sim Peebles as he rained kisses upon her fair hair and her smooth broad forehead.

"To-morrow — to-morrow, Raldy," pleaded her intoxicated lover; "marry me to-morrow!"

"No," Raldy said, thoughtfully, becoming herself again suddenly, and tearing herself away from him—"no; one week from to-day I'll marry you, Sim. And if I put this trust in you, Sim"—with a sudden quiver in the clear voice which thrilled all through Sim Peebles's poor shivering soul—"you won't disappoint me, Sim, you'll never disappoint me?"

"Never, Raldy—never," he said, with an almost manly tenderness, and he drew her unresisting face to him and kissed her once again before she passed through the door to her home.

Raldy's preparations for her wedding were few and very private. She did not tell even Mart. "If I choose to throw myself away," she said to herself—for Raldy Scott knew well that from the head of the Wisconsin to the Mississippi there wasn't a woman to equal her—"if I choose to throw myself away on Sim Peebles, it's nobody's business but my own. They'll talk enough afterward—and they may."

At last the morning came of the day which Raldy had set for her wedding; and Sim went about with a look of bliss upon his face which would have told the story to the whole neighborhood, in spite of his solemn promise to Raldy not to reveal it, if she had not studiously kept him busy upon the place in making up the garden.

They were to be married at noon. Eleven o'clock was near at hand, and Raldy called out softly to Sim to see to the children. She was going over to Mart's to put on her best dress, and was hurrying out of the gate, when she encountered Mrs. Jenks.

"Good-morning," said that lady, beamingly.

Instead of pushing past her contemptuously, as she would usually have done, something made Raldy stop civilly.

"Glad to see Sim's getting ahead a little," said Mrs. Jenks, with a smirk.

Raldy stared at her mutely, and did not stir.

"Sorry he's come by his money just as he has, though," went on Mrs. Jenks, sending her shaft well home.

The color left Raldy's steady face, and her mind flew back to the momentary suspicion with which she had first received the news of Sim's good fortune.

"How is that?" she said, imperiously.

"Oh, don't you know?" rejoined Mrs. Jenks, innocently. "All Dearborn's talkin' about it. You know Sim ain't oversmart about coverin' up his tracks."

"Well?" said Raldy, breathlessly, as her tormentor paused.

"You know old Jake Torrey died up in the pines six weeks ago?"

"Yes, yes," impatiently.

"And maybe you know he died all alone with Sim Peebles?"

Raldy did not know it, but she bowed her head.

"At least," said Mrs. Jenks, spitefully, "Sim thought he was alone, but my Sam happened to be within hearing, just out of sight, and he heard old Jake say, 'Take this money, Sim, and send it to my daughter in Varmount,' and he told him where, and Sim writ it down, and," went on Mrs. Jenks, with satisfaction enough to atone for all the innumerable slights and snubs that she had received at Raldy's hands—"and then the old man dropped away; but Sim, mind yer, he never said a word, not he, but he's come all of a sudden by a big pile, so he makes his brag—'extra job,' he says, I hear." And Mrs. Jenks passed on.

Raldy went a few steps further, her proud head bowed a little, and her firm steps slow and faltering. Then she turned quickly, and re-entered Sim Peebles's

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little cabin. The children were playing out-doors, and she closed and bolted the door behind her as she went in. Then she motioned to Sim to sit down opposite her. Her keen, indignant eyes searched him through and through. He looked back at her for a moment with all the fond joy of an expectant bridegroom. Then the purpose of her gaze seemed to penetrate him. The light went out from his face, his eyelids drooped, his head fell. Then he groaned aloud, and she knew that Mrs. Jenks's story was true.

"Sim," she said, softly, "is it true? Tell me as you would tell your Maker;" and there was a ring in her low tone which compelled him to be honest with her. "Did you take that money that Jake Torrey left you for his daughter, and pretend that it was your own?"

"Oh, Raldy," he began, weakly, "not all—oh, not nearly all. You can write—"

She interrupted him sternly. "Did you take any of that money, Sim?"

"Just enough," he said, pleadingly—"just enough to pay me for doing the business, you know, Raldy—not much, you know. Oh, Raldy, you won't cast me off for that, will you?—oh, not now, Raldy—not *now!*" and the man, putting his head in her lap, wept bitterly.

She stroked his hair tenderly, but her firm face did not weaken.

"I have thought a great deal of you, Sim," she said, in a dry, hard voice, suddenly rising and pushing him from her, "but now that I find that you are a mean and dishonest man—that you can cheat the dead, Sim—that's all over. I hope you'll get somebody to take care of the children, Sim, for I must go. I reckon I'll go down to Fond du Lac or Milwaukee, and go out to service. Mart's married, and"—wearily—"I might as well."

And she turned before his face, unlatched the humble door, through which an hour hence she had thought to walk as a bride, and before he could open his paralyzed lips to speak, she was gone. And Sim Peebles never saw her again.

THE MORMON SITUATION.

FOR an American to study the situation of affairs in Utah is a task which brings only a reward of grief and indignation, and these feelings increase as the subject is more and more investigated and understood. One is grieved over the welding of such a superstition upon thousands of people, incensed at the degradation of poor women, and indignant that in the United States a system is being encouraged and strengthened annually which kills the clear sense of right in young minds, and taints childhood with errors which can never be eradicated. The system was founded in the most transparent fraud of the century; the men who first gave it prominence were creatures whose brutal impulses were the only guide to their lives; the prominent leader who in Utah for thirty years was hailed as a prophet of the Lord was simply a despoiler of his people, and the most obscene and brutal of men; while the present chiefs are men whose lives are covered with falsehood and guile. And still while this thing called the Mormon Church is revealing a record as dark as that of the Thugs, reducing woman to the condition she occupied before the Saviour's teachings emancipated her, offering the reward that Mohammed offered to men's lusts, debasing the tender and plastic minds of childhood, and while the leaders of this system, through the lusts and superstition of their followers, are able to enthrall the minds and absorb the earnings of tens of thousands of deluded mortals, the men and authorities of this republic stand by and watch with apparent indifference the cloud which is rising among the mountains of mid-continent, which if let alone will break at last in tears and blood, and drench the whole land.

To give a clear understanding of the present position of the Mormon people and the influences which control them, together with the outlook for the future under that control, is a most difficult task. I can tell what I know, what ten thousand people around me know, and while knowing that it is all true, often find it almost impossible to support the statement with the proofs which a legal or prejudiced mind would demand. Hence in what I shall say below only facts perfectly well known will be stated. A writer on this theme is in the same position that the courts in Utah are when they attempt to punish a man for the offense of having at the same time two or

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twenty wives. Every resident may know the fact, the children of the different "wives" may be seen daily at play about the streets, the Mormons themselves will tell what the maiden names of the women were; and still, arraign that man and charge him with the crime, and those very women will come into court and on oath declare that they were never married to the man, and if necessary (as they have before now) swear that they do not know who is the father of their own children. Of course the court is baffled, and justice is defeated. The Mormons will prove by their "sacred" books that they may not lie or commit violence, that a good Mormon can not help but be a truthful, God-fearing man. But such things always have with them a double meaning. With them it means simply that to a brother Mormon they must be true, while to an outsider the rule does not apply. In private the more candid of them will admit this, and will cite examples by the score from the Bible to prove how from the first it has been the rule for God's people to deceive and spoil the heathen. There is a double meaning or a chance for a reservation everywhere in their professions and statements. Their Church itself is a *double entendre*. They went to Utah poor; they have sought no way to acquire wealth except from the products of the soil; the coming of strangers was a signal for the most cruel persecutions by them, those persecutions taking the form of ostracism, of open murder, and secret assassination. For years Gentiles carried their lives in their hands; the prayers in the churches on the Sabbath were that the Gentiles might be destroyed; Governors and judges and other United States officials were driven away; to prospect for minerals in the hills of Utah was death; and though the Gentiles, against this opposition, and while wronging no one, opened the mines and made a market for Mormon produce, gave employment to Mormon laborers, paying in gold, and making the present wealth of Utah except the value of the naked land, within the last three months the Premier of the Mormon Church, a man who claims to be an apostle of the Lord, furnished to a distinguished magazine of the East an article in which he directly claims that not only against the barbarism of the wilderness, but against the most merciless and continued persecutions, the patient and long-suffering Mormons have builded for themselves homes in the desert. As this man is really the controlling spirit of the Mormon Church, a brief reference to some of his statements will give the reader a fair estimate of the worth of any Mormon's statement concerning Mormon affairs.

He says of Joseph Smith: "He had the courage of his convictions, and did all that mortal man could do to prove to the world that he knew that his teachings were true—he died for them."

The truth is, Smith was arrested as any other culprit might be, and died as any criminal might, and certainly as much against his own will or intention as ever did felon of greater or less degree at the rash hands of an outraged community.

Of Brigham Young this man says: "The man who had the courage to lead an expatriated people through the wilderness, the statesmanship to found a great commonwealth, and the truthfulness and probity to make his word among business men have the value of a bond, can not be injured by malicious envy." The courage of going to Utah was nothing more than thousands of others dared, the statesmanship displayed was simply in claiming divine power, and making some hundreds —and later some thousands—of people work for him; and while his word was good where he could not afford to break it, Salt Lake City is full of people of both sexes whom he deliberately robbed. The writer of the foregoing extract was the man who delivered the funeral eulogy over Brigham Young's remains. In that eulogy he declared his full belief in the integrity and divinity of the dead "prophet." Within a few days afterward, however, he was one of the parties to a suit which compelled the heirs of the "prophet" to make restitution of more than one million dollars stolen from a deluded people. Again, this writer denies that the Mormons in Idaho were ordered how to vote last year. At the time, a Mormon bishop stated that against their will they were ordered to vote, and the result of the election showed that every Mormon obeyed.

The same writer asserts that the Mormons are attached to the Constitution of the United States, and claims, therefore, that they are good Americans. They do claim that under the Constitution polygamy, or any other cant or fraud under the

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name of religion, is allowable, and thus far and no farther are Mormons Americans. When the civil war was raging, Brigham Young, in the Tabernacle one day at Salt Lake City, said: "The men of the South pray to God for the destruction of the men of the North; the men of the North beseech God to bring destruction upon the men of the South; I say amen to both prayers." These words reveal fully the love which the Mormon people bear to the people and government of the United States.

Further on in his article the Mormon Premier says: "Every person was at liberty to do as he pleased about prospecting and opening mines." The truth is that Lawrence and Godbe were cut off from the Church for advocating mining. Men who tried to prospect were murdered or driven away, and the first mines opened in Utah were only opened under guard of United States soldiers. He claims that in the early days of Utah there were no liquor or gambling saloons or prostitutes in the Territory. Brigham Young early engaged in the manufacture of liquor, and it was openly sold (a most vile compound) in Mormon stores that bore the sign of "Holiness to the Lord" and "the all-seeing eye" over the doors. There were no houses of public prostitution, for such houses can not exist where there is no money; but that there were ample materials to supply such houses is manifest from Brigham Young's old sermons, one of which is before this writer as he writes, but which by its obscenity is preserved from reproduction.

He praises the Mormon schools of Utah, when the testimony of Gentile teachers is unanimous that they are of the very lowest type.

He further says: "From the time when travel across the continent to California commenced, it has been a constant custom in Utah to invite ministers of repute of every denomination who were passing through to preach in the various places of worship." It has been the custom occasionally to ask ministers to preach one sermon in Salt Lake City; these sermons have been themes for ridicule on the succeeding Sabbaths. But to show the real Mormon spirit I will cite one case. A young Presbyterian minister came to Utah a few years ago to try to regain his lost health. He went to San Pete Valley, where there were no schools, where there were boys and girls nearly grown to manhood and womanhood who were totally ignorant of the rudiments of an education, and opened a school. Hearing of it, Brigham Young and his nearest counsellors repaired to San Pete, and before a full congregation on the Sabbath day Young instructed his hearers to kill the offending minister. George Q. Cannon, who made the above statement of Mormon liberality, sat by and heard Young's order, as did also the Rev. Mr. McMillan, against whom the order was directed, and who, despite three attempts upon his life, still lives and continues to teach and preach in San Pete. Mr. Cannon also tries to charge the Mountain Meadows Massacre upon John D. Lee and the Indians. There is nothing better known in Utah than that Lee was but a mere instrument in the hands of his superiors, that he would not have dared to act without orders, that the murders were planned in Salt Lake City, and that many of the effects of the victims were carried to that city and sold. More, in a meeting of the seventies in Salt Lake City, Brigham Young justified the massacre.

I have cited the above extracts to show just how much a Mormon's word is worth to the outside world. The man I have quoted from is second in place in Mormon authority, claims to be an apostle of the Lord, and to speak with an inspiration received direct daily from God. His brother, who is also high in authority in the Church, but a few days since, under oath, declared that he did not know that his brother was living in polygamy, and that he knew the names of no women who claimed to be his brother's wives except his first wife. There is hardly a child in Salt Lake City who does not know four women who are Cannon's wives, and their children.

Mr. Cannon denies that in Utah there is any union of Church and state, while under date of January 6, 1881, John Taylor, President of the Mormon Church, in a communication to Henry Randall Waite, special United States Census Agent, admits that the Mormon Church has full control over the temporal as well as the spiritual affairs of the Mormon people. This same thing is preached weekly in the Mormon churches.

The first colony that went to Utah was composed of only a few hundred people; now the Church claims that it rules some one hundred thousand followers in the

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Territory. The first comers had a large percentage of Americans, who were drawn into the toils before the full enormities of the institution were divulged, but of those who have connected themselves with the Mormon Church during the past thirty years quite nine-tenths have been from Europe, and from the very lowest classes of European society. The immigration has increased from a few hundreds annually to a few thousands. Last year more than three thousand came, and this year a heavy increase over that number is expected. The children of school age, as returned by the Mormon authorities, number forty thousand. Those too young to attend school, together with those above school age and still under the age of twenty-five years, must number quite thirty thousand more. It is clear that the Mormon kingdom in Utah is composed of foreigners and the children of foreigners. It is necessarily so. It is an institution so absolutely un-American in all its requirements that it would die of its own infamies within twenty years, except for the yearly infusion of fresh serf blood from abroad. Few Americans could ever be made to bear the unquestioned and unquestioning obedience which is exacted from this people. The government is an absolute despotism. Every ward in the city, every small precinct in the country, is under the control of a bishop. To him the people have to submit all their affairs, temporal as well as spiritual. His advice amounts to a command, and a command which must be obeyed. The bishops report to the elders, the elders to the seventies, the seventies to the high priests, the high priests to the presidents of stakes, they to the patriarchs, they to the twelve apostles, and they to the president and his high counsellors. Down the same scale the orders are sent. These leaders are the same as God to the blinded thousands of Utah. At the last October conference the burden of the harangues to the people was to impress upon them that the chiefs, being daily and regularly inspired by God, could make no mistake, could do no wrong. The discourse of Elder Orson Pratt is full of this business, and he did not fail to warn all who doubted that they would be damned. At the same conference another elder explained that the people must obey their leaders in financial as well as spiritual affairs, even as the people did in the days of Moses.

Through such a system it is easy to see how an ignorant and fanatical people are held under absolute control by the heads of the organization. In Brigham Young's time, he was a more absolute ruler than was ever the Czar of Russia. Since his death, the president, John Taylor, and his first counsellor, George Q. Cannon, make the controlling power, and give direction to the whole system. Both are Englishmen. A favorite expression of Brigham Young's used to be, "We follow the forms of a republic, but this is a kingdom." It is a kingdom, or rather a despotism, so all-embracing that intelligent Americans at a distance do not believe the truth about it when it is told.

The sentiment throughout the country is that however misguided the Mormon leaders may be, they are entirely sincere, that their religious convictions are a part of their lives, and that in treating with them this fact must never be lost sight of. There are many among the ignorant followers who are sincere, and there are many who, at the command of John Taylor, would go out with only staves and pitchforks, against a fully armed and disciplined army corps, and expect to conquer, for they are thorough fanatics, and are steeped in superstition. The fact that for years they have worked uncomplainingly, while their leaders have absorbed all the profits of the toil, is a convincing proof of their sincerity. But with the leaders, that is, with four-fifths of them, the case is altogether different. With them their Church is simply a colossal political and commercial machine through which a few leaders may hold control over the minds and earnings of the followers, through steady appeals to their fanaticism and superstition, by holding over them the terrors of excommunication, and the promises of sensual indulgences in this world, and a Mohammedan paradise after death if they are but faithful. It is an absolute theocracy; it holds itself above the government of the United States, or any other government; teaches its adherents that "all governments founded merely by men are illegal"; claims that its founder was a prophet inspired by Omnipotence; that as he died his mantle descended upon his successors, with all its divine powers; that as he could do no wrong, they, in his place, and the direct custodians of his powers, can do no wrong, and that when men, poor and weak, and

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groping in the darkness of this world, make laws which are contrary to their desires, or which conflict with their plans, they are not only not under the slightest obligations either to obey or respect them, but have a perfect right to commit perjury or any other crime to avoid obeying them. So, while within the republic, claiming all its protection and advantages, these leaders are teaching their followers steadily to look forward to the time, in the near future, when the dominion of the whole land shall be theirs—not only the spiritual dominion, but the political and commercial dominion. Their contempt for the government of the United States has been and is being shown in a hundred ways. Their election law giving the ballot to women is a sample. Under that law girls under age, and alien women with the odor of the emigrant ship still upon their clothes, without ever having taken an oath of allegiance to the United States, without the slightest idea of the meaning of the act they are performing, or what is intended by it, cast their votes as they are instructed to, in some tongue unknown to ordinary Americans, and go away dazed. During the past eighteen months more polygamous marriages have been consummated in Utah than ever before in the same length of time. Every day, in Salt Lake City, can be seen women, still girls in years, carrying in their arms infants the fathers of which they would not, under torture, reveal. The Mormon leaders and Mormon journals take the ground that a person can not be punished for the crime of polygamy until his guilt is established by direct proof in a court of competent jurisdiction, and jeeringly defy the authorities to obtain the proof. Daniel H. Wells, one of the oldest leaders and highest officers of the bogus Church, and the chief custodian of the Endowment House records at Salt Lake City, swore in court there that he knew of no record of Mormon marriages. Brigham Young, when arraigned, swore that he had but one wife, that he never was but once married. Every Mormon knows how desperate was the perjury which these men committed, and every one of them justifies their acts.

A few years ago, in Salt Lake City, late at night, a physician was called from his home, as he was informed, to attend upon a wounded man. He was met a few steps from his own gate by a body of men, and murdered. Next morning Brigham Young headed a subscription with $500 as a reward for the arrest and conviction of the murderers. Other prominent Mormons signed large sums. On that same morning Brigham Young could have had those murderers brought before him in five minutes, had he so desired. A few days later, in a public assemblage, Young bewailed the murder, and declared that he would give a large sum to have the perpetrators brought to justice; all the time the murderers were smiling up at him from the congregation, and he knew them, and knew what they had done. The physician's offense had been the location of a few acres of land and some springs that the Mormons wanted. Crimes as open as this have been somewhat relinquished during the past few years in the main centres of Utah, but the old spirit remains just the same. The present policy of the organization is to put on the outward forms of peace, to assume before the world the mien of martyrs and non-combatants, and to tell of the cruel persecutions they have suffered, and of the slanders that are hurled at them. In secret they are as aggressive as of old, and are only waiting for strength to make their purpose too pronounced to be mistaken. Joe Smith wanted to imitate Mohammed—to raise his flag and go out and conquer a kingdom. He was persuaded by his more prudent followers to relinquish a plan so rash; but the mixed Puritanism and Mohammedanism in the soul of Smith, and which gave origin and direction to the Mormon institution, still control the spirit of affairs in Utah. By Puritanism we mean, above, that kind that burned witches, and compelled men to worship God one way. It is but a little while ago, in a village but a few miles from Salt Lake City, that a woman was shot for being "a witch." With a spirit as full of fanaticism as ever warmed a Thug to kill bodies in order that souls might be saved, the first years of Utah, after the coming of the whites, were full of assassinations and cruelties to all that were outspoken in opposition to the Mormon faith, or who questioned the divinity of the Mormon religion. The presence of the United States flag over Camps Douglas and Cameron, the soldiers garrisoning those posts, the knowledge that in case of trouble the Gentile miners in Utah would be a difficult element to manage, together with the present facilities

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for concentrating a government force there, have changed the outward bearing of the Mormons, but the old spirit is still the moving principle. Great as is the effort to conceal it, now and then it breaks out in muttered threats, or in exclamations of open defiance. At the last October conference Apostle Cannon defied all the powers of earth and of hell to interfere with the Mormon Church or its customs. He was talking to the assembled thousands in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, and he meant that his words should have full effect upon the fanatics before him.

The superb organization of the Church is held complete in all its details; nothing is permitted to be neglected. No general ever held an army under more perfect control than Taylor and Cannon hold the whole body of the Mormon people. Through tithes a tremendous fund is secured annually, with which the priests strengthen any weak spot in their position. Their lines are solid from within, and toward the world the organization bristles everywhere with the defiance of disciplined strength. More and more missionaries are sent out annually, and the annual increase of bigoted, priest-enslaved foreign creatures to join the "kingdom" in Utah is very great. From Utah colonies are selected, and sent wherever a place presents itself. In this way the valleys of Colorado, and Arizona, Idaho, Wyoming, Montana, and Washington Territories, are being swiftly appropriated, and wherever these colonists go, they carry with them joyfully their badge of slavery to a few men in Salt Lake City who, as they believe, are the vicegerents on earth of the living God.

Another feature of the system is that the people are taught that the whole Gospel was not revealed to Joseph Smith, but that those who follow in his footsteps, like him, are inspired, and liable, even as Joseph was, to receive covenants and laws from Heaven at any time. No mortal man can tell when the Mormon religion will be fully completed, or what new jugglery may be added to it before the final patent shall be applied for. It is now nearer what the Mohammedan Church was at the time of Mohammed's death than anything else ever was. Its aim is universal dominion. Its leaders contemplate the time when they will absolutely direct, over whole States, the political, commercial, religious, and social affairs of the people, in utter defiance of the laws of the country. More: they believe that in the near future the control of the republic itself will pass into their hands, and this they are careful to keep impressed upon their people. This is preached from every Mormon pulpit; this is the settled belief of the Mormon thousands. Some little time before Brigham Young died he announced from his pulpit that before twelve years he would dictate the person who would be elected President of the United States. They are but waiting until they can gain political control of one State. With that accomplished, the country would soon understand what Mormonism means. Polygamy would be legalized, the offices would be distributed exclusively among polygamists, free thought would be strangled, a free press would not be permitted to exist for a day, and within six months from the time that full power was placed in Mormon hands all the region within the lines of that State would be as absolutely foreign as are the Barbary States to-day; that is, it would be so if no violent resistance were to be interposed by resident Gentiles. There are impetuous Gentiles in Utah who, understanding the Mormon system thoroughly, as well as the ways and purposes of the Mormon leaders; who have been lied about, traduced, and wronged; who have watched as the government, year after year, has trifled with this mighty wrong; who have seen men high in authority, civil and military, lend their sympathy and encouragement to the men who in Utah are defying the laws and plotting the overthrow of the republic—who would welcome Statehood to Utah if the government would but agree to keep its hands off, and leave the people to adjust the differences which would follow. In that case there would be a speedy surrender by the Mormons of the two baneful features of their creed, polygamy and Church rule, or there would be a repetition of what transpired in Missouri or Illinois some years ago. Otherwise, the Mormons would make laws which would render the presence of Gentiles in Utah impossible; and if resisted, they would, as the legal authorities, call for help from the Federal government. Politicians already pander to them. They understand perfectly the art of managing corporations to keep them friends. It is their expectation that members of Congress who are also railroad attorneys will pre-

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vent in the future, as in the past, any legislation hostile to them. The railroad press of the country is preaching conciliation, kindness, and the extending of schools as the only means through which to subdue or change the spirit of the Mormon people. While pretending to be horrified at polygamy and Church rule, the moment that anything is proposed which threatens to be a real blow at either, the cry is raised that force, violence, or harsh means never were effective in influencing men's religious convictions, and never can be. They ignore the fact that the Mormon Church is merely a gross political machine; that it is changed, expanded or contracted, at any time, to suit its leaders; that kindness and conciliation are lost upon its members; that their purpose is perpetually aggressive; that they mean to destroy free government in the United States, and reproduce in this country such a state of affairs as rules in Mohammedan countries; and that there is but one thing they respect, which is irresistible power. The masses of the Mormon people are kept so poor, and their minds are so enslaved with the teachings of their leaders, that they can not be reached by the usual means of enlightenment, except in a most limited degree. The great mass can not read English books or newspapers; they would not if they could. Out of the slums of Europe they have been brought to a land which supplies them with fresh vegetables, meats, and comfortable clothing, and the change to them seems so nearly a miracle that they do not wish to question its genuineness. So steeped are they in superstition and ignorance that they obey without question all orders from the heads of the organization. But for the steady influx of foreigners—low, base-born foreigners, hereditary bondsmen—the two dreadful features of the Mormon Church, polygamy and the exalting of the church over the state, would die out in America in two generations. As it is, not half of the daughters of Mormons who have grown up amid a large population of Gentiles will ever enter into polygamy, but among the masses in the country districts fanaticism is as strong as ever.

It may safely be affirmed that there never was an institution so demoralizing to the religious sentiments of humanity as this Mormon Church. The spectacle of one hundred thousand people in the midst of this republic who believe implicitly that some cunning rogues are real priests and apostles of the Lord, who believe they can cure the sick by touching them, that repeated miracles have been performed by them since the days of Joe Smith, who heed none of the teachings of the past eighteen hundred years, on whom modern progress makes no impression, may well make men ask, if all this is possible under the electric light, with the magnetic telegraph clicking, with the power-press sounding, with the locomotive whistling, with the world full of books and daily journals, what might not cunning priests eighteen hundred or three thousand years ago have concocted?

And while this system is spreading and being daily strengthened, while something is going on in Utah which, if left exclusively to itself, would, in a generation, bring women to the auction block, and utterly brutalize men, the people of the East do not seem to be greatly worried. Though the Gentiles of Utah never wronged the Mormons, though they have given to Utah its prosperity and accumulated wealth, though they own quite two-fifths of the property of the Territory, and though they have never asked anything of the Mormons except that they obey the laws, still, the sentiment of the East is that they are a predatory set, and that the Mormons are entitled to peculiar and tender consideration, because they, when their presence and customs had become intolerable to the people among whom they dwelt, started out into the wilderness and established a thriving Territory.

While doing this the Mormons have shrunk from no crime, recoiled at no falsehood, have murdered and robbed Americans in secret, and laid the crime to savages, and still, while despoiling Americans, have shed crocodile tears over their own extreme sufferings. They have disobeyed and derided the laws, and still continue to do so; they have insulted and driven away United States officials for no offense except that of trying to do their duty under their oaths, and all this has been performed by the orders of less than thirty men, who, in the mean time, have absorbed so much of the earnings of the people that they possess more money and property than five times twenty thousand of their dupes possess. Worse than all, they have again forged the chains of an ignominious slavery on the wrists of wo-

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men; what they call their religion offers a perpetual premium for men's lusts; their teachings kill the germ of chastity in the hearts of childhood before it is ever warmed into life, and destroy the honor and sacredness of home.

The men of the East should consider these things, and should remember that once before there was an institution in this country around which there was a shield of sympathy; its divine rights were declared from a thousand pulpits; Congress was too sordid and too cowardly to deal with it; wholesale merchants and great corporations lent their influence to perpetuate it, and a venal press rang with anathemas against any who dared to denounce it. But there came a day at last when men had to choose which should live and rule, that institution or this nation.

The history of what followed is fresh in all minds; and little as the masses believe it now, there will come a time, if this monster in Utah is left to grow, when there will be another call for volunteers and for money; and, as before, tens of thousands of brave young men will go away, never to return; as before, there will be an enormous debt incurred; as before, the country will be hillocked with graves, and the whole land will be moistened by the rain of women's tears.

"FAINT HEART NE'ER WON FAIR LADY."

I WISH to introduce my readers to Miss Marion Laurie, born in New Jersey, but as perfect a little Scotch beauty as if she had been born among the Grampians. Indeed, her forefathers may have been the indigenous growth of that locality, for Deacon David Laurie "allowed" they were there when King Fergus pre-empted the Cairngorm tracts—a circumstance touching prehistoric times.

David Laurie, however, seldom permitted himself to speak of such unpractical matters; those blue hills belonged to his childhood and youth, states which he had nearly forgotten, the more so as the bonnie lassie he wooed and won among their golden brooms had been long dead, and there now remained no visible link between the shadowy past and the intensely real present.

Excepting—and I make the exception with all respect—Miss Janet Monteith, a "far-awa' cousin" of Mrs. Laurie's, who had filled the dubious position of maid and companion to that lady, and after her death a somewhat similar one to her two daughters, Julia and Marion. But whatever her position, she had discharged its duties with an unselfish devotion that would have dignified the humblest service. True, Janet had grumbled somewhat through her twenty years' care, but grumbling with her was merely a habit, without necessary causes or consequences.

And she had always had two stock subjects for grumbling about. First, the flat country: it was a constant irritation to her; and if Janet had possessed the faith that could move mountains, doubtless the Grampians would now be in New Jersey. Second, the still, stealthy river: had it been a river of any sensibility, it would have risen against the comparisons she was always making between its sullen-looking waters and the wimpling, rattling, clear-running streams of Scotland.

But the river did its business—that is, it run the great cotton and silk mills of David Laurie in an admirably consistent, regular manner; and David was not ungrateful; he had always a word of apology for his aid. "It will not make a picture, Janet," he would say; "but then it's just like yoursel', woman—better than it's bonnie." Yet Janet in her white lace cap and neckerchief was no uncomely picture, for instinctively she knew that age surrounds itself with a kind of youth in garments that are always sweet and fresh. So, though she was a contrast, she was not an unpleasant one, to the lovely girl cuddling among the crimson damask cushions in the same room with her.

This girl is Marion Laurie. I have been prosy about my introduction, but a beauty, like a queen, requires some ceremony. Now you may look at her dimpled face, oval in shape, pink and sweet as a rose just bloomed. There is in it something fairly luminous; say it is the glory of her eyes—large blue eyes—bright and clear as heaven; or say it is the glory of her hair—pale golden-brown hair—like the aureole of a saint. No one would care particularly to analyze any creature so exquisite; it would be like pulling a flower to pieces to find out where the perfume dwelt.

But as she lies with her small hands crossed above her head, and her small

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feet crossed just outside the ruffles of her robe, one can not help wondering what she is dreaming about, or what ripple of song or murmur of sweet words will first part the rosy smiling lips. She has been still for full ten minutes. Janet wonders, but respects the mood; for it is a little crisis in Marion's life, and for the first time she has full liberty given her to decide upon her own movements. She may spend the winter in New York with her married sister Julia, or she may stay in New Jersey, and gather around her such pleasures and company as the rather lonely locality admits of.

Ten minutes is not long to canvass both sides of such a question, but Marion's rapid mind managed it quite to her own satisfaction in that time.

"Janet," she said, decidedly, sitting upright in order to clasp her knees comfortably, "I am going to New York; that is clear."

"I would ask your reasons, Miss Marion, if I thought you had any."

"Oh, reasons are plenty as blackberries, Janet. First, I want to go; second, I want to go; third, I want to go; and—"

"You needna specify further, Miss Marion. I ken weel that 'I want to' is reason enough for you."

"Yes, I am not dour and hard to convince, like some people I know, Janet; and I don't believe in being very kind to other people and awful hard upon yourself. I think Marion Laurie has some slight claims upon Marion Laurie's attention."

"I dinna think you owe the lassie anything. She's weel enough looked after."

"Well, at present I owe her half a dozen new dresses; but I shall get papa to give her a check to-night that will clear off all demands. Heigh-ho, Janet! I believe I must make myself look pretty for dinner; for, first, there is that check to smile for; and second, there is a stranger coming—is there not?"

"Nobody but my ain nephew, Miss Marion. He is just frae the hills o' Scotland, a plain, sensible body, that kens mair about weaving than women. It's no worth your while bewildering the puir fellow."

"I am not so sure of that, Janet. You have a depressed view of the value of all men. I shall just run my own eyes over him, so get out my navy blue silk dress, 'an' pearlins an' brooches an' a','" said, or rather sang, Marion, for the order ran easily enough into the merry lilt of "woo'd an' married an' a'."

Perhaps Janet had really not so very many objections to the bewildering of her nephew; certainly she went very lovingly to work to assist in the bewildering process, and there was small wonder that the two gentlemen, in the midst of a discussion about wheels and bands, catching the first sight of this radiant girl in shimmering silk and gleaming gold, should get bewildered, and lose their argument inextricably for that night. Mr. Laurie, being partly accustomed to such revelations, simply wondered and admired, and gave her a check for double the amount she asked. What man could have helped it with such a lovely face whispering close to his own?

Mr. Monteith looked, and the bewildering was fully accomplished. Her face smote him at once into tender adoration; her glancing dress, with all its amazing loops and ruffles and folds, was wonderful to him. "She came, she saw, she conquered." The man, whether a lord or vassal of creation, was her slave for evermore, bought with a glance and fettered by the touch of a little hand that fell like a white rose petal into his own great brown palm.

What an amazing evening it was to John Monteith! The dinner table was spread in fairy-land; the meat and wine had the flavor of paradise. And Marion's singing of the little plaintive Scotch airs her father loved! There are no words to describe its influence over him. Does any one wonder that three-fourths of the human race have always worshipped some woman? It is the instinct of men to deify the soul that awakens their own.

And truly John Monteith entered into a new and larger life at Marion's first word. Hitherto, to weave the finest goods at the least possible cost, to economize labor and material, and to amass money had seemed to him ends sufficient to justify life. But now, even in the first tumult of his awakening, there arose before him the question, What shall a man do to be worthy of such a pearl of womanhood?

It was later than usual when Marion went to her room that night. She had her check in her hand, but her face wore an unusual shadow of perplexity and doubt. Janet, sitting by the fireside, sipping her glass of mulled claret, noticed at once the

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new expression. "You are late, child," she said, looking admiringly at the lovely figure, with its daintily gaitered foot upon the fender.

"Am I? Papa kept me singing."

"What do you think of John Monteith?"

"Oh, he is nice."

"'Nice,' Marion! The adjective is a very improper one applied to men."

"Is it, Janet? I did not know. Choose one yourself."

"Entertaining?"

"No, he is not entertaining. He listens, and lets you talk. After all, I don't know but what that is entertaining.'

"Handsome?"

"It would be a sin to say 'no.' Yes, Janet, your nephew is handsome. I don't mind admitting the truth, even on a point of beauty. Is he going to stop here?"

"He is going into the mills with your father."

"Where is he going to live?"

"He will board at Mr. Bogart's, I hear."

"What a fight Minnie and her cousin can have over him! I should think he would be a man girls would quarrel about. I have half a mind to stay in Jersey, and act as umpire. While we are away, Janet, why can't he live with papa? I should think they would be good company for each other."

"Suppose you suggest it?"

"I will. I don't like our folks boarding round. Besides, I have no doubt that he will be all the better of your keeping him in sight. Men are lost quantities unless they are tied to some woman's apron-strings."

"You are quite certain about going to New York?"

"Oh yes; but we need not hurry for a few days. I shall let Julia get the furnaces into working order and the children's winter clothes made. She is always fussy at the beginning of the season, and very few nice people are at home yet."

But Marion's few days lengthened out into a few weeks. Mr. Laurie was beginning to talk of his own holiday trip to Julia's before she again seriously considered the subject. But somehow the quiet routine of the house had been wonderfully brightened by John Monteith's presence at the breakfast and dinner table, while in the long fire-lit evenings there was always a deep rich barytone mingling with the sweet soprano in the wild, weird, tender ballads that lulled old David Laurie into dream-land.

Was Marion in love? Who could tell? Girls have blushed and smiled, and sung tenderly, and glanced sweetly, and dressed ravishingly, before now; and men have read all these signs by lights of their own, and been miserably deceived. If she let her hand linger in John's clasp, and dropped her white eyelids over rosy cheeks beneath his loving gaze, could he trust that it was for love of him? If she wore the flowers he brought, and sang the songs he liked, durst he risk his fate on such evidences? Ah! it is often the bitterest part of love's lesson that it knows not what it may ask, fears where it ought to hope, and hopes where it ought to fear.

Two days before Christmas the halls were littered with trunks and travelling wraps, and John Monteith, with a sorrowful face, was walking up and down among them; yet it brightened, almost painfully, as a little figure in cashmere and fur came slowly down the broad stairs. Marion was going away; would she ever come back for him again? He had not faith to ask the question; and though she was in a tearful, tender mood, all the more reason, he thought, to refrain from pressing his own claims at such a time. He sits beside her in the double sleigh which carries them to the railway dépôt. Mr. Laurie is driving, and the servant beside him keeps him in busy conversation about the greenhouses. For ten minutes John has Marion all to himself; he wraps the furs carefully around her, draws her to his side, but a strange silence falls on both of them, and not until they are parting does he find words to say, "Miss Laurie—Marion! will you try and remember me?" There was no word in reply, only a clasp of the hand, and a bright look of sympathy, yet somehow John took it for a promise.

Hitherto Marion had seen nothing of society; she was now to enter a new world. She came to it as a queen preordained to conquest. The men followed her footsteps, the women imitated her toilets. Her perfect physical health stood all tests. In the middle of February she had not lost anything of her exquisite beauty—nay, she had gained, for a woman rises with her wardrobe, and often puts on genius as well as confidence with a magnificent attire.

The middle of February, and she had

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not seen John Monteith since they parted at the little way-side dépôt. But she heard through Janet that he was putting up great buildings which were to be filled with wonderful new machinery and appliances. Did he remember her amid these business cares? Did she remember him? How could she? Her present occupations so filled every hour that she could not find time to reach back after the love and promise of weeks ago. Lovers waited on her footsteps; she was fed on incense and flattery; and yet, and yet—Only two little words, but love has lived on less.

Well, it was the 14th of February, and a keen, bright, frosty day. There was a sleighing party in prospect, and Marion, full of glee and anticipation, joined a merry group at the breakfast table. As usual, a little pile of letters was waiting for her; and among them one of a strangely unfamiliar aspect. She opened it curiously; it was an unmistakable old-fashioned valentine. The jests and laughter seriously annoyed her. Of course it was John Monteith's doing. None of her New York lovers would have been guilty of such a vulgarism. "Stupid! it was just like him. People did such things, she supposed, in Scotland. They had sent them there, and of course they would go on sending them long after the rest of the world had forgotten the custom. But in New York! On Madison Avenue! In the year of grace 1874! What a barbarian the man must be!"

That valentine worried her all the day; she laughed at it, said it was ridiculous, but yet she did not destroy it. Janet noticed that circumstance, and laid it up in her heart for John's comfort if need be. He needed it sooner than she expected, for that very evening, just as Marion was dressing for a grand bridal reception, John Monteith came for the answer to his valentine. He did, of course, a very unwise thing; but men that are far-seeing enough in a business speculation are often very foolish in a love affair.

There was in Marion's heart a lingering feeling of contempt and annoyance at that ridiculous present of paper lace, satin, and painted flowers. She was vexed that he should have shown such bad taste, first, in sending it at all, second, in following it so soon. These and similar thoughts irritated her. She would not hurry her toilet for his waiting; she had never since they parted been less in a mood to meet him pleasantly.

John's hopes, too, gradually died out in his lonely hours waiting in the empty parlor; and when Marion descended in all the pomp of silk and lace and jewels, he felt a sense of intrusion which no true lover ought ever to be allowed to feel. He was placed at an unmerciful disadvantage, but he had come determined to tell Marion that he loved her, and with something of the dour obstinacy of his race he would not be bashed and frightened out of his intention.

The meeting was not encouraging, but he was now beyond noticing that. In a few manly, straightforward words he showed her the depth of his love, and offered her the honest devotion of his life. Then some perverse spirit took possession of the girl. She knew that she loved the tall, handsome fellow, pleading so earnestly yet so manfully for her regard; but she would not say the one truthful word that would have made both of them happy. She held him with the assent of her eyes, while she tortured him with her unruly tongue. She even acknowledged that she was far from indifferent to him, but declared that it would be impossible for her to give up New York and its delightful society.

John was far too truthful to temporize; he said "that his fortune was all invested in his mills, and that he must of necessity live near them."

Marion supposed "of course his interest was of more consequence than her pleasure."

John denied this for himself, but said that "his interest was now bound up with the interest of his partner, creditors, and the hundreds of poor men and women that he employed."

Every word sent them further apart, and yet the willful girl was longing to be forced into having her own mind. Had John been less afraid of her, and more confident of himself; had he taken her hands and pleaded with all the passion that was trembling on his lips; had he dared to use the simple power of his great positive nature over her contradictious, undecided one, she would have yielded gladly and proudly. But though it is a common saying that "men don't know their weak points," it is a great truth that they still more rarely know their strong ones; and for the want of this very knowl-

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edge, John Monteith went out into the dark winter night a wretched man, and Marion Laurie went up stairs, cast off her gay clothing, and sobbed in passionate abandon the whole night through.

This circumstance—though the world knew it not—shortened the period of Marion's social triumph in New York. She suddenly announced her intention of going abroad. She said she was sick, and going to die, and Mr. Laurie left all his business in John's charge, and said he was ready to go wherever Marion wished. Yet if she had desired, she might have made her journey a bridal tour; but lovers had become a bore to her; she would none of them. She shocked Mr. Laurie by saying she "wished she was a Catholic, and could be a nun." If a child of his could have thoughts of that kind, she must be seriously ill; he had no further doubts of his duty to devote himself to her.

So they went abroad, and remained a year, travelling here and travelling there, but finding happiness nowhere; for happiness was with John Monteith, and they and he were thousands of miles asunder. At last Marion longed for her Jersey home again. The truth was that in this hard struggle between pride and love, love had conquered. She wished to go back within the reach of reconciliation.

Even if John no longer loved her, she could show him that she was sorry for the suffering she had caused, and that she loved no one else, at any rate. She had dreams of settling down a quiet little old maid of nineteen years. Perhaps John and she might even come to be very dear friends to each other, and if he should marry any other girl, she could try and love her too. Then she tried to imagine Ella Doremus or Minnie Bogart as John Monteith's wife, and she felt that learning to love them in that capacity would be a lesson likely to give her employment and discipline for a very long time.

Marion's condition grievously puzzled her father, and also certain grave and learned doctors whom he paid liberally to unravel the mystery. But it did not puzzle Janet. Just as you set a thief to catch a thief, you may set a woman to find out a woman. But then there was in Janet's nature a great deal of that fatalism which is the legitimate outcome of John Calvin's theology. "What had to be, would be; and it was nane o' her business to sort threads some wiser hand than hers had tangled." Not that she was unwilling to do so; she only waited for her appointed opportunity.

It came one dreary evening in a London hotel. David Laurie, utterly depressed and anxious both about his business and his daughter, had gone to his room early to write letters, and Janet and Marion kept gloomy state in a drearily magnificent apartment big enough to frighten two timid women. There was a slow, dismal rain falling outside, and the muddy, miserable-looking streets filled Marion, who was watching them through dripping window-panes, with a kind of terror. Suddenly she turned to Janet, and with something of her old impetuosity, said: "I want to go home; I am sick to see New York again."

"'Deed, child, I am glad you have come to your right mind once more."

"I wonder if papa will be willing to go directly?"

"I'm thinking nothing will please him better. He had letters to-day that were none too good; forbye we are neither of us free of anxiety about John. John is my only kith or kin."

"John Monteith? What of him, Janet? Is anything wrong with John?"

"There is nothing right, it seems. The hands are on a strike, and behaving very ugly, and John is not just the man to manage them safely; besides which, he is quite worn out with doing your father's as well as his own share of thinking."

"I wonder if he ever thinks of me, Janet?"

"What for not? He liked you weel enough."

"Oh, Janet, Janet, he did more than that: he loved me with all his heart—far better than I deserved."

"That is clean impossible, honey. And who's to blame you for not loving him back again?"

"Oh, but I did love him! I did indeed, only—"

"You made a mistake, and said 'No,' instead of 'Yes.' Eh, dear?"

"I said foolish things I did not mean, Janet; and I wanted to say 'Yes,' and he would not make me."

"I know, dear. I am Janet Monteith to-day because I once wanted to say 'Yes,' and somebody would not make me. Men have mostly a good conceit o' themselves; when they have not they make a deal o'

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trouble, for the whole world is sorted for that condition."

"Tell me about it, Janet."

"There's little to tell, child. Thirty years ago there was a handsome lad that liked me weel, and it behooved him to go awa' to the East Indies. He wanted me to go with him, and I wanted no other thing; but he misdoubted himself and misdoubted me, and so he sailed east, and I sailed west. Life was just a weariness for a long while afterward." And the old lady looked with wistful, tearful eyes backward, backward, after the long-vanished hopes and years. She was roused from her reverie by a low, passionate sobbing among the sofa cushions: Marion was weeping bitterly. She let her weep; such tears were gracious rain, and would bring clear skies after them.

Three weeks after this conversation the weary little party smiled into each other's faces as they turned into Broadway again. "There is not a city in the world like New York," said Marion, enthusiastically, as she looked almost lovingly up the long, picturesque vista. David nodded a pleasant assent, and Miss Janet made no other reservation than a slight one in favor of Edinburgh.

After a night's rest at his daughter Julia's, David Laurie set out at once for his mills and his home, and Janet insisted on going with him; but Marion was to stay a few days in New York, until the whole house had been thoroughly warmed and made comfortable. Perhaps she was not sorry to do this now that she was within two hours travel of John. She wanted time to consider what she ought to do and say in every possible contingency likely to occur; and so, after Janet's and her father's departure, she spent the whole day in arranging programmes of her unavoidable meetings with John.

When the evening arrived she had decided on all her movements, and was quite ready to take an interest in Julia's dressing for a great dinner party. Marion herself would not go; she did not care to unpack her trunks, or provoke a round of callers, for she had made up her mind to go home as soon as Janet notified her that the house was in comfortable order.

Consequently she was to spend the evening alone, and she was rather amazed at herself for liking the idea; but now it was sweeter to think of John than aught in the world besides. She withdrew to a small parlor containing a piano, for it would help to pass the evening if she practiced some of the old Scotch songs which she had not touched since John and she had sung them together. Would they ever sing them together again? That was of course among the possibilities she had arranged for, but— She started at the "but," and began to walk thoughtfully up and down the room, noting even in the midst of her anxieties what a pretty shadow she cast upon the wall.

So little changes our moods when we are young. She smiled at her vanity, and sat down to play, taking the songs as they came in order, and becoming slowly but thoroughly imbued with their spirit. By-and-by she came to one that touched her own case with a startling relativeness, and it was with a sobbing cadence the music set itself to the pathetic entreaty of Marion, singing,

"Could you come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
Back with the form and the face that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, tender and true."

The verse ended in a sob, and the fair golden head fell heavily into the clasped hands.

"Marion! Marion! Marion!"

There was no need of further weeping. John found her in the right mood this time. She lifted her tearful but exquisitely tender face to that loving call, and answered it only by one low word—"John!" Yet her whole attitude was intensely eloquent. Without making a step, without a movement of the arms, she gave her lover an impression of overflowing expectation. But her first words after this tacit confession were thoroughly womanly: "Oh, John, how much you have made me suffer!"

Perhaps at first John was a little astonished at this charge, but when his cruelty had been made manifest to him, he was very properly indignant at his own stupidity. Then Marion forgave him. And really John's behavior would have led any one to believe that the most delightful of all experiences was to be forgiven for an unknown and unintentional offense.

John and Marion have been married some months now, and yet John, with a man's blundering incapacity, often misunderstands his lovely little wife. However, I do not know that this is an occurrence to be in any measure regretted, since both of them seem to enjoy the explanations so much.

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A LAODICEAN.

BOOK THE FIFTH.—DE STANCY AND PAULA.

CHAPTER I.

MISS POWER was reclining on a red velvet couch in the bedroom of an old-fashioned red hotel at Strasburg, and her friend Miss De Stancy was sitting by a window of the same apartment. They were both rather wearied by a long journey of the previous day. The hotel overlooked the large open Kleber Platz, erect in the midst of which the bronze statue of General Kleber received the rays of a warm sun that was powerless to brighten him. The whole square, with its people and vehicles going to and fro as if they had plenty of time, was visible to Charlotte in her chair; but Paula, from her horizontal position, could see nothing below the level of the many dormered house-tops on the opposite side of the Platz. After watching this upper story of the city for some time in silence, she asked Charlotte to hand her a binocular lying on the table, through which instrument she quietly regarded the distant roofs.

"What strange and philosophical creatures storks are!" she said. "They give a taciturn, ghostly character to the whole town."

The birds were crossing and recrossing the field of the glass in their flight hither and thither between the Strasburg chimneys, their sad gray forms sharply outlined against the sky, and their skinny legs showing beneath like the limbs of dead martyrs in Crivelli's emaciated imaginings. The indifference of these birds to all that was going on beneath them impressed her: to harmonize with their solemn and silent movements the houses beneath should have been deserted, and grass growing in the streets.

Behind the long roofs thus visible to Paula over the window-sill, with their tiers of dormer windows, rose the cathedral spire in airy open-work, forming the highest object in the scene; it suggested something which for a long time she appeared unwilling to utter; but woman's natural instinct had its way.

"A place like this," she said, "where he can study Gothic architecture, would, I should have thought, be a spot more congenial to him than Monaco."

The person referred to was the misrepresented Somerset, whom the two had been gingerly discussing from time to time, allowing any casual subject, such as that of the storks, to interrupt the personal one at every two or three sentences.

"It would be more like him to be here," replied Miss De Stancy, trusting her tongue with only the barest generalities on this matter.

Somerset was again dismissed for the stork topic, but Paula could not let him alone; and she presently resumed, as if an irresistible fascination compelled what judgment had forbidden: "The strongest-minded persons are sometimes caught unawares at that place, if they once think they will retrieve their first losses; and I am not aware that he is particularly strong-minded."

For a moment Charlotte looked at her with a mixed expression, in which there was deprecation that a woman with any feeling should criticise Somerset so frigidly, and relief that it was Paula who did so. For, notwithstanding her assumption that Somerset could never be anything more to her than he was already, Charlotte's heart would occasionally step down and trouble her views so expressed.

Whether looking through a glass at distant objects enabled Paula to bottle up her affection, whether she had no affection requiring such treatment, or whether her friend Charlotte had so little personality in Paula's regard that she could commune with her as with a lay figure, it would be premature to say; but she evinced remarkable ease in speaking of Somerset, resuming her words about him in the tone of one to whom he was at most an ordinary professional adviser. "It would be very awkward for the works at the castle if he has got into a scrape. I suppose the builders were well posted up with instructions before he left; but he ought certainly to return soon. Why did he leave England at all just now?"

"Perhaps it was to see you."

"He should have waited; it would not have been so dreadfully long to May or June. Charlotte, how can a man who does such a hare-brained thing as this be deemed trustworthy in an important

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work like that of rebuilding Stancy Castle?"

There was so much of real feeling in the inquiry that, whatever factitiousness had gone before, Charlotte perceived Paula to be at last speaking her mind; and it seemed as if Somerset must have considerably lost ground in her opinion, or she would not have criticised him thus.

"My brother will tell us full particulars when he comes: perhaps it is not at all as we suppose," said Charlotte. She strained her eyes across the Platz, and added, "He ought to have been here before this time."

While they waited and talked, Paula still observing the storks, the hotel omnibus came round the corner from the station. "I believe he has arrived," resumed Miss De Stancy; "I see something that looks like his portmanteau on the top of the omnibus.... Yes, it is his baggage. I'll run down to him."

De Stancy had obtained six weeks' additional leave on account of his health, which had somewhat suffered in India. The first use he made of his extra time was in hastening back to meet the travelling ladies here at Strasburg. Mr. Power and Mrs. Goodman were also in the hotel, and when Charlotte got down stairs, the former was welcoming De Stancy at the door.

Paula had not seen him since he set out from Genoa for Nice, commissioned by her to deliver the hundred pounds to Somerset. His note stating that he had failed to meet Somerset contained no details, and she guessed that he would soon appear before her now to answer any question about that peculiar errand.

Her anticipations were justified by the result: she had no sooner gone into the next sitting-room than Charlotte De Stancy appeared and asked if her brother might come up. The closest observer would have been in doubt whether Paula's ready reply in the affirmative was prompted by personal consideration for De Stancy, or by a hope to hear more of his mission to Nice. As soon as she had welcomed him, she reverted at once to the subject.

"Yes, as I told you, he was not at the place of meeting," De Stancy replied. And taking from his pocket the bag of ready money, he placed it intact upon the table.

De Stancy did this with a hand that shook somewhat more than a long railway journey was adequate to account for; and in truth it was the vision of Dare's position which agitated the unhappy officer; for had that young man, as De Stancy feared, been tampering with Somerset's name, his fate now trembled in the balance; Paula would unquestionably and naturally invoke the aid of the law against him if she discovered such an imposition.

"Were you punctual to the time mentioned?" she asked, softly.

De Stancy replied in the affirmative.

"Did you wait long?" she continued.

"Not very long," he answered, his instinct to screen the possibly guilty one confining him to guarded statements, while still adhering to the literal truth.

"Why was that?"

"Somebody came and told me that he would not appear."

"Who?"

"A young man who has been acting as his clerk. His name is Dare. He informed me that Mr. Somerset could not keep the appointment."

"Why?"

"He had gone on to San Remo."

"Has he been travelling with Mr. Somerset?"

"He had been with him. They know each other very well. But as you commissioned me to deliver the money into no hands but Mr. Somerset's, I adhered strictly to your instructions."

"But perhaps my instructions were not wise. Should it, in your opinion, have been sent by this young man? Was he commissioned to ask you for it?"

De Stancy murmured that Dare was not commissioned to ask for it; that upon the whole he deemed her instructions wise; and was still of opinion that the best thing had been done.

Although De Stancy was distracted between his desire to preserve Dare from the consequences of folly, and a gentlemanly wish to keep as close to the truth as was compatible with that condition, his answers had not appeared to Paula to be particularly evasive, the conjuncture being one in which a handsome heiress's shrewdness was prone to overleap itself by setting down embarrassment on the part of the man she questioned to a difficulty in steering between honor and rivalry.

She put but one other question. "Did it appear as if he, Mr. Somerset, after telegraphing, had—had regretted doing so, and evaded the result by not keeping the appointment?"

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"That's just how it appears." The words, which saved Dare from ignominy, cost De Stancy a good deal. He was sorry for Somerset, sorry for himself, very sorry for Paula. But Dare was to De Stancy what Somerset could never be: and "for his kin that is near unto him shall a man be defiled."

After that interview Charlotte saw with warring impulses that Somerset slowly diminished in Paula's estimate; slowly as the moon wanes, but as certainly. Charlotte's own love was of a clinging, uncritical sort, and though the shadowy intelligence of Somerset's doings weighed down her soul with regret, it seemed to make not the least difference in her affection for him. So much did her basis of regard contrast with Paula's for the maligned architect that she was almost convinced by Paula's critical manner of Paula's indifference.

In the afternoon the whole party, including De Stancy, drove about the streets. Here they looked at the house in which Goethe had lived, and afterward entered the cathedral. Observing in the south transept a crowd of people waiting patiently, they were reminded that they unwittingly stood in the presence of the famous clock-work of Schwilgué.

Mr. Power and Mrs. Goodman decided that they would wait with the rest of the idlers, and see the puppets perform at the striking. Charlotte also waited with them; but as it wanted eight minutes to the hour, and as Paula had seen the show before, she moved on into the nave.

Presently she found that De Stancy had followed. He did not come close till she, seeing him stand silent, said: "If it were not for this cathedral, I should not like the city at all; and I have even seen cathedrals I like better. Luckily we are going on to Baden to-morrow."

"Your uncle has just told me. He has asked me to keep you company."

"Are you intending to?" said Paula, probing the base-moulding of a pier with her parasol.

"I have nothing better to do, nor indeed half so good," said De Stancy. "I am abroad for my health, you know, and what's like the Rhine and its neighborhood in early summer, before the crowd comes? It is delightful to wander about there, or anywhere, like a child, influenced by no fixed motive more than that of keeping near some friend, or friends, including the one we most admire in the world."

"That sounds perilously like love-making."

"'Tis love indeed."

"Well, love is natural to men, I suppose," rejoined the young lady. "But you must love within bounds, or you will be enervated, and cease to be useful as a heavy arm of the service."

"My dear Miss Power, your didactic and respectable rules won't do for me. If you expect straws to stop currents, you are sadly mistaken. But no—let matters be: I am a happy, contented mortal at present, say what you will. . . . You don't ask why? Perhaps you know. It is because all I care for in the world is near me, and that I shall never be more than a hundred yards from her as long as the present arrangement continues."

"We are in a cathedral, remember, Captain De Stancy, and should not keep up a secular conversation."

"If I had never said worse in a cathedral than what I have said here, I should be content to meet my eternal Judge without absolution. Your uncle asked me this morning how I liked you."

"Well, there was no harm in that."

"How I like you! Harm, no; but you should have seen how silly I looked. Fancy the inadequacy of the expression when my whole sense is absorbed by you."

"Men allow themselves to be made ridiculous by their own feelings in an inconceivable way."

"True, I am a fool; but forgive me," he rejoined, observing her eyes, which wandered critically from roof to clear-story, and then to the pillars, without once lighting on him. "Don't mind saying yes. You look at this thing and that thing, but you never look at me, though I stand here and see nothing but you."

"There, the clock is striking—and the cock crows. Please go across to the transept, and tell them to come out this way."

De Stancy went. When he had gone a few steps he turned his head. She had at last ceased to study the architecture, and was looking at him. Perhaps his words had struck her, for it seemed at that moment as if he read in her bright eyes a genuine interest in him and his fortunes.

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CHAPTER II.

NEXT day they went on to Baden. De Stancy was beginning to cultivate the passion of love even more as an escape from the gloomy relations of his life than as matrimonial strategy. Paula's influence had the marvellous attribute of making him forget everything in his own history. She was a magic alternative, and the most foolish boyish shape into which he could throw his feelings for her was in this respect to be aimed at as the act of highest wisdom.

Hence he supplemented the natural warmth of feeling that she had wrought in him by every artificial means in his power to make the distraction the more complete. He had not known anything like this self-obscuration for a dozen years, and when he conjectured that she might really learn to love him, he felt exalted in his own eyes, and purified from the dross of his former life. Such uneasiness of conscience as arose when he suddenly remembered Dare, and the possibility that Somerset was getting ousted unfairly, had its weight in depressing him; but he was inclined to take the goods the gods provided without much question.

The journey to Baden, though short, was not without incidents on which he could work out this curious hobby of cultivating to superlative power an already positive passion. Handing her in and out of the carriage, accidentally getting brushed by her dress; of all such as this he made available fuel. Paula, though she must have known the general nature of what was going on, seemed unconscious of the refinements he was trying to throw into it, and sometimes when in stepping into or from a railway carriage she unavoidably put her hand upon his arm, the obvious insignificance she attached to the action struck him with misgiving.

One of the first things they did at Baden was to stroll into the Trink-halle, where Paula sipped the water. She was about to put down the glass, when De Stancy quickly took it from her hands, as though to make use of it himself.

"Oh, if that is what you mean," she said, mischievously, "you should have noticed the exact spot. It was there." She put her finger on a particular portion of its edge.

"You ought not to act like that unless you mean something, Miss Power," he replied, gravely.

"Tell me more plainly."

"I mean you should not do things which excite my heart to the hope that you care something for me, unless you really do."

"I put my finger on the edge, and said it was there."

"Meaning, 'It was there my lips touched; let yours do the same.'"

"The latter part I wholly deny," she answered, with some displeasure, after which she went away, and kept between Charlotte and her aunt for the rest of the afternoon.

Since the receipt of the telegraphic message Paula had been frequently silent; she frequently staid in alone, and sometimes she became quite gloomy—an altogether unprecedented phase for her. This was the case on the morning after the incident in the Trinke-halle. Not to intrude on her, Charlotte walked about the landings of the sunny white hotel in which they had taken up their quarters, went down into the court, and petted the tortoises that were creeping about there among the flowers and plants, till at last, on going to her friend, she caught her reading some old letters of Somerset's.

Paula made no secret of them, and Miss De Stancy could see that more than half were written on blue paper, with diagrams amid the writing: they were, in fact, simply those sheets of his letters which related to the rebuilding. Nevertheless, Charlotte fancied she had caught Paula in a sentimental mood; and doubtless could Somerset have walked in at this moment instead of Charlotte, it might have fared well with him, so insidiously do tender memories re-assert themselves in the face of outward mishaps.

They took a short drive down the Lichtenthal road and into the forest, De Stancy and Abner Power riding on horseback alongside. The sun streamed yellow behind their backs as they wound up the long inclines, lighting the red trunks, and even the blue-black foliage itself. The summer had already made impression upon that mass of uniform color by tipping every twig with a tiny sprout of virescent yellow; while the minute sounds which issued from the forest revealed that the apparently still place was becoming a perfect reservoir of insect life.

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Abner Power was quite sentimental that day. "In such places as these," he said, as he rode alongside Mrs. Goodman, "nature's powers in the multiplication of one type strike me as much as the grandeur of the mass."

Mrs. Goodman agreed with him, and Paula said, "The foliage forms the roof of an interminable green crypt, the pillars being the trunks, and the vault the interlacing boughs."

"It is a fine place in a thunder-storm," said De Stancy. "I am not an enthusiast, but to see the lightning spring hither and thither, like lazy-tongs, bristling, and striking, and vanishing, is rather impressive."

"It must be indeed," said Paula.

"And in the winter winds these pines sigh like ten thousand spirits in trouble."

"Indeed they must," said Paula.

"At the same time I know a little fir plantation, about a mile square, not far from Markton," said De Stancy, "which is precisely like this in miniature—stems, colors, slopes, winds, and all. If we were to go there any time with a highly magnifying pair of spectacles, it would look as fine as this—and save a deal of travelling."

"I know the place, and I agree with you," said Paula.

"You agree with me on all subjects but one," he presently observed, in a voice not intended to reach the others.

Paula looked at him, but was silent.

Onward and upward they went, the same pattern and color of tree repeating themselves endlessly, till in a couple of hours they reached the castled hill which was to be the end of their journey, and beheld stretched beneath them the valley of the Murg. They alighted and entered the fortress.

"What did you mean by that look of kindness you bestowed upon me just now, when I said you agreed with me on all subjects but one?" asked De Stancy, half humorously, as he held open a little door for her, the others having gone ahead.

"I meant, I suppose, that I was much obliged to you for not requiring agreement on that one subject," she said, passing on.

"Not more than that?" said De Stancy, as he followed her. "But whenever I involuntarily express toward you sentiments that there can be no mistaking, you seem truly compassionate."

"If I seem so, I feel so."

"If you mean no more than mere compassion, I wish you would show nothing at all, for your mistaken kindness is only preparing more misery for me than I should have if let alone to suffer without mercy."

"I implore you to be quiet, Captain De Stancy. Leave me, and look out of the window at the view here, or at the pictures, or at the armor, or whatever it is we are come to see."

"Very well. But pray don't extract amusement from my harmless remarks. Such as they are, I mean them."

She stopped him by changing the subject, for they had entered an octagonal chamber on the first floor, presumably full of pictures and curiosities; but the shutters were closed, and only stray beams of light gleamed in to suggest what was there.

"Can't somebody open the windows?" said Paula.

"The attendant is about to do it," said her uncle; and as he spoke the shutters to the east were flung back, and one of the loveliest views in the forest disclosed itself outside.

Some of them stepped out upon the balcony. The river lay along the bottom of the valley, irradiated with a silver shine. Little rafts of pine-wood floated on its surface like tiny splinters, the men who steered them not appearing larger than ants.

Paula stood on the balcony, looking for a few minutes upon the sight, and then came again into the shadowy room, where De Stancy had remained. While the rest were still outside she resumed: "You must not suppose that I shrink from the subject you so persistently bring before me. I respect deep affection—you know I do; but for me to say that I have any such for you, of the particular sort you only will be satisfied with, would be absurd. I don't feel it, and therefore there can be nothing between us. One would think it would be better to feel kindly toward you than to feel nothing at all. But if you object to that, I'll try to feel nothing."

"I don't really object to your sympathy," said De Stancy, rather struck by her seriousness. "But it is very saddening to think you can feel nothing more."

"It must be so, since I *can* feel no more," she decisively replied, adding, as

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she dropped her seriousness, "You must pray for strength to get over it."

"One thing I shall never pray for—to see you give yourself to another man. But I suppose I shall witness that some day."

"You may," she gravely returned.

"You have no doubt chosen him already," cried the captain, bitterly.

"No, Captain De Stancy," she said, shortly, a faint involuntary blush coming into her face. She might have known that he alluded to Somerset.

This, and a few glances round at the pictures and curiosities, completed their survey of the castle. De Stancy knew better than to trouble her further that day with special remarks. During the return journey he rode ahead with Mr. Power, and she saw no more of him.

She would have been astonished had she heard the conversation of the two gentlemen as they wound gently downward through the trees.

"As far as I am concerned," Captain De Stancy's companion was saying, "nothing would give me more unfeigned delight than that you should persevere and win her. But you must understand that I have no authority over her—nothing more than the natural influence that arises from my being her father's brother."

"And for exercising that much, whatever it may be, in my favor, I thank you heartily," said De Stancy. "But I am coming to the conclusion that it is useless to press her further. She is right: I am not the man for her. I am too old and too poor; and I must put up as well as I can with her loss—drown her image in old Falernian till I embark in Charon's boat for good. Really, if I had the industry, I could write some good Horatian verses on my unauspicious situation .... Ah, well, in this way I affect levity over my troubles, but in plain truth my life will not be the brightest without her."

"Don't be down-hearted. You are too—too gentlemanly, De Stancy, in this matter; you are too soon put off; you should have a touch of the canvasser about you in approaching her, and not stick at things. You have my hearty invitation to travel with us all the way till we cross to England, and there will be heaps of opportunities as we wander on. I'll keep a slow pace to give you time."

"You are very good, my friend. Well, I will try again. I am full of doubt and indecision, mind, but at present I feel that I will try again. There is, I suppose, a slight possibility of something or other turning up in my favor, if it is true that the unexpected always happens, for I foresee no chance whatever. . . . Which way do we go when we leave here tomorrow?"

"To Carlsruhe, she says, if the rest of us have no objection."

"Carlsruhe, then, let it be, with all my heart; or anywhere."

To Carlsruhe they went next day, after a night of soft rain which brought up a warm steam from the Schwarzwald valleys, and caused the young tufts and grasses to swell visibly in a few hours. After the Baden slopes the flat thoroughfares of "Charles's Rest" seemed somewhat uninteresting, though a busy fair which was proceeding in the streets created a quaint and unexpected liveliness. On reaching the old-fashioned inn in the Lange Strasse that they had fixed on, the women of the party betook themselves to their rooms, and showed little inclination to see more of the world that day than could be gleaned from the hotel windows.

CHAPTER III.

WHILE the malignant tongues had been playing havoc with Somerset's fame in the ears of Paula and her companion, the young man himself was proceeding partly by rail, partly on foot, below and amid the olive-clad hills, vineyards, carouba groves, and lemon gardens of the Mediterranean shores. Arrived at San Remo, he wrote to Nice to inquire for letters, and such as had come were duly forwarded; but not one of them was from Paula. This broke down his resolution to hold off, and he resolved to hasten directly to Genoa, regretting that he had not taken this step when he first heard that she was there.

Something in the very aspect of the marble halls of that city, which at any other time he would have liked to linger over, whispered to him that the bird had flown; and inquiry confirmed the fancy. Nevertheless, the architectural beauties of the vast palace-bordered street, looking as if mountains of marble must have been levelled to supply the materials

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for constructing it, detained him there two days: or rather a feat of resolution, by which he set himself to withstand the drag-chain of Paula's influence, was operative for that space of time.

At the end of it he moved onward. There was no difficulty in discovering their track northward; and feeling that he might as well return to England by the Rhine route as by any other, he followed in the course they had chosen, getting scent of them in Strasburg, missing them at Baden by a day, and finally overtaking them at Carlsruhe, which town he reached on the morning after the Power and De Stancy party had taken up their quarters at the ancient inn above mentioned.

When Somerset was about to get out of the train at this place, little dreaming what a meaning the word Carlsruhe would have for him in subsequent years, he was disagreeably surprised to see no other than Dare stepping out of the adjoining carriage. A new brown leather valise in one of his hands, a new umbrella in the other, and a new suit of fashionable clothes on his back, seemed to denote considerable improvement in the young man's fortunes. Somerset was so struck by the phenomenal circumstance of his being on this spot that he almost missed his opportunity for alighting.

Dare meanwhile had moved on without seeing his former employer, and Somerset resolved to take the chance that offered, and let him go. There was something so mysterious in their common presence simultaneously at one place, five hundred miles from where they had last met, that he exhausted conjecture on whether Dare's errand this way could have anything to do with his own, or whether their juxtaposition a second time was the result of pure accident. Greatly as he would have liked to get this answered by a direct question to Dare himself, he did not counteract his first instinct, and remained unseen.

They went out in different directions, when Somerset, for the first time, remembered that in learning at Baden that the party had flitted toward Carlsruhe, he had taken no care to ascertain the name of the hotel they were bound for. Carlsruhe was not a large place, and the point was immaterial, but the omission would necessitate a little inquiry. To follow Dare on the chance of his having fixed upon the same quarters was a course which did not commend itself. He resolved to get some lunch before proceeding with his business, or fascination—whichever it was—of discovering the elusive lady, and drove off to a neighboring tavern, which did not happen to be, as he hoped it might, the one chosen by those who had preceded him.

Meanwhile Dare, previously master of their plans, went straight to the house which sheltered them, and on entering under the archway from the Lange Strasse was saved the trouble of inquiring for Captain De Stancy by seeing him drinking bitters at a little table in the court. Had Somerset chosen this inn for his quarters instead of the one in the Market Place which he actually did choose, the three must inevitably have met here at this moment, with some possibly striking dramatic results; though what they would have been remains forever hidden in the darkness of the unfulfilled.

De Stancy jumped up from his chair, and went forward to the new-comer. "You are not long behind us, then," he said, with laconic disquietude. "I thought you were going straight home?"

"I was," said Dare, "but I have been blessed with what I may call a small competency since I saw you last. Of the two hundred francs you gave me I risked fifty at the tables, and I have multiplied them, how many times do you think? More than three hundred times."

De Stancy immediately looked grave. "I wish you had lost them," he said, with as much feeling as could be shown in a place where strangers were hovering near.

"Nonsense, Captain! I have proceeded purely on a calculation of chances; and my calculations proved as true as I expected, notwithstanding a little in-and-out luck at first. Witness this as the result." He smacked his bag with his umbrella, and the chink of money resounded from within. "Just feel the weight of it!"

"It is not necessary. I'll take your word."

"Shall I lend you five pounds?"

"God forbid! As if that would repay me for what you have cost me! But come, let's get out of this place to where we can talk more freely." He put his hand through the young man's arm, and led him round the corner of the hotel toward the Schloss Platz.

"These runs of luck will be your ruin, as I have told you before," continued Captain De Stancy. "You will be for

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repeating and repeating your experiments, and will end by blowing your brains out, as wiser heads than yours have done. I am glad you have come away, at any rate. Why did you travel this way?"

"Simply because I could afford it, of course. But come, Captain, something has ruffled you to-day. I thought you did not look in the best temper the moment I saw you. Every sip that you took of your pick-up as you sat there showed me something was wrong. Tell your worry."

"Pooh—I can tell you in two words," said the captain, satirically. "Your arrangement for my wealth and happiness—for I suppose you still claim it to be yours—has fallen through. The lady has announced to-day that she means to send for Somerset instantly. She is coming to a personal explanation with him. So woe to me—and in another sense, woe to you, as I have reason to fear, though I have hoped otherwise."

"Send for him!" said Dare, with the stillness of complete abstraction. "Then he'll come."

"Well?" said De Stancy, looking him in the face. "And does it make you feel you had better be off? How about that telegram? Did he ask you to send it, or did he not?"

"One minute, or I shall be up such a tree as nobody ever saw the like of."

"Then what did you come here for?" burst out De Stancy. "'Tis my belief you are no more than a— But I won't call you names; I'll tell you quite plainly that if there is anything wrong in that message to her, which I believe there is—no, I can't believe, though I fear it—you have the chance of appearing in drab clothes at the expense of the government before the year is out, and I of being eternally disgraced."

"No, Captain, you won't be disgraced. I am hard to beat, I can tell you. And come the worst luck, I don't say a word."

"But those letters pricked in your skin would say a good deal, it strikes me."

"What! would they strip me?—but it is not coming to that. Look here, now, I'll tell you the truth for once: though you don't believe me capable of it. I *did* concoct that telegram—and sent it; just as a practical joke; and many a worse one has been only laughed at by honest men and officers. I could show you a bigger joke still—a huge joke—a joke of jokes—on the same individual."

Dare, as he spoke, put his hand into his breast pocket, as if the said joke lay there; but after a moment he withdrew his hand empty, as he continued:

"Having invented it, I have done enough; I was going to explain it to you, that you might carry it out. But you are so serious that I will leave it alone. My second joke shall die with me."

"So much the better," said De Stancy. "I don't like your jokes, even though they are not directed against myself. They express a kind of humor which does not suit me."

"You may have reason to alter your mind," said Dare, carelessly. "Your success with your lady may depend on it. The truth is, dad, we aristocrats, representatives of impoverished ancient families, must not take too high a tone. Our days as an independent division of society, which holds aloof from other sections, are past. We can only be saved, in the words of the apostle, as by fire—that is, by what burns the old prejudices of some of us like fire—by connecting ourselves with the new and coarse aristocracy of money, or at least the new and refined aristocracy of intellect; best of all with the two united. This has been my argument ever since I broached the subject of your marrying this girl, who represents both intellect and wealth—all, in fact, except the historical prestige that you represent. And we mustn't flinch at things. The case is even more pressing than ordinary cases, owing to the odd fact that the representative of the new blood who has come in our way actually lives in your own old house, and owns your own old lands. The ordinary reason for such alliances is quintupled in our case. Do, then, just think and be reasonable, before you talk tall about not liking my jokes, and all that. Beggars mustn't be choosers."

"There's really much reason in your argument," said De Stancy, with a bitter laugh; "and my own heart argues much the same way. But leaving me to take care of my aristocratic self, I advise your aristocratic self to slip off at once to England like any hang-gallows dog; and if Somerset is here, and you have been doing wrong in his name, and it all comes out, I'll try to save you, as far as an honest man can. If you have done no wrong, of course there is no fear; though I should be obliged by your going homeward as quickly as possible, as being better both

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for you and for me. . . . Hullo!—Damnation!"

They had reached one side of the Schloss Platz, nobody apparently being near them save a sentinel who was on duty before the palace; but turning as he spoke, De Stancy beheld a group consisting of his sister, Paula, and Mr. Power strolling across the square toward them.

It was impossible to escape their observation, and putting a bold front upon it, De Stancy advanced with Dare at his side, till in a few moments the two parties met, Paula and Charlotte recognizing Dare at once as the young man who assisted at the castle.

"I have met my young photographer," said De Stancy, cheerily. "What a small world it is! as every busybody truly observes. I am wishing he could take some views for us as we go on; but you have no apparatus with you, I suppose, Mr. Dare?"

"I have not, sir, I am sorry to say," replied Dare.

"You could get one, I suppose?" asked Paula of the interesting young photographer.

Dare declared that it would be not impossible; whereupon De Stancy said that it was only a passing thought of his; and in a few minutes the two parties again separated, going their several ways.

"That was awkward," said De Stancy, trembling with excitement. "I would advise you to keep further off in future."

Dare said thoughtfully that he would be careful, adding: "She is a prize for any man, indeed, leaving alone the substantial possessions behind her. Now was I too enthusiastic? Was I a fool for urging you on?"

"Wait till success justifies the undertaking. In case of failure, it will have been anything but wise. It is no light matter to have a carefully preserved repose broken in upon for nothing—a repose that could never be restored."

They walked down the Carl-Friedrichs Strasse to the Margrave's Pyramid, and back to the hotel, where Dare also decided to take up his stay. De Stancy left him with the book-keeper at the desk, and went up stairs to see if the ladies had returned.

CHAPTER IV.

He found them in their sitting-room with their bonnets on, as if they had just come in. Mr. Power was also present, reading a newspaper; but Mrs. Goodman had gone out to a neighboring shop, in the windows of which she had seen something which attracted her fancy.

When De Stancy entered, Paula's thoughts seemed to revert to Dare, for almost at once she asked him in what direction the youth was travelling. With some hesitation De Stancy replied that he believed Mr. Dare was returning to England, after a spring trip for the improvement of his mind.

"A very praiseworthy thing to do," said Paula. "What places has he visited?"

"Those which afford opportunities for the study of the old masters, I believe," said De Stancy, blandly. "He has also been to Turin, Genoa, Marseilles, and so on." The captain spoke the more readily to her questioning in that he divined her words to be dictated, not by any suspicions of his relations with Dare, but by her knowledge of Dare as the draughtsman employed by Somerset.

"Has he been to Nice?" she next demanded. "Did he go there in the company of my architect?"

"I think not."

"Has he seen anything of him? My architect Somerset once employed him. They know each other."

"I think he saw Somerset for a short time."

Paula was silent. "Do you know where this young man Dare is at the present moment?" she asked, quickly.

De Stancy said that Dare was staying at the same hotel with themselves, and that he believed he was down stairs.

"I think I can do no better than send for him," said she. "He may be able to throw some light upon the matter of that telegram."

She rang and dispatched the waiter for the young man in question, De Stancy almost visibly trembling for the result. But he opened the town directory, which was lying on a table, and affected to be engrossed in the names.

Before Dare was shown in, she said to her uncle, "Perhaps you will speak to him for me?"

Mr. Power, looking up from the paper he was reading, assented to her proposition; Dare appeared in the doorway, and the waiter retired. Dare seemed a trifle startled out of his usual coolness, the message having evidently been unexpected,

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and he came forward somewhat uneasily.

"Mr. Dare, we are anxious to know something of Miss Power's architect; and Captain De Stancy tells us you have seen him lately," said Mr. Power, sonorously, over the edge of his newspaper.

Not knowing whether danger menaced or no, or, if it menaced, from what quarter it was to be expected, Dare felt that honesty was as good as anything else for him, and replied boldly that he had seen Mr. Somerset—De Stancy continuing to cream and mantle like a standing pond, in anxiety at the situation of the speaker.

"And where did you see him?" continued Mr. Power.

"In the Casino at Monte Carlo."

"How long did you see him?"

"Only for half an hour. I left him there."

Paula's interest got the better of her reserve, and she cut in upon her uncle: "Did he seem in any unusual state, or in trouble?"

"He was rather excited," said Dare.

"And can you remember when that was?"

Dare considered, looked at his pocket-book, and said that it was on the evening of April the twenty-second.

The answer had a significance for Paula, De Stancy, and Charlotte to which Abner Power was a stranger. The telegraphic request for money, which had been kept a secret from him by his niece, because of his already unfriendly tone toward Somerset, arrived on the morning of the twenty-third—a date which neighbored with painfully suggestive nicety that now given by Dare.

She seemed to be silenced, and asked no more questions. Dare having furbished himself up to a gentlemanly appearance with some of his recent winnings, was invited to stay on awhile by Paula's uncle, who, as became a travelled man, was not fastidious as to company. Being a youth of the world, Dare made himself agreeable to that gentleman, and afterward tried to do the same with Miss De Stancy. At this the captain, to whom the situation for some time had been amazingly uncomfortable, pleaded some excuse for going out, and left the room.

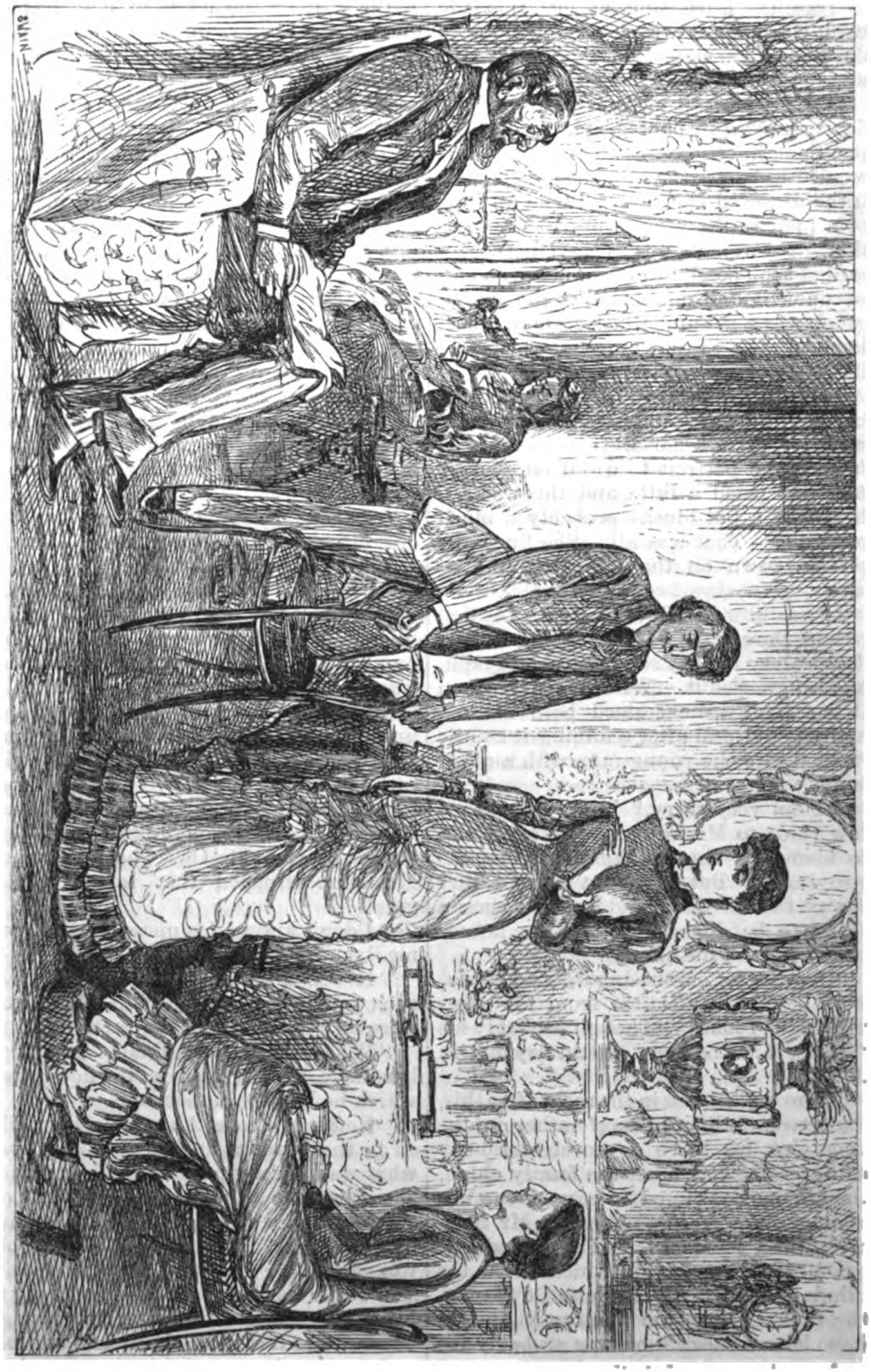
Dare continued his endeavors to say a few polite nothings to Charlotte De Stancy, in the course of which he drew from his pocket his new silk handkerchief. By some chance a card came out with the handkerchief, and fluttered downward. His momentary instinct was to make a grasp at the card and conceal it; but it had already tumbled to the floor, where it lay face upward beside Charlotte De Stancy's chair.

It was neither a visiting nor a playing card, but one bearing a photographic portrait of a peculiar nature. It was what Dare had characterized as his best joke of all—the joke of jokes—in speaking on the subject to Captain De Stancy; he had in the morning put it ready in his pocket to give to the captain, and had in fact held it in waiting between his finger and thumb while talking to him in the Platz, meaning that he should make use of it against his rival whenever convenient. But his sharp conversation with that officer had dulled his zest for this final joke at Somerset's expense, had at least shown him that De Stancy would not adopt the joke by accepting the photograph and using it himself, and determined him to lay it aside till a more convenient season. So fully had he made up his mind on this course, that when the photograph slipped out he did not perceive the appositeness of the circumstance in putting into his own hands the *rôle* he had intended for De Stancy, till after a moment's reflection; though in an after-controversy on the incident it was asserted that the whole scene was deliberately planned. However, once having seen the accident, he seemed resolved to take the current as it served, and, smiling imperceptibly, waited events with cheerful inanition.

The card having fallen beside her, Miss De Stancy glanced over it, which indeed she could not help doing. The smile that had previously hung upon her lips was arrested as if by frost; and she involuntarily uttered a little distressed cry of "Oh!" like one of bodily pain.

Paula, who had been talking to her uncle during this interlude, started round, and wondering what had happened, inquiringly crossed the room to poor Charlotte's side, asking her what was the matter. Charlotte had regained self-possession, though not enough to enable her to reply, and Paula asked her a second time what had made her exclaim like that. Miss De Stancy still seemed confused, whereupon Paula noticed that her eyes were continually drawn as by fascination toward the photograph on the floor,

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"CHARLOTTE'S EYES AT ONCE FORSOOK THE PORTRAIT TO DWELL ON PAULA'S FACE."

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which, contrary to his first impulse, Dare, as has been said, now seemed in no hurry to regain. Surmising at last that the card, whatever it was, had something to do with the exclamation, Paula picked it up.

It was a portrait of Somerset; but, by a device known in photography, the operator, though contriving to produce what seemed to be a perfect likeness, had given it the distorted features and wild attitude of a man in the very frenzy of intoxication. No woman, unless specially cognizant of such possibilities, could have looked upon it and doubted that the photograph was a genuine illustration of a customary phase in the young man's private life.

Paula observed it—thoroughly took it in; but the effect upon her was by no means clear. Charlotte's eyes at once forsook the portrait to dwell on Paula's face. It paled a little, and this was followed by a hot blush—probably a blush of shame. That was all. She flung the picture down on the table, and moved away.

It was now Mr. Power's turn. Anticipating Dare, who was advancing with a deprecatory look to seize the photograph, he also grasped it. When he saw whom it represented, he seemed both amused and startled, and after scanning it awhile handed it to the young man with a queer smile.

"I am very sorry," began Dare, in a low voice, to Mr. Power. "I fear I was to blame for thoughtlessness in not destroying it. But I thought it was rather funny that a man should permit such a thing to be done, and that the humor would redeem the offense."

"In you, for purchasing it," said Paula, with haughty quickness, from the other side of the room. "Though probably his friends, if he has any, would say not in him."

There was silence in the room after this, and Dare, finding himself rather in the way, took his leave as unostentatiously as a cat that has upset the family china, though he continued to say among his apologies that he was not aware Mr. Somerset was a personal friend of the ladies.

Of all the thoughts which filled the minds of Paula and Charlotte De Stancy, the thought that the photograph might have been a fabrication was probably the last. To them that picture of Somerset had all the cogency of direct vision. Paula's experience, much less Charlotte's, had never lain in the fields of heliographic science, and they would as soon have thought that the sun could again stand still upon Gibeon, as that it could be made to falsify men's characters in delineating their features. What Abner Power thought, he himself best knew. He might have seen such pictures before, or he might never have heard of them.

While pretending to resume his reading, he closely observed Paula, as did also Charlotte De Stancy; but thanks to the self-management which was Miss Power's as much by nature as by art, she dissembled whatever emotion was in her.

"It is a pity a professional man should make himself so ludicrous," she said, with such careless intonation that it was almost impossible, even for Charlotte, who knew her so well, to believe her indifference feigned.

"Yes," said Mr. Power, since Charlotte did not speak: "it is what I scarcely should have expected."

"Oh, I am not surprised," said Paula, quickly. "You don't know all." She was of course alluding to the telegram for money, which, as she naturally fancied, was such a complete corroboration of the evidence of the mock portrait that, if her uncle were made aware of that telegram, he would see nothing unlikely in the picture. "Well, you are very silent," continued Paula, petulantly, when she found that nobody went on talking. "What made you cry out 'Oh,' Charlotte, when Mr. Dare dropped that horrid photograph?"

"I don't know; I suppose it frightened me," stammered the girl.

"It was a stupid fuss to make before such a person. One would think you were in love with Mr. Somerset."

"What did you say, Paula?" inquired her uncle, looking up from the newspaper which he had again resumed.

"Nothing, Uncle Abner." She walked to the window, and as if to tide over what was plainly passing in their minds about her, she began to make remarks on objects in the street. "What a quaint being!—look, Charlotte." It was an old woman sitting by a stall on the opposite side of the way which seemed suddenly to hit Paula's sense of the humorous, though beyond the fact that the dame was old and poor, and wore a white handkerchief

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over her head, there was really nothing noteworthy about her.

Paula seemed to be more hurt by what the silence of her companions implied—a suspicion that the discovery of Somerset's depravity was wounding her heart—than by the wound itself. The ostensible ease with which she drew them into a bye-conversation had perhaps the defect of proving too much; though her tacit contention that no love was in question was not incredible on the supposition that affronted pride alone caused her embarrassment. The one symptom of her heart being really tender toward Somerset consisted in her apparent blindness to Charlotte's secret, so obviously suggested by her momentary agitation.

CHAPTER V.

AND where was the subject of their condemnatory opinions all this while? Having secured a room at his inn, he came forth to complete the discovery of his dear mistress's whereabouts without delay. After one or two inquiries he ascertained where such a party of English were staying; and arriving at the hotel, knew at once that he had tracked them to earth by seeing the heavier portion of the Power luggage confronting him in the hall. He sent up intelligence of his presence, and awaited her reply with a beating heart.

In the mean while, Dare, descending from his pernicious interview with Paula and the rest, had descried Captain De Stancy in the public drawing-room, and entered to him forthwith. It was while they were here together that Somerset passed the door, and sent up his name to Paula.

The incident at the railway station was now reversed, Somerset being the observed of Dare, as Dare had then been the observed of Somerset. Immediately on sight of him, Dare showed real alarm. He had imagined that Somerset would eventually impinge on Paula's route, but he had scarcely expected it yet; and the architect's sudden appearance led Dare to ask himself the ominous question whether Somerset had discovered his telegraphic trick, and was in the mood for prompt measures.

"There is no more for me to do here," said the boy-man, hastily, to De Stancy. "Miss Power does not wish to ask me any more questions. I may as well proceed on my way, as you advised."

De Stancy, who had also gazed with dismay at Somerset's passing figure, though with dismay of another sort, was recalled from his vexation by Dare's remarks, and turning upon him he said, sharply, "Well may you be in such a hurry all of a sudden!"

"True, I am superfluous now."

"You have been doing a foolish thing, and you must suffer its inconveniences. .... Well, I am sorry for one thing; I am sorry I ever owned you; for you are not a lad to my mind. You have disappointed me—disappointed me almost beyond endurance."

"I have acted according to my illumination. What can you expect of a man born to dishonor?"

"That's mere speciousness. Before you knew anything of me, and while you thought you were the child of poverty on both sides, you were well enough; but ever since you thought you were more than that, you have led a life which is intolerable. What has become of your plan of alliance between the De Stancys and the Powers now? The man is gone up stairs who can overthrow it all."

"If the man had not gone up stairs, you wouldn't have complained of my nature or my plans," said Dare, dryly. "If I mistake not, he will come down again with the flea in his ear. However, I have done; my play is played out. All the rest remains with you. But, daddy, grant me this: If, when I am gone, this difficulty should vanish, and things should go well with you, and your suit should prosper, will you think of him, bad as he is, who first put you on the track of such happiness, and let him know it was not done in vain?"

"I will," said De Stancy. "Promise me that you will be a better boy?"

"Very well—as soon as ever I can afford it. Now I am away, when I have explained to them that I shall not require my room."

Dare fetched his bag, touched his hat with his umbrella to the captain, and went out of the hotel archway. De Stancy sat down in the stuffy drawing-room, and wondered what things time had in store for him.

A waiter in the interim had announced Somerset to the group up stairs. Paula started as much as Charlotte at hearing

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the name, and Abner Power stared at them both.

"If Mr. Somerset wishes to see me *on business*, show him in," said Paula.

In a few seconds the door was thrown open for Somerset. On receipt of the pointed message he guessed that a change had come. Time, absence, ambition, her uncle's influence, and a new wooer, seemed to account sufficiently well for that change, and he accepted his fate. But from a stoical instinct to show that he could regard her vicissitudes with the equanimity that became a man, a desire to ease her mind of any fear she might entertain that his connection with her past would render him troublesome in future, induced him to accept her permission, and see the act to the end.

"How do you do, Mr. Somerset?" said Abner Power, with sardonic geniality: he had been far enough about the world not to be greatly concerned at Somerset's apparent failing, particularly when it helped to reduce him from the rank of lover to his niece to that of professional adviser.

Miss De Stancy faltered a welcome as weak as that of the Maid of Neidpath, and Paula said, coldly: "We are rather surprised to see you. Perhaps there is something urgent at the castle which makes it necessary for you to call?"

"There is something a little urgent," said Somerset, slowly, as he approached her; "and you have judged rightly that it is the cause of my call." He sat down near her chair as he spoke, put down his hat, and drew a note-book from his pocket with a despairing *sang-froid* that was far more perfect in its way than had been Paula's demeanor just before.

"Perhaps you would like to talk over the business with Mr. Somerset alone?" murmured Charlotte to Miss Power, hardly knowing what she said.

"Oh no," said Paula, "I think not. Is it necessary?" she said, turning to him.

"Not in the least," replied he, bestowing a penetrating glance upon his questioner's face, which seemed, however, to produce no effect. And turning toward Charlotte, he added, "You will have the goodness, I am sure, Miss De Stancy, to excuse the jargon of professional details."

He spread some tracings on the table, and pointed out certain modified features to Paula, commenting as he went on, and exchanging occasionally a few words on the subject with Mr. Abner Power by the distant window.

In this architectural dialogue over his sketches, Somerset's head and Paula's became unavoidably very close. The temptation was too much for the young man. Under cover of the rustle of the tracings, he murmured, "I could not get here before," in a low voice inaudible to the other two.

She did not reply, only busying herself the more with the notes and sketches; and he said again, "I staid a couple of days at Genoa, and some days at San Remo, and Mentone."

"But it is not the least concern of mine where you staid, is it?" she said, with a cold smile.

"Do you speak seriously?" Somerset brokenly whispered.

Paula concluded her examination of the drawings, and turned from him with inexpressible disregard. He tried no further, but, when she had signified her pleasure on the points submitted, packed up his papers, and rose with the bearing of a man altogether superior to such a class of misfortune as this. Before going he turned to speak a few words of a general kind to Mr. Power and Charlotte.

"You will stay and dine with us?" said the former, rather with the air of being unhappily able to do no less than ask the question. "My charges here won't go down to the *table d'hôte*, I fear, but De Stancy and myself will be there."

Somerset excused himself, and in a few minutes withdrew. At the door he looked round for an instant, and his eyes met Paula's. There was the same miles-off expression in hers that they had worn when he entered; but there was also a look of distressful inquiry, as if she were earnestly expecting him to say something more. This, of course, Somerset did not comprehend. Possibly she was clinging to a hope of some excuse for the message he was supposed to have sent, or for the other matter. Anyhow, Somerset only bowed and went away.

A moment after he had gone, Paula, impelled by something or other, crossed the room to the window. In a short time she saw his form in the broad street below, which he traversed obliquely to an opposite corner, his head somewhat bent, and his eyes on the ground. Before vanishing into the Ritter Strasse he turned his head and glanced at the hotel windows,

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as if he knew that she was watching him. Then he disappeared; and the only sign of emotion betrayed by Paula during the whole episode escaped her at this moment. It was a slight trembling of the lip, and a sigh so slowly breathed that scarce anybody could hear—scarcely even Charlotte, who was reclining on a couch, her face on her hand and her eyes downcast.

Not more than two minutes had elapsed when Mrs. Goodman came in with a manner of haste.

"You have returned," said Mr. Power. "Have you made your purchases?"

Without answering, she asked, "Whom, of all people on earth, do you think I have met? Mr. Somerset! Has he been here?—he passed me almost without speaking."

"Yes, he has been here," said Paula. "He is on the way from Genoa home, and called on business."

"You will have him here to dinner, of course?"

"I asked him," said Mr. Power, "but he declined.

"Oh, that's unfortunate! Surely we could get him here. You would like to have him here, would you not, Paula?"

"No, indeed. I don't want him here," said she.

"You don't?"

"No!" she said, sharply.

"You used to like him well enough, anyhow," bluntly rejoined Mrs. Goodman.

Paula, sedately: "It is a mistake to suppose that I have ever particularly liked the gentleman mentioned."

"Then you are wrong, Mrs. Goodman, it seems," said Mr. Power.

Mrs. Goodman, who had been growing quietly indignant, notwithstanding a vigorous use of her fan, at this said: "Fie, fie, Paula! you did like him. You said to me only a week or two ago that you should not at all object to marry him."

"It is a mistake," repeated Paula, calmly. "I meant the other one of the two we were talking about."

"What, Captain De Stancy?"

"Yes."

Knowing this to be quite untrue, Mrs. Goodman made no remark, and hearing a slight noise behind, turned her head. Seeing her aunt's action, Paula also looked round. The door had been left ajar, and De Stancy was standing in the room. The last words of Mrs. Goodman and Paula's reply must have been quite audible to him.

They looked at each other much as if they had unexpectedly met at the altar; but after a momentary start Paula did not flinch from the position into which hurt pride had betrayed her. De Stancy bowed gracefully, and she merely walked to the furthest window, whither he followed her.

"I am eternally grateful to you for avowing that I have won favor in your sight at last," he whispered.

She acknowledged the remark with a somewhat reserved bearing. "Really I don't deserve your gratitude," she said. "I did not know you were there."

"I know you did not—that's why the avowal is so sweet to me. Can I take you at your word?"

"Yes, I suppose."

"Then your preference is the greatest honor that has ever fallen to my lot. It is enough: you accept me?"

"As a lover on probation—no more."

The conversation being carried on in low tones, Paula's uncle and aunt took it as a hint that their presence was superfluous, and severally left the room—the former gladly, the latter with some vexation. Charlotte De Stancy followed.

"And to what am I indebted for this happy change?" inquired De Stancy, as soon as they were alone.

"You shouldn't look a gift horse in the mouth," she replied, brusquely.

"You mistake my motive. I am like a reprieved criminal, and can scarcely believe the news."

"You shouldn't say that to me, or I shall begin to think I have been too kind," she answered, some of the archness of her manner returning. "Now I know what you mean to say in answer, but I don't want to hear any more at present; and whatever you do, don't fall into the mistake of supposing I have accepted you in any other sense than the way I say. If you don't like such a limitation, you can go away. I dare say I shall get over it."

"Go away! Could I go away? But you are beginning to tease, and will soon punish me severely; so I will make my escape while all is well. It would be presumptuous to expect more in one day."

"It would indeed," said Paula, with her eyes on a bunch of flowers.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

"THE angel is often plain enough through his disguise," said Cincinnatus, lately; "but I really could not see what good was to come of the shot at the President. Yet I see it clearly enough now."

When the rural sage was asked what it was that he saw so clearly as the beneficent consequence of a blow that appalled the land, he replied: "The event instantly showed the depth and extent of the demand for a thorough change in the system of patronage; and it revealed a feeling of hearty sympathy in the Southern part of the country that was most delightful. I am an old man, and I know that you, Mr. Easy Chair, do not talk politics; but I don't remember in all my life an expression of feeling which showed the entire 'South' and the entire 'North' in such harmony as that which followed the pistol-shot of Guiteau. It was, to my mind, the clear indication that there is no essential reason of difference and discord, as there always has been until within a few years. I confess that in my enthusiasm I seemed to be lifted up to a sunny Pisgah, and to look off into a land of Beulah. It was a glimpse of that good understanding, that true union, which I do not remember ever to have seen before, but which I now believe to be at hand."

Cincinnatus is a rural sage, but as he turns a furrow upon the green hill-side he also turns a very shrewd eye upon his country, and this time at least the situation seemed to justify his pacific judgment. There has been, certainly, no heartier expression of indignation at the crime, and of interest in the victim and in the common welfare, than that which has proceeded from the Southern press. Perhaps it was only upon some such sudden and unforeseen occasion that such an expression could be elicited. The event lifted the whole country for a moment out of partisan politics, and showed its real unity and sympathy. There was no necessity of apparently changing or yielding opinions, a necessity which ordinarily retards political progress, and obscures the real situation. One frank and sincere word, like a flash of light in darkness, revealed what otherwise might have remained long concealed.

This common feeling, the soul of which the Union is the body, will doubtless be further discovered, as it will be certainly fostered, at the Yorktown Centennial. That is the last and crowning celebration of the great Revolutionary events that have engaged the country during the last six years. It is one of universal interest, for the surrender of Cornwallis was the close of the struggle in the field, the practical acknowledgment that American independence could not be prevented. That historic day and spot would be the fitting time and place for the surrender of any surviving hostility of feeling between the North and the South, and late events have happily disclosed that there is less of such hostility than has been supposed. There could be no centennial celebration and commemoration so becoming as the inauguration of such an era of national good feeling as that of which the tone of the Southern press about the President is the harbinger. No man familiar with history, and who has observed human nature, could have expected that the story of the last fifty years in this country would end suddenly like a nursery tale with living happily ever after. So long a diversion of feeling, followed by so tremendous a contest of arms, was sure to produce an actual alienation, which would continue long after any formal settlement, and which could be only gradually healed. It was evident also that, besides this traditional feeling, party spirit would nourish a factitious enmity, so that it would be almost impossible to discover how deep and wide the actual separation might be.

This has been the situation for some years, every intelligent and patriotic man hoping that time and the disappearance of the root of bitterness, and immigration and industrial activity and commercial intercourse, would weld the wrenched parts together, and restore the spirit of union with the form. But it must be owned that it was very difficult to test the progress of the restoration, and very easy to assert with plausibility that there was no progress whatever. Suddenly the most improbable and unforeseen of events occurs. A murderous shot is fired at the one man who symbolizes peaceful and perfect union, and instantly from sea to sea the whole country springs to its feet with one common cry of horror and grief.

That emotion has revealed us to ourselves. That universal and sincere expression has tested the progress of restoration. We have discovered that we are not so mutually hostile as we believed; and should Heaven grant that the President be completely restored to his old vigorous and sturdy health, we may even dare to think, if the wound be proved perfectly harmless, that the bullet carried a blessing which could not have been foreseen or suspected. And even should the murderous intent be fulfilled, and a calamity which no man can measure befall the country, the generous feeling which a common sorrow has revealed could not be denied or concealed. It would still be the bird of halcyon brooding upon the tossing wave.

The skeptic may shake his head at what he will call sentiment, and remind us all that there is no sentiment in politics. He is right so far as the spoils politics of "the Falstaff friends who follow for the reward" is concerned, but he is wrong about the great politics.

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Patriotism is but a sentiment. The national instinct which inspired one side in the war, the love of the State which inspired the other; loyalty to a king, to a state, to a nation—they are all sentiments. What carried our fathers to Yorktown a hundred years ago? Webster shall answer for us: "The Revolution was fought upon a preamble." What carries us to Yorktown this year but a sentiment? Our fathers formed a Union to secure certain specific purposes, for which the combined strength of many men was indispensable. But the actual bond of union was community of race, language, religion, tradition; that is, it was sentiment.

It was sentiment that made the Union, and it is sentiment that will restore it. It was fraternal sentiment that won the victory at Yorktown, and it is fraternal sentiment that will make its centennial commemoration the earnest of a truer Union than we have ever known. It is the revelation of the depth and strength of this sentiment which Cincinnatus looks upon as the angel in the dark disguise of the 2d of July.

THE old saying that no man is a hero to his valet meant that no man is always heroic. To say that Homer nods is merely to say that he is not of a uniform excellence. But who and what is? The apple-tree produces exceedingly unequal apples. Scott wrote *Castle Dangerous* as well as *The Antiquary*, and Shakespeare did not always write *Lear* and *Macbeth*. "I have seen the great Mr. Pope," cried one enthusiast to another. "Heavens! and what was he doing?" "He was scratching his head."

The moral of the saying about the hero and valet is variously interpreted. Carlyle says that the hero is not heroic to the valet, because the valet can not comprehend a hero, does not know him, in fact, when he sees him. Other commentators conclude that a man had better not be a valet if he wishes to believe in great men. This means that greatness disappears upon a near view, that distance is the secret of beauty. Still others interpret the saying as signifying that constant familiarity with great men shows them to be so much like the rest of us, so full of petty moods and commonplace remarks, that however great they may be at moments, yet that greatness is not their distinction. Indeed, there are depraved people who whisper that if there had been a perpetual mental and material photograph of George Washington, his sayings and doings, and all his detailed life from end to end, we might feel—that is to say, not we, the reader and writer, but some wicked Americans might feel—that even he was what Carlyle called him to James T. Fields, as Whipple capitally tells the story: "A thin man, sir; nothing of the hero in him. George was a good surveyor, sir, a commonplace man." But as Carlyle thought Frederick of Prussia to be "Great" enough to write a life of him, and evidently admired the father of Frederick, he could hardly have seen greatness in Washington.

But who could endure the perpetual photograph himself? or who would wish to have such a picture of any man? Yet it is very much what was offered us of our President for many days after the murderous attack upon him. Every word and look and movement, every morsel of food and drink, every detail which belongs to the strictest privacy, was faithfully reported to an eager and sympathetic country. His casual remarks, his impatience, his unconscious talk in sleep and dreams, were all repeated. How well he bore the unconscious portraiture! In the details of these first days upon which millions hung, instead of losing heroism, he became more and more a hero.

But the moral to be drawn is that it is not fair to judge any man by every little expression which the photographic press may catch and fix. The tone, the circumstance, all that gives the meaning, can not be reported. How flat a jest may be in the repetition which was inimitable when uttered! How meaningless a colloquial phrase of which the words only are repeated! And in this modern instantaneous photography of the press we must not forget the conditions. What queer work even accomplished phonographers make of a speech! They have nothing to do but catch a sound and represent it. Their skill is marvellous; but when the sound is fixed in print, it is sometimes unintelligible or ludicrous. Now if the sound may thus elude the hearer, to represent it accurately when repeated and echoed through other mouths is an almost hopeless task. Wendell Phillips says that we see facts not with our eyes, but with our prejudices. We hear with them also. The man who is unaccustomed to see his name in print finds a misrepresentation of something that he said or did, and he blushes and burns until he has hurried off to stop the press. But those who are familiar with such mischances know that it is not by correcting the newspaper, but by a consistently upright life, that justice is to be done.

This is for the newspaper reader also to remember. Even when the intention is honest, the result is often a distortion. A wise man seems to babble as you read what he said, and a shrewd man appears to be a fool. But when the feeling of the reporter is hostile, consciously or unconsciously, the result is that of a photograph when the camera is shaken. A few months since there were two small comic pictures in this Magazine representing the lover both as he was posed by the photographer and as, with negligent grace, he disposed himself for the admiration of his sweetheart. The result in both cases was inexpressibly ludicrous. But it was a capital illustration of the manner in which public men are often presented by the press. A touch of humor in the reporter, a personal dislike, the misappre-

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hension of a few words, the slightest deflection in the perspective or a jar of the camera, and the most preposterously comical consequences ensue.

Since, then, the progress of invention has brought the public man to this perpetual publicity, to the focus of a light in which nothing escapes, it is only fair for the spectator to remember, when anything especially ludicrous or disadvantageous appears, that the conditions are such as to justify us in rejecting the caricature until it is proved to be a portrait. The satisfaction in the case of the President was that everything heroic in the story of his illness was felt to be true, and everything disagreeable was rejected as improbable.

THE American social philosopher who was lately of opinion that it is the mission of America to vulgarize Europe, must be somewhat aghast at the recent performance of the Army and Navy Club in London. The philosopher of whom we speak thinks his countrymen to be desperately vulgar, but in no club of American gentlemen would such a vote as that of the English club re-admitting Baker be possible. We doubt if any American gentleman in London, knowing the facts, would regard an invitation to join that club, even if it were permissible, as other than an insult. The facts are simple. Baker was a colonel in the British army, who committed a foul assault upon a young woman in a railway car. He was tried, convicted, imprisoned for a year, and dropped from the army. His light imprisonment was due to the fact that he was a favorite in society, and the Duke of Cambridge, the commander of the army, tried to spare him the disgrace of being dropped. But the Queen fortunately had a different sense of honor and of duty, and insisted that a man who was guilty of the most dastardly outrage upon a defenseless woman disgraced the colors that he bore. He was dismissed, and after his year's imprisonment in a jail padded with fashionable sympathy and succor, he naturally departed for Turkey.

There he became Baker Pasha, and fought for the ally of the British Jingo. After the war he returned to England, and the Jingo world folded him to its heart. A duke warmly welcomed him to his table, and the Prince of Wales sat with him at dinner. Mr. Smalley tells us that there were speeches in honor of the illustrious guest. The Marquis of Steyne must have wished in his infernal retreat that he might be present at a banquet so grateful. No touch of Thackeray's satiric scorn burns like this simple fact. This man, foiled by a brave girl in his vile endeavor, was saluted in Jingo *salons*, and lacked nothing of complete social restoration but re-admission to the club. Now a club is distinctively a body of gentlemen. It may be a military or naval or civil or conservative or liberal or scientific club, but it is especially an assembly of gentlemen in its particular kind. The one person who might be supposed to be odious to such a social fellowship would be precisely the reprobate who was guilty of Baker's offense.

It seems that for restoration to the club it was necessary that fifty members should propose him who were of opinion that the cause of his leaving the service did not affect his character as a gentleman. Fifty members of the Army and Navy Club were of this opinion, and 359 members voted against 39 to sustain the view of the fifty, and to admit Baker to the club as a spotless gentleman. The vote reveals the standard of the Army and Navy Club. An immense majority decides that a man who is baffled by the courage of a young girl in the commission of an unspeakable crime against her is a gentleman. Our American philosopher will surely admit that that part of Europe which is included in the Army and Navy Club is in no fear of being vulgarized by America, for the same reason that an addled egg can not be spoiled.

If this be gentility, let us thank Heaven for vulgarity. This is the society, however, into which American snobs pine to be admitted. Yet they know that in none of their own clubs at home would such a transaction be possible, and they themselves, however obsequiously they eat toads and hunt tufts, would not be guilty either of the offense or the condonation. The American snob imitates the absurdities of the English, but not his offenses. He may even toss his head lightly, and speak with affected nonchalance of Baker's dastardly crime, but so the bumptious boy sticks to the cigar that nauseates him. He pretends to think it manly, but the poor fellow's whole system revolts at it and repels it. The innocent American snob who affects the English dress and speech and manner, and laboriously attempts to reproduce English sports and customs upon our unfavoring soil, stops there, having earned the amused smile of his sensible fellow-countryman. He may aw! aw! and stutter, and wear short-waisted coats and tight trousers and heavy shoes; he may wind the mellow horn as he eagerly follows the fleet anise-seed bag, and gallantly emulate the elder Weller in driving a stage-coach, and the British "sports" in dashing at polo; but he does not give his hand to the man who cheats at cards, nor vote to admit to his club an infinitely fouler offender.

Nobody of course would hold the great body of Englishmen who bear "without abuse the grand old name of gentleman" responsible for the action of a single London club, or for the princely favor and ducal wining and dining of a baffled Lovelace. But it is a curious glimpse of the morality and character of Mayfair, and it will certainly suggest to our amiable American philosopher a revision of his theory.

THE skeptical and destructive historical spirit which undoes the pretty stories of the Roman wolf and Romulus and Remus, and

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William Tell, and Robin Hood, and which in this country is peering closely into old legends, and actually denying the tradition of Hadley and Goffe the Regicide, is not content with disproving alleged events, but discredits the famous remarks of great men in great emergencies. Orators and writers have taken much comfort in Wellington's electric appeal at Waterloo: "Up, Guards, and at them!" But unluckily it turns out that he never said it. Minorities, too, *in extremis*, have truculently quoted Cambronne's equally renowned saying upon the other side at Waterloo, "The Guard dies, but never surrenders." Unhappily, again, he never said it. It was not left to Dryasdust to expose the story. Cambronne himself instantly and vehemently denied it. But it was much too good not to have been said, and the proved fiction was long accepted as a part of the truth of the famous victory. Perhaps there are still romantic readers who suppose that at Fontenoy the gallant Frenchmen invited the English line to begin the firing. But if they could pause a moment to reflect upon the position of troops drawn up for actual battle, they would perhaps perceive that the extreme etiquette of the drawing-room is hardly practicable upon the battle-field.

It is evident that many of these remarks are like those best after-dinner speeches which are made by the orators to themselves as they go home. They are what might, could, would, or should have been spoken. They are the wisdom after the event. The excellence of the speeches in Thucydides is doubtless due to the fact that the historian makes the orators say just what under the circumstances they should have said, and just what they doubtless would have said, could they have had the historian's advantage of looking back upon the occasion instead of being part of it. That oratory is a fine art is shown by nothing more than that the imagination is indispensable to its success. A truly great oration, like every work of art, must be carefully considered and prepared. But it is impossible to prepare it to the best effect unless the imagination pictures the scene precisely as it will be. Every speaker, indeed, can not have this forecast, but every historian can have the retrospect, and paint upon the silver scene the apples of gold which, at least, should have been there. It is to this instinct of the artist in the historian or the reporter that we owe the apt words in great emergencies. The story is that Rougemont, an accomplished writer in the *Indépendant* newspaper, invented Cambronne's heroic phrase for him; and the saying, "Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God," which is gravely stated in histories to be an epitaph upon the cannon which is John Bradshaw's monument, was found among Jefferson's papers in his own writing, and was probably Franklin's. But whatever their source, such sayings are familiar and immortal, because in crisp and clear phrase they express a principle or a heroic resolution.

Nothing is droller, however, than the perversion and misapplication of some of these remarks, and there is one comical perversion to which we are especially addicted in this country. In a party caucus or convention, or assembly of consultation and comparison of any kind, the object is to ascertain what the majority does or does not desire. But if the situation be such that a small minority can prevent action, it often drums up its adherents, appeals to the pride of opinion, and to mere obstinacy, and then entrenching itself, like a dog in a manger, it announces with ludicrous misconception and grandiloquence, "The Guard dies, but never surrenders." Now as the object is to ascertain the will of the majority, this position is directly hostile to the common purpose. It is a declaration of the minority that it is not the common welfare, but its own way, which it is seeking, and this is substantially treason to the fundamental principle of associated action. The phrase was originally applied to opponents who sought absolutely different ends, and were enemies to the death. But it is adopted with comical misuse by friends who have a common purpose, and who differ only about methods or agents. There is an implied obligation of honor among them to discover what the majority desires or does not desire, and whenever either of these points is determined, the question, so far, is settled. It is, indeed, not unfair in the minority of a party caucus or convention to insist that they are not proved to be a minority—in other words, that it is not clear that they may not swell into a majority—until the majority unites upon a single proposition or person. But the moment that is done, and whether in the form of a caucus or not, the friendly contest honorably ends.

We are speaking, of course, of those who acknowledge the ordinary ethics of the caucus; and everybody will agree that when the friends of a cause which must be advanced by specific methods and agents meet to determine what and who they shall be, there is no practicable solution of a difference of opinion but the voice of the majority. If, however, that majority adopts measures and selects agents whose success appears to any friend to be fatal to the cause itself, the implied conditions of the consultation are nullified, and upon his refusal to acquiesce, he is honorably released from conformity. If this were not so, a majority, however corrupt, could be held to bind the conduct of honorable men. It is from the mouth of such a man alone that the phrase, "The Guard dies, but never surrenders," is permissible, and for the reason that his opposition to the course proposed by his friends is final and vital, like that of the French to the English at Waterloo.

But for those who regard a caucus or consultation as a kind of infallible church, from whose decrees it is an unpardonable sin to differ, it is equally an unpardonable sin not to heed the will of the majority when it is clear-

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ly expressed. To proclaim proudly that "The Guard dies, but never surrenders," when upon its own principles it is the paramount duty of the guard to surrender, is to provoke universal laughter, as if Bombastes Furioso should solemnly assume to be Achilles. Under such circumstances the Guard represents no cause but itself, and is merely a conspiracy. Its conduct is then neither manly nor heroic. When it declares that it never surrenders it makes a grievous mistake, for it has already surrendered every claim to the respect of honorable men.

If we intend, therefore, to apply to our own conduct famous historical phrases, it is of no importance that they may never have been uttered, if they are admirable and apt. But it is of the last importance that they should not make us ridiculous. To that end we must endeavor to comprehend them. For, as Linkum Fidelius saith, "it is very hard to convey to others ideas which we are not ourselves possessed of. For in so doing we are very apt to communicate notions which it is very difficult to eradicate them."

"DECAYED gentility" has great interest for the novel-reader, and the man and woman who "have seen better days" are familiar figures in actual life. Hampton Court is regarded by some travellers with pensive regard as a kind of almshouse for this class of the indigent, and institutions nearer home are described with a deferential courtesy and avoidance as homes for decayed gentlewomen. It can not be pleasant to the persons themselves to be so described, but the founders of such places have perhaps a comfortable sense of reflected honor, as if the impulse to provide a retreat of the kind were of itself a sign of what Lamb calls "very gentility." Despite the plaintive little plea which the description itself urges for this decayed class of our fellow-beings, the people who "have seen better days" are not generally an engaging multitude. A person whose chief distinction is that he was once more prosperous than he is now seems to renounce any present claim upon consideration, and to offer his inability as a ground of regard. It is an appeal to pity, but pity of old has a disagreeable relative.

The pathos of the appeal lies, first, in the sense of contrast, and then in the spiritual rather than the material poverty which it discloses. The lady who lets lodgings, and whose air and the allusions of whose conversation constantly suggest that she has seen better days, is a person who is mastered by circumstances, and therefore does not compel respect. But a woman who is the perfectly self-respecting lady fulfills simply the duty of the moment with no conscious appeal for sympathy; and if by chance you discover that she has been more prosperous, the fact that she has not the conceit of it strengthens your regard. For it is no personal credit to have been more prosperous. As your landlady shows you the convenience of the room, she lets fall that her father the Bishop, or her uncle the Senator, or her lamented cousin the millionaire would be deeply grieved if he could know that his kinswoman was actually letting lodgings.

"Then, madame, you have seen better days?"

"Ah, sir—"

But how is it personally creditable to the good woman that her uncle was honorable and her cousin rich? She recalls the circumstances of others at the expense of her own character. The lodger wishes to hire rooms upon their own merits. He resents the bribery of pity to take them. If they are a little stuffy, they certainly seem no airier because his landlady once sat upon a crimson sofa and read novels all day long. If some philanthropist builds a retreat to which she can retire gratis, and pass her declining years in regretful recollection of the crimson sofa, so let it be. Such a retreat may be dedicated to sentimental repining. But a woman of spirit and character never becomes a decayed gentlewoman, however destitute she may be.

This refusal to succumb to circumstances and to make the best of it, which is all that can be asked, is charmingly sketched in Lamb's Captain Jackson. The Captain's frugal table had the air of a feast, such was the magic of his cheerfulness. His plain cheese was served like Stilton or Roquefort, and slipping a shred of it upon his guest's plate, he contented himself with the rind, gayly declaring that the nearer the bone the sweeter the meat. Poverty was no pleasanter to him than to the rest of us. But had he gone to the almshouse he would not have complained, and in no word or sigh of his would you have discovered that he had seen better days. The family of Captain Jackson is by no means extinct. The other day the Easy Chair met one of them in Broadway—an elderly gentleman in a well-brushed, exceedingly threadbare suit, moving briskly along the pavement. His greeting was alert and courteous. There was a little chat of the day's news, a gay jest or two, and then good-morning. Half a century ago this was a young man about town, the heir of a fortune, a youth of "family," who dressed and drove and dined and danced like the golden youth of to-day. When the first Italian opera troupe came, he was nightly behind the scenes. In the circle of Knickerbocker wits he was one. He wrote verses, and had a kind of literary name. His portrait was published in a weekly paper. He sat at the good tables. His name was Fortunio.

Everything is gone but the cheerful spirit. Nobody knows exactly how he lives, but only that it is in extreme poverty. But he preserves the tone of prosperity. He writes notes in a beautiful and graceful hand upon very cheap paper. "You remember our conversation the other morning about *Anstey's Bath Guide;* and if you will look in your *Fraser* for

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this month, you will find that I was right." Here is the assumption that every gentleman takes *Fraser*, and that your correspondent may have dipped into his before you have looked at yours. Doubtless he had seen it—at some reading-room, perhaps, or on Brentano's counter. One day we had spoken of a famous author. A little while afterward came a comely package containing an old and choice work of his, and a note: "Dear Easy Chair,—I thought it might be a pleasure to you to own this rather uncommon copy of an author whom you evidently admire, and which it is a pleasure to my shelves to spare." What a fine air of elegant leisure in a library! But the "shelves" were a few remnant books, probably worthless to sell, but affording the friendly soul true satisfaction in giving. Fortunio is not a decayed gentleman. His gentility, in the best sense, is in full vigor. Everything but that, indeed, is decayed. But there is no unmanly moping about better days, although in few men's lives could there be a sharper contrast between the past and the present.

This cheerful steadiness is largely due to temperament, but it is not therefore beyond those who have not the same temperament. Character can emulate it. "It's bad enough to be poor," said one of the Captain Jackson family, "but it's a great deal worse to be sulky too." It is very easy, indeed, for prosperity to preach resignation to adversity, and to urge it to bear up bravely. But it is a true gospel, although it be easy to preach. Pure Lacrima Christi is as precious when poured from a glass of Murano as from a pewter mug.

THE Museum of Fine Arts in Boston proposes to open an exhibition of American wood-engravings on the 4th of October, to continue for five weeks, to which all wood-engravers in the United States are invited to contribute. This will be a most timely as well as interesting exhibition, for the amazing progress of this beautiful art in this country is very imperfectly known. It is, indeed, becoming the distinctive American art, a fact which the countrymen of Bewick are compelled to recognize, and it is one in which *Harper's Monthly* has a just pride, as having led the way in its remarkable development in this country. Indeed, the most complete illustrated history of that art is found in the pages of this Magazine for the last thirty years. They contain abundant specimens of its progress, from what was best in the year 1850 to what is best in the year 1881, and the ample series is most encouraging to the devoted artist.

It is more agreeable to our modesty, however, to let another speak the praises of *Harper's Monthly*, and a most timely letter comes to our relief, and affords us an opportunity of explanation:

"DEAR OLD EASY CHAIR,—For thirty years, as man and boy, I have been a constant reader of the now old yet ever new *Magazine*. The fascinating 'Soldier of Fortune' in the initial volumes introduced me to Lever, and in later years I made the acquaintance of Dickens and Thackeray in its pages, and though the complete works of these three writers stand together in my library, I am fond of getting down an old volume of *Harper*, and go from number to number while re-reading one of their always fresh stories.

"With the exception of Tom Nast and A. R. Waud and Theo. R. Davis, I never met any of the artists who have during all these years contributed to beautify the *Magazine*, yet I have always felt as though each was a personal friend. There was Dallas, whose pencil seemed so black, and McLenon, who worked out his pictures with soft lines, and Richards, who seemed to be in a hurry, and scratched in a picture, and Döpler, so magnificent in delineating the scenes in Napoleon's wonderful career. Then I have watched the progress made by Abbey, until now he stands unrivalled in his peculiar sphere, and the gradual softening and beauty in Reinhart's figure-drawing, the quaint touches shown by Pyle, and the delicious handling of woodland light and shade by Gibson. Therefore I, with the thousands and thousands of *Harper* readers, have enjoyed the artistic delight afforded by these gentlemen, and also Shepard, and Fredericks, and Waud, and Cole, and Champney, and Beard, and Sol Eytinge, and Rogers, and ever so many others.

"Now all this preamble leads up to a grumble, and I suppose you will throw this into your waste-basket, and read no more, for, being an editor myself, I know how easy such a proceeding is, whether one be an Easy or an Uneasy Chair. My complaint is that in the August number you have so printed a picture of Mr. Waud's (whom I have often watched sketch on the battle-field) that it seems a cut such as one used to see in the old books, before the secrets of overlays and hard rubber blankets were known. Of course you know I mean the picture of the canal locks at Lockport; and when I turn back to the beginning of the article, and see how beautifully the other pictures are brought out, I wonder what the pressman could have been thinking about. Seriously, you dear old fellow of an Easy Chair, the illustrations in *Harper* are so beautifully designed, and artistically engraved and printed, it is to be presumed that the pressman, in a malicious mood, intended to show us how bad even a handsomely drawn and well-cut picture could look unless he took the pains to bring out all the lights and shadows as intended by the artist and engraver; and so I hereby pay him his meed of praise as rightly due, and hope hereafter that everybody will recognize the fact that no matter how cunningly the pencil is wielded, or how intelligently the graver is handled, all goes for naught unless the pressman is himself an artist and a lover of the beautiful.

"I have had my grumble, dear old Easy Chair, and will consequently subside; but you ought to give us the name of the man whose subtle genius has done so much for American art in the pages of dear old *Harper*."

Our correspondent shows his mastery of his profession. As an editor, he knows both how grumbling should not be done, and how fault should be found with editors. Those who wish to grumble with effect, and to avoid the waste-basket, will carefully ponder this skillful letter, and imitate it in their grumbling if they can. The explanation of the fact observed by our correspondent is simple.

It was desirable, as an editor will understand, that Mr. F. G. Mather's interesting and valuable paper upon "Water Routes from the Great Northwest" should appear in the August number, because that would be issued at the time of opening the new Welland Canal. The illustrated forms were all on the press except one, and of that one only two pages were available for Mr. Mather's paper. Mr. Waud's draw-

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ing, therefore, was very reluctantly but necessarily printed in the next form, which was plain, and printed, of course, without overlay. The only alternative was to postpone the article, and the lesser evil was chosen.

The letter of our correspondent shows with what intelligent eyes our engravings are studied, and it is another incentive to the incessant diligence and unsparing care which are devoted to the art in these pages—the art of which the triumphs will be displayed in the Boston exhibition.

Editor's Literary Record.

IT was at once just and decorous in Mr. Morley to accord an honorable place in his series of "English Men of Letters" to Walter Savage Landor,[1] for although Landor's writings are, and for the most part will doubtless ever remain, "caviare to the general," there has been no Englishman who from his youth upward was more emphatically or exclusively than he a man of letters in the truest and fullest sense of the term; none whose writings have given a keener and more exalted pleasure to the choice and cultivated few who fill the highest places in our literature; none who have exerted a more contagious or a more inspiring influence on other renowned men of letters. Mr. Sidney Colvin—to whom the task was intrusted of portraying the character and analyzing and estimating the productions of Landor, and who has executed his task with delicacy and discernment—justly observes that "alike by his character and powers," Landor is "among the most striking figures in the history of English literature." "Personally," Mr. Colvin continues, "he exercised the spell of his genius upon every one who came near him. His gifts, attainments, impetuosities, his originality, his force, his charm, were all of the same conspicuous and imposing kind. Not to know what is to be known of so remarkable a man is evidently to be a loser. Not to be familiar with the works of so noble a writer is to be much more of a loser still." Landor gives a just and monumental description of himself when he says, "I claim no place in the world of letters; I am alone, and will be alone as long as I live, and after." In fact, the place occupied by Landor among English men of letters is a place apart. He wrote on many subjects and in many forms, and was strong both in imagination and criticism. He was equally master of Latin and English, and equally at home in prose and verse; and if inferior to many in the latter, he had no superior and scarcely a peer in the former. He can not properly be associated with any given school, or indeed with any given epoch, of our literature, but stands alone by the character of his mind and the tenor and circumstances of his life. He wrote in conformity with no standards, pursued no ideals but his own, and was instinct with originality. He challenged the general verdict over an extensive field of lofty thought and imagination, and in the strength, dignity, austere sweetness, and harmony of his prose style he had no living rival. His writings are exceptional for the extraordinary richness and copiousness of their diction, and for the originality of their reflections, their meditative depth and insight, their massive individuality, their delicacy surpassing that of the tenderest poets, their solid ingenuity, learning, and wisdom, and the noble and elevating thoughts that are lavishly scattered through them. These being his intellectual traits, it is not to be wondered at that while the multitude has not known Landor, he has been for three generations moulding, inspiring, and charming those who have taught and charmed the multitude. If Mr. Colvin's just and brilliant monograph on Landor should induce a more universal familiarity with his writings, not only will the field of intellectual delight be widened, but our literature itself will be ennobled and invigorated.

[1] *Landor.* By SIDNEY COLVIN, M.A. "English Men of Letters." 12mo, pp. 224. New York: Harper and Brothers.

AFTER two years of hope deferred, that more than once seemed on the verge of total extinction, Major Serpa Pinto, an officer of the Portuguese army, who was acting as military commandant in the Algarve, left Lisbon for Loando on the 5th of July, 1877, in command of an expedition to penetrate the interior of Southern Africa. The distinct object of the expedition was to survey the hydrographic relations between the Congo and Zambesi basins, and the countries comprised between the Portuguese colonies on both coasts of South Central Africa; and in particular to survey the river Cuango in connection with the Zaire, to study the countries in which the Cuango, the Cunene, and the Cobango take their rise, as far as the upper Zambesi, and, if possible, to make a careful survey of the course of the Cunene. Associated with Major Pinto were two naval officers, who, however, fell out of the expedition at an early and critical stage, and threw the conduct of it entirely upon the chief and his diminished resources. Pinto and his party reached Loando, which had been fixed upon as the point of departure, on August 6, 1877, and at once encountered vexatious delays, principally caused by the inability to secure carriers in sufficient numbers, and by the interposition of discouraging obstacles that beset him from the outset, and which seemed inexplicable at the time, but which persistently pursued him throughout his travels, and were finally traced to the malevolence of slave-dealers. At Ka-

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benda, Pinto met our American traveller Stanley, who had just returned from his latest African explorations, and the information he imparted decided Pinto to abandon the survey of the Zaire, and, completely altering his plans, to enter Africa by the Cuuene, follow it to its source, and then proceed in a southeasterly direction as far as the Zambesi, and so on his way through the interior to the Indian Ocean. After innumerable delays he finally cut loose from the Atlantic coast on the 4th of December, 1877, his starting-point being the valley of Dombe Grande, or Caporolo River. The route across the continent pursued by him, of which the record is now published in a work entitled *How I Crossed Africa*,[2] naturally falls into three divisions: first, from the coast to the Bihé country; second, from the Bihé across the great affluents of the Zambesi (which he claims to have been the first to definitely ascertain to be such) to the upper Zambesi, and down the course of that mighty stream (which rises less than 500 miles from the Atlantic, and traverses Africa 1500 miles to empty into the Indian Ocean) to the falls of Mozi-oa-tunia (Victoria Falls), where he parted with it, and pushed on, through the vast deserts of South Central Africa lying between the falls and the Transvaal, to Shoshong; and third, from Shoshong, through the Transvaal and Natal, to Durban, on the Indian Ocean. The first and last of these stages, though resulting in some important contributions to geographical, ethnographical, meteorological, and commercial knowledge, and far from being devoid of stirring personal incident, are the least interesting, the former lying on the track traversed back and forth by Portuguese and other traders, who have made the country from Benguela to the Bihé, and the people who inhabit it, comparatively well known, and the latter passing through countries that have long since been brought under the influence of European civilization. To neither of these two stages does Major Pinto bear the relation of an original discoverer, and the most that can be claimed for him is that his accounts of the people, the products, the capabilities, the topography, and metcorology of the country between the Atlantic and the Bihé are fuller and more precise than those of any former travellers. The real interest and value of his volumes reside in his descriptions of his explorations in that vast territory lying between the Bihé and the upper division of the Zambesi, which formed a part of his second stage. Here his perils, adventures, privations, and journeyings were rewarded by substantial results quite new to geography, establishing the fact that the whole fluvial system of tropical South Africa has its source in West Africa, that all the rivers which run westward to the Atlantic take their rise in the Bihé in the 18th meridian east of Greenwich, and that at no great distance are to be found the spring-heads of numerous rivers which flow to the eastward, swell the volume of the Zambesi, and empty into the Indian Ocean. To be more specific: Within the zone comprised between parallels 11° and 13°, at about 12° 30′ south latitude, the two gigantic rivers of South Africa, the Zaire and the Zambesi, together with their principal affluents, spring to life. Between the equator and the 20th parallel these two rivers form two perfectly defined water systems, having one common starting-point in the 12th parallel, and thus between the 18th and 35th meridians east of Greenwich, and parallels 8° and 15° south, all the water which runs to the north empties into the Atlantic, at 6° 8′, under the name of the Zaire, and all the water which flows to the south empties into the Indian Ocean, at 18° 50′, under the name of the Zambesi. Major Pinto's principal study was to trace the sources of the latter river and the fluvial system formed by its chief affluents and tributaries. In his march he followed a line from the sources of this great river and its affluents until he had the upper parts of all the various streams properly indicated and determined. And he was thus enabled to substitute for the hypothetical and valueless tracings of previous travellers and geographers a firm and safe outline of previously unknown regions. In addition to these important results, he gives full and precise accounts of the geology and soil of the countries traversed, their flora and fauna, the races that inhabit them, and their state of savagery or semi-civilization. His observations are very minute as to the language, manners, dress, manufactures, social institutions and religious beliefs of these peoples, and as to such of their mental and physical characteristics generally as render them susceptible or impervious to the influence of European methods of thought and ideas concerning religion, commerce, and social order. It is his conviction that the inhabitants of the vast territory lying between the Cuanza (15½° east longitude, 12° south latitude) and the Zambesi (18° east longitude, 15° south latitude) are in a condition to receive with greater facility than any other of the South African peoples the civilizing impulse from Europe; and further, that this impulse can be given more easily and advantageously through the avenue of the Portuguese dependencies on the Atlantic coast than from the British possessions at Natal or the Cape, since the latter are shut off from communication with the people of Central Africa by the insurmountable obstacles interposed by the great deserts and the tsee-tsee fly. These impediments bar the way from the Transvaal and tropical Africa, while there are no natural barriers between the latter and the Atlantic

[2] *How I Crossed Africa.* From the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, through Unknown Countries; Discovery of the Great Zambesi Affluents, etc. By Major Serpa Pinto. Translated from the Author's Manuscript by Alfred Elwes. In Two Volumes, containing Maps, Fac-Similes, and Illustrations, 8vo, pp. 377 and 388. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

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by way of the Portuguese possessions. This route also possesses the advantage of being richly provided with a vast fluvial system, which renders interior communication and traffic easy for more than 1500 miles. Major Pinto has some interesting reflections, worthy of thoughtful consideration, on the methods of the missionaries for the evangelization of Central Africa, in which, while giving them credit for having accomplished much good, he modestly but firmly antagonizes the plans that have been and are now pursued. As a whole, his work, despite many attractive features, is disappointing. He gives too much prominence to trifling and unimportant details, indulges too frequently and at too great length in reminiscences of his personal ailments, hardships, perplexities, and states of mind, and too persistently "pads" his diary with matter that is not only superfluous but dull.

IF the future of our country keep pace with the past, there will be built in the United States during the ensuing year from 140,000 to 150,000 new houses of all kinds, from the humble hut to the palatial mansion, and as many more will be built in each succeeding year. In ten years these houses, yet to be built, will be the *homes* of over seven millions of our people. Here is a fact worthy of the attention of the friends of culture, as well as of the philanthropist and the political economist. If the former can devise a way to penetrate and enlighten the dense ignorance and the yet denser conformity of our people to the slavery of use and wont, and prevent the builders of these houses *in posse* from perpetuating the ridiculous blunders and criminal mistakes which have converted so many of our American habitations into generators of disease and dumb apostles of ugliness, they will deserve at least secular canonization. It is a subject for congratulation that some individuals of their number are addressing themselves in a practical way to the task of educating and enlightening our countrymen on this subject. Among others, Mr. A. F. Oakey, in a sensible little volume entitled *Building a Home*,[3] shows, in a very satisfactory manner, that beauty and healthfulness are not necessarily synonymous with ostentation and expense in house-building; and he furnishes a number of carefully thought out plans for inexpensive buildings, in which he proves that beauty and all the requisites to comfort, healthfulness, and elegance are as attainable in a cottage as in a palace. There is hardly a consideration connected with the construction or arrangement of a house that he has not touched upon with consummate good sense, and with sufficient fullness to enable those who have had no practical experience to build a good honest house, at the smallest possible outlay, that shall be replete with comforts and conveniences, and invested with an atmosphere of beauty.—Closely associated with, and naturally supplementary to, the subject of building a house for a family home, is that of furnishing its interior, and of embellishing and utilizing its exterior surroundings. Two companion volumes to the one just noticed, for which we are indebted to Ella Rodman Church, solve both these problems. In one of these she shows persons of moderate means *How to Furnish a Home*,[4] and makes it manifest that it does not require a great outlay of money to render even an ordinary home pretty and attractive, and indicates how any house may be made cheerful, home-like, and at the same time tasteful, without lavish expenditure. Every portion of the house—the halls and staircases, the parlor, the dining-room, the library, the kitchen, the bedrooms, and the servants' quarters—is minutely considered, and the arrangement, furnishing, and decoration, with the things that are convenient or indispensable for each, are dwelt upon with brevity and judgment. Many of the hints and suggestions are eminently practical and useful, and all of them are characterized by that quietness and delicacy of taste and that regard for the fitness of things which constitute genuine refinement. The author's suggestions as to doors, windows, hangings, carpeting, embroideries, and the finishing touches generally of the apartments of a home, and their floral adornments, are susceptible of universal application. In her other volume, *The Home Garden*,[5] the same author directs her attention to gardens and gardening, with special reference to the laying out of small suburban and city gardens, the arrangement of paths, the improvising of miniature greenhouses, the preparation of the ground, and the selection, cultivation, and tasteful disposal of flowers, shrubs, bulbs, ferns, rockeries, and ornamental plants. Brief practical directions are also given for the cultivation of choice fruits and vegetables in the small plot of ground, say fifty by seventy-five feet, that is usually attached to a modest city or suburban home.

MR. BENSON J. LOSSING has signalized the years of his ripe and hale old age by the preparation of a *Popular Cyclopædia of United States History*,[6] which is an epitome of the careful and industrious researches in American history to which his life has been devoted with an exclusiveness unequalled by any other writer, and a fitting consummation of his useful literary labors. The work is an alphabetical encyclo-

[3] *Building a Home.* By A. F. OAKEY. 12mo, pp. 115. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[4] *How to Furnish a Home.* By ELLA RODMAN CHURCH. 12mo, pp. 128. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[5] *The Home Garden.* By ELLA RODMAN CHURCH. 12mo, pp. 121. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[6] *Harper's Popular Cyclopædia of United States History.* From the Aboriginal Period to 1876. Containing Brief Sketches of Important Events and Conspicuous Actors. By BENSON J. LOSSING, LL.D. Illustrated by over One Thousand Engravings. In Two Volumes, Royal 8vo. Vol. I., pp. 794. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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pædic record, in two volumes—of which the first volume, with titles extending from "Abbadie" to "Lincoln's Medal," is now published—of the most important events in the history of this country from the aboriginal period to 1876, with the dates of their occurrence, their local and general significance, and their connection with other events; and it also comprises a large number of biographical sketches of persons who have been conspicuous in church and state, in politics and society, in war and peace, together with a mass of valuable geographical, historical, statistical, antiquarian, and generally useful knowledge. Prepared with conscientious care, the Cyclopædia may be safely relied upon as a full, accurate, and intelligent book of reference relative to all the facts of our national history.

In our Literary Record for October last an account was given of the formation of the Archæological Institute of America, in which we described its organization, its methods of procedure, and the results of some of the investigations it had instituted, and gave an intimation of some of its projected plans for researches in the near future. It was stated that, among these, a scientific study of the Indians of Colorado and New Mexico, with special reference to the village life of the Indians in that region, had been determined upon; and, as a first step in this direction, the Institute dispatched Mr. A. F. Bandelier to New Mexico, and the results of his investigations are now published in a memoir,[7] which comprises a historical introduction to studies among the sedentary Indians of New Mexico, and a report on the ruins of a pueblo that Mr. Bandelier visited and carefully explored during August and September, 1880. The historical introduction is an epitome of the aboriginal myths and legends, and of the sixteenth-century Mexican and Spanish literature, relating to the original home of the Mexicans and their kindred, their migrations and traditions; and it also comprises a summary of the results of the expeditions and investigations of Spanish travellers at an early period after the conquest, and of others in more recent times, throwing light on the sedentary Indians of New Mexico, their pueblos, modes of life, customs, costumes, implements, religion, language, ethnography, and state of civilization, and also a description of the topography of the country they inhabited. This introduction is an appropriate and helpful preparative for the special investigations made by Mr. Bandelier among the ruins in the valley of the Rio Pecos, and fully vindicates his claim that New Mexico offers superior advantages for archæological and ethnographical study, for the reason that it is the only region on the continent where the highest type of culture attained by its aboriginal inhabitants, in the form of the village community, domiciled in stone or adobe buildings, has been preserved. We have not space for a description of these venerable ruins, their uses, dimensions, and builders, but refer the reader to Mr. Bandelier's minute account of the one, and his judicious inferences and conclusions as to the other. His memoir is rich in material that must prove highly attractive to archæological and ethnographical scholars.

Shining through much rank undergrowth of fustian and stubble of verbosity, there are gleams of true poesy in Mr. Oscar Wilde's *Poems*,[8] frequent and brilliant enough to afford some intimations of the better work he might accomplish if he would liberate himself from the shackles he has imposed upon himself by his persistent imitation of imperfect models, and his no less persistent pursuit of carnal and often unclean ideals. With a singular perversity, Mr. Wilde not only imitates imperfect models, but copies and exaggerates their defects. As "fleshly" and as vain and self-conceited as they, he is coarser in his moods than either, nor does he veil his coarseness with the subtle ideality which is their redeeming grace, and his self-conceit often takes a querulous and lugubrious form which is in strong contrast with their arrogant but always robust and manly self-sufficiency. His style, also, like theirs, is often tumid and redundant, but his inflation is even emptier and his superfluity more profuse than theirs. Barring these serious defects, it is pleasant to be able to say that few of our contemporaneous minor poets describe as felicitously as he the haunts and ways and songs of birds, and the characteristic beauties and relations of flowers, or trace as subtly the influence both exert on man, and the part they bear in the sweet harmonies of nature. The sense of the beautiful is very strong in Mr. Wilde, and constantly asserts itself, often revealing its presence most unexpectedly, in the midst of his most turgid utterances, in the form of rich descriptions and delicate portraitures, and of similes that are laden with poetic meanings. There are frequent passages of this kind in "The Burden of Itys" and "The Garden of Eros," which are resonant with melody, and suffice to vindicate their author's claim to an honorable place among poets.

Several years ago, after a three years' journey round the world, including visits to Farther India and Cochin China in the years 1871–72, Mr. Frank Vincent, Jun., gave the results of his observations in a personal narrative of travel and adventure through Burmah, Siam, Cambodia, and Cochin China, which was published by

[7] *Papers of the Archæological Institute of America.* American Series. I. 1. Historical Introduction to Studies among the Sedentary Indians of New Mexico. 2. Report on the Ruins of the Pueblo of Pecos. By A. F. Bandelier. 8vo, pp. 135. Boston: A. Williams and Co.

[8] *Poems.* By Oscar Wilde, 16mo, pp. 230. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

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the Messrs. Harper under the attractive title of *The Land of the White Elephant.*[9] The work introduced the reader to regions and peoples lying outside the track of ordinary travellers, which were then comparatively unknown, and while carefully describing the topography and resources of the one, and the manners, customs, and most striking characteristics of the other, and while also noting the unusual and in some instances extraordinary innovations, and the encouraging social and religious revolutions that had been developed among them, gave copious and graphic accounts of the author's explorations among the ancient architectural and other remains of these strange lands, and of his researches on subjects bearing upon ethnology, philology, archæology, and commerce. Mr. Vincent has now prepared a new and enlarged edition of his interesting volume, and has greatly added to its value by a generous supplement of carefully prepared original matter, which complements the descriptions and statistics of the first edition with the results of the latest investigations, bringing down our knowledge of the interesting lands of Farther India to the present day. As we are penning this notice, a significant fact that will impart increased interest to Mr. Vincent's volume arrests our attention. The latest advices from Siam state that a telegraph line is now being laid through Siam to Cambodia, to be there connected with the line to Saigon. Bangkok, we are informed, will be in full communication with the outside world before the first of February next. Besides, arrangements have been completed for immediately pushing forward a line from Bangkok to Rangoon, and for extending the wires through Southern Burmah to the boundary line in the Cowdeng Hills. The result of these enterprises must be to open new fields for travel and commerce in the hitherto secluded regions so elaborately described in Mr. Vincent's new and timely edition of his book.

THE Messrs. Harper have just published a luxurious octavo edition of the *Revised New Testament,*[10] which, like their cheaper popular editions, noticed in the Record for August, is an exact reproduction of the English edition, save that the list of "Readings and Renderings preferred by the American Committee," instead of being printed in a body at the end of the volume, is separated into two parts, those referring to "General Passages" being given in the page, immediately preceding the text, and the "Special Readings and Renderings" being given in their appropriate places in foot-notes. The generous margin, large page, fair white paper, and large clear type of this fine edition render it the most desirable one we have seen for constant use or permanent preservation.

AMONG the half-dozen novels of the month that are worthy of being singled out for special mention in the Record are three by well-known and favorite authors—*Ayala's Angel,*[11] by Anthony Trollope, *Sydney,*[12] by Miss Georgiana M. Craik, and *The Neptune Vase,*[13] by Miss Virginia W. Johnson. By a noteworthy coincidence, in each of these romances all the effects of light and shade, and all the wealth of color of which the author was master, are concentrated upon a single central female figure. It is true that in each there are other figures which are far from being limp and characterless actors in the drama that is enacted, but none the less are they mere accessories, who serve as foils to heighten the impressions made by the leading actor, and bring out her individuality in bolder relief. In Mr. Trollope's novel—whose restful amplitude forbids its being dispatched at one sitting, and invites the reader to "cut and come again" with an undiminished relish—the heroine is a bright and beautiful maiden, so largely endowed with native gifts as to be able to master spontaneously and without effort arts and accomplishments that cost ordinary mortals prolonged toil and application, and to invest them with the charm of her own sparkling grace and beauty. She and her sister, who is a sedate, resolute, quiet, and self-forgetful maiden only less beautiful than herself, are the orphaned and penniless daughters of a popular artist, of whose happy domestic and wedded life, with its elegance, hospitality, profusion, and Bohemian accompaniments, we are vouchsafed some delightful brief glimpses. On the father's death the sisters are thrown upon the charity of their relatives, one of whom is a brother and the other a sister of their dead mother. The uncle is a well-bred gentleman of straitened means, and the aunt is the wife of a millionaire London merchant, who agree each to take one of the sisters, with the proviso that the aunt is to have the choice. Naturally she selects the bright and beautiful and gifted niece, while the more sedate one is consigned to the poor uncle. The selection was a wiser one, however, than the parties to it knew, since luxury and the social gayeties were as the breath of life to the younger and more vivacious girl, and the quiet but resolute spirit of the older one was better fitted to cope with poverty. For

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[9] *The Land of the White Elephant.* Sights and Scenes in Southeastern Asia. A Record of Travel and Adventure in Burmah, Siam, Cambodia, and Cochin China. Profusely Illustrated with Maps, Plans, and Engravings. By FRANK VINCENT, Jun. New and Enlarged Edition. 8vo, pp. 375. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[10] *The New Testament of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.* Translated out of the Greek. Being the Version set forth A.D. 1611, Compared with the most Ancient Authorities and Revised A.D. 1881. 8vo, pp. 652. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[11] *Ayala's Angel.* A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 109. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[12] *Sydney.* A Novel. By GEORGIANA M. CRAIK. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 62. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[13] *The Neptune Vase.* A Novel. By VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 87. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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a time everything goes smoothly with Ayala in the luxurious mansion of the rich uncle-in-law, about whose heart she insensibly entwines herself. But her spirit of independence, her superior beauty and attractiveness, combined with the attentions that are paid her by eligible gentlemen, soon make her plain-featured female cousins envious, exacting, and insulting, and her aunt cold and unloving; and when her cousin Jack falls in love with and offers himself to her, their cup of wrath overflows. The house becomes too hot to hold her, and she is made to change places with her sister. But she is as irrepressible and irresistible in her poor as she was in her luxurious home. Her faithful cousin Jack repeatedly renews his offer of marriage, and is as often refused, and other men of rank and fortune go through the same sweet misery, with the like experience. None of them come up to the ideal lover of angelic grace and beauty she had seen in fancy visions, and for whose advent she expectantly waited. Nor can society forget her, but seeks her out, steals her for brief and happy moments away from her retirement, and at length brings her face to face with her fate, who turns out to be a homely but sterling gentleman, who is an angel of every manly virtue if not of beauty. Mr. Trollope fills in the story, of which we have given the barest skeleton, with his accustomed skill, with the result of one of the cleverest and most delightful of his many clever and delightful novels.

The heroine of Miss Craik's novel is cast in an entirely different mould. Grave, thoughtful, intellectual, and quiet, she is one of those large-limbed, golden-haired, grand, and stately women we sometimes meet with in Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon legends, under whose repose of manner the most powerful activities lie hidden. Into her quiet and beautiful rural home, far enough from London to escape its soot and turmoil, but near enough to enjoy its opulence and the amenities of its social overflow, while she was in the gracious dawn of her rich womanhood, came a young Saul of a man; and just as her heart began to flutter with young love's dream there was a crash—her father's fortunes are irretrievably wrecked, his health is broken, and they are reduced to penury. While they are thus overwhelmed, an old and opulent neighbor, a life-long familiar and trusted friend of the family, munificently interposes for their relief, but without her knowledge, or indeed her consciousness of their utter destitution. When she is enlightened as to the facts, she feels it to be impossible to longer accept his aid, but is made wretched at the thought of her parents' needs. At this juncture he avows that he has loved her long but silently, and asks her to become his wife, so that he may have the right to assist her parents. Delicate and high-minded as was the manner of his proposal, she is shocked, surprised, and wounded, the more so for her late dream of love. A feeling of repulsion seizes her for the man who has awakened her, and she refuses; but he persists gently though firmly, till at length the sight of her father's sufferings and her mother's harassed and anxious face, combined with their unuttered but eloquent urgency, overcome her, and she becomes a reluctant, unloving, but loyal bride. It is on this last stage in the career of the heroine that Miss Craik expends all her resources, laying bare with touching power the heart of the heroine, her struggles with herself to overcome the repulsion that has almost ripened into aversion for her husband, till successively her repulsion gradually diminishes, she finds herself dwelling on his virtues and magnanimities, and finally, under the stress of a great catastrophe that puts his life in jeopardy, she learns that she loves him with all the might of her large and loving heart.

The heroine of Miss Johnson's well told story, *The Neptune Vase*, is still another type of womanhood, holding a middle place between Mr. Trollope's zephyr-like Ayala and Miss Craik's statuesque Sydney. As her name imports, Katy is one of those true women whose "household motions light and free" beautify the home, and make the hearth-stone sparkle royally. Miss Johnson depicts this sweet and womanly maiden with great felicity, and skillfully introduces a number of subsidiary actors, whose characters have the effect, by contrast with hers, to heighten the charms of her winning and housewifely ways, and to bring out in clearer relief her wit, her gentleness, her self-devotion and purity. The story abounds in fine contrasts of character and situation, and embodies in the most unobtrusive manner some exquisite bits of description and art criticism.

THE three remaining novels must be briefly characterized. *The Lutaniste of St. Jacobi's*[14] is an ingenious blending of biography and romance. Around the real incidents of the life of George Neumarck, a poet and musician of eminence who flourished in Germany at the close of the Thirty Years' War, is woven a story of love that is an idyl of grace and sweetness.—*Baby Rue*[15] is a sprightly and tolerably effective novel in the "No Name Series." The scene is laid for the most part in the wilds of the far West, and the zest of a spirited love story is heightened by the incidents and vicissitudes of army life among the hostile savages.—*The Count's Secret*,[16] by Émile Gaboriau, is a romance in the French style, at once histrionic and sensational, and mingling much that is sweet and wholesome with much that is heated and impure.

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[14] *The Lutaniste of St. Jacobi's.* A Tale. By CATHARINE DREW. "Leisure Hour Series." 16mo, pp. 260. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[15] *Baby Rue.* Her Adventures and Misadventures, her Friends and Enemies. "No Name Series." 16mo, pp. 318. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[16] *The Count's Secret.* From the French of ÉMILE GABORIAU. 8vo, paper, pp. 232. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

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Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 20th of August. —The Ohio State Temperance Convention met at Cincinnati July 20, and nominated Abraham R. Ludlow for Governor, and Jason McVeagh for Lieutenant-Governor. The nominations were subsequently indorsed by the Ohio Prohibition Convention.

The Prohibition Act passed by the North Carolina Legislature last winter was rejected by the people at the polls, August 4, by a large majority.

The Virginia Conservative Democratic Convention met at Richmond August 4, and nominated Hon. John W. Daniel for Governor.

Spotted Tail, a head chief of the Sioux tribe, was murdered by another Indian July 5.

The Irish Land Bill passed the British House of Commons July 29, by a vote of 220 to 14, the minority being exclusively composed of Conservatives. The House of Lords amended the bill, and passed it August 8. On August 12 the Commons rejected most of the important amendments, and on the same day the Lords restored them. On the 15th the Commons adopted modifications of some of the amendments, but still rejected the more important ones. On the 16th the Lords agreed to the bill as finally insisted upon by the Commons.

Midhat Pasha and all the others convicted of the murder of the late Sultan, except the two actual assassins and Izzet Pasha and Seyd Pasha, who were implicated in the crime, have been exiled to Arabia.

The Czar of Russia and his family were enthusiastically welcomed by the inhabitants of Moscow on their entrance to that city July 30. In response, the Czar said: "After passing through the great affliction which fell on the imperial family and all Russians, I esteem myself happy to be at last able to carry out my heart-felt wish of visiting the original capital of the empire. I cordially thank you for your hearty reception. Moscow has always given an example to the whole of Russia. I hope it will ever continue to do so. It testifies, now as formerly, that the Czar and the people form a harmonious and solid whole."

The retrocession of the Transvaal to the Boers has been formally effected, and the Boer government have issued a proclamation announcing the establishment of the South African Republic.

The correspondence between England and France touching affairs in Tripoli has been published. Lord Granville, in his dispatch of July 15, stated to the French government that, in view of the unquestioned incorporation of Tripoli in the Turkish Empire, as well as its proximity to Egypt, her Majesty's government could not regard interference of whatever description on the part of France in Tripoli in the same manner as they viewed occurrences in Tunis. To this the French Foreign Minister replied that France regarded Tripoli as indisputably a part of the Ottoman Empire, and that she had no intention whatever either of invading it or attempting to establish any exclusive or predominant influence in that country. The remonstrances which had been addressed to the Porte, he said, had been mild and friendly, and had not been made until France had very good reason to believe that Turkish emissaries from Tripoli had been stirring up disaffection in Tunis. The Porte had been warned of the danger which must ensue if a fire were lighted in Tripoli which should spread to Tunis, and it had been assured that if, contrary to her hopes and wishes, France were driven to military measures, she would take defensive measures only, and French troops would not cross the frontier of Tripoli. The French Minister declared that it would be a real and great sorrow to him if anything should occur to weaken the close and cordial understanding between France and England in regard to Egypt.

Ayoob Khan totally routed the Afghan Ameer's forces at Karezi-Atta, July 28, after a fight of three hours. Two days later the victorious soldiers entered Candahar, and occupied the citadel.

DISASTERS.

August 1.—News received from Mexico of a terrific powder explosion at Mazatlan. Many persons killed, and houses destroyed.

August 14.—Several tiers of seats collapsed during a bull-fight at Marseilles. Twenty-seven of the spectators killed and three hundred and six injured.

OBITUARY.

July 25.—At Cornish, Maine, Associate Justice Nathan Clifford, of the United States Supreme Court, aged seventy-eight years.

July 27.—In San Francisco, California, Hon. John J. Bagley, ex-Governor of Michigan, aged forty-nine years.

July 30.—Announcement in London of the death of George Borrow, author of *The Bible in Spain*, and well known for his association with gypsies in Spain and elsewhere, aged seventy-eight years.

August 3.—At Buffalo, New York, Hon. William G. Fargo, president of the American Express Company, aged sixty-three years.—At Salem, Oregon, Bishop Erastus Otis Haven, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in his sixty-first year.

August 5.—Announcement in London of the death of Theodore Bergk, German linguist and professor, and critic and historian of Greek literature, in his seventieth year.

August 7.—In Philadelphia, General Robert Patterson, aged eighty-nine years.

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Editor's Drawer.

HERE is an item, to begin with, from ——, New Brunswick:

"What's the news down town this morning?" asked a gentleman of some judicial distinction, the other day, at the conclusion of the business for which the brilliant barrister had waited on him.

"Oh," said the barrister, "there's a great sensation on the street this morning. Didn't you hear of it?"

"No. What is it?" asked the judge.

"Why, there's a split in the Liberal party."

"You don't tell me! Are you sure?"

"Undoubtedly, and I know all about it. I'll tell you how it happened: *I have left the party.*"

SOME time ago a man came into a Baltimore lawyer's office in a state of great excitement, and asked him to commence proceedings for a divorce. Mr. Dobbin heard him through, and then said: "I think I have something that will exactly suit your case. Sit still, and I will read it to you."

The man remained seated, all ear, supposing he was to listen to Blackstone or Kent, when Mr. Dobbin began to read "Betsey and I are Out." By the time he had ended, the man's eyes were full of tears.

"I believe I will go home," he said. And he and his wife have lived happily ever since.

THOSE who read Mrs. J. C. R. Dorr's poem, "The Parson's Daughter," in the July number of this Magazine, will be interested in the following poem, by Miss Anna C. Brackett, based on a similar incident during our civil war, published in the *Christian Enquirer* in 1864:

FOR THE SOLDIERS.

A call came up from the soldiers' camps,
  And sounded in our ears,
Above all the roar of the heavy guns,
  And the ringing battle-cheers.
It said: "We are fighting for you, for yours;
  In the forefront of danger we stand;
We are driving the ranks of the rebels back;
  Will you lend us a helping hand?

"We give you all of our health and strength;
  We are flinging our lives away;
Our days and nights, they are spent for you;
  Will you give to us just one day?"
And the farmers afar, in the Prairie State,
  Heard the call as it sounded by;
And they answered the voice from the far-off camps
  With a cheerful, whole-souled "Ay."

A little girl stood and watched the teams,
  With their treasures running o'er,
With their loads of the full-eared yellow corn,
  Drive up to her father's door;
Till the rosy apples, and onions white,
  And squashes golden and round,
That the farmers brought of their hard-earned stores
  Lay heaped all over the ground.

And she said: "Oh, papa, *I* have nothing to give
  That the soldiers would care to hold;
I am *so* sorry I am so small;
  I have neither silver nor gold.
There's my doll, and my hoop, and all my toys,
  But they don't want those, you see,
And they would not care for the games or the books
  Of a little girl like me.

"I think, papa, it is very hard,
  I have thought all my playthings o'er,
And there isn't a thing they would want to take:
  I wish I wasn't so poor!
I'm sure there is nothing I would not give
  To make their work seem less—"
And here she stopped, for her little pet lamb
  Was pulling at her dress.

They had played together, the child and lamb,
  All the long bright summer days;
It had shared her supper of bread and milk—
  She had taught it its winsome ways.
It would run at the sound of its whispered name
  To the mistress it loved so well;
And she loved it, her darling little pet,
  Far better than I could tell.

She stopped, and looked in her father's face,
  And her eyes grew large and wide;
Then she flung her arms round the lamb's soft neck,
  And knelt down by its side.
And her eyes grew full of the blinding tears
  That she could not wipe away;
And, "Oh, papa, my darling lamb!"
  Was all that she could say.

And closer and closer she held it then,
  And faster the tears ran down,
Till she lifted her head, and spoke again
  Through the sobs that her words would drown:
"Oh, papa, I never had thought of this!
  It is all my own, you know.
Oh, pet, you must go for our soldiers brave!
  My darling, I love you so!"

And stronger growing: "Oh yes, papa,
  You must not look so grave!
Why, they give up their arms and their lives for us:
  It is everything I have!
It isn't much—I'm a *little* girl—
  But perhaps, if you tell them so,
They will take it with all the bigger things—
  Oh, darling, I love you so!"

I think the angels looked down from heaven,
  With tears in their shining eyes,
At the tearful little upturned face,
  And the noble sacrifice.
God love her, and bless her, and save the land
  That claims her among its brave,
Who, 'mid their tears, with unfaltering hand
  Have given all they have!

IN old colonial days and newspapers there was a degree of candor very refreshing to those accustomed to the forms of courtesy or respect now so indiscriminately given. A student of colonial literature sends the Drawer the following delightfully natural obituary from the *Virginia Gazette* of October 5, 1769: "Died, at his house, the Rev. Mr. John Ramsey, who, although not universally beloved, was an affectionate husband, a good neighbor, father, and friend; charity, many virtues, many failings." The same paper speaks of a Mr. David Mead, Esq., of Nansemond, as marrying Miss Sallie Waters, "*an agreeable* young lady"; and advertises the sale of an estate and negroes by lottery, with this singular claim on public sym-

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pathy: "I hope that the public will countenance me, as my misfortunes are not occasioned by any want of industry on my part, but by too hospitable, friendly, and generous a temper."

As to English affairs, there is this curious notice in the *Gazette* for December 28, 1769:

PRICE OF STOCKS IN ENGLAND.

Impudence	Open.
Arbitrary power	Very high.
Assurance	Ten per cent.
India stock	Very precarious.
Modesty	Shut.
Merit	No price.
Ministerial influence	Very low.
Lottery tickets	Fourteen a Fifteen.
Gulls	Near sixty thousand.
National good	Nothing done.

SOME clergymen of the Episcopal Church, strong in the consciousness of elocutionary powers, and with a mistaken idea of being duly impressive, are given to reading the Ten Commandments to their people in stern, deep, menacing tones, like small thunders of Sinai. "Thou shalt do no mur-r-r-der-r-r" offers them an especial opportunity to come out with blood-curdling effect. A late criticism upon one of them would take their breath away:

"He reads the Commandments," said an amused clerical brother, "*as if he himself had recently enacted them, and was determined to have them enforced!*"

THE following comes from Newport:

Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, has recently finished a sea-side villa, built out of the munificent proceeds of his contributions to Bonner's *Ledger*. He was at a loss for a name which should gracefully acknowledge the soil from which his new roof-tree had sprung. After much ingenious twistification therein, and the bursting of many puns, he laid bare the true nature of the ground. The witty prelate's summer address when off duty is "Bon Ledge."

LAST year a certain lady in London, of more wealth than education, was anxious to be shown Mr. Ashmead Bartlett and his *fiancée*. Her wish was gratified. She was asked the other day had she seen them recently. "No," she replied, "not since they were married. When I saw them last she was only his *financier*."

THE 22d of February is a Kentucky holiday; but the Kentucky Legislature is, or a few years ago was, an economical body, and did not always readily waste a whole day on the memory of the Father of his Country. One 22d some of the more frugal members, who were chiefly economical in the *record*, insisted on meeting, so that the world might know they had not missed a day, and at an early hour proposed to adjourn, so that they might enjoy the holiday. This provoked a debate, in which some mischievous young members took occasion to shock patriotism and worry the old shams of economy by declaring that the war of independence was a mistake, and that our people would have been happier if we had remained subject to England. This brought out a gushing old country patriot, who, after exhausting invective on the scapegraces who had riled him, majestically waved his hand toward the portrait of George Washington over the Speaker's desk, and exclaimed, "Such, at least, young men, was not the sentiments of *the gentleman on the wall*."

A CONGREGATIONAL clergyman in C—— is making a sensation at his weddings. He uses the Episcopal marriage service, with improvements of his own. One of these improvements comes in at the giving of the ring. He has got up the greatest novelty for that, and we all look for it. "Is there," says he, in inquiring tones, "any visible pledge of this affection here present?"

OF Senator Davis, of Illinois, who is known as a rather stout gentleman, the following is sent by a correspondent at St. Louis:

"Last summer we called on Judge Davis at his house in Bloomington. After we had left, the little eight-year-old boy of the friend who was with me remarked, 'Mamma, that gentleman had his legs put on behind.'"

WE have before us a postal card addressed to the sheriff of Skamania County, Cascades, Washington Territory, on which is printed a card signed Christen Paulsen, Evanston, Wyoming Territory, offering $5 reward for any information respecting his wife and five children (giving names, ages, etc.), who started for Washington Territory two years ago. The card was posted on the post-office door, and our correspondent was about to copy it, when the postmaster said: "You can take it; it has been there long enough. I don't want to aid a man to ascertain the whereabouts of his wife and children who only valued them at eighty-three cents a head, and waited a year before advertising."

COLONEL WOODS, the oldest practicing lawyer in Iowa, and familiarly known as "Old Timber," was recently called upon as an expert to prove the reasonable value of certain services rendered by a brother attorney. On his direct examination he stated in a rather careless manner that he had been practicing law in the Territory and State of Iowa for the last fifty or sixty years. Upon cross-examination a young attorney, whom we will call Charley, undertook to have some sport at "Old Timber's" expense, with this result:

"How long did you say you had practiced law in this country?"

"Fifty or sixty years, sir."

"Well, will you state what was the character of your practice during the earlier part—

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say for the first twenty-five or thirty years in the Territory and State?"

"Yes, sir. I was then what might be appropriately called an itinerant lawyer."

"An *itinerant* lawyer! Will you be so kind, colonel, as to explain to the Court and jury what you mean by the term 'itinerant lawyer'?"

"Certainly, sir. In those early days I used to travel around the circuit with the judge, and my business was to *try* causes for young gentlemen like you, Charley, who had brass enough to undertake a case, but not brains enough to try it."

At a recent dinner party in Washington, Miss Marie Prescott, who supported Salvini during his late professional tour in this country, gave a specimen of the nice distinctions in the negro dialect of her old Kentucky home. Aunt Susan, of color, was in the habit of supplying the corner grocers with honey. One day, her own supply being exhausted, she went to town to purchase some from one of her own customers. She stopped her rickety wagon in front of the grocery, and called out, "Oh, Mr. Smith, is you got any honey?"

Mr. Smith replied, "No, Aunt Susan, I don't want any to-day; I have plenty."

He had misapprehended Aunt Susan, who exclaimed, in a higher key, "I didn't ask you *isn't* you, but *is* you, got any honey to-day."

In Mr. Joseph Hatton's *To-day in America*, recently published in the "Franklin Square Library" by Harper and Brothers, are several anecdotes racy of the soil, which Mr. Hatton heard during his trip to the West. We reproduce a couple:

There is less respect for human life in America than in England, and the humorous history of two strangers, each having murdered the other's relative, may be taken as an illustration in point, with this advantage, that it is an example of the common and ready habit of "capping" an extravagant statement, which is quite a specialty of American humor. The two strangers in question were toasting their shins on opposite sides of a big stove in a ferry waiting-room, and it was noticed that they often looked at each other as if almost certain that they had met before. Finally one of them got up and said:

"Stranger, I've seen a face almost like yours. Did you ever have a brother Bill?"

"Yes."

"Was he a sailor?"

"He was."

"Did you hear of him last about ten years ago?"

"Yes, just about ten years ago."

"Stranger," continued the first, seemingly greatly affected, "I've sailed with your brother Bill. We were wrecked together on the Pacific, and before help came I had to kill and eat him. I knew you must be related. I'm awful sorry it was your brother; and though I was driven to it, and the law can't touch me, I'm willing to pay you damages. Be kinder fair with me, for Bill was old and tough. About how much do you think is fair?"

The other wiped a tear from his eye, expectorated across the stove, and replied:

"Stranger, where is your dad?"

"Been dead these twelve years."

"Died in Nevada, didn't he?"

"Yes, out there somewhere."

"Well, I killed him. I knew you were his son the minute I saw you. He and I were in a mine one day, and as we were going up in a bucket, I saw that the old rope was going to break under the strain. When we were up about two hundred feet, I picked up your old dad and dropped him over. It was bad on him, but it saved me. Now you ate my brother Bill, and I murdered your dad, and I guess we had better call it even, and shake to see who pays for the drinks."

Another legend is of a grocer hungrily waiting for his clerk to return from dinner that he too might partake of his noonday meal, when a boy came into the store with a basket in his hand, and said: "I seed a boy grab up this 'ere basket from the door and run, and I ran after him, and made him give it up."

"My lad, you are an honest boy."

"Yes, sir."

"And you look like a good boy."

"Yes, sir."

"And good boys should always be encouraged. In a box in the back room there are eight dozen eggs; you can take them home to your mother, and keep the basket."

The grocer had been saving up those eggs for days and weeks to reward some one. In rewarding a good boy he also got eight dozen bad eggs carried out of the neighborhood free of cost, and he chuckled as he walked homeward. The afternoon waned, night came and went, and once more the grocer went to his dinner. When he returned, his face wore a contented and complacent smile. His eye caught a basket of eight dozen eggs as he entered the store, and he queried:

"Been buying some eggs?"

"Yes; got hold of those from a farmer's boy," replied the clerk.

"A lame boy with a blue cap?"

"Yes."

"Two front teeth out?"

"Yes."

The grocer sat down and examined the eggs. The shells had been washed clean, but they were the same eggs which the good boy had taken home the day before.

Not long ago a bright little girl in the Sunday-school of St. Luke, M——n, New Jersey, who was in the Calvary Catechism class, taught by Miss S——, and evidently had reached the bottom facts of the lesson—the creation of

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man out of the dust of the earth—came running home to her mother, overfull of confidence in the Scripture theory and her own reflective conclusions, and exclaimed:

"Oh, mother, I know it is all true what the catechism said about Adam's being made out of the dust of the earth—I know it is!"

"Why?"

"Because I saw Aunt Emma whip Gracie, and I saw the dust fly out of her. I know it is so."

Little Gracie had been playing with ashes.

We are indebted to an Ohio correspondent for the following:

After services at the African M. E. church at —— the other Sunday, Brother Coleman, one of the pillars of the church, invited the minister home to dine with him. While partaking of the simple repast, the minister, whose distaste for corn-bread was not known to the hostess, astonished the family by saying: "Mother Coleman, dis yer corn-bread tickles my throat."

Mother Coleman was so taken aback as to be unable to reply; but her husband came to her relief, and remarked, with a philosophical air: "Br'er Jenks, if you stays roun' dis yer neighborhood long, *you'll get tickled to death.*"

In a certain town in Kansas lived a good deacon of the M. E. Church, who had two sons, thirteen and fifteen years of age respectively. Going to the barn one day, he heard some chattering in the haymow, and listening, detected such expressions as "I pass," "Down she goes," "Make it spades," etc. Rightly divining that his boys, in company with some neighbors', were engaged in that abomination a game of cards, he secured a good-sized cudgel, and quietly mounted the ladder. Just as he stepped on the mow, one of the hopefuls asked: "What's trumps?" The old gentleman observed, in a manner not to be misunderstood, "Clubs is trumps, *and it's daddy's deal.*" The boys soon found out that daddy held a "lone hand."





THE FIRST BABY.

5. "Look here! is this what you call attending to duty?"

6. "Lullaby, lul-la—by."

"Doctor," said an anxious mother, "James is actually killing himself by sitting up until one or two o'clock every night."

"No," said the doctor, "that will not hurt him. It is the *getting up* in the morning that is killing your son."

Caste still asserts itself in the Old Dominion. Recently a second-class, seedy-looking man of that State said to the commodore of a ferry-boat at Alexandria: "Cap'n, I hain't got no money, and want to go to Washington."

"Are you of the first families?" gently queried the skipper.

"No, suh," replied the party; "I belong to one of the second-class families of Virginia."

"Jump right aboard," said the captain; "I never carried any of that kind befo'."

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCLXXVIII.—NOVEMBER, 1881.—Vol. LXIII.



IN CORNWALL WITH AN UMBRELLA.

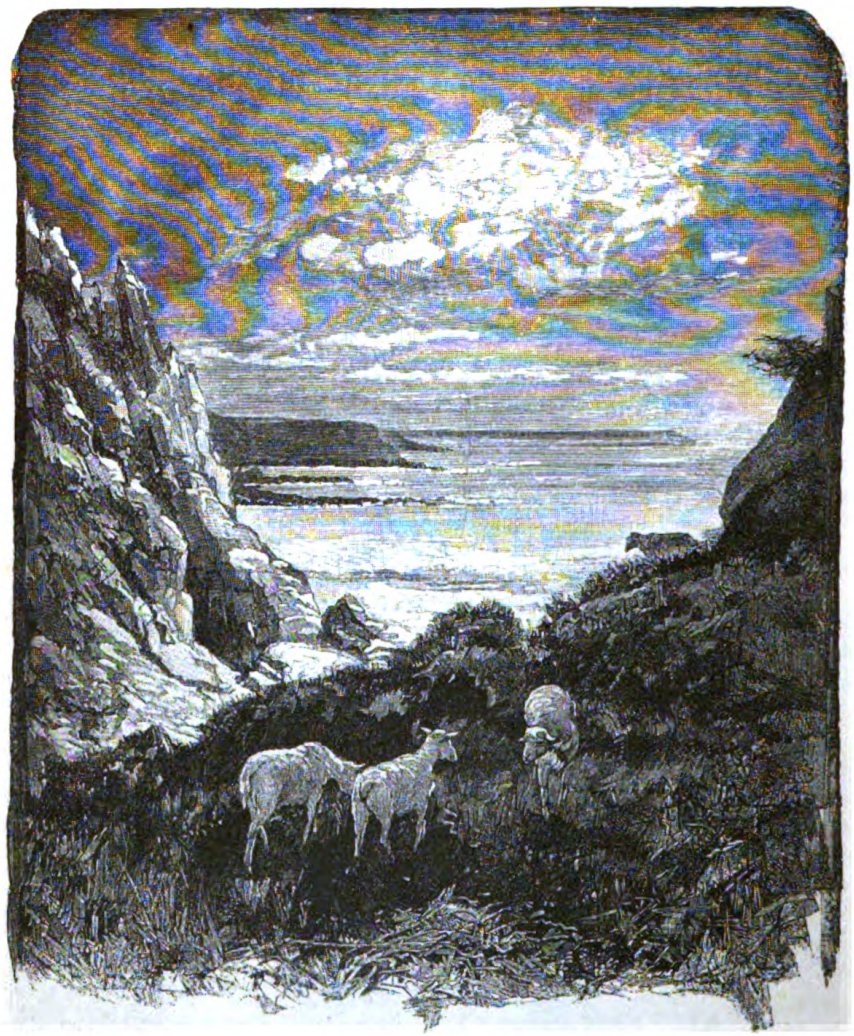
LITTLE is left of imaginative simplicity in the English peasantry. The smock-frock is a thing of antiquity; the insular capacity for wonderment that made any stranger an object of attention in the small villages has vanished in the light which comes from common schools and newspapers—an illumination which often

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A CORNISH PASTURE.

leaves an irreverent and prosaic acuteness in place of the more interesting, if also more deplorable, credulity of ignorance. England is still picturesque in the calm spirit of its life and in its beautiful landscape, but its rustics have lost most of that oddity of character which made them seem belated in contrast with the knowingness of American villages twenty years ago. The bicyclist and pedestrian have invaded every corner, and have communicated some sort of enlightenment where they have sojourned. The old inns have modern appliances, and at some time or other many of the people, taking advantage of "excursions," have felt the disillusionment and expansive influence of London.

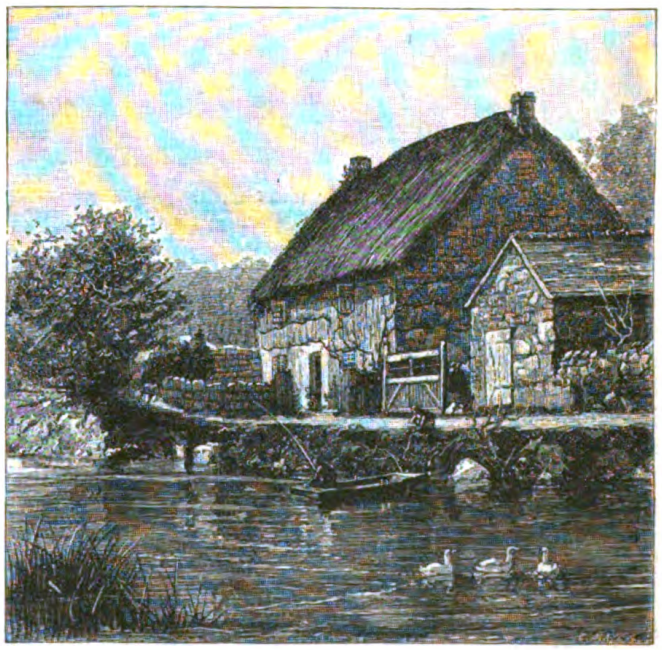
This superstitious and crude simplicity of character was preserved in Cornwall longer than in any other county. For centuries its geographical position discouraged intruders. The Celtic population held to its primitive language, and little new blood was introduced to ameliorate its austere and difficult temperament. From the period when the Phœnicians came to Cassiterides, like importunate creditors, for tin, and the Druids practiced their ceremonial and picturesque hypocrisies, this wild territory, girt by the sea on all its boundaries except the northeast, was fertile in legend and witchcraft.

The nursery Jack who killed the giant Cormoran was born at Land's End. King Arthur hovered above the western coast in the form of a bird. The "evil-eye" worked its spells, and was recognized by the peculiar form of the ball, which was sometimes clear and lustrous, and at other times covered with a filmy gauze;

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or the pupil was ringed twice. Any one afflicted by the malevolent glance could relieve himself by bringing away a piece of bread from the hands of the priest at sacrament, and carrying it round the church a certain number of times at midnight. He was then met by a big venomous toad, gaping and gasping, and when he put the bread into the reptile's mouth, it breathed upon him three times, and thenceforth the evil-eye could not have any influence upon him. Whistling brought a gentle breeze to the farmer when winnowing his corn, and a favorable wind to the sailor. There were phantom ships and spirits in the storm-clouds.

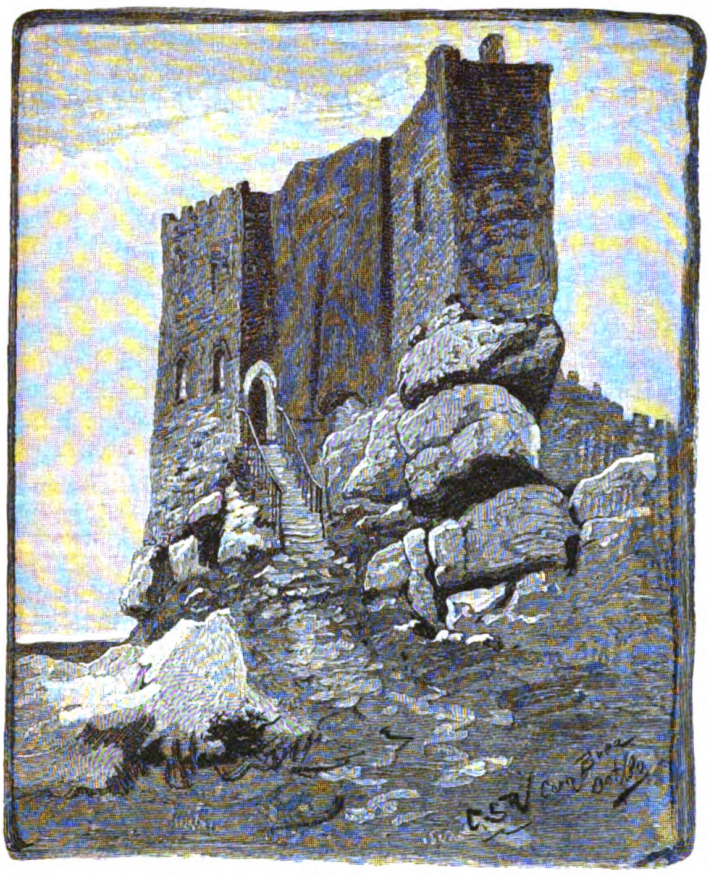
The pixies were sociable, though disposed to be mischievous; they appeared on the hearth-stones unexpectedly, and disappeared as suddenly through the key-holes, without exciting any alarm. They were conciliated by amiability and courage. A farmer's boy was once sent from Portallow to a neighboring village for some household necessaries, and on his way home, when it was dark, he heard a voice saying, "I'm for Portallow Green." "As you are going my way," thought he, "I may as well have your company," and he too cried, "I'm for Portallow Green." Instantly he found himself on the Green, surrounded by a throng of little laughing pixies, who now cried, "I'm for Seaton Beach"—a place between Looe and Plymouth, several miles distant. Instead of trying to escape from them, however, the boy rejoined, "I'm for Seaton Beach," and in another moment he was whisked off to Seaton, where the pixies danced around him until the cry was changed to, "I'm for the King of France's cellar." He offered no objection to even so long a journey as this. "I'm for the King of France's cellar," cried the adventurous youth, as he dropped his parcel on the beach, not far from the edge of the tide. Immediately he found himself in a spacious cellar, tasting the finest wines. The pixies then took him through rooms fitted up with a splendor that quite dazzled him, and in one of the halls the tables were spread for a feast. Though in the main an honest lad, he could not resist the temptation to take away some memorial of his travels, and he pocketed one of the silver goblets. "I'm for Seaton Beach," once more cried the pixies, and he having repeated the words, they bore him with them, and reached the place in time to save his parcel from the flowing tide. The next destination was Portallow, where they left him to deliver his parcel to his mistress, who complimented him on his dispatch. "You'd say so if you only know'd where I've been. I've been with the pixies to Seaton Beach, and I've been to the King of France's house, and all in five minutes." The farmer said he was "mazed"—mad. "I thought you'd say I was mazed," answered the lad, "so I brought away this mug to show vor it," producing the goblet, which secured credence for his story, and became the heirloom of many generations.



A CORNWALL COTTAGE.

If the pixies have survived these rationalistic times, it seems most likely to be in this country of Druidical remains, of massive cairns, and of "logging" stones, whose ponderous bulk sways at the touch of a woman's hand, while resisting any more violent disturbance. Cornwall was one of the last of the counties to admit a railway, and the Falmouth coach still maintained its glory when the

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CASTLE AT KARN BREA.

others lay dismantled in their stable-yards. But that era is past, and now, with a purse and an umbrella, a tourist may see a good deal of Cornwall without inconvenience as to conveyance, though it is probable that both the umbrella and the money, unless the latter exceed twenty pounds, will be exhausted in less than two weeks.

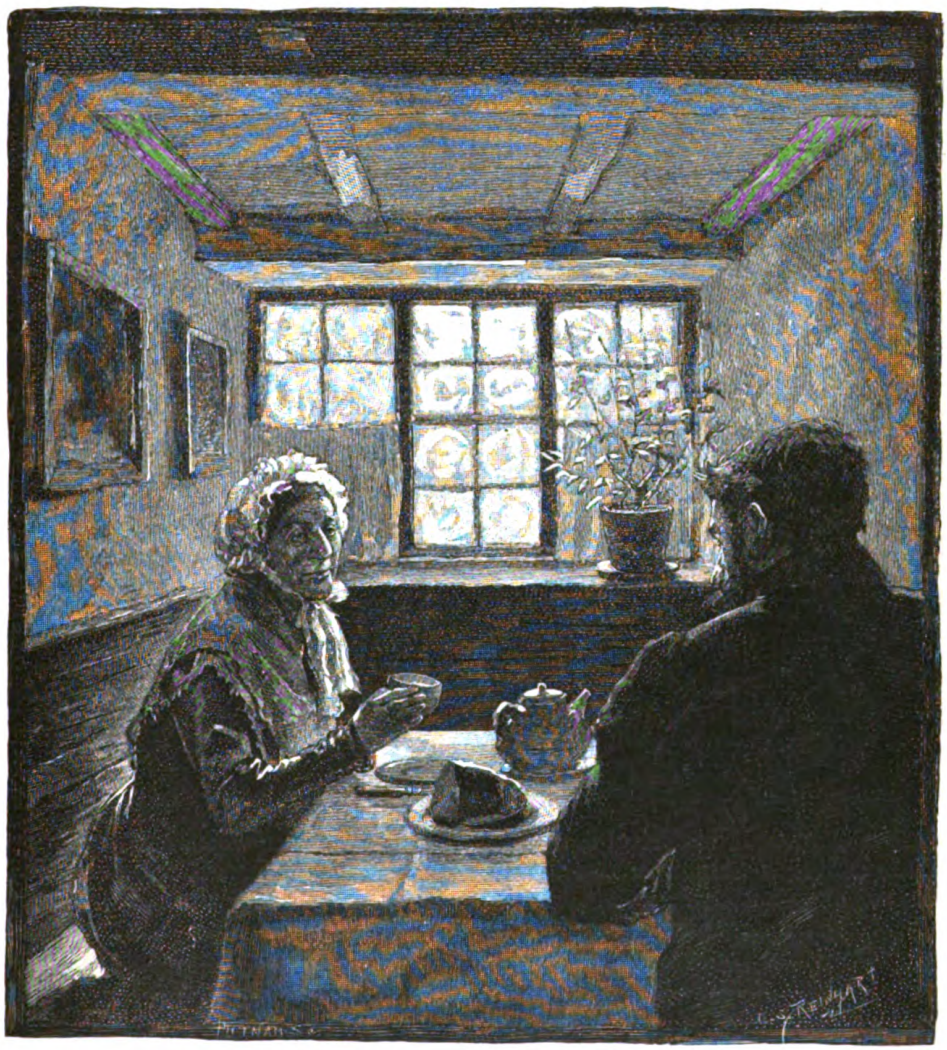
An umbrella is essential in Cornwall. That mild equability of climate which it has been said would lead a Spaniard to suppose that there was no summer, a Canadian that there was no winter, and an American that the sun never shines, is attended by frequent rains at all seasons, and unless the visitor is prepared to be content for days together with a steady falling rain, it is more than probable that he will be defeated in his sight-seeing. The humidity is constant and general. The moisture in the air holds and reveals the colors of the light, and often imparts a foreign richness to all physical objects. It is another sky than England's, softer and silkier. The clouds that fly over have abundant signs of rain, even when they pass without emitting it, and the sea that breaks all along the bristling shore pales under constant mists. The vegetation responds to all these benefactions with a luxuriance that covers nearly all things out-of-doors. At many places the crimson drops of the fuchsias hang before the cottage fronts up to the dormer windows and wide eaves of the roofs, upon which grows a moss that mixes its green with the dull yellow of the thatch. On the exposed coast the rocks often have a coating of lichens, and the waxy myrtle leaves few walls undraped.

The geographical form of the county and its climate are very enticing to birds. Every year it is the first land visited and the last quitted by the innumerable flocks which, coming from Northwestern Africa and Southwestern Europe, spread themselves throughout England during the summer; and in the winter its comparatively warm climate is sought by many other birds, driven by cold and want of food from various parts of Great Britain. Four hundred birds are recognized as British, and of these two hundred and ninety have been observed in Cornwall.

The climate is one of the most curious things about Cornwall. The month of January at Penzance is as warm as at Madrid, Florence, and Constantinople, while July is as cool as at St. Petersburg in that month. The Gulf Stream, that stands off to the west, warms the wind from that direction, and sends it forward to defeat the rigorous blasts from the northeast. But this air that is so kindly in winter is a tyrant in summer, and, as a local writer has prettily said, "rolls in, cloud on cloud, till the sun is obscured by masses of vapor, which day after day no ray of his can pierce; then long pendent streams of condensing vapor float over the languishing ears of corn, or de-

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scend in heavy rain to retard and injure the harvest." It is the west wind that makes an umbrella essential in Cornwall, and we were quite resigned when, sitting in the "Flying Zulu," the fast train that was to carry us from London to Plymouth, nearly two hundred and fifty miles, in a little more than five hours, we saw the fateful rain streaming down the windows of the car.



THE LANDLADY'S TEA.

Ever since the adventurous Phœnicians came to its shores, concealing their destination from their neighbors in order to keep the business to themselves, the chief resource of Cornwall has been its minerals. What Diodorus Siculus said on the subject is a matter of school history, to which we need scarcely refer. The Phœnicians found the traffic profitable, and spoke well of the people who maintained them in it. After their day the tin was transported to Gaul, and thence on pack-horses to the mouth of the Rhone. The demand for the metal was increased in the sixth and seventh centuries by the fashion of putting bells in the cathedrals and churches of Western Europe, and the introduction of cannon added to it. It was found in the several large surfaces of granite which protrude through clay-slate in Cornwall, and it was also procured in small grains and nodules deposited in alluvial sands and gravels. It reached the market in blocks weighing something over three hundred pounds.

There is no such romance attaching to

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WOMEN HANDLING THE ORE.

the mines of Cornwall as that of the Comstock Lode in Nevada, no such hap-hazard speculation, city-building, and fortune-making. It has been under-ground plodding for very little more than the same amount of toil on the surface would bring. A speculation that netted thirty thousand pounds in thirty-four years demands a note of exclamation at the end of the announcement. But as the miners of the Comstock Lode sought for gold, and, in their ignorance, for some years overlooked the greater advantage of mining the superabundant silver, so the miners of Cornwall for centuries ignored the deposits of copper in the eagerness to find tin. The copper did not exist in large quantities, but the deposits were worth mining, though their value was not appreciated until late in the eighteenth century. In 1789 the production of copper ore in Cornwall alone was 33,281 tons, worth £184,308; in 1860 it had reached its maximum quantity, 180,883 tons, and its maximum value, £1,071,063—these figures including both Devonshire and Cornwall—and since then it has gradually declined. All the mining interests of Cornwall are decayed. About three-fourths of the mines are suspended or abandoned, and those in operation employ a small number of "hands" at reduced wages. "If you want to see our Cornish miners," we were told, "you must go to Pennsylvania, to Lake Superior, to Nevada; you'll find very few of them in Cornwall."

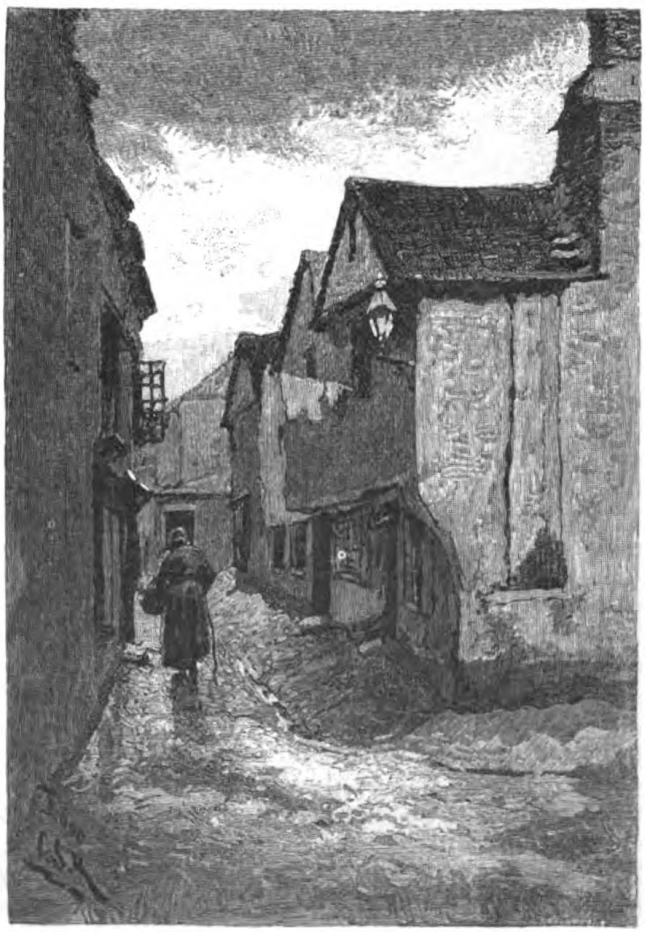
When we pulled up our blinds at Redruth one morning, it was a dispiriting view

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that we opened. Redruth is the mining centre, a small town in the southwestern part of the county, 261 miles from London. It consists principally of a main street extending up and down a valley, in a sorry and scarred country, where the chimneys of many mines spring up. As we looked out of the window, a drizzling rain was sifting through a mist which hung over the barren landscape. The earth was not green or wooded. It had a fallow, exhausted look, and except where the chimneys clustered, it was open and wild. When Nature holds treasure beneath the surface, she is generally morose in aspect above. A few miles off in the southwest we could see a lofty and isolated hill, crowned with a bleak and castellated building, which stood on the very apex in an attitude of sullen defiance. It seemed to have belonged to the scene as long as the hill itself, a memorial of unnumbered and unremembered generations. The eminence was Karn Brea, the last hill in England, from which on fair days the sea is visible on three sides of the county.

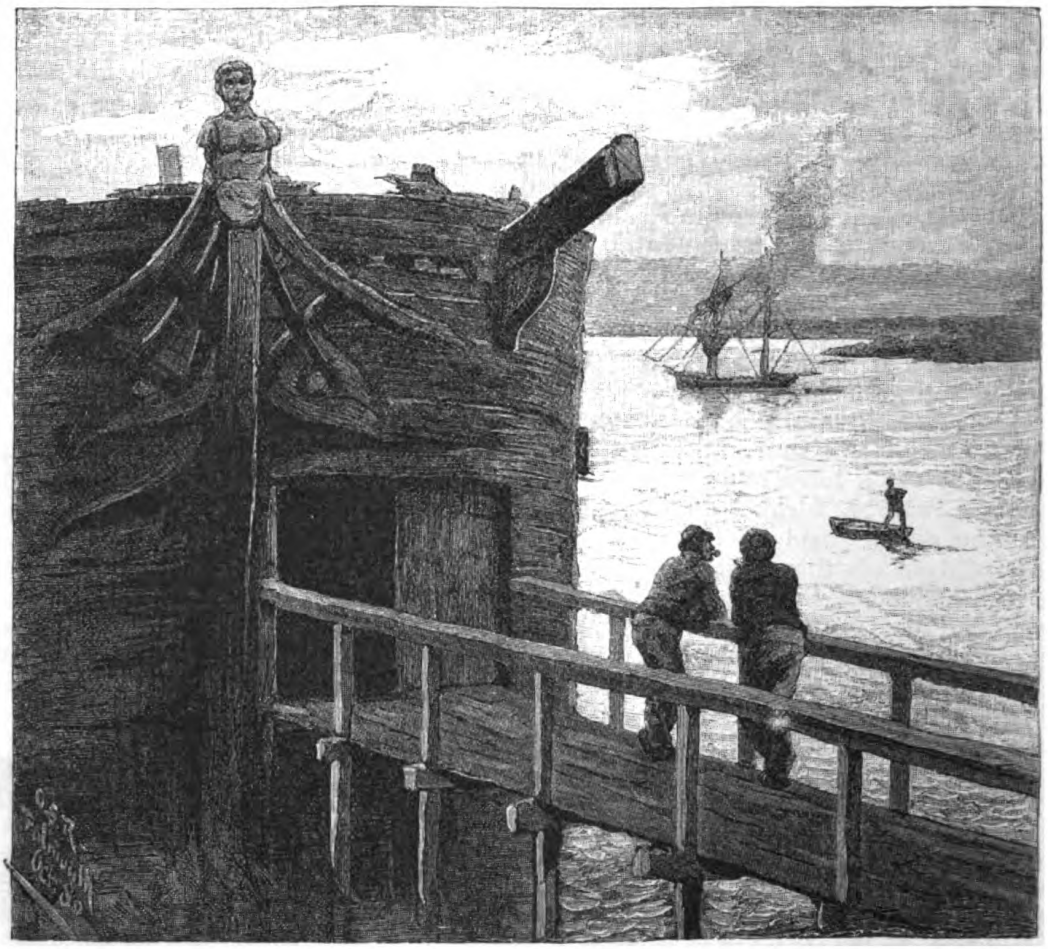
The sides are tangled with gorse and withered ferns, and immense granite bowlders are imbedded in patches of fine close grass. The slope is sufficient to make the ascent moderately difficult. When it is reached, the house on the summit is found to be neither as large nor as ancient as it appears from a distance, but proximity to it increases the interest in its architecture. A mass of bowlders is piled up as if with an unfinished design. The bowlders are of enormous size, and all sorts of shapes, though usually rounded on the edges and at the corners. They weigh many tons, and are probably not less than thirty feet in circumference. As their bed is a soft and grassy earth, and as the usual signs of detrition are not apparent about them, and their disposition indicates some intelligent purpose, the way by which they have been accumulated excites a degree of curiosity which can not be definitely satisfied. Antiquarians associate the hill with the Druids; there are hollows in some of the stones, which, it is imagined, were used in the sacrifices by which the Druids upheld the dignity and efficacy of their rites. A chapel once stood near the summit, and cromlechs have been discovered by excavation. But the chief interest is in the house or castle, which is poised upon a Titanic group of the bowlders, the inequalities of their surface being rectified by the insertion of smaller stones; and though this foundation seems to be in jeopardy with every gale, it has supported its burden at least since the time of Edward the Fourth. The interior has been plastered into shape as a laborer's dwelling, and has nothing in it to remind one of the age of its shell. "No hand ever put these stones together," said the laborer's wife, as she served us with a cup of tea; "but water dug and shaped them out," which, all things considered, is the most reasonable hypothesis.

There is also on the summit a high pillar of granite erected in 1836 to commem-



STREET IN LOOE.

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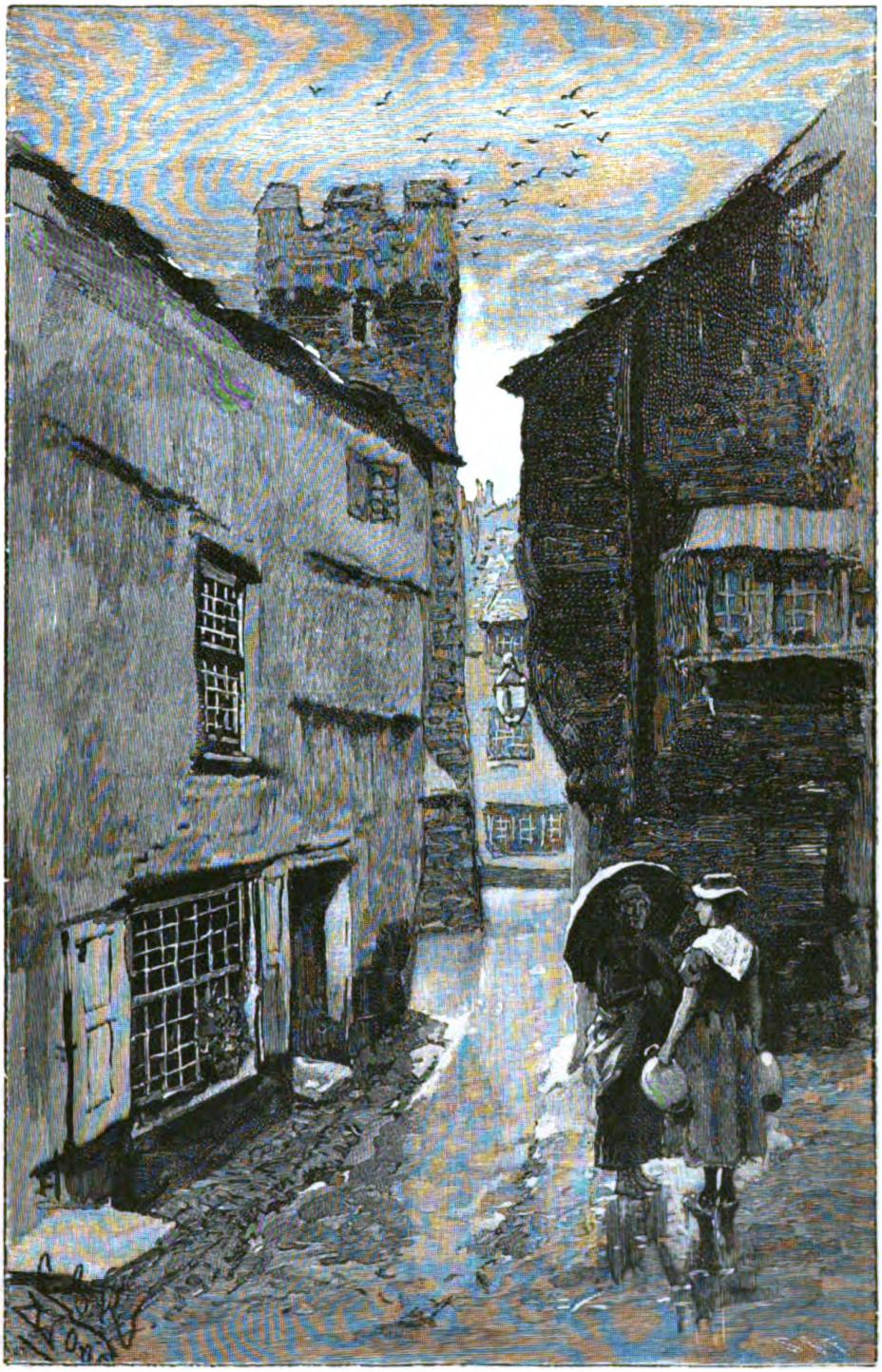
AT FALMOUTH.

orate a nobleman, whose deeds, which are not historic, should have been colossal to justify this monument, which painfully intrudes on every view.

On all sides of Karn Brea the mines have left their scars, and the excoriated earth has a purple tinge. But there is little movement, little smoke from the high chimneys, and the scaffolding over the disused shafts is like the skeleton of the departed industry.

Picking our way through the purplish mud and stones below the Karn, we discovered a little old woman laboring over a pile of unmilled copper ore. We had to look twice before we could assure ourselves of her sex: not only was her dress perplexing, but there was an unreality and weirdness in her person. She was very small, almost dwarfish, with bent shoulders and wrinkled hands and face; her skin had the texture of parchment, and was curiously mottled with blue; her hair was thin and wiry. She seemed very old, but her eyes had a shrewd and penetrating quickness, and her movements were utterly without decrepitude. Indeed, she applied herself to her work with the willing vigor of a strong young man, and the work consisted of shovelling the heavy blocks of ore into a small wagon resting on a temporary tramway. Shovelful after shovelful was thrown in with an easy muscular swing, and with much more activity than the average "navvy" ever exhibits. Her petticoats ended above the ankle, and were stained with the hue of the copper ore; her shapeless legs were muffled up in woollen wraps, and her feet incased in substantial brogans. She was not apparently uncomfortable bodily, but her face had in it a look of uncomplaining suffering, of unalterable gravity, of a habituated sorrow which had extinguished all possibility of a smile. Not understanding a question which we put to her, she

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OLD CHURCH IN LOOE.

used the words, "Please, sir?"—a form of interrogation which we often heard in the neighborhood of Redruth. "You seem to be old for such hard work," we repeated. "'Deed, sir, I don't know how old I am, but I've been at it this forty years. I'm not young any longer, that's sure," she answered, in a clear voice with scarcely any accent. "Are you married?" "No, sir; nobody would ever have me," she continued, without relaxing from her gravity or delaying her work for a moment—"no-

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GALVANISM AND TURKISH BATHS.

body would have me or go with me, as I was always subject to fits—terrible they are. I still have 'em once or twice a week sometimes, always with a change in the moon." "How do you account for it?" "Why, before my twenty-fourth year I was in the service of a lady, who threw me down stairs, and that changed my blood; so, when the moon changes, I have the fits. Little can be done for them when the blood's changed." This superstition was a matter of profound faith with her, but otherwise her manner was remarkably intelligent. She told us that her wages were fourteenpence—twenty-eight cents—a day; and when we unnecessarily said that she must be tired of work at such a price, she answered, in a bitter tone, "No use being tired; when you are tired, there's the work-house for you."

She had nearly filled the wagon by this time, and two younger women, dressed as she was, but more vigorous-looking, came to help her, and after spitting on their hands, which were as large and as hard as any man's, they applied themselves with shovels to the heap of ore, falling into a machine-like swing of the body as they scooped up the heavy rock. Two men afterward joined them, and when the wagon was loaded, they propelled it along the track toward the mill, the women sharing the work equally with the men, if, indeed, they did not use even greater exertions.

The employment of women underground is now forbidden by law, the degradation resulting from it having been perceived by English legislators only when it had become flagitious; but of

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thirteen thousand persons engaged in the mines, about two thousand are women, who are employed in various parts of the process of dressing the ore. In the simpler operations very young girls are useful, and at the mill we found a large number of them—the daughters of miners usually—some of them pretty, and all of them neatly clothed and intelligent, even pert in manner. They can all write, and they have an appetite for literature of the Adolphus-Adelina sort, which they devour in penny installments when their work is slack. There was a time within the memory of men not yet old when an English peasant, spoken to by a well-dressed stranger, was completely overcome, and his abashment took the form of paralysis. But the spirit of the age is not favorable to the cultivation of diffidence or reverence; the travelling stranger is no longer a hero, and no longer embarrassed by gaping attentions.

Even a learned antiquarian, in alluding to the epochs of Karn Brea, which near the summit is a rabbit-warren, and therefore an attractive place to poachers, did not think a little jocularity ill-timed in the consideration of so serious a subject. It is most interesting, he said to his audience, which was quite unexpectant of any approaching levity, to contemplate the successive periods through which Cornwall has passed from the early times when there were native burying-places to the cromlech period, the cromlechs seeming to have belonged to different races passing to the south; after the cromlech period the Karn shows evidences of the Roman period; then of the early Middle Ages, and of the late Middle Ages. He once found articles of the Roman-British time, and, finally, said this playful *savant*, he fount a ferret bell.

The artist who shared our umbrella in Cornwall used his sketch-book while we were watching the young women in the mill, and they were not at all disconcerted when they observed him. Though his manner is characterized by a dignified reserve discouraging to familiarity, one of these young persons saucily said to her neighbor, "He's going to put you into a panorama!"

Except the old woman whose blood had been changed, we did not meet with any one who entertained any sort of superstition, and who did not more or less frustrate us in our search for the unleavened and old-fashioned simplicity of character which we expected to find in Cornwall. Those to whom we spoke took as an offense to their intelligence our insidiously framed questions which were designed to betray them into a confession of faith in witchcraft. The sufferer from "fits" in the olden time either went into the churchyard at midnight, and cut from one of the spouts three bits of lead, each about the size of a farthing, or, if it was a young woman, she sat in the church porch after service, and as the young men passed, each of them dropped a penny into her lap, until the thirtieth came; he took up the pence, and substituted half a crown for them, and with this coin in her hand she walked three times round the communion table (when she could get the opportunity, which was a matter of some difficulty, as the minister was not friendly to this sort of thing), and afterward had the half-crown made into a ring, which



THE GUILDHALL, LOOE.

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STREET ACROBATS.

was a charm against the disease. But the old woman's credulity did not go as far as this; she used a patent medicine.

One day near Land's End we met a very infirm old man who had difficulty in dragging one leg after the other, and whose clothes were of an antiquated pattern, to which we fancied his ideas might correspond. He was benign and unsuspicious; it seemed probable that at the extremity

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of this very much modernized island we had found one individual in whom legend still bloomed, with its roots deep down in the imagination. His infirmity was caused by rheumatism, and the old Cornish cure for this complaint was the bathing of the parts afflicted with water in which a thunder-bolt had been boiled. "What do you do for it?" we inquired, and he looked so very simple that we felt sure that he sought relief by other means than the vulgar nostrums of the chemist's shop. "Well," he said, "it isn't much good doing anything; but I mostly try Turkish baths and galvanism."

A local poet has written:

> "The world has grown so wise and grand,
> There's scarce a witch in all the land."

It is indeed so. Cornwall reminds us of an old castle which has been stripped of its mantle of ivy. The vine may have been poisonous and weakening to the structure, but it was more beautiful to look at than the naked stones. The superstitions of the people may have been weeds rooted in ignorance, but they were more interesting than the prosaic and unimaginative condition which their extraction has left.

We entered the county where the Tamar, reaching up to the north from the Channel, separates Cornwall from Devonshire—at the busy and picturesque city of Plymouth, where war seems to be an ever-present possibility, and red-coats and blue-jackets preponderate on the streets. The trumpets blare all day long, and the vast iron-clads and transports of the navy are constantly passing in and out of the beautiful harbor on imperial errands. The Sound is an irregular bay, with the city at the head of it, about three miles from the sea. An enemy would be under the cover of guns from all quarters, so well is the harbor fortified; but in these times of peace the terraced embankments of granite and turf, with bases of spiked black rocks, are inviting to loungers, and the brownest of the Jack Tars lying on the grass has most likely never seen in his large experience of the world a more interesting picture than Plymouth Sound with its fleets of war and commerce, its cliffs reaching to Rame Head at the estuary, the long breakwater that shuts out the violence of the storms, and the softly green heights of Mount Edgcombe on the Cornwall shore.

For several miles up the river we pass along a continuous line of war vessels at anchor, all "in ordinary," dismasted and apparently abandoned: some of them ludicrously deficient in the speed and strength which their names imply, some that look like immense fortresses, and some that are of the latest pattern. The old line-of-battle ships, two and three deckers, the smaller steam-frigates, the early iron-clad propellers, and the compact turret ships of recent build are drawn up between the peaceful banks of the Tamar even beyond the magnificent bridge, half a mile long, one hundred and twenty feet above high-water mark, with which the daring genius of Brunel spanned the river some twenty years ago. From underneath the vertical piers the bridge looks like a great screen, so disproportionate is its width to its length and height. It has only one track upon it, and



ANCIENT CROSS, ST. IVES.

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"THE JOLLY SAILORS," LOOE.

the trains passing over it are reduced in appearance to the size of toys.

On the summit of the west bank it touches the village of Saltash, which is built down the hill-side to the water's edge, and which is like most other fishing villages in Cornwall—clean, solidly put together, unornamental, and a whitish-gray in color. The deficiency of color is dispiriting to the artist who has come from the contemplation of the more opulent architecture of the Continent. The cottages, one and two stories high, of concrete, brick, and stone, with diamond-paned windows, have been designed to shelter without any other idea than utility. Their white or yellow walls seem to be vertical strata of the indigenous rock of their foundations. The sashes and the doors are painted black, and the streets are made of gray macadam. What little color there is gains brilliancy from contrast with these quiet surroundings. The verdure is the greenest, and the fuchsias blaze in relief. Up on the hill, with a somewhat disorderly little grave-yard inclosing it, is a serious-looking, square-towered church, like many others in Cornwall, of gray sandstone, well worn by the weather of centuries, which has smoothed all the edges. The church is nearly seven hundred years old—the tower older—and where time has made a gap or a seam, the "restoration" has been effected in the most economical way. The concrete used to fill in has included the fragments of the ruined part, and bits of gargoyles and other carved work are found imbedded in the plaster. Look from the houses to the people—there is an infallible correspondence. The men are brown and strong, a little sad, with large frames, but no spare flesh, and the women, who are grand at the oar, are scarcely their inferiors in physical proportions. They are frank and independent in manner, gathering their living from the sea. There is little vice among them—the smart

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dresses and chubby faces of their children are certain indications of domestic virtue; but that some of them fall to the besetting sin of the English may be inferred from what we heard one of them say of a neighbor: "He wass as dhrunk as fourty maintops'l-sheet blocks."

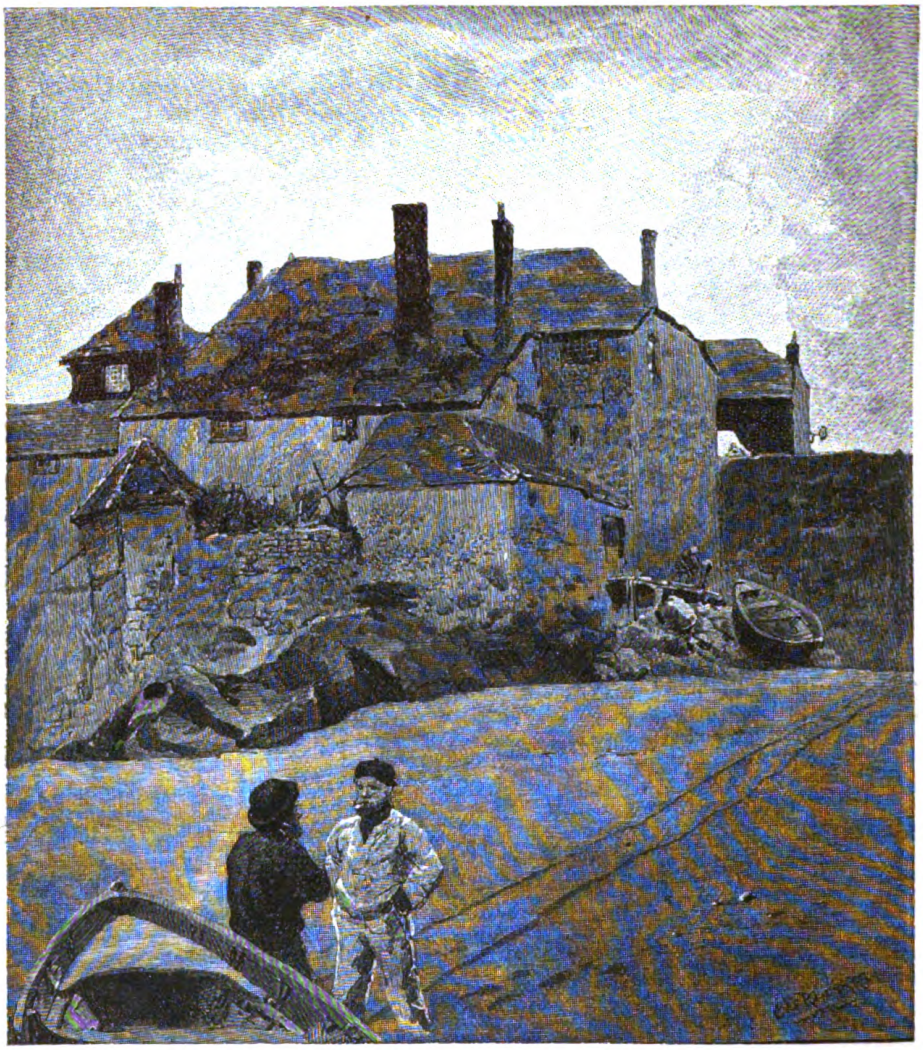
We went to Liskeard on fair-day trusting that the occasion would bring in some farmers from out-of-the-way places whose character would be more quaint than that which we had so far seen. But Liskeard proved to be grievously intelligent, and the men who had cattle for sale bore an extraordinary resemblance to Yankee farmers, with sharp features and wiry



INTERIOR OF "THE JOLLY SAILORS."

beards without whiskers or mustaches. They were dressed almost exactly alike, and a hat of one pattern was among them all. A chilling wind and a pouring rain did not affect the business or the amusements. A shivering acrobat, whose white cotton tights were wet through, went on with his performance unconcernedly in the mud of the open street, while a very small and pathetic clown with a pinched face squeaked his well-worn witticisms to an audience under umbrellas and mackintoshes. One of the poor tumbler's feats was the familiar rope trick, and an old farmer, with a face in which cunning and resoluteness were blended in marked proportions, accepted his challenge to tie him up in such a way that he could not release himself. There was no nonsense in the way the old farmer went about the business. He pursed up his thin blue lips, and never a smile passed over his hard features. Here was the old Puritan witch-burner destroying an impostor and exulting in merciless justice. He used length after length of the rope; he pinioned the wrists, bound ankle to ankle, and secured the waist to the neck so that his victim could not move without turning purple in the face. The odds seemed to be wholly against the poor Bohemian, who made unavailing objections to the manner of his treatment, while the muddy little clown, in the vermilion of whose cheeks

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ST. IVES.

the fast-falling rain had left some dingy streaks, endeavored to divert the farmer from his purpose by irritating and even insulting remarks. But the farmer applied himself undividedly to what he had set about, and when he had nearly exhausted himself, and wholly used up the rope, he contemptuously shoved Jack the acrobat into the centre of the ring which had been formed, and passed without a word into the surrounding crowd. Jack had evidently caught a Tartar; he stood shivering, abject and dismayed. This was but for a moment, however. Then an involuntary thrill seemed to pass through his body, and the rope fell in a tangled heap at his feet, as the musician of the troupe with pandean pipes and a drum sent up a victorious flourish from his instruments.

The farmer went off in silent discomfiture; but in recognition of the performer's skill, the crowd threw many pennies into the ring, and united in the opinion that "A was a stunner, a was."

The dialect of Cornwall is not difficult to a stranger; it is much easier to understand than that of Yorkshire or that of Lancashire, and yet many of the words in use in this southernmost county of England are also current in the north, though they are not heard in the intermediate country. In general the language is spoken with an accent rather than with any dialect, and the voice has a rising inflection, which reaches its extreme pitch in the last syllable, as in the English spoken by the Welsh. A few provincialisms have survived, however,

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with which a stranger may be confused. What could be made of such a description as this of a child? "A es a pinnikin, palchy an totlin. A es clicky an cloppy, an a kiddles and quaddles ole day. Tes wisht." It means: "He is little, weakly, and imbecile. He is left-handed and lame, and he fidgets idly about all day. It is sad." Some of the local words have an indigenous vigor which immediately becomes apparent when once their meaning is known. Thus to be "footy" is to be queer, mincing, or affected; a "letterpatch" is a slovenly person; to "gaddle" is to drink much and quickly; to "ruxt" is to be uneasy on a seat; to "dowst" is to lower away, as the sails of a vessel, or to put out, as a light; to "flosh" is to spill; an "okum-sniffey" is a small, comfortable glass of grog; and to "samp" is to prolong the drinking of a glass of grog by adding water and spirits to it from time to time without emptying it. While we were at Penzance a high-pressure sermon was delivered against modern unbelief, and a fisherman who was asked what he thought of the preacher answered: "Aw! a stunner a was. He es the boy for the inferals. Iss aw iss; and a sent the sances to shivereens, too. Es no good for ould Bardarlagh or Darby to come where a es." Which meant: "He's very clever. He is the boy for the infidels; and he sent the sciences to shivereens, also. It's no use for Bradlaugh or Darwin to come where he is." But the dialect is not usually unintelligible, and a fair example of it as it is heard to-day is a speech addressed by an old miner to the late Mr. Tregellas, a well-known writer and lecturer on Cornish character. "I've heerd, Maaster T'egellas," said the miner, "that you are a-goin' to give a lecture here to-night in the Town-hall, and I've heerd, too, that you are goin' to say somefin about me. Now mind what I say. I'll go to thickey lecture, I will, and ef you diew say anything about me theere, I'll get up in the middle of the congregation, and tell 'em all tes a lie what you said—iss I will." Mr. Tregellas did not accept the challenge.



THE OLD COAST-GUARDSMAN.

From Liskeard it is about seven miles to Looe by one of the narrow-gauge railways, which, though built for the mines, and called "mineral roads," are also utilized by passengers. Looe is on the English Channel, near the mouth of a river, occupying both banks, which are so steep that the roof of one house is often on a level with the first floor of the next house on the slope. It has a foreign air. One can almost shake hands from window to window across the streets, which course

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FISHING-BOATS, ST. IVES.

in an erratic fashion, and end in confusion. There is an old Guildhall, with an ancient pillory in the portico, and there is a long and low dormer-windowed tavern, which from the outside seems to have been hewn out of the rock, so solid is it, and which inside has a great big settle inclosing the fire on three sides, on all of which a numerous company of fishermen may usually be found smoking in the flickering light, which throws occasional flashes of crimson on their faces. The vegetation drapes every wall, myrtle and fuchsias thriving together in a soft and beautiful web.

When Looe has been left behind, the details of its simple picture are easily recalled: the narrow and quiet little streets; the hill-sides with their loose drapery; the white cottages with black doors and sashes; the weather-beaten men in blue "guernseys"; the deep green river flowing swiftly in from the stormy Channel; the cumbrous-looking yawls and sloops and schooners, with rusty brown sails, moored alongside the granite quay; The Jolly Sailors, with its picturesque front and offer of entertainment; and old Parsons, the coast-guardsman, constantly parading the sea-wall at the mouth of the harbor, and consulting an oracular telescope, with which he scrutinizes the horizon for impossible pirates and phantasmal smugglers. The feeling left by the review is one of the seriousness with which life is taken. Like most people living on the borders of the sea, those of Cornwall have a manner which declares a patient and lasting sorrow.

Of the three minerals—copper, tin, and fish—which Cornwall is said to produce, the fish is a source of no little profit, and when it is plentiful, special thanksgiving services are held for it in the churches. It consists principally of pilchards, which are something like a small herring—palatable when packed in oil, like sardines, as which they are sometimes sold to the unsuspicious public, and not objectionable when simply salted and broiled, or potted with vinegar, spices, and bay leaves. The pilchards are caught with certainty only off the coast of Cornwall, generally toward the end of October, and in a good season they arrive in such shoals that the advance-guard strands on the low beaches through the pressure of those behind. The principal market for them is along

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the shores of the Mediterranean. It is said that seventy-five millions of them were caught in one day off St. Ives. But such good luck as this is uncommon, and a scarcity of recent years has left many a household in misery. Last season (1880) was unfortunate, and the gray clouds that hang over the coast reflect the dejection of the people.

The fishing villages are much alike—Looe, Polperro, Megavissy (where most of the curing is done), and St. Ives. The last is perhaps the most interesting. It is on the west coast, built in the elbow of a cape, which forms the southern point of a spacious bay reaching some miles inland, and bounded by highlands, with a white shelving beach at the foot of the cliffs. The sea washes the back of many of the houses, to the doors of some of which boats are moored, and at high water in heavy weather it breaks noisily over the grave-yard of the bleak little church. A strong gale was blowing from the southwest when we were there, and the harbor was full of coasting vessels sheltering from the storm. Many of the smaller fishing-boats were drawn up in long black lines on the banks below Tregenna Castle, where they looked like cannon; the third wreck of the month was falling to pieces on the sands, and another fleet of larger fishing-boats was moored in the western corner of the bay, under the lee of the jetty. On the jetty were a few disconsolate fishermen, looking out in that far-sighted way which those who go to sea have. Their lugubriousness was communicative. One of them told us that they "found" themselves, and were paid fifty shillings a month, with an allowance of one-ninth of the catch divided among each crew. He had just returned from a cruise along the coasts of Ireland and Scotland, and had not even earned his "grub." "Happy bees them as never goes to say," he said, with good reason.



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We had already been to Falmouth, the port of call near the Lizard, where a large proportion of the outgoing vessels trading with Great Britain bid good-by to the shore, and where the crews of those inward bound feel the permanence and firmness of earth, and satisfy their eyes with the tranquillizing beauty of vegetation for the first time after their voyages. Outside Pendennis Castle, which guards the mouth of the harbor, a fierce coast, with jagged pinnacles and perpendicular cliffs, lies north and south, and the land appears more forbidding than the wild sea. But once the castle is passed, Falmouth is gained, and opens its wide arms to the storm-driven vessels. The arms are a geographical fact, and not a figure of speech. The shores of the harbor are so embayed that they are over sixty miles in circumference, and it is about thirteen miles by them from Flushing to St. Mawes, though in a bee-line it is not more than three miles. They are grassy and wooded, and a ship's boat can land easily anywhere. Scarcely has the anchor been dropped from a homeward-bound vessel when (the captain being a good fellow) we see the pinnace or the cutter lowered away, and a part of the crew put off to rejoice like children in the fragrance of the earth. You meet them in the fields beyond Flushing—browned to an aboriginal hue, with clothes stained and torn by tar and weather—and it is affecting to see their gladness in once more touching a leaf or a bough.

If it had been a wind-sail rigged in the Southern Ocean to receive every breath of air, Mount's Bay, in which Penzance is situated, could not have been more exposed to the wind than it was during that gale of which we felt the reduced vigor at St. Ives. From St. Ives, on the southwest coast, to Penzance, on the southeast, the distance across the country is not more than ten miles. And when we reached the latter place in the afternoon the wind was blowing into the bay as into a funnel, and had whipped the sea into an awful fury. In the morning a fishing-boat had been wrecked, and all its crew of seven men drowned. And all day long the waves had



THE OLD BLIND BOATMAN.

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LOADING SEA-WEED.

been knocking for admittance against the cottages on the esplanade, as if in derision of the notices of apartments to let in their windows. The sea exploded submarine torpedoes along the sea-wall, and threw up pillars to a height of sixty feet, which, in breaking, fell like driven snow over the roofs of the houses, smashing windows and breaking in doors where barricades had not been erected by the terrified inhabitants. The street fronting on the bay was strewed with stones several pounds in weight which had been cast into it by the waves, and roofs three stories high were loaded with masses of sea-weed. The customary affirmation of fishing villagers that any storm which happens to be inquired about is the severest they have ever known became audible in this instance at Penzance. But on the next morning the sea was laughing and scattering jewels in the sun, and the sky was of the friendliest, most innocent and blue.

Penzance is unfitted to endure storms. She wears a garland all the year round, and her January ornaments have been known to include hollyhocks, mignonettes, magnolias, and roses of all kinds.

The town is of good size, with a population of about ten thousand, which is increased by summer boarders and tourists going to the Land's End, ten miles distant. The high cliffs are not far away on either side, but in the immediate vicinity the shore is low, and the loftiest object is St. Michael's Mount, the famous pyramid of granite, with the castle on its highest point, some two hundred and thirty feet above the sea. The Mount is ideally picturesque, and suggestive of romance. Isolated and not more than a few hundred yards from the shore, it looms up in solitary magnificence, encircled by the sea. The granite is craggy, and on the western side almost perpendicular, but its cold gray is the setting of many patches of turf whose vivid green is not less than emerald. At one time it was probably connected with the mainland, and even now the meeting of two currents of the ebb tide throws up a natural causeway, which is passable at low water. It was granted by Edward the Confessor to some monks, and after an exciting history it became the possession of the St. Aubyn family, by whom the fortress on the height has been converted into a stately residence. The property is held in no ungenerous spirit. The grounds are open to the public, and the penniless dreamer may seat himself in the shadow of the crags and imagine

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himself sovereign. Strange ideas float through the brain in the contemplation of St. Michael's—of a miniature monarchy created to feed the vanity of its head, of outlawry defying ten thousand instruments of the law, of a hermitage where the prevailing disdain of mankind might be cultivated under the most favorable circumstances.

On the day after the storm the beach opposite the Mount was strewed to a depth of many feet with sea-weed, and from two o'clock in the morning, when the wind and sea abated, farmers' carts came to carry it away to fertilize their grounds. Nearly all the boats of the neighborhood had been destroyed during the previous day, and we had some difficulty in finding one to ferry us across. When we succeeded, and were well out, we noticed that the man at the forward oar was staring at us with curious intentness, and that all the orders proceeded from his mate, who was a much younger man. The latter then explained: "Jack's blind—hain't you, Jack?" Jack smiled as if some honor had been mentioned. "He ain't afraid to go anywhere with me, though—are you, Jack?" A confirmatory nod was given to this interrogation. "Goes out alone sometimes. If I say it's safe, it's all right—ain't it, Jack? We've been mates these nineteen year, and many's the yarn we do have in winter."

Ten miles from Penzance England ends. The country between has something like an appearance of fatigue, as if Nature had had enough of it. There is a good deal to interest the antiquary, but little of the beauty of fertility. There are ancient stone circles, cairns, and "logging" stones. The cottages are small, and the thatch is held down by stones slung across it by ropes. The gorse is more plentiful than the grass, and where there is a field it is inclosed by low walls of stone, the crevices of which are filled with earth. At last we stand on Cape Cornwall, the westernmost point, projecting beyond the savage and much-indented coast-line. We can go no farther in England. The sea glitters before us, and the vessels on it plunge into the waves, and break through the foam. But the glitter and openness of the sea and sky do not last. A squall flies up from the south, which turns the umbrella inside out, and once more we face the north.



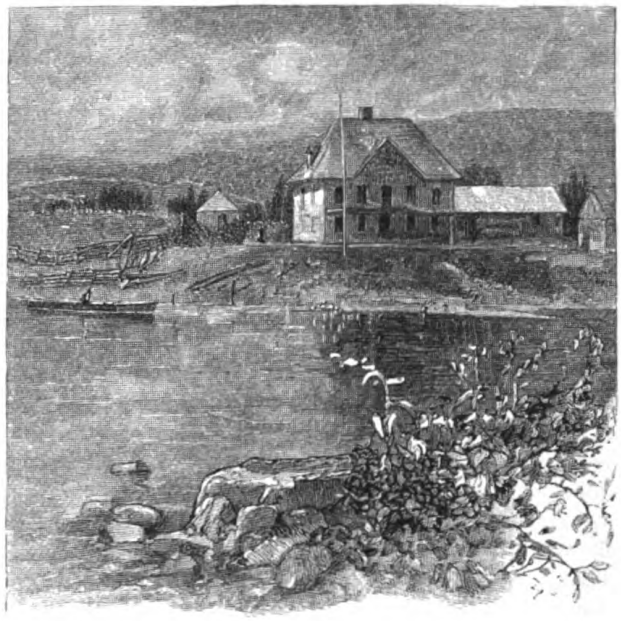
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A WEEK IN A DUG-OUT.

"ADIEU, Moreaud," said I, and we pushed out upon the lake in our dug-out.

"Au revoir, monsieur, et bonne chance," replied Moreaud from the shore; then lighting his pipe, he turned on his heel, and disappeared in the forest.

We were in the backwoods of Canada. We had left the last house of the pioneer *habitant* on the farther bank of the river, and were now fairly under way on our voyage of a hundred miles, through a forest as yet unmarred by man. Our route lay along the great natural thoroughfares of all wooded countries — the streams and lakes—and our vehicle was a dug-out.



"THE LAST HOUSE OF THE PIONEER HABITANT."

But why a dug-out?

Well, I take it that we fellows of offices, professions, and books go camping out for much the same reason that Antæus touched the earth, and that the closer we get to our common mother, the stronger do we become. Our savants have not yet decided, I believe, in what frail bark man first trusted himself upon the wave; but surely, next to the log *au naturel*, the dug-out log must have been the earliest means of transportation upon the water.

So, in selecting a boat for our trip, I had severely discarded the canoe and the bateau as too intricate, complex, and civilized, and joyfully accepted the dug-out as nearest the bosom of nature. And now I floated away in my hollow log with all the zest of an old cave-dweller with his paddle and flint-headed javelin.

Our dug-out, or pirogue, as the habitants call it, once stood a noble pine of the forest. It was a single pine log, twenty-six and a half feet long and two feet four inches wide, rudely hollowed out, and the ends roughly hewed into bow and stern, somewhat after the model of a bark canoe.

The crew numbered three, my two guides and myself. The guides were brothers, James and George Dall. George, the light and festive bachelor, paddled in the bow; James, the dignified, weightier father of a family, wielded his mighty paddle in the stern. I sat amidships on a buffalo-robe, with fishing-rods and a light fowling-piece on either side. Our plunder was stowed close behind me, and made a most acceptable backing.

Thus we sailed across Beaver Lake—a forest-girt pool dotted with lily-pads, and so shoal that we touched bottom with our paddles at every stroke. We gain the outlet, and glide into the dead water of Beaver Brook. Trunks of fallen trees reach out toward us from either swampy shore, their withered branches covered with long moss. Then the banks grow closer and higher, the current increases, and the stream changes into a rippling brook. The guides change their paddles for setting-poles. Faster runs the brook and shoaler grows the water, till at last, with a grating jar—a sound I soon learn to hate—the dug-out grounds solidly on a pebbly bar in mid-stream.

The guides jump overboard, and haul and shove the pirogue ahead. This is hard work. I lighten it two hundred pounds by taking to the water myself, and abandon my luxurious seat on the buffalo-robe for a chilling wade in Beaver Brook.

We toil on, floating our wooden canoe through the deep pools, lifting and shoving her over the shoal bars. But worse than this is in store for us. Round a turn in the brook we come upon a mass of fallen cedars lying squarely across the

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stream. It would take too long to hew a way through them, so, by putting out the last pound of muscle possessed by the entire crew, we lift, shove, pull, and drag the pirogue over the jam.

Our afternoon was spent in dragging across bars and hauling over windfalls, with now and then the breathing-spell of a deep pool, over which we thankfully floated. This route would hog and destroy any other kind of boat. My respect for the dug-out was continually increasing.

While shoving over a fallen cedar a foot above the water, the pirogue sticks in the middle. As we draw breath for a fresh shove, Jim observes, gently: "A fine place for a camp on the bank up there to yer right, sir. Plenty o' good wood for the fire too, sir." I look at my watch; it is half past six. "Mebby we mightn't find so good a chance for a camp farther down stream, sir."

I take the hint. Pirogue hangs where she stuck. We unpack tent and needed stores, and pitch our camp on the pretty bluff.

Our tent was in form like a shed—a roof and two sides, but entirely open in front. It was seven feet wide, seven deep, and seven high in front, sloping down to the ground behind. Made of the lightest duck, it weighed but a few pounds, and when not in use was rolled up and shoved into a bag twenty-four by ten inches. It was pitched on two upright poles, and stretched tight as a drum, and held in position by side and front guys of rope.

This was our "house in the bush." Jim cuts wood for the fire; George, spruce boughs for our bed. Tent is pitched, fragrant bed laid, fire crackling, and supper cooking before darkness comes on. We eat by the light of the flames, the forest gloom heightened by the bright circle around.

The guides chat with each other in French, and with me in the same tongue as long as I understand them, only changing to English when the expression of my face shows that they have got beyond my depth in French.

My companions furnish a good illustration of the vigor and tenacity of the French language, and its power to hold its own and increase even when brought into contact with the English. Jim and George Dall are of pure English stock. Their parents were the children of British soldiers and their British wives, members of a military colony settled by England in this wilderness. The colony received many privileges, and its original members drew rations from the English government as long as they lived.

But the Acadian French settled around this colony of Britons. The two languages came into competition, and to-day the French is victorious, while the English has almost disappeared. My guides, the grandsons of British soldiers, although speaking English, prefer French, and always use it when talking to each other; while the children of James, who married an Acadian, neither speak nor understand a word of our language, but use French exclusively.

Some fresh logs are thrown upon our birchen andirons; the great soggy backlog glows anew, and the flames crackle and leap on high. We lie back on the fragrant boughs of the spruce, our feet to the fire that flares the whole width of the open tent, and fall asleep, watching the sparks course upward past the tall dark tree-tops, and lose themselves amid the stars of heaven.

The song of a bird awoke us. It was still dark; a dismal fog filled the forest. No sign of day was given to the eye, but the wild bird's song told us surely day had dawned.

It was a plaintive little twittering—a lone voice of the lonely wood—that ushered in this August day. How different from the full chorus of a thousand songsters that heralds the dawn of a day in spring!

Soon a dull gray light began to filter down through the dark gray fog. Then the song ceased. Dawn had come to our dimmer eyes.

The cheerful fire had turned into a feathery mass of white ashes, where one live coal glowed like a fiery eye. Over this George builds a cob-house of chips, and is soon rewarded with a blaze. I take a plunge into the stream, and before I am fairly dressed, George calls to breakfast—buckwheat cakes smoking hot, fried salt pork, and a steaming cup of coffee. We sit on log, or stump, or box, and, with tin plate in lap, make a royal meal.

"Will you have some maple syrup on yer cakes, sir?"

"Of course I will; but where did you get this luxury?"

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"Oh, we reduces it, sir, with water from our block o' maple sugar."

Delicious syrup it was, too; and the buckwheats were no fancy, fragile, hotel affairs. Each cake was just the bigness of the frying-pan, and half an inch thick; light and palatable they were, though, and in the woods, I am sure no one could cherish any animosity toward them on account of their size.

We struck camp, packed our traps, pushed the pirogue over the fallen tree, where it had hung all night, and poled down stream. It was but twenty minutes past seven. The river fog broke in rifts as completely as if it flowed into the bowels of the earth. Paddle and pole are useless; we lie flat on our backs, catch hold of the net-work of branches overhead, and pull the pirogue through the jungle that chokes the rivulet. We grope our way slowly. The boughs grate, rub, and scratch over the canoe and ourselves, their leaves all dripping with the morning mist. It was the blindest sail I ever took. Better a "dungeon o' fog" on the open sea.

So we crawl on for a mile, threading the labyrinth of an alder swamp, then with a cheer shoot out into a rippling river thrice the size of our brook. The broad



ON THE GATENO RIVER.

overhead, and the warm blue sky looked through. The brook grew deeper; our dug-out still grated on the bars, but we pushed her over without jumping into the water, and poled on dry-shod and thankful. Soon a large brook pours in on our right, and with its added volume we glide smoothly along.

Now the current becomes sluggish, the water dark and deep. We enter an alder swamp, through which the stream winds and twists like "the sinuous Songo." The alder bushes protrude into the water from either bank, their long stems interlock, and their branches form a plaited leafy barrier across our pathway, the brook, which runs under the thicket, and vanishes as completely as if it flowed into the bowels of the earth. Paddle and pole are useless; we lie flat on our backs, catch hold of the net-work of branches overhead, and pull the pirogue through the jungle that chokes the rivulet. We grope our way slowly. The boughs grate, rub, and scratch over the canoe and ourselves, their leaves all dripping with the morning mist. It was the blindest sail I ever took. Better a "dungeon o' fog" on the open sea.

So we crawl on for a mile, threading the labyrinth of an alder swamp, then with a cheer shoot out into a rippling river thrice the size of our brook. The broad current lapses between pebbly beaches, a stately forest rises from either bank, wooded mountains tower athwart the vista of the stream, and overhead smiles the clear blue sky, into which the last ragged vestiges of the fog are dissolving.

We stand erect in the canoe, stretch our necks and arms, devoutly thankful for a clear sky and an open stream. Then we run the pirogue ashore on a gravelly bar, cast overboard a cargo of leaves, twigs, and broken alder branches, bail out, dry ourselves in the sun, and shove off down the Gateno River, difficulties past, and fair sailing ahead.

The water was clear as crystal, yet of a tawny color, like dark amber. It rippled

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light yellow over pebbly bars, swirled dark, deep, and brown round the broad crescent of a curving pool, then rippled on again. Our canoe slid along on its glassy current through a primeval forest. The regular plash of the setting-poles into the water and their sharp grate against the gravel bottom were the only sounds that broke the restful calm. Soon Jim chants a quaint French song, and the poles swing in time to the tune. We glide through a wide intervale, covered with rich tall grass, and dotted with stately elms, which rise like Corinthian columns from the plain.

Now our river strikes a spur of the mountain, is deflected to the north, ripples through a stretch of forest, then opens out into a swampy level, overgrown with tall rank reeds and grasses, through which the passing breeze waves like a running fire.

Jim ceases singing. The guides noiselessly stow the poles away and take to the paddles.

"Are you ready, sir?" asks Jim.

"Ready for what?"

"There might be a moose along here, sir, or a caribou, perhaps." Out springs my gun. "They comes down to places like this in the summer, and wades out into the water up to their necks, and browses round on the grass and lilies and the like o' that, sir; and if you paddle along quiet like, mebbe you'll get on to 'em, but if they hears yer pole strike the bottom, never a one 'll you git whatever—they'll be off before ever you comes in sight. But we'll soon come to a handy chance for 'em now, sir, in a *bogan* to yer right."

"And what's a *bogan*?"

"That's an Injun name, sir; but mebbe you've heard it called *logan*, or perhaps *poke-logan*. They's all Injun names for a place where the dead water backs up out of a river, and makes a kind o' shaller pond like up into the grass and swamp. But look out, sir," added Jim, dropping his voice to a whisper, "we're right on to it."

The pirogue drifted slowly past the mouth of a shallow lagoon, covered with lily-pads, fringed with reeds, and skirted by the forest. We intently watched every object as it slid into view by the narrow mouth of the logan. Every instant I expected to see a branching pair of antlers rise with a splash as a moose bounded from water into cover. But the logan was passed without sight or sound.

Is it merely a coincidence that the sheet of water the Indian calls *logan* we name *lagoon*, from the Italian *lagune*?

As there are no moose, Jim and George take their poles again, and our long hollow log is propelled steadily through the still water of the broadening, currentless river.

Rounding a point, we come suddenly upon a bittern perched in an alder bush at the edge of the water, beak and neck raised in a perpendicular, and stiff as a skewer. He looked so oddly, standing bolt-upright, with his beak pointing to the zenith, that, although we passed within three feet, we made no effort to catch him. I soon regretted that we had not added him to our supplies for the pot, so we backed the canoe to rectify our error.

"It's a young 'un," quoth Jim; "he can't fly; that's why he was a-prayin' with his bill up. This pole is the boy for him. Jest you look here and see me take him in."

But even as he spoke the bittern sprang out of the bush and flew up stream. I at once shot him on the wing. Jim had turned his back on the bittern in disgust the instant he flew, and looking at me as I raised my gun and fired, exclaimed, "Mon Dieu, monsieur, what kind of a gun is that as goes off before you take aim? Was it an accident, sir, or did you fire at anything?"

"Look ahead," I answered.

Jim turned around, and now saw the bittern lying dead on the water close by.

He picked him up with a mystified expression, and looking at me, asked, "Did *you* kill him, sir?"

"Yes."

"When you fired then?"

"Of course."

"And the bird a-flyin' through the air all the time! Well, sir, I never saw that thing done before, and you're the greatest hunter for a gentleman that ever came to these lakes."

Imagine, my sporting friend, you who can cut down a dozen woodcock in cover without missing a shot, how remote those lakes must be where shooting on the wing was never heard of, and bringing down one lubberly bittern in the open is sufficient to establish one's reputation as a great hunter!

We soon saw a flock of sheldrake swimming on the river. As we drew near, they scampered away over the glassy surface

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at great speed, using their wings as paddles, and splashing the water into spray. Each one left a double wake behind him, and all together they looked like a fleet of miniature side-wheel steamers racing down river, all steam on, safety-valve tied down, and paddles whirling around in smoking haste.

They will not go far. It is "out of sight out of mind" with a sheldrake. So we paddle cautiously down stream close to the bushy left bank, sure of finding our game wherever their fears left them. Reaching a bend in the stream, we all lie down level with the gunwale. The long dug-out swings round the point as idly as a drifting log. There are the sheldrake swimming in mid-river. They eye our log suspiciously; they doubt, they fear, they draw together for another scamper. This was the sportsman's opportunity for a raking shot. I stop three of them dead with a shot from the right barrel, and drop a fourth with the left as the flock scuds away out of danger.

As we pick up our game, Jim remarks, "The gun is better than the rod to-day, sir."

True enough. For though I had cast my most tempting flies over many a goodly pool as we glided down stream, not a trout had yet risen to the lure.

As we push on, the river-banks grow lower, the woods more open, glimmerings from a distance shoot between the tree trunks, little vistas penetrate the forest, till at last, rounding a turn, the broad expanse of Great Eagle Lake bursts upon our view—a broad sheet of silver water nine miles long, lying in the lap of wooded mountains, basking beneath a summer's sun.

Looking at my watch, I find it is but twenty minutes past ten, only three hours since we pushed off from our camp, yet we had run many miles of brook and river, and experienced enough of pleasure and adventure to fill an ordinary week.

But one thing we had not seen on the whole route, a single good camp ground—a fact to which Jim repeatedly called my attention, and which he well knew showed the wisdom of his last night's choice. We pulled ashore on the bank of the lake, stretched our limbs, took a lunch, bailed out, and soon were *en route* again. Selecting an attractive cast of large flies, I trolled them far astern to entice, if might be, the monarch of the lake into our frying-pan.

It was a breathless summer day as we paddled down the Great Eagle. The lake lay like a mirror among the virgin hills. We could see nine miles over its glassy surface, to where a notch in the wooded hill crest betrayed the outlet. Mountains clad and plumed with forest primeval rolled up in giant undulations on every hand. No civilized habitation had ever desecrated this solitude. It had ever been free from the sound of the hammer as the Temple of Solomon. All around us, stretching away league on league, was a vast unbroken wilderness. In its heart smiled the lake, brimmed by the eternal hills, filled with the hush and heat of a summer noon.

George and Jim, bow and stern, kept their paddles dipping in perfect time; the regular whish of the keen blades through the water alone broke the noontide calm, and seemed at last the monotonous lullaby of the lazy day. I was getting drowsy; my head drooped against the pack behind. Jim rolled up the end of the buffalo-skin for a pillow, and I dozed to sleep.

"What's that black on the beach yonder?" It was George's voice that spoke. I was wide-awake in a twinkling, and glancing in the direction of his raised paddle, saw a black speck over a mile away on the narrow strip of beach between woods and water.

Can it be?—yes, it moves—a bear! Glorious!

The black dot passes down to the edge of the lake, pauses, moves along the shore, runs out upon a low sand-spit, and appears a silhouette against the bright water beyond. "See the cub with her!" whispers Jim. But the cub stands motionless—a tuft of tall grass, while the bear vanishes over the cape.

The guides dip their paddles deep and strong; the pirogue glides swiftly, noiselessly over the mirror of water. Not a word is said. I proceed to get ready. My only fire-arm was a 7¼-pound 12-gauge double-barrelled shot-gun—a light, handy piece for snipe and woodcock. I had brought it with me hoping to make an agreeable diversion in the fish and pork diet of camp life, in case we should fall in with duck or partridge.

As I was loading cartridges with Nos. 6 and 8 shot at home a few days before, I

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GREAT EAGLE LAKE.

thought, What if I should see a moose, or bear, or caribou?—so I loaded eight shells with nine buck-shot each. The shot were as large as pistol bullets, three of them exactly chambered in a No. 12 shell. I carefully placed them in three layers of three shot each, with a thin wad between each layer.

I drew my gun out of its case, slipped in a couple of the buck-shot cartridges, and put four more in my pocket.

We were now close to the hither side of the cape. George lies down in front; Jim paddles silently in the stern; pirogue moves ahead inch by inch toward the point of the cape; I sit with gun full cock across my knees, my neck craned out, scanning every object on the farther shore as it comes into view over the low sand-spit. Slowly we draw on round the cape; the whole farther shore lies before us, but no bear. All was as silent as the sunshine.

As we sit speechless the chattering of a squirrel sounds from the forest. Instantly the guides nod to each other, and dip their paddles. Noiselessly the pirogue touches the beach. George picks up his axe and steps ashore; I follow with my bird gun. The squirrel still chatters angrily from the depths of the wood; George breathes not a whisper, but his face is wreathed in the pleasantest and most fantastic grimaces, and he points continually toward the chattering with his axe.

A few stealthy steps, and we gain the edge of the woods. We peer in—nothing bear-like to be seen. Cautiously we press the branches aside, and silently creep on.

As we pass from the sunny lake into the deep gloom of the woods I recollect I am in my shirt sleeves, and consider for a moment the probable resistance a thin woollen hunting shirt would offer to the claws of a bear.

The forest we had entered was a dense growth of cedars, mixed with spruce and pine. The trees stood close together, with low branches, and were plentifully interspersed with windfalls, lying breast-high on rotten branches, and forming an admirable natural abatis against our advancing column of two armed with axe and shot-gun.

George moves on like a shadow straight for the squirrel that still chatters and scolds and swears from the depths of the cedar jungle. I veer to the right. We worm ourselves between the thick trunks. and under the thicker branches.

A low "Sh!" catches my ear. I turn toward George. "Here he is!" is written all over his face. He points directly ahead, then shakes his axe, and points and points again.

I look, stretch up and look, crouch down and look, but see nothing save the tree trunks.

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George grows impatient. He thinks I do not understand him.

"Le voici! Here he is!" he hisses. But Bruin hears as well as I. "Non le voilà! There he goes!"

I hear a whine and a grunt that remind me of a menagerie, and through the thick cedar trunks and the dead branches of a fallen pine catch a flitting glimpse of shambling blackness.

I fire a snap shot, as I would at a woodcock darting through the alder tops. The smoke hangs under the thick branches, and shuts out all before me.

"He's down! Nous l'avons!" yells George. The report of the gun has broken the spell of the forest silence, and George changes from a serpent to a tiger.

"No," he cries; "he's off again. Fire!"

I fire my left barrel through the smoke with "eye of faith," and cramming in a couple of fresh cartridges, George and I rush on, if any mode of progress through a tangled cedar swamp can be called a rush. We kick and wrest off the dry dead branches, scramble over the fallen pine; but the bear? Nowhere a sign of him. Nothing but forest and silence.

George keeps on; I do my best to follow. He glides along like a cat, in one hand an uplifted axe, descending now and then to sever an opposing bough. He gets over the ground two feet to my one.

"Le voilà, qui s'en va! There he goes again! Venez! Come on!" cries George; and I perform the speediest coming on of which I am capable. Slow enough it is, though. Every few steps the tangled branches of a fallen cedar must be burst through, but on I press and scramble and tumble and crawl till George is reached. He stands on a prostrate tree, axe upraised, head bent forward and to one side—an admirable statue of alertness.

"Écoutez! Listen!" he whispers.

A moment's stillness. Then a crackling, loud and near, up the hill-side. George jumps through the thicket, and springs up the slope like a flash.

Follow him? I could as easily flit up to heaven without wings. So I scramble on through the level swamp. It is said "blood will tell": I can swear that weight will. The burden of my two hundred pounds handicapped me in this swamp race with a bear. Every thicket I crawled through, every windfall I scrambled over, told on me, till at last I was forced to halt. With perspiration bursting from every pore, and breath only caught in gasps, I leaned against a tree, and imagined the feelings of the losing horse in a race. My heart beat loudly as the drumming of a partridge, the whole forest seemed to reverberate with its quick thud, thud, thud, and the blood leaped to head and temples till my brain was in a whirl.

While the trees were dancing before my reeling sight, I thought, "What an unlucky wight am I! After twenty years of small game shooting, to at last actually meet a bear in his haunts in the forest, get within thirty yards of him, on the point of gratifying one of the pet ambitions of my life, and then to bang away a couple of shots like a fool with the buck ague, while my noble quarry coolly makes off, and I am left empty-handed!"

Worse than that, the brute runs away so slowly that George sees him again and again—keeps up with him, in fact. Alas, my "too, too solid flesh!" Were I a light, nimble fellow like George, I might have shot a bear—yes, a half-dozen times over. And then my gun. What a fool, to bring a little snipe gun into the woods in quest of the king of the forests, the beast before which all others quail, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and then to fire away at this lordly game as I would pull trigger on a woodcock! One bird missed, up flips another. But where shall I find another bear, when I have been all my life getting up with this first one? Then, if I had only shot him, what yarns I would spin to my sporting friends—

"Le voici encore! Here he is again!" sounded George's voice, loud and clear, through the forest, and cut short my reverie.

My heart stilled and my brain steadied in an instant. Again I sprang forward. "I may get him yet; I may retrieve my fortunes," thought I, as I dragged, crawled, and pushed myself ahead through the underbrush.

George hears me crashing along, and shouts from the mountain-side, "He's makin' down by the lake. Right ahead o' yer. Look out for him."

I scramble on, impelled by one single strong desire—to get one good fair shot at that bear.

I keep on and on. Not a word from George. At my right, through the leaves I catch bright glimpses of the lake, sleeping in the sunlight. I slacken my pace.

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All is silent as a sanctuary. "Well, the bear is off, and George with him. I'll keep on slowly, cool off, and perhaps get my 'second wind' that we read about, whatever that may be." So thinking, I sling myself up on a fallen cedar that lay breast-high across my route, swing my legs over, sit and rest for a moment, then leisurely drop down on the other side.

"*Knar-r-r-r-r!*" And from under a cedar only seven paces away a mass of blackness springs for me, sudden and swift.

I have not time to take a step. Had time allowed, there is no opportunity. The fallen cedar is at my back; I am pinioned between its branches. But no thought of retreat or dodging enters my mind. There is time but for one single impulse, and that is—shoot. My gun is in my right hand, both barrels full cock. Instantly I pitch it to my shoulder, yet in this instant the whole forest scene, with the on-dashing black brute in the centre, is accurately and indelibly photographed on my sight. I see the beast leaping on all fours, hind-quarters high, fore-shoulders low, head down and askew, snout turned to right, lip curled up like a snarling dog, teeth chattering, and black eyes gleaming with a devilish light. On comes the monster with his vibrating, grunting growl, *Knar-r-r-r-r!* As the gun swings up to my face, I glance along the barrels, and see the snapping teeth of the leaping brute within four feet of my gun muzzle. I fire. The beast falls forward with a heavy thud at my feet.

I lower my gun, and, with finger on the left trigger, press the muzzle against the monster's head. He moves not. Every fibre of my being thrills with a wild, intense delight.

"DEAD!" I yell, with savage glee.

And from up the mountain-side comes George's answering shout, "Bravo, mon frère!"

And now comes George himself, crashing and bounding down the steep, and swinging his axe aloft. He jumps over our fallen foe, embraces me, dances about like a true Frenchman, shouting, "Bravo, mon frère! bravo, mon frère! Nous avons vaincu notre ennemi. Sacre! You old black devil, you! Voici—here you are, mort. Aha!" and grasping me with both hands, words fail us, and we give voice to the wild joy of victory in one long "Halloo!" that wakes the slumbering echoes of the summer lake. The veneer of a thousand years of civilization dropped from us like a garment, and the original savage, the fighting animal, the true man within, laughed with a zest that civilization knows not of.

Jim hears our shout from down the lake, catches its meaning, gleefully hallooes in reply, and paddles swiftly to us in the pirogue.

"Here he is, Jim," quoth I. "Voici l'ours."

Jim peers over the shaggy brute, looks up, takes off his hat, and bowing toward me, says, with the air of a diplomate offering a sentiment at a royal banquet, "C'est bien bon, monsieur, beaucoup de pouvoir à votre bras, et même plus à votre fusil."

Taking Bruin by the paws, we slid her down the bank.

"She'll weigh about four hundred," said Jim, reflectively, as we lifted her into the pirogue. "But then they're dreadful lean in summer. Late in the fall, now, she'd go another hundred, sure."

Jim picked up his axe out of the pirogue, stepped ashore, and hewed a smooth blaze on the trunk of a large cedar that leaned farthest out over the lake.

"We're in no hurry now, sir," said he. "And 'tisn't every day as a gentleman kills a bear. So I thought that mebbe you might like to write something about it here. And if ever you comes this way agin, you'll know jest where you shot her. And if you never happen on the lake any more, well, other gentlemen and guides and trappers will be along, and I'd like to have them know what we done here this day. So mebbe you'll put our names down with yours on the tree, sir."

With a smile at Jim's naïve request, I wrote with lead-pencil on the smooth tablet of cedar this inscription:

BEAR POINT.

SHOT A BEAR AUGUST 21, 1879.

W. W. THOMAS, JR.,
GEORGE DALL,
JAMES DALL.

I read it to Jim. He was delighted. Poor fellow, he had never learned to read.

We paddled to a shaded bit of pebbly beach, the bow of the dug-out almost submerged by the added load. Here the guides laid Bruin across two logs, and whetting

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ENCOUNTER WITH A BEAR.

their hunting-knives, commenced to strip off her black jacket.

The skin was stripped off at last, with claws, head, jaws, and teeth carefully left on. Then we salted it thoroughly on the inside, rolled it up, bound it tightly together with alder withes, and stowed it in the bows of the dug-out. The head, with ears still erect, looked backward and faced us. From the carcass we cut steaks enough for the trip, and were soon on our course once more, paddling down the lovely lake.

"Ye'll excuse me, sir," said Jim, "if I call to yer mind that I was a-sayin' this mornin' as how the gun is better than the rod to-day. Then we had only birds; now look at la Seigneuresse grinning at you from the bows;" and Jim relapsed into silence in the happy consciousness that he had predicted the whole adventure.

The shadows lengthen, and the lake grows dark along the western shore. The rounded wooded hills present a peculiar softness of outline and surface. The forest which covered them seemed soft and yielding as tufted moss. One could imagine a giant hand squeezing these forest-clad mountains as easily as a sponge. This tufted softness is a marked characteristic of our Northern woods. It is most noticeable in ridges of maple interspersed with beech and birch.

I troll a cast of flies. Soon I am greeted with a rise, and reel in a half-pound trout. I take another, weighing a pound and three-quarters, and as we paddle past the mouth of a roaring brook I hook a beauty that gives fine play, and brings down the scales to two and one-quarter pounds.

We reach the foot of the Great Eagle before night-fall, and camp on a grassy plateau. Lying in our tent we could look out upon the whole expanse of the lake, and hear the water rippling away through the outlet close beside us.

After a hearty trout supper, the guides soon fell asleep, the stars looked down at themselves in the lake, the camp fire shot its sparks upward, and I lapsed into a dream-land where bears of gigantic size and most grotesque shapes were jumping at me from behind every bush.

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At earliest dawn, Friday, I was out with Jim in the pirogue, casting the fly near where a clear mountain brook rolled over gray stones into the lake. White wisps of mist flitted like ghosts over the water, and vanished up the mountain-side. The trout rose briskly, and I caught two dozen before George called to breakfast.

In the forenoon Jim and I paddled up the western shore on a voyage of discovery. We found a large brook, but its outlet was too shoal for trout. We caught but one. Returning to our trout hole of the morning, I took two beauties at the first cast, one three-quarters of a pound, the other a pound and a quarter. At the next cast I hook and basket three pretty half-pounders. Soon after, a pound trout and two chubs, one a pound, the other two pounds and a half, fasten at once to my three flies, and sadly buckle and twist my little ten-ounce rod before I can sweep them into the landing-net Jim holds out of the other end of the pirogue to receive them.

The inquisitive mosquito and the investigating black-fly began to trouble us for the first time on the trip.

"Would you like a smudge, sir?" quoth Jim.

"Yes; we'll light one when we get to camp."

"But I'll show you a boat smudge, sir," Jim continued, shooting the pirogue ashore with one shove of his pole.

He pulls four long strips of bark from the nearest cedar. The strips are about four inches wide and three feet long. Jim lays them one upon the other, binds them carefully together with three alder withes, strikes a match, lights one end of the slender bark bundle, swings it a dozen times through the air, then places it at my side in the stern. The lighted end projects a few inches over the water; there is no flame; the bark slowly smoulders; thin wreaths of fragrant smoke rise as from a censer; the flies depart, and mosquitoes sing disconsolate beyond the charmed cloud of incense floating from the cedar.

"They smokes best when the bark is green," said Jim, resuming his pipe, "and one like that will last you all day."

The trout rose briskly, sometimes leaping into air to meet the descending fly. The fishing was excellent, but I could not get absorbed in it. The bear was springing at me through it all, and even when I was casting the fly most gingerly I was shooting the bear over again. At every lull in the trouting Jim would commence, "Well, that was a narrer squeak for you, sir," or I would start in with, "How big a bear did you ever see, Jim?"

The mists of morning had not all vanished; a few laggards hung tangled in the tree-tops two-thirds way up the mountain-side; others came to their rescue. The mists thickened; they fell like a pall down the mountain, and hid it from view. This was a natural barometer, and a falling one. A fog spread over the lake, obscured the sky, and before noon the pattering rain drove us to camp, not, however, till thirty ruddy trout lay gleaming in the bottom of the dug-out.

We brace up the guys of the tent, and lie down within, tent and fire keeping us warm and dry through a pouring rain.

While discussing the broiled breast of a bittern at dinner, I hear a sudden rustling behind me, and discover two pretty spruce partridges tied by the legs to a tent stake.

"I saw 'em on a tree," explained George, "while you was off fishin', and snared 'em."

"But how did you snare them?"

"With this," he replied, taking up an alder pole eight feet long, at the end of which dangled a slip-noose of twine. "They always sticks out their necks to look at you; so you can slip the noose over their heads, and take 'em in very handily."

We are indeed in the backwoods; even the game

> "are so unacquainted with man,
> Their tameness is shocking to me."

Our larder now presented a goodly variety. There were bear steaks, bittern, duck, partridge, trout, and chub. Verily, one with rod and gun need not starve in the Canada woods.

At sunset the rain held up a bit, and I took a dozen more trout, bringing my basket for the day up to sixty-six, weighing forty pounds. Sixty-four of them I captured from one spot in the lake — at the mouth of the mountain brook. The guides carefully salt all the fish not needed for immediate use.

The clouds thicken with the darkness, and we fall asleep to the music of the rain pattering on the tent just above our noses.

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SUGAR-LOAF MOUNTAIN.

Day dawned cold and gray. The rain had ceased, but great masses of cloud hung black over the lake, and rested low upon the mountains. I skillfully cast the fly, but no trout rises to the glittering lure. A great suspense fills the air. Suddenly far up the lake a line of foam leaps across the water from shore to shore. Then comes a roar like a rising gale. But there is neither wind nor wave. A deluge has burst over the lake, lashing the water into spray; and with black edge of cloud above, and white edge of foam below, the rain column advances. A bolt of lightning darts through the gloom. The crash lets loose the gale, and we scud back to the landing before a howling thunder-storm.

For four hours the rain fell in torrents. Lightning struck the tall trees all around us; the thunder crashed overhead, echoed from the mountains, and reverberated along the distant shores.

We three humans, huddled together in the tent, occupied but a very insignificant position in this grand commotion of nature. But we heartily congratulated ourselves on our tent, for it stood up bravely against the storm, and, save in one little spot, where the corner of a box had pressed woof and warp out of line, it never leaked a drop.

The storm drifts away to the east. The thunder dies to distant mutterings; the wind drops; the rain ceases. A strange silence pervades all nature; a paddle dropped in the pirogue sounds like the report of a cannon.

We emerge from the tent, stand erect, and stretch ourselves.

A bird twitters from the thicket. That means fair weather. We strike tent, bid adieu to the Lake of the Bear, paddle into the swift glassy current of the outlet, and rapidly glide down stream, under a lowering sky.

A spotted sandpiper skims over the water ahead, lights on a rock in mid-river, teeters, tilts, and bobs his lithe little body, runs across the rock, tilts again, then flits away with quickly vibrating wings.

The current is swift, and we shoot gayly along. Now and then, on a rocky bar, the pirogue jars against the bottom. Soon we come to a mile of foaming rapids. George kneels in the bow, his projected paddle in the stream, cutting the water with its thin red blade like the outreaching submerged prow of a marine ram. Jim stands in the stern ready with his setting-pole. George's eyes are intent upon the river, boiling over sunken rocks, which lie in wait, like foaming teeth, to devour us. Safely he pilots us onward, his broad paddle moving through the water with the slow, quiet motion of a trout's

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tail as he lazily stems the current. Suddenly George gives a broad quick stroke, like the flip of a trout's tail when he darts away up stream. In the twinkling of an eye, Jim follows up this motion with the setting-pole. The canoe sheers aside like a frightened horse, and slides by a submerged rock, only to plunge on toward another, and be saved again by another sheer. It was quick work, bow and stern, to safely shoot the rapids.

At a turn in the river we come upon a solid jam of old cedar-trees, roots, and logs extending from shore to shore. This obstacle we can not get over, or under, or through.

Here we make the only carry on the trip. Landing on the left bank, we transport our baggage through the woods a short distance to where the Gateno flows free again, shove across our dug-out, launch her, reload cargo, and are *en route* once more in less than half an hour.

The brooks that tumbled into the river were swollen and muddy with the recent rains. The Gateno itself was increasing in volume, and none but the smallest and most fool-hardy trout rose to my fly in the rising water.

Nine miles down stream another lake opens out before us. A golden-eye duck comes flying swiftly in from the open water. As she speeds past us I drop the trout rod, pick up my gun, shoot the duck, and salute the lake with the same discharge.

This sheet of water is three miles long, yet such is the plentitude of lakes and paucity of names in this wilderness that the only appellation yet granted to this pretty lakelet is "No. 3."

A mile down the right shore rises Sugar-loaf Mountain. Fires have swept over it, and burned off both timber and soil. Its naked peak of rock, scarred and burned, lifts itself abruptly from the lake, and towers aloft like a gigantic horn.

Down the mountain-side tumbles a brook. Near its mouth, when the lake is low and the weather hot, the big trout lie and drink in the cool flood from the hills. Now the brook is a tawny torrent, yellow as Father Tiber, and the trout are off in quest of clear water. At all events, they are not here.

On a low plateau, in a grove of giant cedars, we pitched our tent. Sugar-loaf rose behind us; the babble of its leaping brook ever sounded in our ears, mingling with the murmur of the lake along the pebbly shore. Toward evening the clouds part, and the setting sun throws a bridge of gold over the water. Darkness gathers. The moon shines bright over the western hills. I paddle out alone on the silvery lake. Sugar-loaf towers dark and threatening in the east. The smoke from our camp fire rises like a column above the cedars. Not a ripple stirs the water, not a sound jars the air. Sky, lake, and mountain are asleep in the moonlight. I seem poised in infinite silence. Then the wild wail of the loon quivers through the air—voice of the lonely lake. I turn the prow of my canoe, and paddle back to human companionship.

Sunday dawned bright and fair. Since trout had failed us, we breakfasted off bear steak, then leisurely started on a "Sabbath-day's journey." Leaving Lake No. 3, we paddled down a mile of currentless river, in whose tranquil flood the banks reproduced themselves, on across the round basin of No. 2, through a thoroughfare, and into Lake No. 1.

We cross No. 1, and drift down stream to the Forks, where the Gateno empties into the rapid Idalto. Here we camped, and passed a quiet afternoon.

Camping out makes great changes in one's taste and appetite. In a house, I abominate salt pork. After this length of camp life, I crave it. Nothing else seems so good and satisfying; nothing else can supply its place. Roast duck, broiled partridge, bear steak, and fried trout—all become a light, frivolous diet, like cake, puffs, and tarts. Fried salt pork, and but slightly fried at that, is the only solid, substantial, filling food—the only thing that goes to the right place. I prefer it to all else, have even discarded butter, and placing a dripping cut of pork on an inch-thick slice of dark Canada bread, make a meal fit for a king.

One other change. At home, I am a slave to coffee, and so sure was I that I could not get along without it that I brought an ample supply for the trip. My guides drank tea at every meal—black, poor-looking tea, too. Once I took a dipper with them. This led to a second trial. My liking for it increased, and now I prefer tea to any other drink, in the woods.

Next morning we found our pirogue leaking. The guides turned her over on the beach, dried the bottom with flaring

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THE RETURN.

torches of birch bark, and carefully poured melted pitch into every crack. Our ship was tight and dry again, and on we paddled down the broad and swift Idalto.

Of all modes of travel, from the cariole to the steam-ship, I know of none more delightful than paddling down a river through our Northern American forest. The winding stream ever changes the scene before you. Now a mountain, then the blue sky, fills up the vista. Expectation is ever on the *qui vive*. Around the next bend you may come upon a moose, a duck may spring from the water, or a big trout leap into air. On you glide between green forest walls. Nature is at her best along the river-banks. Rivers are not only thoroughfares for men, but for light and air, and toward the sun and the breeze presses every green thing. On either side the woods come trooping to the river, *dona ferentes*. Here the forest offers its choicest gifts. Fallen trees lie their length out into the water. Pennants of moss wave from their withered branches. Bushes hang their bright leaves and flowers over the stream. Above, the choke-cherry and mountain ash display their red fruit; overtopping these rise the old forest giants, throwing their thriftiest branches and brightest banners athwart the river.

You recline in the canoe, borne on the current, propelled by swift paddles, and without dust, or jar, or noise, slide through the bright heart of the "merrie greenwood."

Thus for two days we dropped down stream, coasted along the shores of deep lakes, shot turbulent rapids, and paddled on over the deep pools below.

At noon of the seventh day we sailed out of the Idalto upon Grand Lake, the largest of the chain, twenty-seven miles long. Out of this lake flows the river from whose banks we had started into the wilderness, with our pirogue lashed upon Moreaud's lumber-sled. We had "swung round the circle" of a hundred miles of forest, and were back again close to our starting-point.

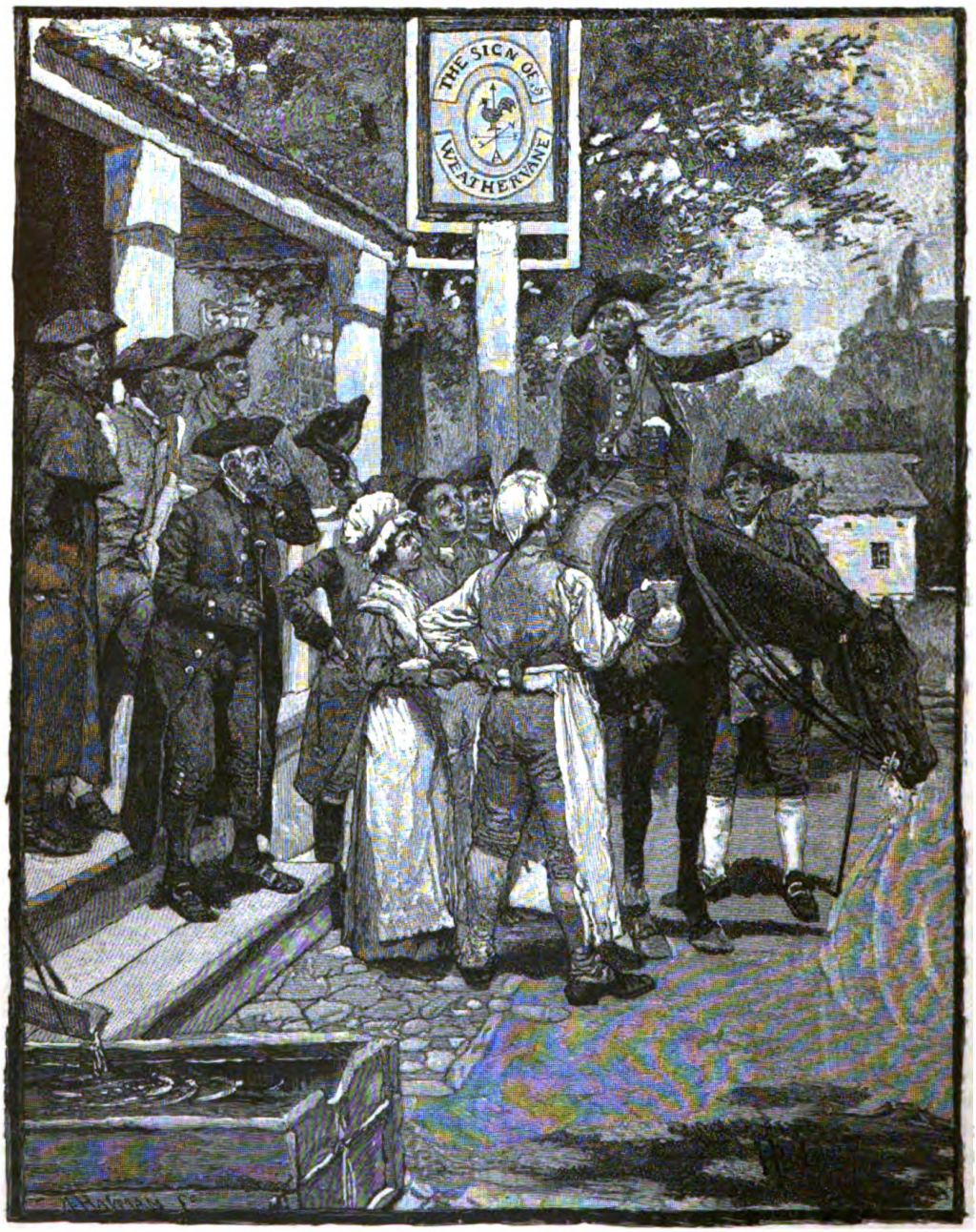
On the hills across the lake were the "habitations of bread-eating men," the first we had seen for a week. Among them glistened the tinned steeple of the village church. The hamlet seemed a city to our forest eyes.

We paddle across the lake. The prow of the dug-out grates on the beach for the last time. I take a plunge into the clear water, and wash the camp out of me. Then we each shoulder a pack, bid good-by to our tough little ship of the forest, and striking into a woodland path, climb the steep slope of the lake basin.

As we emerge from the woods single file into a clearing, who should we see mowing in the stumpy field but Moreaud the teamster? Since we left him a week ago on the borders of Beaver Pond, we had not seen a human being. He swings his scythe with eyes bent on the ground, and does not see us. Jim holds up the bear's head and gives a growl.

Moreaud jumps, then laughs heartily. "Aha!" he exclaims; "voilà la bonne chance!"

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"HE STOPS AT THE SIGN OF THE WEATHERVANE."

TILGHMAN'S RIDE FROM YORKTOWN TO PHILADELPHIA.

OCTOBER 19, 1781.

FROM day to day came a heavy roar,
Like the boom of the surf on a distant shore,
Or the rumble of thunder far away—
An ominous sound, from day to day,
To the south, where York and Gloucester lay;
And from night to night
Hung a lurid light,
Now smouldering deep, now glowing bright,
Staining the black sky off to the south
With a smear of red, like a belch from the mouth
Of the pit; while the rumble and roar came clear
Through the hush of the night to the listening ear,
From over by Yorktown, far below—
That autumn a hundred years ago.

But the heavy booming from day to day
Suddenly ceased, and a silence lay
Where just before
Was the muffled roar

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That beat on the ear like the surf on the shore.
'Twas as if the pulse of the air had stopped,
And a death-like silence had swiftly dropped
On the leaden beat of that pulse instead.
Then the listening folk to each other said,
With many a doubting shake of the head:
"Now what has happened at York below?
Is it peril to friend, or peril to foe?"
While the scowling Tories gathered about,
And swore, "The Yankees are put to rout,
As they often were put to rout before."

The southern road, in the days of yore,
Ran south toward Yorktown, stretching away,
Girding the earth like a ribbon of gray,
A fine old high-road, making its way,
Now through the spicy piny glades
With their resinous glooms and sombre shades,
Now where a broad plantation sleeps
By the marge of the river that slowly creeps
Past oozy banks, the lazy stream
Bedusked by the breeze in the morning gleam,
Now by a court-house, a little town,
A tavern, a cross-road store, till down
To the south in the haze it melts to the eye
Toward the quarter where York and Gloucester lie.
And the people gathered along the road
From far and near, to the tavern broad,
To the cross-road store, to the court-house town,
To catch the news as it came from down
By Yorktown, far away to the south.
Then rumor was passed from mouth to mouth,
Now of a victory, now of a rout;
And wild reports were bandied about,
First rising with hope, then sinking to doubt.
Up the road comes the sound of the beat
And the regular rhythm of galloping feet,
As a horseman, riding with whip and goad,
Leaves a dusty trail behind on the road
Away to the south. Each muscle and vein
Of his charger knots with the nervous strain
As, with head stretched forward and streaming mane,
It bends to the pace, its nostrils red,
And flecks of foam on its breast and head,
Galloping free, with the ringing sound
Of the iron hoofs on the solid ground.
As they flash like a bolt past the eager crowd,
The horseman rises and shouts aloud—
While the Tories cower and slink away—
"*Cornwallis is taken at York to-day!*"
From north to south, from east to west,
From the dewy dale to the mountain crest,
Like the fire that spreads through the crackling sedge,
In the autumn time by the river's edge,
So the news is carried from village to town,
Over the windy hill-tops, down
Through the valleys. It spreads as the breezes blow—
Cornwallis is taken in York below!
Through the pallid light of the early morn,
When the air is fresh of the day new born,
Through the dewy incense, cool and light,
That breathes from the east where the sky grows bright,
A lonely rider, galloping fast,
Along the stretch of the high-road passed.
By the tavern he rides, by the farm-house, down
Through stony streets of a sleeping town,
Clashing, clattering loudly, out
To the country again that lies about,
Without a stop on the broad highway,
So on and on through the brightening day,
Till the sun leaps up on his pathless way.

* * * * * *

Now the noontide sun on the tavern eaves
Sleeps broadly, or down through the maple leaves,
All crimson and gold, it showers around
In the front of the porch on the dusty ground.
The loungers gather, a dozen or more,
On the high-backed benches beside the door,
And talk of the crops, and the this and that
Of household news and of village chat,
Taking the lazy autumn day
In a drowsy, sleepy, indolent way.
Even the road that slopes to the mill
At the foot of the breezy, sun-lit hill
Seems drowsily sleeping, at lazy ease
In the broad warm sun and the shade of the trees.
The cozy village houses stand
Just back from the road on either hand.
Then suddenly, over the bridge at the mill
That spans a babbling stony rill,
Over the bridge till it thunders again,
A rider comes riding with might and main,
Up the hill, without check of rein,
Till he stops at the sign of the Weathervane.
From crown to heel he is stained and gray
From the travel and dust along the way,
While the horse stands smeared and splashed and wet
With blotches of foam and streaks of sweat,
With quivering flanks and heaving side,
And panting nostrils, red and wide.
As a pebble dropped in a placid pond
Breaks the surface in circles round,
So the placid surface of village chat,
The talk of the crops, and of this and of that,
Is broken and shivered in different rings
At the news from the south that the horseman brings:
"*Cornwallis is taken!*" Then cheer on cheer
Rings merrily out, and far and near
The people gather, with noise and shout,
While the fifer and drummer go marching about
With a trailing crowd of boys and men;
And the flag is raised at the tavern then,
And shakes to the breeze with its colors gay,
While the traveller gallops along his way.

* * * * * *

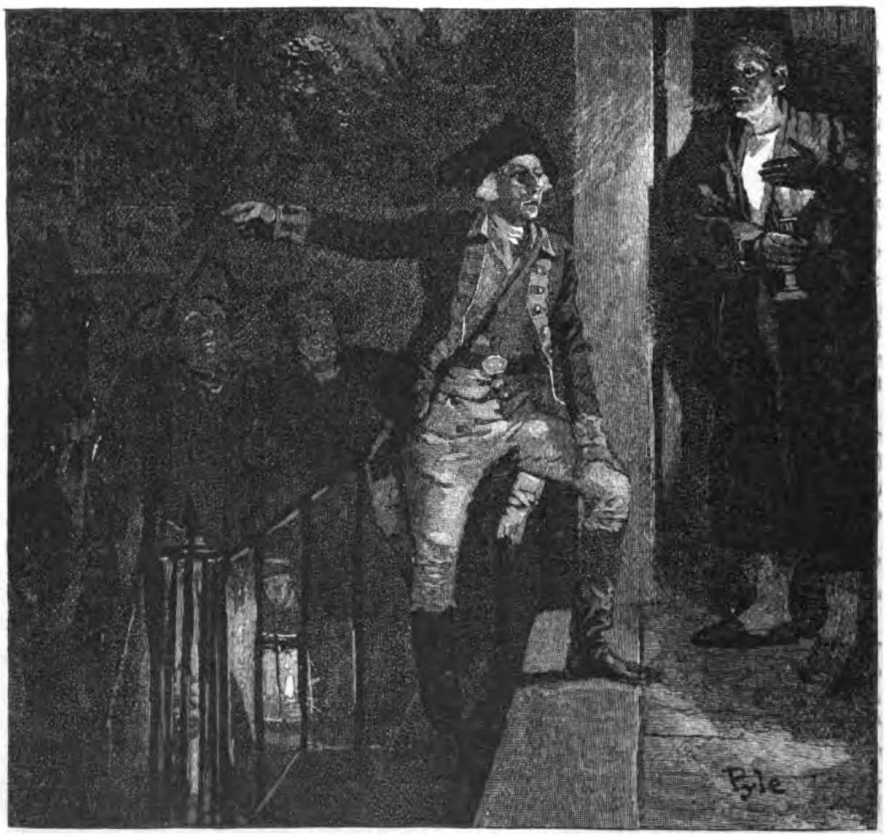
The sombre wings of the silent night
Are softly folded. The frosty light
Of a million stars is glittering high,
Like a silver dust on the purple sky.

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The houses along the way-side loom
All inky black from the heavy gloom,
With now and then a gleam of light
From a cheerful home on the solemn night;
And all is silent; the very breath
Of the air seems hushed in a sombre death,
Save farther down, from a way-side inn,
Where a smothered noise of a jovial din
Speaks loudly of mirth and light within.
But now through the hush of the night around
Comes the distant sound
Of the measured pound
Of a horse's hoofs on the solid ground.

Then away and away, with a fainter beat
And a duller thud of the horse's feet;
But back through the silent night he hears
The sound of shouts and of ringing cheers.

By noon, by night,
Through the early light
Of the misty morning, fresh and bright—
He gallops by night, he gallops by day,
To Philadelphia, far away;
For he brings the news of joy and of cheer
To the Congress of States assembled there.



"THEN HE TELLS HIS NEWS, IN THE RUDDY GLOW."

At first it throbs to the listening ear,
But ever it sounds more full, more clear,
Galloping, galloping, nearer fast,
Up the road. As the inn is passed
The door flies open, the guests pour out
On the tavern porch, a merry rout,
While the light and the glow from the bar-room there
Stream over the road with a ruddy glare.
The rider flashes across the light,
And is swallowed again in the jaws of night.
No check of rein as he gallops along,
But he shouts his news to the listening throng—
He shouts the news as he gallops past:
"Cornwallis is taken at York at last."

A hush like death in the silent street;
Not a sound is heard but the lonely beat
Of the queer old watchman, up and down
Through the silence of Philadelphia town.
Like a gloomy pall hang the folds of night,
Save here and there where a glow of light
From a corner lamp casts a misty mark
Of brightness around on the pavement dark:
'Tis the heart of the night, from which is born
The fluttering breath of the early morn.
Like the solemn shade which the midnight brings,
Like the blackness from which the morning springs,
Was the gloom that hung like a heavy blight
On the cause of freedom, the cause of right;

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For up and down through the breadth of the land
Were rout and disaster on every hand.
We fought with a stern and stubborn will
The redcoats, Indians, Tories; still,
Fighting each foot, we were driven back,
Like the stag at bay with the hounds on its track.

But the quaint old town lay fast asleep,
All wrapped around with a silence deep;
Only the watch, with his lantern and bill,
Stops as he walks the streets all still,
And gives, with a quavering, sing-song call,
The hours: "'Tis two o' the clock, and all
Is well in the morning." The voice rings near
And loud in the silence; then, faint and clear,
Another voice like an echo fell:
"'Tis two o' the clock, and all is well
In the morning." Another, another, till
They die in the distance, and all is still,
And the watchman resumes his lonely beat
With swaying light down the silent street.

Then suddenly falls another sound
On the heavy silence that broods around,
Of galloping feet on the stony ground.
With a clatter of iron hoofs, and a spark
Struck now and then from a stone in the dark,
Past the gleam of the corner light,
He rides, with a flash through the shadows of night
Of steel and buckle and sabre bright.

The President's house stood grim and black,
Where the rider leaped from the horse's back,
And with a hitch of the strap or rein
He knocked at the door and he shouted amain,
With so loud a knock and so brave a shout
That the watch came crowding around, about,
And thought to arrest him out and out
For a tipsy rake on a drunken bout.

But the voices without, and the noise and din
Through the stilly night, wake the sleepers within.
The door is opened, a stream of light
Throws a sudden glare on the inky night
That shines on the watch, and a stranger there
All stained with dust, in the flickering glare,
While their breaths go up on the frosty air.
Then he tells his news, in the ruddy glow:
"*Cornwallis is taken at York below.*"

When the watchmen have heard the news, they cry
It out with the hours, and far and nigh
It is taken up, until, one by one,
They carry it out through the sleeping town:
"Three o' the clock, and all is well.
Oh, hear the news that I have to tell:
Cornwallis is taken. The news to-day
Was brought from Yorktown, far away."

At first 'twas the gleam of a single light
That flickered across the dusk of night;
Then presently others began to flash;
Then came the sound of a rising sash,
And then of voices asking for more
Of the news; then the sound of a banging door,
And footsteps hurrying here and there.
Then a cheer rang out on the frosty air.
It is taken up, and around, about,
It is echoed again with lusty shout.
Then the seal of silence is broken, and out—
Where the empty night was just before—
Bursts the pent-up life with a mighty roar.

Then, rolling down through the darkness, fell
The deep-toned bay of the State-house bell,
With a clash and a loud vibrating tone
That speak of a joy; and, one by one,
The others join in a swell of sound
Of exultation that roars around;
While bonfires, blazing up and down
Through the length and breadth of the shouting town,
Throw a ruddy light, that blazes high
To meet the light of the eastern sky.
The volleys of cannon at break of day
With their loud concussions seem to say,
"We greet you at Yorktown, far away."

And so, as the dawn of that day grew bright,
Was the dawn that followed the dreary night
Of trouble and woe and gloom and fear,
That broke at last to a morning clear,
The first bright news of the coming day,
Brought by Tilghman, over away
From Yorktown and Gloucester, far below
To the south, a hundred years ago.

JOURNALISTIC LONDON.

Second Paper.

"THE TIMES" has often been called the Jupiter of the Press. As emblematic of its power, the title is well chosen. Among all the newspapers of the world, none has wielded so wide and extensive an influence as this great English paper. If buildings have a physiognomical character of their own, those of *The Times* are peculiarly representative. Face to face with *The Times* office, you confront a sturdy, immovable institution. Enter and make a tour of the premises, and you are impressed with the air of order and repose that pervades every department. There is no hurry in *The Times* office. Even when the last "forms" go down to press, they go in a calm, systematic fashion. No rushing, no calling, no noisy hammering, accompanies the operation. Now and then something nearly approaching a fuss attends the insertion of the weather chart or a war map into the latest pages, but this is of rare occurrence. It is as if the entire establishment, with its em-

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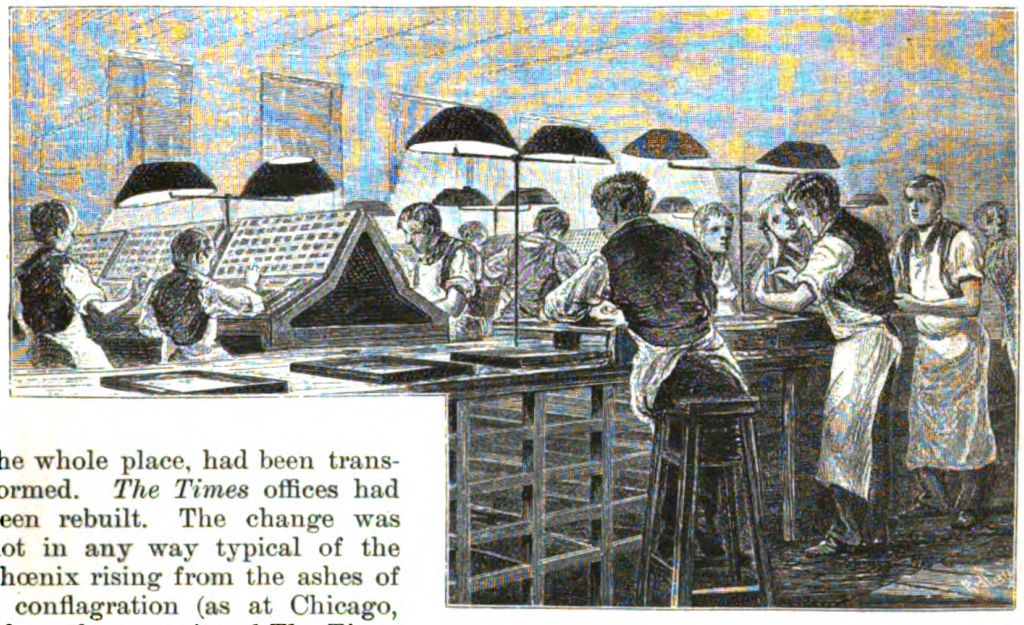


"THE TIMES" BUILDING.—[After a Photograph by F. York, 87 Lancaster Road, London.]

ployés, belonged to a machine manipulated by unseen hands. Another source of surprise is that there appear to be but few people in the place. You might reasonably expect to meet an army of compositors, stereotypers, machinists, clerks, reporters, messengers; you only see a few persons going about their work with a quiet unobtrusiveness, though *The Times* does employ quite an army of men. They are disciplined, however, as carefully as an army should be, and they go about as if they were always conscious of the responsibility of serving "The Thunderer." Just as the artists and "supers" at the Lyceum Theatre seem to move as if under the constant eye of the presiding genius of the theatre, so the persons employed in *The Times* office always appear to feel that they are in an exceptional and distinguished service. This sense of order and regularity in Printing-house Square is not disturbed, even though the proprietors invariably occupy the van of mechanical progress in regard to the production of a newspaper. The first to use machine presses, the first to drive them by steam, the first to introduce type-setters, the first to adopt the telephone and the electric light, there is no proposed change or improvement in connection with their business that, seeming to them worthy of consideration, the proprietors of *The Times* have not tested, and adopted when experience has approved the change. Mr. John C. Macdonald, a capable gentleman, with the natural shrewdness and perseverance of his nationality, has for many years been the practical manager of the paper. Most of the changes and improvements have been carried out under his supervision; many of them have been inau-

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gurated by him. With his permission, little as this is to say, we may not have said it, for it is hard to tell which most predominates in Mr. Macdonald's character, the wisdom of practical experience or the unostentation of native modesty. A few weeks since, when I took my friend Mr. Ridley to make a pictorial sketch of Printing-house Square, and the old doorway with the well-known testimonial inscription over it, the square, the doorway, the whole place, had been transformed. *The Times* offices had been rebuilt. The change was not in any way typical of the phœnix rising from the ashes of a conflagration (as at Chicago, where the very site of *The Times* office there was lost in the flames), for there was no suggestion of ashes, no débris of fire, no track of destruction. Cleanliness and order reigned as before. Calm, steady-looking compositors were setting up types near the new windows, as they were doing near the old ones years before; though, in place of the old grimy bricks, new offices, spick and span, looked down upon us on all sides through plate-glass windows. The English sentiment in regard to the preservation of trees is touchingly illustrated in the new square by the presence of a smoke-grimed trunk, which in the winter stretches withered-looking arms toward the new building, and in the summer puts forth a few green leaves that whisper to the printers, as they come and go, suggestions of woods and meadows and quiet rural landscapes.

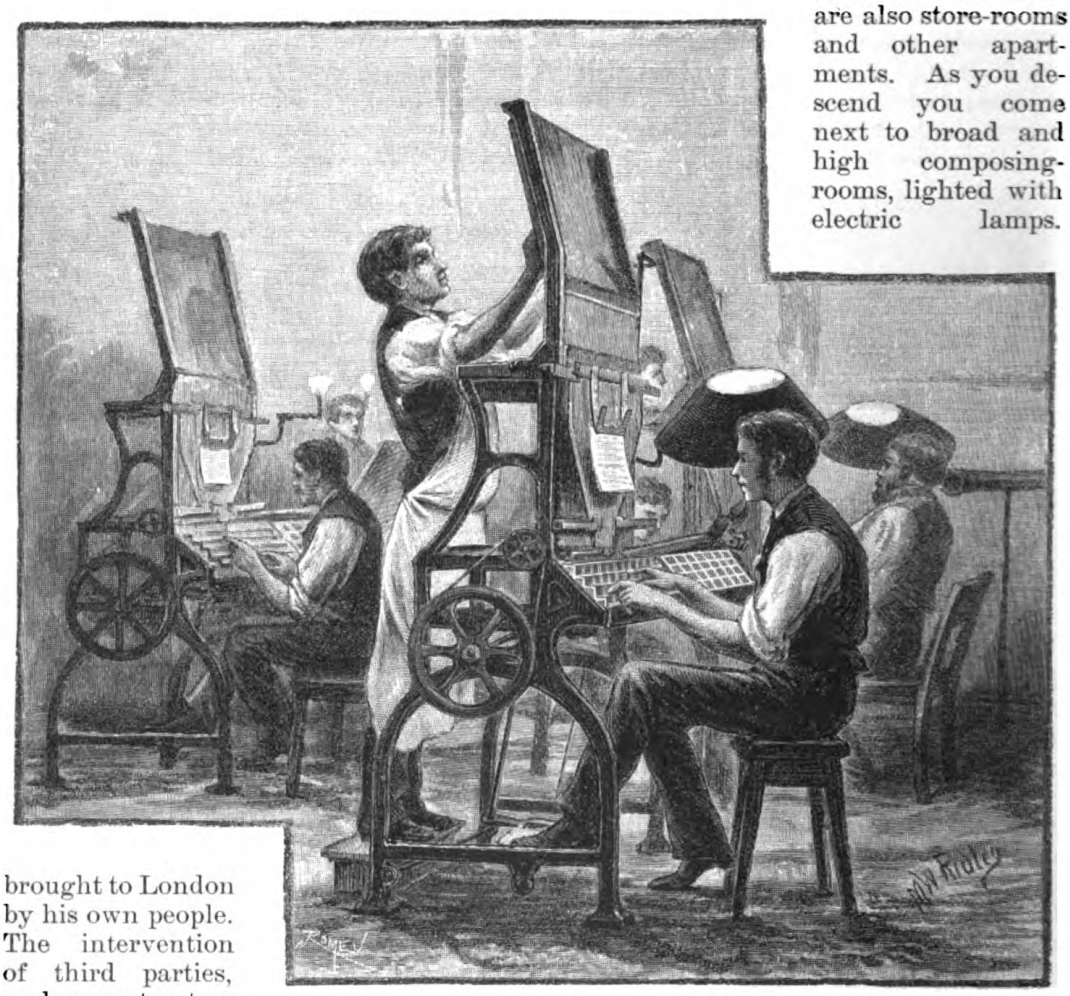


"THE TIMES" COMPOSING-ROOM.

The ordinary public that reads its morning newspaper over breakfast has a very vague idea of the tremendous organization of men and means and machinery necessary to the daily journal's production. Apart from the correspondents, the telegraphists, the steamers, the railway trains, that are engaged in its service abroad, there are at home the editors, leader-writers, critics, reviewers, reporters, messengers, a multitude of persons, men of the highest culture and learning, down to the nimblest of chroniclers, telegraph clerks, and messengers. These, formidable as is their power, simply supply the pabulum, the manuscript, the material for manufacture. How great and how little all this is an outsider can hardly appreciate until he has seen a leading newspaper establishment at work. *The Times* office is a vast machine-shop and factory. Everything in the place, except the paper, is made on the spot. The Walter machines, which are shown at work in the illustration on page 844, were made here, as were also those which print *The Daily News*, *The Scotsman*, the Liverpool *Post*, the New York *Times*, and other papers. Indeed, the whole of the appliances in the printing of the paper and lighting of the rooms (even the electric lamps) are manufactured on the premises, which embrace machine-shops, type, stereotype, and electrotype foundries, electricians' laboratories, etc. The whole of the new buildings were

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designed and built by Mr. Walter and Mr. Macdonald, without the aid of architect or contractor. The very bricks were made on Mr. Walter's estate at Bearwood, and brought to London by his own people. The intervention of third parties, such as contractors outside the control of Mr. Macdonald, would have made the reconstruction of an establishment like *The Times* during its business hours almost an impossibility. The top floor of the building is devoted to the bound files of the paper. Descending to the next, you come to dining-rooms and kitchens—one department for the clerks, another for the compositors and workmen generally. The service is conducted on canteen principles, and as a rule all the employés are glad to have the opportunity of taking their meals here. The kitchens are fitted up with every modern appliance. The meats are not baked, all kinds of joints together, in one oven, as is the case in most English restaurants, to the utter destruction of their individual character and flavor; they are roasted before open fires. I noticed that there is a complete staff of cooks, with a *chef*, who appears to take a special pride in his art. On this floor there are also store-rooms and other apartments. As you descend you come next to broad and high composing-rooms, lighted with electric lamps.



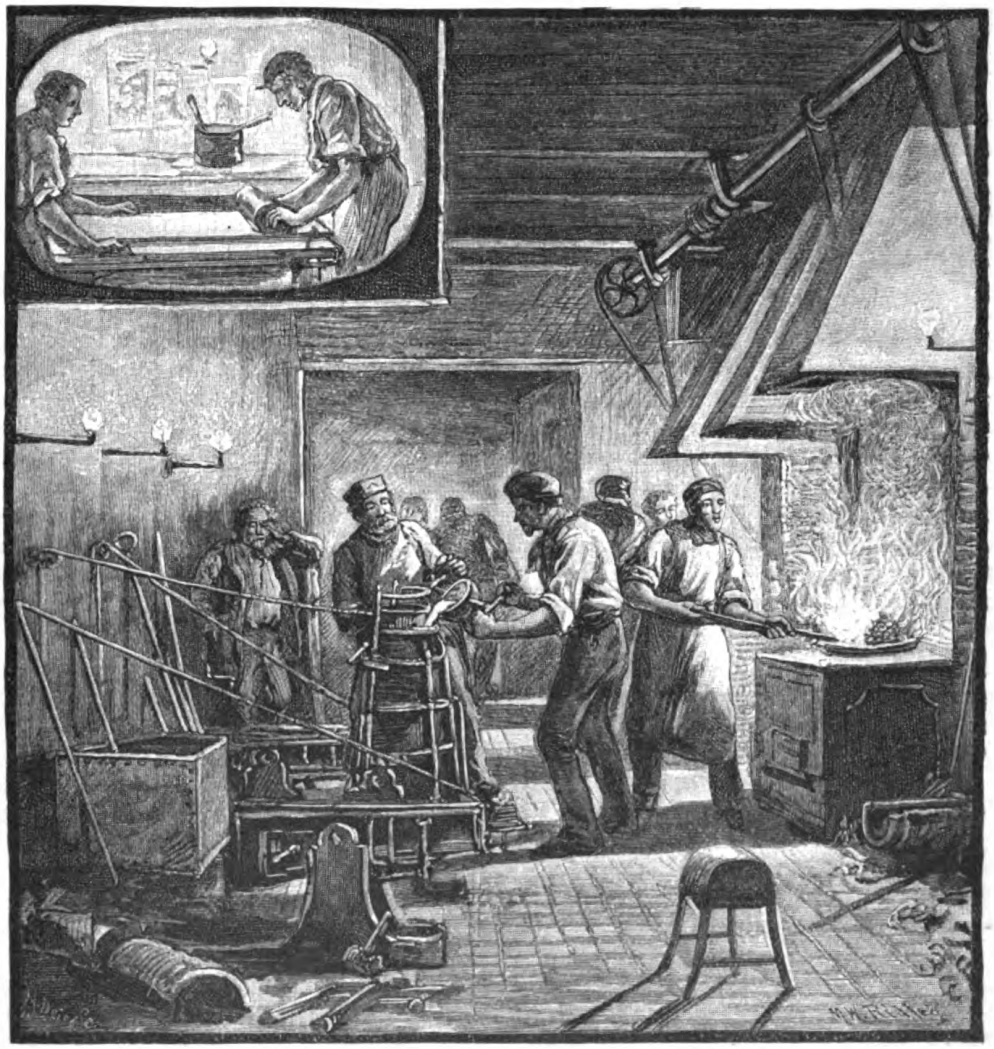
TYPE-SETTING MACHINE.

Cloak-rooms are provided for the men, each article of clothing being checked by an attendant after the manner of New York club-houses. Here and there are quiet offices, with telephonic and other machines in use and on trial. One room is devoted to the special Paris wire. By the side of the telegraph, which reels off its message on the now quite familiar roll of paper, is a type-setter, so that the Paris letter is put into type, hot as it comes in, from the slips themselves. In another apartment are telephones connected with the reporters' rooms at the Houses of Parliament. During last session all the night reports were sent to the office through this medium. The stenographer

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writes out his notes as heretofore, then the manuscript is read off through the telephone. The recipients of the messages at *The Times* office dictate them to the type-setters, and so they are put into type. The manuscript comes up from the Houses as heretofore, and goes into the reading-room, so that the proofs are read by the original copy, thus checking the telephonic dictation. The type-setting machine is made in *The Times* office, and is as near perfection as it is likely to be in our time. In a corner of one of the great composing-rooms there are six or seven of these little machines. They are capable of "composing" three parts of the news portion of the paper, each putting up five or six columns a night. The editorial and writing rooms occupy the next story below, and convenient to the chief's desk is a telegraph in direct communication with Mr. Reuter's office.

A pneumatic tube is used right through the premises for the distribution of "copy," proofs, and messages. On the ground-floor are the machines, engines (the latter in pairs in case of accident), foundries, and publishing offices; so that the last operation of production, the printing of the forms, is conducted with the added facilities of approximation of departments. The forms come down; they are stereotyped; they pass to the machine; the paper is printed, and goes forth into the publishing office, which opens its doors at about four each morning to the carters and por-



"THE TIMES" TYPE-FOUNDRY.

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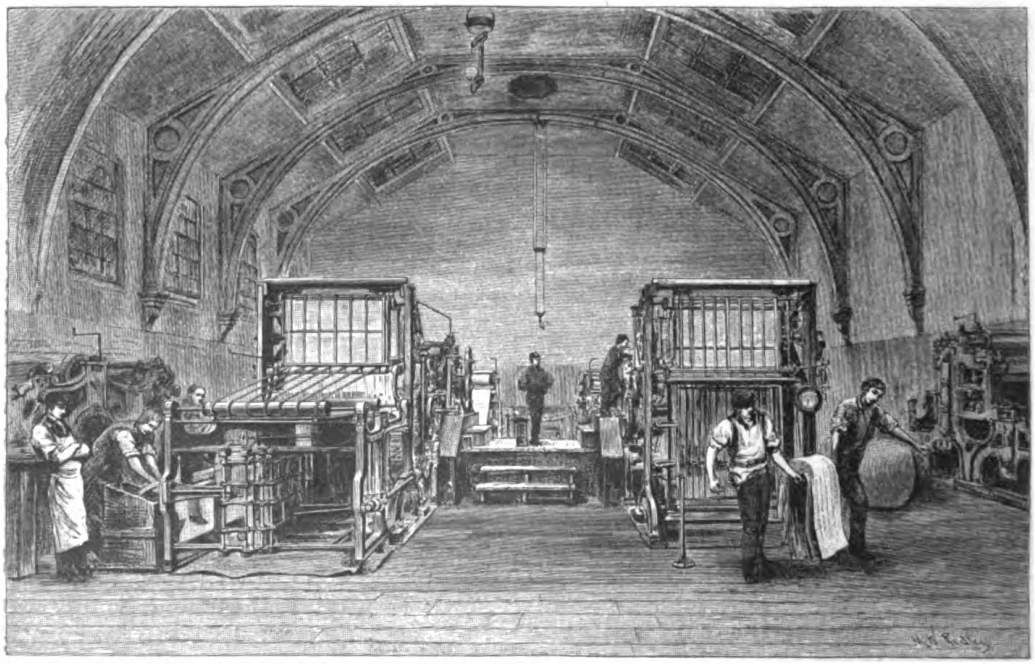


SIR W. VERNON HARCOURT.
[Photographed by Palmer, Ramsgate.]

ters of Smith and Sons, who are the chief distributers of the leading journal. In front of these busy rooms, cut off from the heat of the machinery, and having an outlet upon Queen Victoria Street, are the advertising offices and the letter and inquiry department. From the aspect of a manufactory and governmental bureau in one, the establishment now assumes the appearance of a bank. The similarity is not without point, for here come in "the sinews of war." In this department there is a telephone in communication with the Royal Exchange, which can be switched off to the offices of all the leading advertising agents in the city.

The inquiry department is for the use of persons who choose to have their letters addressed to *The Times* office, for consulting the files, and other purposes—a convenience which the public evidently appreciates. *The Times*, with all its ramifications and influences, reaching from Printing-house Square to the uttermost ends of the earth, constitutes one of the modern wonders of the world; and nothing about it is more remarkable than the fact that it may be said to have grown up in our day. The art of printing has been literally revolutionized by the present Mr. Walter and Mr. Macdonald.

The Times was started in 1785, under the title of the *Daily Universal Register*, and adopted its present title three years later. It was originated by Mr. John Walter, grandfather of the present chief proprietor, Mr. John Walter, M.P. for Berkshire, who earned for his paper the sobriquet of "'The Thunderer" by his bold and fearless attacks upon national abuses, his defense of the Right, and his defiance



"THE TIMES" PRINTING-ROOM.

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JOHN WALTER.
[Photographed by Windon and Grove.]



M. BLOWITZ, PARIS CORRESPONDENT OF "THE TIMES."

of all obstructions that the Wrong might plant in his way.

On the 29th of November, 1814, *The Times* was printed by steam, the first instance of steam being applied to printing. *The Book of Days*, Mr. Grant's *Newspaper Press*, and *British Manufacturing Industries* contain details of this notable change in the production of newspapers, and the reader who desires to investigate it is referred to these and kindred works. *The Times* is still a high-priced journal (3*d.*), is printed on superb paper, and its staff includes some of the ablest men in Europe. It pays princely salaries to its departmental chiefs and foreign correspondents, and stands by its writers with a loyal tenacity.

"The Walter Printing-Press," which is capable of printing 22,000 to 24,000 an hour, is the invention of the present Mr. Walter, who supplements his scientific studies and journalistic duties with the onerous labors that belong to a seat in Parliament. The Walter machine was constructed under the superintendence of Mr. Macdonald, who is constantly engaged in working out some new scheme for the reduction of labor and the perfection of the art of printing. It were too great a tax upon these pages to say in how many directions *The Times* management is engaged; but the Walter succession in Printing-house Square is wonderfully maintained.

When a stamp duty was enforced upon advertisements, *The Times* paid £70,000 in one year (1830) to the government. If this exaction had been continued, as well as the penny stamp on each paper, *The Times*, on its present sale and its present number of advertisements, would have had to pay the government over £450,000 a year. I am not in a position to say what the income of *The Times* is, but taking Mr. Grant's figures for advertisements, and a minimum sale of 70,000 copies, its returns amount to quite £1,036,000. Touching the *profits* divided on the other journals, the following figures, while they are not authoritative,



JOHN OXENFORD.
[Photographed by London Stereoscopic Company.]

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JOHN DELANE.
[Photographed by London Stereoscopic Company.]

are pretty generally accepted in journalistic circles as approximately correct: *Daily Telegraph*, £120,000 a year; *Standard*, £65,000; *Daily News*, £30,000; *Morning Post*, £10,000. Thirty years ago, *The Times*, which is not given to boasting, stated in an editorial article that its gross income was equal to that of the most flourishing of the German principalities.

The chiefs and writers of *The Times* have little or no personality in connection with Printing-house Square. This is a tradition of the paper, which is jealously maintained. Yet great names crop up in its literary history. Mr. Disraeli wrote for it, under the signature of "Runnymede"; Mr. Vernon Harcourt was "Historicus"; Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne wrote above the initials "S. G. O." Captain Stirling was at one time its principal leader-writer, and Stirling had Thomas Carlyle for his biographer. Mr. Robert Lowe, while he was ascending the social and political scale, first as member of Parliament, then as cabinet minister, and next as a peer of the realm, wrote editorials for *The Times*. Mr. Leonard Courtney, member of Parliament for Liskeard, is a member of its staff. The late Mr. John Oxenford, the most accomplished and scholarly dramatic critic of his time, has been succeeded by Mr. Morris, whose father was for many years one of the best-known managers of *The Times*. Mr. Oxenford's colleague, Mr. James Davidson, still holds office as musical critic, having in these latter years of his veteran service the assistance of Dr. Francis Hueffer, a musician and critic of considerable distinction. Mr. Abraham Hayward is supposed to be Mr. Chenery's "right hand" in the editorial room. The late Mr. Tom Taylor was for many years the art critic of *The Times*. M. Blowitz is intimately known by the modern governments of France as its Paris correspondent. In one of Sardou's most recent plays the Anglo-French journalist is said to have been represented on the stage, at an exciting period of the drama, plying his vocation under difficulties. Since Mr. Gladstone himself has been burlesqued on the English stage, M. Blowitz will hardly feel that he is dishonored by similar attentions in Paris. Famous men are not always walking upon paths that are strewn with roses.

In these days there are two names more popularly known in connection with *The Times* than any others. One is that of the late Mr. Delane, and the other that of Dr. William H. Russell. No man in our day wielded a greater power, no man of any day exercised his strength with a higher sense of responsibility, than Mr. John Delane, for thirty-six years editor of *The Times*, and whose death the press generally regarded as one of the calamities of 1879. Though a hard worker both in society and at his office, and accustomed to keep late hours, nearly always staying at Printing-house Square until *The Times* went to press, Mr. Delane was a florid, healthy-looking man, more like a



DR. WILLIAM H. RUSSELL.
[Photographed by Charles Watkins.]

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country gentleman than a laborious journalist. Lord Palmerston had a similar fresh, "breezy" face, and it is notable that many of England's hardest-worked men are bright, active, stalwart-looking examples of humanity. Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, how ruddy his cheeks were, how bright his eyes, to the last! Mr. Anthony Trollope has the appearance of rural health, though he is up at five o'clock every morning, and at his desk. Mr. Sala, who often writes more in a week than some of his contemporaries do in a month, is "rosy as the morn," and as full of cheerfulness as a stripling. His "copy" ought to be exhibited for the emulation of young journalists. The late Tom Taylor's manuscript was as undecipherable as Sala's is neat and distinct. When Mark Lemon was editing *Punch*, writing novels, and speculating in joint-stock companies, he was a picture of Falstaffian cheerfulness. Mr. Burnand, with white hair and gray beard, is boyish in the exuberance of his animal spirits. Work agrees with well-balanced constitutions. Mr. Gladstone, Charles Dickens, Lord Palmerston, Sir Edwin Landseer, and Mr. Gladstone's "match-box Chancellor of the Exchequer" were Delane's intimate friends. He was a frequent visitor at Broadlands; and the Countess of Waldegrave did not think a great reception at Strawberry Hill complete without him. He was respected by all, and beloved by many. When his health compelled him to withdraw from the editorial charge of *The Times*, many of his hardest-headed colleagues, who had worked for him and with him for years, could not keep back their tears as he shook their hands and bade them good-by. Mr. Delane was the son of the previous financial manager of *The Times*, who died in 1858. The late famous editor was born October, 1817, and was educated at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1839, and was called to the bar in 1847. He joined *The Times* in 1839 as assistant editor under Mr. Barnes, and succeeded him on his death in 1841. Mr. Delane followed his chief in 1880, having on his resignation a year before been succeeded by Mr. Chenery. The new chief, one might imagine, from the paragraphs that have been published as to his personality, to be a dry-as-dust philosopher in word and deed and appearance. On the contrary, he is a pleasant conversationalist, and has a good deal of that freshness of complexion which characterized his predecessor. He is gray to whiteness, and wears his beard and mustache. Of medium height and build, he looks younger than his age by some years. He was born in Barbadoes in 1826, was educated at Eton and at Caius College, Cambridge, and was afterward called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn. Dr. Wil-



EDMUND YATES.—[Phot. by W. and A. H. Fry.]

berforce, Bishop of Oxford, appointed him the Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic at Oxford in 1868; he took his degree of M.A. about the same time; and a year later the Sultan of Turkey nominated him a member of the second class of the Imperial order of the Medjidie. In 1870 he was appointed by the committee of the Convocation of Canterbury one of the revisers of the authorized translation of the Old Testament. He is honorary secretary of the Royal Asiatic Society. The works that make his name respected among Oriental scholars are his translation of *The Assemblies of Al Harîri*, with notes historical and grammatical, and his edition of *Machberoth Ithiel*, by Jehudah Ben Shelomo Alkharizi.

Dr. William Howard Russell, "the Pen of the War," will always be remembered as the first special war correspondent of the English press, and for his graphic journalistic history of the Crimean war. The story of Dr. Russell's career has often been told. *Men of the Time* even devotes half a dozen columns to it, and his biography is familiar to the general reader on both

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sides of the Atlantic. The object of these papers is to deal more fully with journalists who do not yet belong so much to fame as Dr. Russell, or, to put the idea more gracefully, whose exploits have not yet become part of the biographic history of the day. By omitting as much as possible of "twice-told tales," and collecting facts which belong to the current story of "Journalistic London," these sketches can be brought within the compass of a reasonable time; and just as it is pleasanter to the reader, so it is pleasanter to the writer, to deal with that which is new and original than to be occupied with a mere *réchauffé* or condensation of a history that has already been told, and a story that has become familiar.

And instead of getting into the rut of classification of subjects, dailies in their order, weeklies in theirs, variety will be obtained by sandwiching between the great morning papers notable weekly and other journals that peculiarly belong to the subject under review, and give character and distinction to the period. For example, within the past few years a complete change has taken place in the high-priced journalism of London. *The World* is among the most successful of the new weekly papers. An editor and writer of much varied experience, a *flâneur* on a daily paper, an official of the Post-office, the intimate friend of Dickens, a novelist and a playwright, Mr. Edmund Yates is a conspicuous figure of these journalistic days. The idea of a newspaper like *The World* had been in his mind for fifteen or twenty years before he was able to carry it out. He always believed that the supposed horror of the British public for what is called "personal journalism" was a sham, and that, provided it was not vulgar nor scurrilous, kept free from mere tattle about women and from anything like a rowdy element, it was certain to be acceptable. This opinion was the result attending Mr. Yates's early effort in that school of public journalistic gossip of which he is the English founder. His column "The Lounger at the Clubs," commenced in *The Illustrated Times* in the year 1855, and continued for many years —until, in fact, he quarrelled with the proprietor—his Monday feuilleton ("The Flâneur") in *The Morning Star*, and the constant extracts which were made by the general press from his weekly letter to the Belfast *Northern Whig* or the Inverness *Courier*, convinced him that a paper on the lines of *The World* would be popular. "Not," said he, frankly, in reply to some questions I ventured to ask him the other day, "that I ever thought that fribble of this kind was sufficient in itself to constitute a newspaper—that is the error which has been fallen into by more than one of the imitators of *The World*—but I felt sure that if this wholesome chat and gossip were backed by good political and social articles, with first-rate dramatic, literary, and musical criticism added, and the whole combination formed an amusing miscellany, a great success would be the result. The popularity of my contributions to *The Illustrated Times* and *The Star* would have been far greater had I been allowed my full scope, but the conductors of both those periodicals were in the habit of toning me down. In my official duties by day, and in novel-writing and journalism by night, my time was fully occupied. I had no funds of my own to start a journal, and no inclination to seek for a capitalist who would have profited by my ideas. It was not until the spring of 1874 that, then enjoying a large salary as the principal European correspondent of the New York *Herald*, I found myself in a position to devote a little time and a little money to carrying out the desire of my life. I mentioned my plan to Mr. Grenville-Murray, then Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald*, whom I had known for some years, and received from him the warmest encouragement and the pleasantest co-operation. The paper was started in July, 1874, Mr. Murray and myself being the sole proprietors, and was so successful that when Mr. Murray retired, six months afterward, in consequence of his residence in Paris preventing him from taking his due share in the direction, his moiety, for which he had paid less than £400, was assessed by the official valuer at £3000. The paper became a success directly it was seen and known, but we could not afford to advertise it, and the general public may be said to have had no knowledge of its existence until the report in the newspapers of a police charge made by Mr. Labouchere at the Mansion House against Mr. Abbott, a stock-broker, for assault. This drew public attention to the paper, and its merits were recognized. A summons for libel taken out against me by a certain firm of usurers, and heard at the Guildhall, lasting two

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days, and resulting in a complete triumph for *The World*, completed the success."

Such is Mr. Yates's brief story of the inception and rise of *The World*, a journal which now pays him an income sufficient to enable him to gratify those instincts of hospitality and good-fellowship which have always been among his best characteristics. In addition to a pleasant town house, Mr. Yates has a cozy and well-appointed residence on the Upper Thames, and his steam-launch is a familiar and busy craft on the river. Mr. Yates, in his Atlas-like occupation of keeping up *The World* to its original "go" and sparkle, is ably assisted by Mr. Escott, who first wrote under his editorship in *Temple Bar* fifteen years ago. Mr. Escott contributed to the first number of *The World*, and his pen has been employed upon it ever since. It is generally believed that Mr. Labouchere was once Yates's partner, or advanced money to start *The World*. This is not so. Mr. Yates had only one partner, and since his retirement the paper has been his sole property. Mr. Labouchere was a paid contributor, and took a personal interest in the department over which he presided. *The World* is very largely quoted by the American press, and its "Celebrities at Home," reprinted and bound up into several volumes, constitute a work of entertaining and valuable biographical literature. Among the weekly journals which Mr. Yates may be said to have encouraged into existence are *The Whitehall Review*, *Life*, *Pan*, and *Society*. There was another, called *Mayfair*, started, as *The Whitehall Review* was, by one of the contributors to *The World*. *Mayfair* had literally no *raison d'être*, and it died in spite of the bright and capable pen of its editor, Mr. Lucy, a member of the staff of *The Daily News*. The *Whitehall* made its mark through a series of portraits of feminine "Leaders of Society." It has latterly launched out into the field of caricature with spirit and success. *Life* has published some of the most artistic portrait-cartoons of the day. *Pan* is a new venture, backed by considerable capital. The first article each week, a word-portrait of an eminent statesman, is from the pen of the newest *Daily Telegraph* recruit, Mr. David Anderson, a gentleman who is credited with very excellent journalistic work. The pioneers of the high-priced gossiping journals were *The Figaro* and



HENRY LABOUCHERE.
[Photographed by Vander Weyde Light, 182 Regent Street, London.]

The Hornet, upon which journals some of the brightest of the "light horsemen" of the new weeklies were trained.

At the head of these rivals of *The World* stands one whose success began with its first number, in this respect eclipsing *The World* itself. With a pictorial cover representing an attractive female symbolism of Truth, bearing aloft in one hand the lamp of knowledge, and in the other a mirror reflecting the Ciceronian motto, "Veritatis cultores, fraudis inimici," *Truth* made a novel show on the bookstalls. Its proprietor and editor was known as a daring and caustic writer, and also as a capitalist with plenty of money to back his daring, and plenty of courage to back his money. The public knew it did not matter to Labouchere whether his paper paid or not—therefore hastened to fill his treasury. The British public hates your struggling journal and your needy editor. It likes power, and money is a greater power than knowledge. Bitter, personal, brilliant, chatty, impudent, sometimes reckless, always amusing, *Truth* is liked and feared. It is printed in a convenient readable size, cut and stitched—an advance in convenience of form and shape which would be a welcome addition to the attractions of such widely read and popular many-paged papers as *The Field*, *The Queen*, and *Land and Water*.

A representative man in journalism, diplomacy, politics, and finance, a leading

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proprietor of *The Daily News*, editor of *Truth*, and member of Parliament for Northampton, with the famous Pope's villa as his country residence, and a town house overlooking St. James's Park, Mr. Henry Labouchere fills a prominent position in the ranks of London notabilities. He has had an interesting, not to say romantic, career. Born in London, 1831, he was educated at Eton and Cambridge. During his two years at Trinity he had perpetual rows with the dons. Discipline did not sit easily on his shoulders. On leaving Cambridge he went travelling. Mexico was a country he desired to see. Having resided in the capital some little time, he rode off on his own horse, and with fifty dollars in his pocket. After a ramble of eighteen months he returned to the capital, and fell in love with a lady of the circus. He travelled with the troupe, a sort of "Ouida"-ish hero, and took money at the doors, or rather oranges and maize, the equivalents for coin. By-and-by he tired of this occupation, and went to the United States. He found himself at St. Paul, which was then only a cluster of houses. Here he met a party of Chippeway Indians going back to their homes. He went with them, and lived with them for six months, hunting buffalo, joining in their work and sports, playing cards for wampum necklaces, and living what to Joaquin Miller would have been a poem in so many stanzas, but which to the more prosaic and eccentric Englishman was just seeing life and passing away the time. He went to New York, and making that city his head-quarters, visited the towns round about. It occurred to him to go into the diplomatic service. He had influence, and he went into it. "There were no examinations then," he remarked, as he related this incident in his career to me the other evening, smoking a cigar at his comfortable house overlooking St. James's Park. The inference conveyed was that if there had been an educational ordeal to pass through, he would not have entered the service; but Mr. Labouchere, in spite of his political audacity and his journalistic arrogance, is a very modest man, and is full of deprecation of his many accomplishments, except when he thinks he is jarring the sensibilities of some especially moral person by relating incidents in his gaming and theatrical experiences (all of which have been harmless enough as the world goes), and then he suddenly remembers rather startling episodes of his varied career. He was appointed attaché at Washington, and could not be found. Picking up a newspaper during a journey westward, he read the announcement of his appointment to the position he desired. Eventually he turned up at Washington, where he lived for two years. During the Crimean war he aided and abetted the crimping of American citizens for the English army, and was kicked out of the legation. It was this young attaché who excited the ire of a certain American citizen who called to see Mr. Crampton. "I want to see the boss." "You can't; he is out: see me," replied Labouchere. "You are no good to me; I must see the boss; I can wait." "Very well," said the attaché, going on with his letter-writing; "take a seat." The visitor waited for a considerable time. At last he said, "Stranger, I have been fooling round here two hours; has the chief come in yet?" "No; you will see him drive up to the front door when he returns." "How long do you reckon he will be before he comes?" "Well," said Labouchere, "he went to Canada yesterday; I should say he'll be here in about six weeks."

The English attaché was fond of gambling, and he takes pleasure, when in a conversational mood, in relating his troubles and adventures over cards. He once nearly starved, he says, owing to his passion for gambling. "While I was attaché at Washington," he says, "I was sent by the minister to look after some 'Irish patriots' at Boston. I took up my residence at a small hotel, and wrote down 'Smith' in the hotel book as my name. In the evening I went to a gambling establishment, where I incontinently lost all the money that I had with me except half a dollar. Then I went to bed, satisfied with my prowess. The next morning the bailiffs seized on the hotel for debt, and all the guests were requested to pay their bills and to take away their luggage. I could not pay mine, and so I could not take my luggage to another hotel. All that I could do was to write to Washington for a remittance, and to wait two days for its arrival. The first day I walked about, and spent my half-dollar on food. It was summer, so I slept on a bench on the Common, and in the morning went to the bay to wash myself. I felt independent of all the cares and troubles of civilization. But

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I had nothing with which to buy myself a breakfast. I grew hungry, and toward evening so exceedingly hungry that I entered a restaurant and ordered dinner, without any clear idea how I was to pay for it, except by leaving my coat in pledge. In those days Boston restaurants were mostly in cellars, and there was a bar near the door, where the proprietor sat to receive payment. As I ate my dinner, I observed that all the waiters, who were Irishmen, were continually staring at me, and evidently speaking of me to each other. A guilty conscience made me think that this was because I had an impecunious look, and that they were discussing whether my clothes would cover my bill. At last one of them approached me and said, 'I beg your pardon, sir; are you the patriot Meagher?' Now this patriot was a gentleman who had aided Smith O'Brien in his Irish rising, and had been sent to Australia, and had escaped thence to the United States. It was my business to look after 'patriots,' so I put my finger before my lips, and said, 'Hush!' while I cast up my eyes to the ceiling, as though I saw a vision of Erin beckoning to me. It was felt at once that I was Meagher. The choicest viands were placed before me, and most excellent wine. When I had done justice to all the good things, I approached the bar, and asked boldly for my bill. The proprietor, also an Irishman, said, 'From a man like you, who has suffered in the good cause, I can take no money; allow a brother patriot to shake you by the hand.' I allowed him. I further allowed all the waiters to shake hands with me, and stalked forth with the stern, resolved, but somewhat condescendingly dismal air, which I have seen assumed by patriots in exile. Again I slept on the Common, again I washed in the bay. Then I went to the post-office, found a letter for me from Washington with some money in it, and breakfasted."

On leaving the United States, the young diplomat was ordered successively to St. Petersburg, Munich, Frankfort, Stockholm, Florence, and finally to Constantinople. Wherever his post might be, that, it seems, was the last place to find him. Once he received notice that he had been promoted to be first secretary of legation at the republic of Paraná. He did not go thither; for, unknown to the Foreign Office, the republic in question had ceased to exist. At the end of six months he was indignantly asked by Lord Russell why he was not at Paraná. Labouchere replied that he had imagined that he had been appointed a secretary *in partibus infidelium* on account of his exemplary services, and that he might enjoy the salary in Europe. The official reply was a command to start at once. Labouchere asked "whither," whereupon the government discovered that the republic to which they had appointed him had collapsed some ten months before. He was ordered to go to St. Petersburg. Six months afterward he was heard of at Homburg. Lord Russell was once more very indignant. Labouchere replied that his means were small, but his zeal great, and that as neither his purse nor the government liberality ran to the cost of trains, he was walking to Russia, and hoped to reach St. Petersburg in the course of the year. The scapegrace who worried the dons at Cambridge, it will be seen, led the government a dance during his employment in the diplomatic service. There is a certain air of mischief to-day in his journalistic exploits, but he has brought to his work as a writer and an editor an amount of worldly experience and knowledge which serves him well, and enriches his chatty criticisms of men and things with a variety of wayside illustration and incident which is the secret of the success of his style. For example, when Khalil Pasha was recalled from being ambassador in Paris because he had been posted at a club for 40,000 francs which he had lost at *écarté*, Labouchere bubbled over with sympathy for him in *Truth*, and related how Khalil had begun life with £50,000 a year, but having his (Labouchere's) passion for gambling, had frittered most of it away. When he was Turkish ambassador at St. Petersburg, he lost several million francs at whist to the Russians about the court, which he paid like a gentleman. "He once saved me," wrote Labouchere, "from a heavy loss, and that is why I take an interest in him. He, a Russian, and I sat down one evening to have a quiet rubber. The Russians have a hideous device of playing with what they call a zero; that is to say, a zero is added to all winnings and losses, so that 10 stands for 100, etc. When Khalil and the Russian had won their dummies, I found to my horror that with the zero I had lost about £4000. Then it came to my turn to take dummy. I had

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won a game, and my opponents had won a game, and we were playing for the odd trick in the last game. If I failed to win it, I should lose about £8000. Only two cards remained in hand. I had marked up six tricks, and my opponents five. Khalil had the lead; he had the best trump and a thirteenth card. The only other trump was in the hands of the dummy. He had therefore only to play his trump and then the thirteenth card to win the rubber, when he let drop the latter card, for his fingers were of a very 'thumby' description. Before he could take it up I pushed the dummy's trump on it, and claimed the trick. The Russian howled, Khalil howled; they said that this was very sharp practice. I replied that whist is essentially a game of sharp practice, and that I was acting in accordance with the rules. The lookers-on were appealed to, and of course gave it in my favor. Thus did I make, or rather save, £8000, against Russia and Turkey in alliance, through the fault of the Turk; and it seems to me that the poor Ottoman, now that he is at war [1877] with his ally of the card-table, is losing the game much as Khalil lost his game of whist to me. To have good cards is one thing, to know how to make use of them quite another thing."

In 1864, Mr. Labouchere contested the honor of representing the royal borough of Windsor in Parliament. He got in, but was rejected, on petition, for taking too many committee-rooms. In those days the judges had no jurisdiction over election inquiries, and there was supposed to be a broader margin allowed than there is now in the matter of expenses. A committee of the House of Commons tried the cases. The Windsor tribunal found that no bribery had taken place, which did not prove them to be overintelligent investigators; for it was pretty well understood in the borough that a good deal of money had been unduly expended. There is a story told of how Mr. Labouchere eluded the examination of the opposing counsel as to his expenditure. Asked whether he had directly or indirectly paid money for corrupt purposes, he replied that he had not. While the committee were consulting as to their judgment, Labouchere in his quiet cynical fashion observed to the counsel that he should have pushed his question as to expenditure. "Why?" said the learned counsel. "You asked me if I had paid money," said Labouchere. "Being obliged to answer strictly on oath, I was compelled to say I had not, as I wished to be quite correct." "How do you mean?" asked the embarrassed counsel. "You asked if I had given money. No; I had given bonds to be sold, and not being a legal tender, they were not money." After his defeat he went once more abroad, travelling in Italy and other parts of Europe, and living for some time at Nice. He occasionally wrote letters for *The Daily News*, of which he had become part proprietor. He was in Paris during the siege. A correspondent of *The News* wanted to go home, had a wife and family in London, and other excuses for leaving. Labouchere offered to stay in his stead, and to this fortunate circumstance the public is indebted for one of the raciest and most realistic accounts of the siege of Paris from a resident's point of view that has yet been published. The *Diary of a Besieged Resident in Paris*, published by Macmillan, still realizes to the reader, better than any of the histories, the condition of Paris, its heroism, cowardice, frivolity, devotion, self-denial, and suffering during its investment and up to its final capitulation. The letters appeared in *The Daily News*, and with the graphic work of Mr. Forbes, lifted *The News* from a losing property into the haven of fame and prosperity. "How did you get your letters to London with a marked regularity that surprised everybody?" I asked the "besieged resident" one day. "Jules Favre," replied Labouchere, "kindly told the correspondents that if they gave letters to the balloon man, he would take special care of them. I guessed that the care would be special, so I used to give dummies to the government messenger, and slip my letters into the post, addressed to a lady, who used to take them to *The Daily News* office. There was no time to overhaul all the private letters that went out, and mine, not being open to the distinction of journalistic correspondence, got through all right." When *The World* was started, Mr. Labouchere wrote its City articles. His first success in this new position was one that he would probably relate to you with a chuckle if you were on sufficiently familiar terms to ask him questions. It was in this way: He learned on good authority that the chiefs of *The Times* had resolved to force Mr. Sampson, their City

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editor, to resign his position. Labouchere at once denounced him in *The World*, and ordered *The Times* to dismiss him. He called upon *The Times* not to delay this performance of duty, but to get rid of Sampson at once. The resignation of Sampson following quickly on *The World's* authoritative strictures and arrogant demands, impressed the city and the general public, and considerably enhanced the paper's reputation. Then followed *The World's* campaign against the money-lenders. One of the persons attacked brought a suit against *The World* —a criminal prosecution, in fact—and the case was dismissed. It was at this time that *The World* became a profitable institution. Having "an eye to business," Labouchere withdrew from *The World* and started *Truth*. The paper paid from the first. It was bright, personal, and, one might add with fairness, impertinent. The gossip was fresh, careless, well-informed, and fearless. Society is cruel. It enjoys the misfortunes of its neighbors. People bought *Truth* with a desire to see who was "going to get it next," who or what institutions would be marked down for exposure. City men who were shaky trembled, snobs who were chary of their supposed dignity opened the paper with nervous fingers. Labouchere hit out right and left, sometimes fairly, sometimes unfairly, but always cleverly, always with skill, always with courage. He was threatened openly and privately with physical punishment, but his pen never wavered, and he dipped it the deeper into gall the more he was opposed.

It is not the province of the present writer to discuss the *morale* of what may be called personal journalism; he only knows that, as a rule, those who profess to condemn it most are its constant readers. *Truth* has had to fight several formidable libel suits, but as a rule it has come out of court with flying colors, the Robertson and Lambri suits being, in their way, celebrated cases. Just prior to the last general election a deputation from Northampton waited upon Mr. Labouchere and asked him to stand in the Liberal interest for that borough. He went down and fought the borough side by side with Mr. Bradlaugh, and was returned with that other candidate. Mr. Labouchere sits below the gangway among the ultra Radicals. He is a firebrand among the firebrands, but there is a certain educational polish in his style and manner when addressing the House that wins for him always a respectful and ready attention. His defense of his colleague Bradlaugh when the junior member for Northampton was excluded from the House was characterized by great moderation and discretion; and whatever his views may be in regard to Mr. Bradlaugh's theology and unwholesome "philosophy," he carefully avoided any expression of opinion in regard to them.



W. H. SMITH.
[Phot. by the London Stereoscopic Company.]

Incidental to his other ventures and adventures, the honorable member for Northampton has had interesting theatrical experiences. He owned the Queen's Theatre. Sometimes he let it, and sometimes brought out plays himself. He generally lost by them, but now and then had a success. Occasionally in the midst of the preparations for a new production he would go abroad. When particularly wanted by the management, he could not be found. The work went on, however, all the same, and so did the loss. Once he was advised to cram the house for a week with "orders," so that nobody could get in. The traditional "Full" was posted at all the entrances. He did this on condition that after a week everybody should be compelled to pay. When the second week came, the house was empty. Then the actors complained. They could not act to empty benches. "Why don't you draw?" was Labouchere's reply to their grievance. "Draw!—confound it! why don't you draw?" He announced Shakspearean

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revivals, proposing to produce one new play of the bard's in splendid style every year. Notices were put up at all the entrances, inviting the audiences to vote on the piece. For a long time he worked up quite an excitement by posting up the results of the voting. "This was a capital idea; it increased the number who paid at the doors immensely." Nevertheless, the Queen's did not prove a financial success, and it has lately been converted into a co-operative store.

There is in the United States a great and formidable corporation known as the American News Company. In England there is a similar institution, known as Smith and Sons, though here the corporation is a private firm. It did consist of the founder, Mr. Smith, and his son. Mr. W. H. Smith is now the sole proprietor, unless Mr. Lethbridge, the chief manager, has a partnership share in it, which is more than likely. Mr. Smith represents Westminster in Parliament. As First Lord of the Admiralty in Lord Beaconsfield's cabinet, he proved himself to be a capable and industrious minister, commanding the respect of his opponents, and enjoying the full confidence of the Premier and the government. He receives a princely income from his famous house of business in the Strand, which has been built up by degrees, progressing with the progress of journalism, and being administered to-day with remarkable grip and efficiency. Smith and Sons are the chief distributers of the London and provincial press, the principal dealers in publications and books; they conduct a vast library, similar in character and extent to Mudie's; their advertising business is the greatest agency in the kingdom; and they have in their employment enough men and boys to populate a small town. A feature of their enormous business, which has no parallel in the United States or in any European country, is their annexation, on renting terms, of the principal railway dépôts throughout the United Kingdom. They lease the walls of the stations to exhibit advertisement placards, and they have a book-stall and newspaper stand on every platform. At their headquarters in the Strand, London, they administer and direct book-stalls and the advertising of railway stations. Occasionally they meet with the competition of some other company, which tries to outbid them in their rent to the railway corporations, but they generally manage to maintain their position. The first outlay of a rival for the erection of book-stalls all along the great roads would be enormous. And the English are a conservative people; changes are not easily made, especially when there is the smallest question involved as to the necessity or advantage of change. Smith and Sons have almost become an integral feature of English railway administration. Their book-stalls give life and animation to dépôt platforms; and while the famous firm reap a splendid reward for their enterprise, the companies consider themselves liberally paid for the accommodation granted. It is one of the "sights" of a great railway station in England, a book-stall of Smith and Sons. At Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield, and other large towns the newspaper and literary stores are quite important structures in their way. Americans entering the Midland or Northwestern dépôt at Liverpool for the first time must be struck with the cheerful aspect which Smith and Sons' news stands give to the platform, in contradistinction to the gloom which generally pervades American dépôts.

BY THE RIVER.

RIVER, O River, that singest all night,
Nor waitest for light
To pour out thy mirth
Along the chill earth,
The words of thy song let me know.—
"I come, and I go."

River, O River, with swell and with fall,
Thy musical call
Waketh, summoneth me;
What thought is in thee
That lulls me, yet rouses me so?—
"I come, and I go."

River, O River, a word thou must give
To help me to live.—
"Then sing on thy way;
Sing the joy of To-Day—
Time's ripple, Eternity's flow.
I come, and I go."

River, O River, thy message is clear.
Chant on, for I hear.—
"What the mountains give me
Bear I forth to the sea.
Life only is thine to bestow.
I come, and I go."

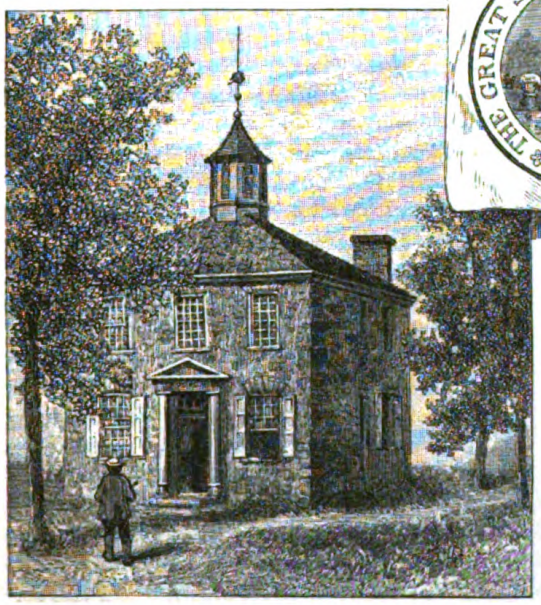
River, O River, thy secret of power
I win from this hour:
Thy rhythm of delight
Is my song in the night:
I am glad with thy gladness; for, lo!
I come, and *I* go.

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OHIO'S FIRST CAPITAL.

TWO hours' railroad ride southward takes the traveller from the present capital of Ohio, the local seat of government for over three millions of people, to the quaint, conservative old town which was the birth-place and cradle of the State—its capital at the beginning of the century, when it contained only a few thousand scattered settlers.

Chillicothe presents at this day an appearance which is suggestive of its age and early importance. Modern architecture has done but little to brighten the sombre aspect of the dignified, substantial old residences which line the quiet, deeply shaded streets, or to modify the antiquated and somewhat grimy appearance of the long lines of business blocks which many years ago formed the busy mart of "the ancient metropolis." One of the earliest settlements within the present boundaries of Ohio, Chillicothe, from a combination of natural advantages, as well as from the energy and ability of its leading men, came suddenly into prominence, and for many years occupied a position which made it the envy of all the other embryo cities of the West. It did not fulfill, however, the golden promise of its youth, and was eclipsed in a few decades by towns which had no existence until a score of years after the date of its own origin. It was the adopted home of a class of men who were as judicious and as enterprising as any who came into the territory northwest of the Ohio, and as the residence of quite a coterie of eminent men and the capital of the infant commonwealth of the West, it was widely and favorably known throughout the Eastern States. Located in the heart of as rich a region as could be found from ocean to ocean, and favorably established at the start, there was a prospect that the prosperity of its early days would only be the forerunner of a long career of constantly increasing strength; but there was disappointment in store for those who had high expectations, even if they were founded upon the best of reasons. The great Ohio canal, of which De Witt Clinton was projector, gave the busy little town a powerful impetus of growth, and for many years its life was fed by this active artery of commerce. As the usefulness of this really vast internal improvement was superseded, however, by other means of transit, the stream of traffic upon the canal became rather venous than arterial in its flow, and Chillicothe lost its richest source of nourishment. Losing at an early day its political prestige as the State capital, it still continued to thrive in business; but losing the canal commerce, and being slow to secure the benefit of railroad stimulus, the old town which had proudly led all of its rivals, and passed through a period of phenomenal progression, arrived at almost a stand-still condition.



OLD STATE-HOUSE.

Chillicothe is classic ground. It was here that the first State northwest of the Ohio was ushered into organic being; and upon the heights of Cemetery Hill repose the mortal remains of four famous men who have been its Chief Executives. Two historic houses, rich in associations which recall the bravest of pioneers, men who were among the founders of the State, stand stately and sentinel-like upon a high plateau overlooking the old town. The academy, which was the *alma mater* of

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NATHANIEL MASSIE.

a generation of men who have grown gray since they passed over its threshold, is still a place of learning for the youth of the town. Famous Ohio statesmen, men who have made their mark in high places, have been school-boys here. Not far away, in a quiet street, is a plain old house which is pointed out as the birth-place of the wife of an Ohio President, and scattered through the town are several humble places which have been the homes of men whose names were widely known in literature, politics, and law.

Chillicothe is charmingly environed. The broad valley through which the Scioto flows southward to the Ohio is bordered by high bluff banks upon the west, and by a chain of mountain-like hills upon the east, the highest of which lifts its timbered crest six hundred feet above the river which washes its base. The lover of the beautiful can here find elements of the rugged, wild, and picturesque in precipitous heights and rocky formations; or if he more admire the gentler aspects of nature, his eye may be guided along the far-sweeping slopes of green pasture-land, or from the crest of the valley wall he may let his vision wander from one fair feature of the landscape to another, through an infinite variety of form and wealth of color, to the dim blue hills miles away, or the valley fading to the horizon. This valley was the centre of densest population of the prehistoric race, and perhaps the seat of empire, for nowhere else do memorial mounds exist in such numbers as upon its bottoms and uplands; nowhere else do so many defensive works appear, or such a number and variety of sacred inclosures. The Indians, too, regarded this as a favored land, and it was undoubtedly for centuries the abode of either the Delaware or Shawanese nation. The river was the war-way down which the braves of these tribes floated silently and stealthily to strike their implacable enemy the Creeks, and in later years the isolated stations of the whites in Kentucky. Logan, the Mingo, whose pathetic eloquence and sad story have stirred the hearts of so many modern sympathizers with his woe, delivered the impassioned speech upon which his fame rests, before Lord Dunmore's interpreter, only a few miles north of the site of Chillicothe, and his name has been honored, not by the rearing of any memorial, but by its application to the grandest of nature's monuments upon the Scioto—Mount Logan. The country is rich in legend of the dusky race, and history has preserved the annals of many a battle and skirmish in which the Indian sought to preserve a favorite hunting ground from the encroachments of his pale-faced brother.

Virginia, it is a notable fact, was the second one of the original colonies to cede to the United States its claim upon the ter-



EDWARD TIFFIN.

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ritory northwest of the Ohio, doing so in 1784, preceded only by New York, while Connecticut was the latest, consummating a similar measure in 1786, "the last tardy and reluctant sacrifice of State pretensions to the common good." Virginia's act of cession contained a clause, reserving upon certain conditions a tract of land lying north of the Ohio, and between the Scioto and Little Miami rivers, for the payment of the bounty awards due her Revolutionary soldiers of the Continental line. This reservation, known as the Virginia Military District, was almost entirely settled by families from the Old Dominion, and thus a Virginia was formed in the Northwestern Territory. Chillicothe soon after it was founded became the place of location for the land-office of this district, and situated near the centre, north and south, of the enormous territorial county of Ross, which included nearly the whole of the reservation, it became its seat. It thus occupied a position which entitled it to the name (if it did not receive it) of the capital of New Virginia. As Marietta (more properly than Conneaut) may be called the Plymouth of the West, so can Chillicothe be termed the Jamestown of this New Virginia: and as the daughter of the Mother of Presidents, Chillicothe nobly maintained the family prominence and honor by becoming the Mother of Governors.

Of the five men elected Governors of Ohio whose homes were in Chillicothe, one, Nathaniel Massie, never served. Three others, Edward Tiffin, Thomas Worthington, and Duncan McArthur, were pioneer statesmen, and have long since passed away. The fifth, William Allen, only recently died, and his long life linked the past with the present, politically and socially.

The very earliest history of Central Southern Ohio brings before the reader Nathaniel Massie, the foremost pioneer of this region. Massie was a native of Virginia, and was a boy soldier in the Revolutionary war. When only twenty years of age, in 1783, he went out alone to seek his fortune in Kentucky. Employed by the Surveyor-General of the Virginia Military Reservations in that State and the Northwestern Territory, he soon became expert in the then useful and lucrative though dangerous calling of a surveyor, and as early as 1790 was the leader of an adventurous party locating land-warrants north of the Ohio. Previous to Wayne's treaty in 1795, every survey in the Virginia Military District was made by stealth. In 1791, Massie formed the first settlement in the reservation, and from that time on-



THOMAS WORTHINGTON.

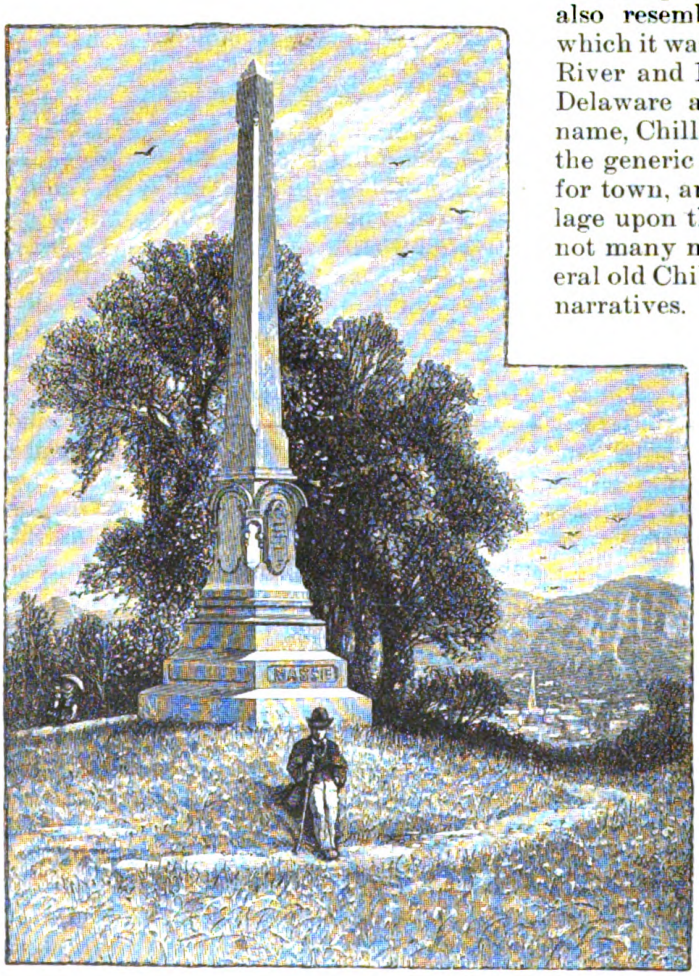
ward was almost constantly engaged in locating and surveying the best land along the streams northward, each year pushing further into the wilderness. In the midst of the most appalling dangers, suffering in the winter from the severe cold, sometimes almost starving, always subject to the sudden fierce attack of a wily, watchful, jealous foe, and sometimes having a sharp battle with the Indians, Massie and his men toiled on, the valiant van-guard of an army of peace.

Duncan McArthur, also destined to take a prominent part in the affairs of the State which was to develop from the wilderness, was with Massie in most of his expeditions, and was the hero of several daring adventures and hair-breadth escapes.

By the year 1794, such an enthusiasm had been created in Kentucky by the glowing descriptions of the beauty of the scenery and the fertility of the soil in the Scioto country, which were circulated by Massie's followers, that portions of two Presbyterian congregations in Bourbon County determined to emigrate thither in a body. Their dislike of slavery was also an inducement to them to make a change; and being both impelled and attracted, they were eager to emigrate as early as

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possible. Accordingly in the spring of 1795 we find a company of about sixty men met by appointment to penetrate the romantic wilds north of the Ohio. They reached a point near the site of Chillicothe, and there their progress was checked by a party of hostile Indians. As it was impossible to retreat with safety, they gave them battle, and the Indians, on being attacked, fled, leaving two of their number dead, and several wounded. Only one man of the Kentucky company was killed, and a white man who had long been a prisoner among the Indians made his escape to his own people. After gathering up all of the peltries left by the Indians, and plundering their camp, the whites retreated toward the Ohio, and, as they apprehended, were attacked the next morning by the pursuing and reenforced party of Shawanese. In the spring of 1796, Massie rendezvoused the same or essentially the same company of men, and dividing them into two equal parties, again sought the favored locality in which he hoped to see a great town grow up. One division of the colony went by land, and the other up the Scioto in pirogues, carrying implements of husbandry, and those few articles which were indispensable to the pioneer. They landed at the mouth of Paint Creek (Olomon Sepung), below the site of Chillicothe, at what has since been known as "the Station Prairie," and soon thirty ploughs had turned up three hundred acres of the fertile bottom-land, and it was planted in corn. Massie proceeded to lay out the town which a few years later became the scene of so many events important to the scattered settlers of the West. He was the owner of the tract on which the town was laid out, and he gave to each of the first settlers a lot within the plot, and a hundred acres of land near by. The town was laid out after the plan of Philadelphia, and in fact the situation also resembles much that of the city which it was sought to imitate, the Scioto River and Paint Creek representing the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers. The name, Chillicothe, chosen by Massie, was the generic name among the Shawanese for town, and although they had no village upon the site chosen, there was one not many miles distant—one of the several old Chillicothes celebrated in Indian narratives. The settlement thus established, the one furthest advanced toward the interior, increased very rapidly in population, and the surrounding country soon received large numbers of settlers. The influx of immigrants was something wonderful for those days of slow travel and slow growth. Men of great ability, energy, and foresight were attracted to Massie's settlement by the fame of his exploits and the *éclat* with which the pioneer village sprang into existence, as well as by the flattering prospect which the richness of the region warranted. In 1798, there came among the immigrants from Virginia three men who were



THE MASSIE MONUMENT, IN THE CHILLICOTHE CEMETERY.

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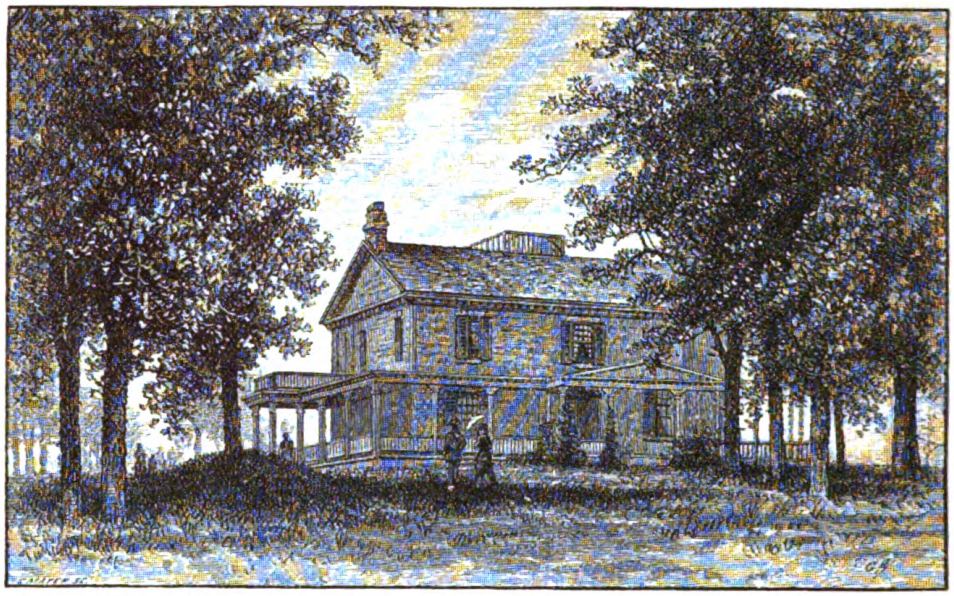
to be notable in State history — Worthington, his brother-in-law Tiffin, and Robert Lucas—all three afterward Governors. The last-named located a few miles southward, but still in the valley, and the others in Chillicothe. But with the reputable element came also a rabble of rakes, gamblers, adventurers, and outlaws, worthless to the community in every sense—a heterogeneous herd, ready to defy decency and trample order and law under foot. Virginia vices were imported as well as Virginia virtues. A pioneer says: "When the settlers first came, whiskey was $4 50 per gallon, but in the spring of 1797, when the keel-boats began to run, and the Monongahela whiskey-makers having found a good market for their fire-water, rushed it in in such quantities that the cabins were crowded with it, it soon fell to fifty cents; men, women, and children, with some exceptions, drank it freely, and many who had been respectable became inebriates. Many of Wayne's soldiers and camp-women settled in the town, so that for a time it became a town of drunkards and a sink of corruption. There was a little leaven, which in a few months began to develop itself." In 1800, Congress, recognizing the growing importance of Massie's settlement, and doubtless, too, influenced by its central location as to population, made it the capital of the Northwestern Territory. Worthington and Tiffin had met with the first session of the Territorial Legislature at Cincinnati, and they retained their places, meeting with the second at Chillicothe, and also with the third, in 1801. Here then came Arthur St. Clair, Governor of the Territory, clothed in the august robes of state, and already disliked because of his haughty bearing, his arbitrary rulings, and more than all else because there still clung to him the odium of his unfortunate military defeat. During the session of 1801, "the Governor and several of the legislators having been insulted at Chillicothe," a law was passed removing the capital to Cincinnati again. But the Territorial Legislature was not to meet again anywhere.



ADENA, RESIDENCE OF GOVERNOR WORTHINGTON.

The unpopularity of St. Clair was causing many to long for a State government. The Federal Governor, to defeat the consummation of a plan which he foresaw would leave him without an occupation or an office, advanced a scheme for changing the ordinance of 1787 in such manner as to effect a division of the Territory, making the Scioto river the boundary line. This measure, had it been carried, would have long postponed the organization, as neither of the divisions of territory would have had for many years a sufficient population to have entitled it to a change in the administration of its civil affairs. Massie, Worthington, and Tiffin labored zealously against the change which was urged by St. Clair, and Worthington left late in the fall to lay before Congress a statement of the evils that must arise from a re-ar-

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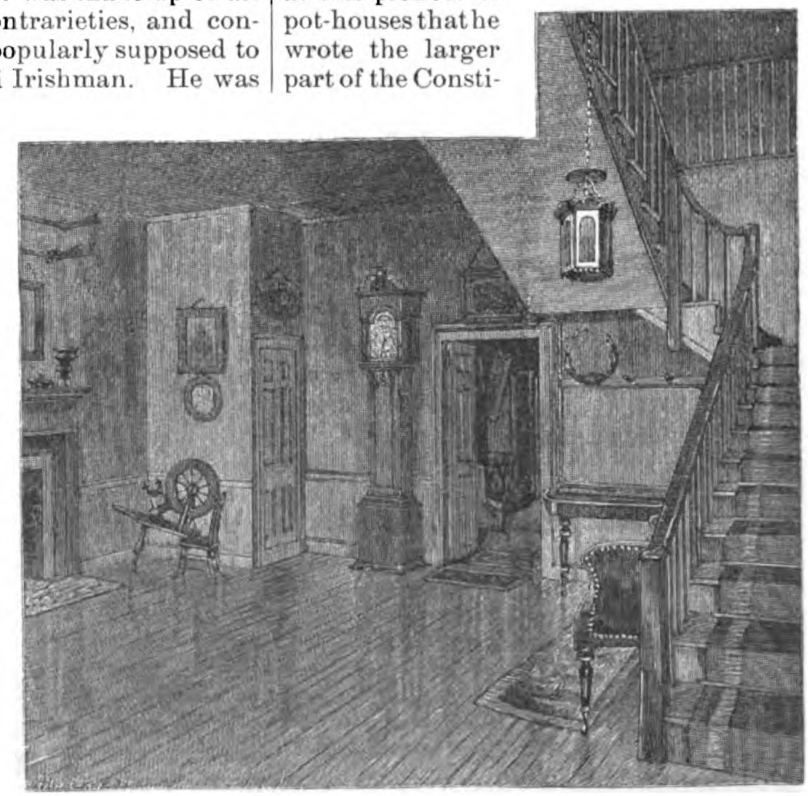
FRUIT HILL, THE RESIDENCE OF DUNCAN McARTHUR.

rangement of the boundaries of the prospective Northwestern States, and if possible to procure permission to call a convention for the formation of a State from the eastern portion of the Territory, having the boundaries originally provided by the ordinance, and to effect that organization "which, terminating the influence of tyranny, should meliorate the circumstances of thousands by freeing them from the domination of a despotic chief." In April, 1802, Congress passed an act to enable the people within the present boundaries of Ohio to form a Constitution, organize a State government, and to obtain admission into the Union on an equal footing with the original States. The people, eager to avail themselves of their new privileges, ordered and held an election, and chose delegates to represent them in a Constitutional Convention. This Convention assembled in Chillicothe on the first of November, 1802, and held its session in the "old stone State-house," in which the Territorial Legislature had assembled in 1801. The building was commenced in 1800, and finished in the following year. It was generally devoted to State purposes, and also served as the place for holding the local courts. Many years after the removal of the capital to Columbus, this first State-house of Ohio remained as a reminder of Chillicothe's proud early days; but about fifty years from the time it was built it was found that the plain, simple little structure, which was once thought amply commodious for the use of the State, was too small to serve the needs of the county, and it was destroyed to make room for a finer structure.

The Constitutional Convention brought to Chillicothe an assemblage of the ablest men in the Territory—such men as Charles Willing Byrd, William Goforth, and Jeremiah Morrow, of Cincinnati, Rufus Putnam and Judge Ephraim Cutler, from Marietta, and Samuel Huntington, from the Connecticut Reserve; but no locality had a stronger or more brilliant representation than Chillicothe. Among her delegates were Massie, Worthington, Tiffin, and Michael Baldwin, an erratic genius, who, previous to that time enjoying a local celebrity as the ablest and most brilliant member of the bar in the infant settlement, then first came before the people in a broader capacity. The Convention closed its labors after a session so short as to be worthy of the emulation of modern legislators, and it gave to the people a Constitution "which bore in every provision the marks of democratic feeling, of full faith in the people." And it may be added that the Constitution was never submitted to the people in whom it professed such full faith. Thomas Worthington is known to have been the member by whom was introduced the clause which secured to Ohio the mouth of the Maumee, the site of Toledo, and a valu-

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able strip of territory, and he also was the originator of one or two other provisions; but Michael Baldwin, there is reason to believe, was the author of the greater part of the Constitution. No other man in the Convention possessed at the same time so large a legal knowledge and so great literary ability as he. He was one of that vast number of men to whom the world, or some part of it, has been indebted for most valuable services; but his great strength was handicapped by elements of weakness and venal faults—follies which impaired his usefulness, but did not destroy it. His ability, eccentricity, and prominence among the pioneer public men of the West entitle him to more than passing notice. He was both famous and notorious at an early day, and though his career in Chillicothe was short, and he left no monument or relic of his residence there, he was one of the marked characters of the town and State. He had located in the village as early as the last year of the last century, for the records show that he was in that year admitted to practice in the courts. Although he emigrated to the West from Connecticut, he was in all probability an Irishman, as his name would imply, and his character too, for that matter, for it was made up of all the incongruities, contrarieties, and contradictions that are popularly supposed to belong to the typical Irishman. He was strong mentally and physically, able to cope successfully with the best minds he met with, and equally well provided with that physical prowess which was necessary to the winning of respect from the roughs, and which brought victory in personal encounter. Well read in law, and familiar with general literature, he was, when he had a mind to be, as winning and graceful in private conversation as he was fluent and forcible in public oratory. These qualities won for him many admirers, but other qualities which he possessed repelled the better element of the community; and thus losing the universal respect which he might have commanded, poor Baldwin suffered many falls in public favor, was only for brief periods successful, and led a sorry career, full of vicissitudes. He was kind-hearted and generous when he had means to be generous with, as he seldom did. Full of rollicking humor, and fond of wild fun, he developed a strong love for liquor, which was very naturally indulged in the unsettled town, until the once brilliant man sank from a high position into obscurity. Unrest or unhappy recollections of past life probably made him an easy prey to demoralizing influences, or at least such was the indication afforded by his actions. He became, very soon after his settlement in the West, recklessly dissipated, abandoning himself to the wildest orgies and protracted sprees, from which he would emerge into a condition of clear-headedness and temporary respectability to perform the most arduous legal labor, or to take a leading part in some political movement. The tavern of one William Keys was his favorite resort, and it is traditionally asserted that it was at this pioneer of pot-houses that he wrote the larger part of the Consti-



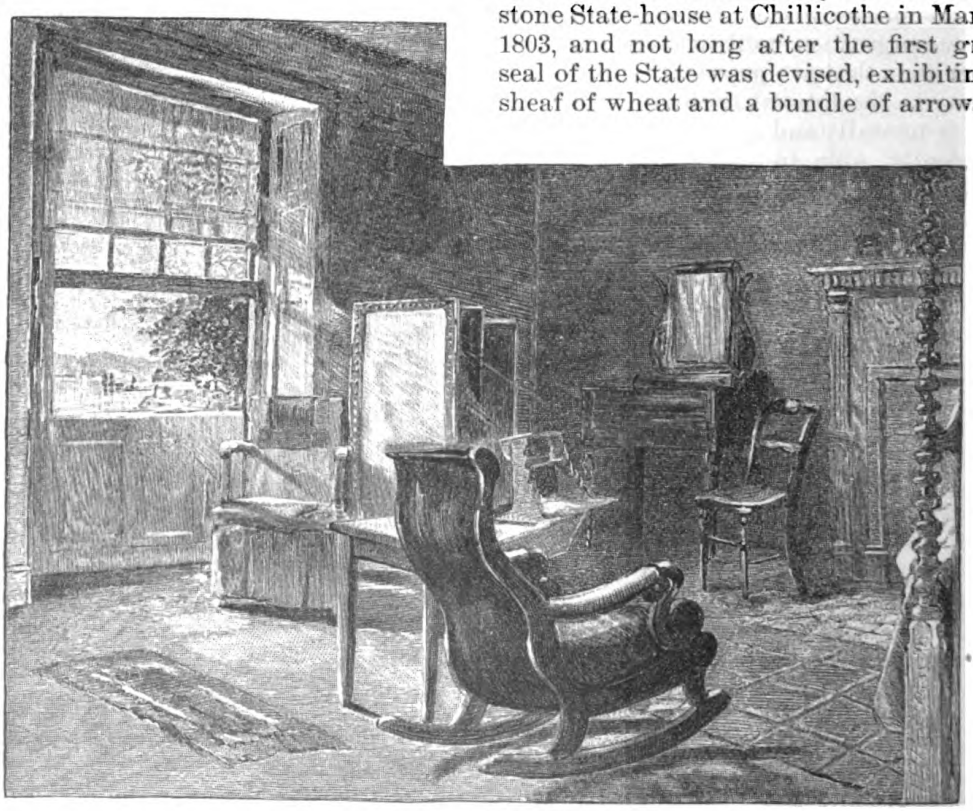
HALLWAY AT ADENA.

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tution of Ohio, using a whiskey barrel for a table and a wine keg for a seat. It is a matter of record that the landlord sued Baldwin for the sum of £25 13*s.* 10*d.*, which amount, with the exception of three items, was aggregated from a long list of charges for "toddy," "rum," "plain spirits," "brandy sling," and "drinks for the club." The exceptional items were three suppers at 6*d.* each, but with every one of these charges there was one of "3*s.* for 1½ pints of brandy," which was certainly quite a Falstaffian proportion of meat to drink. Baldwin was the captain of the "Bloodhounds," an organization of the roughs and fighting men of the town, who did his electioneering for him, championed him in his quarrels, and occasionally liberated him from jail. The "Bloodhounds" undoubtedly constituted the club for which Baldwin ordered treats. Their captain was in the custom of drilling the "Bloodhounds" in mock military manner. Drawing the motley crowd up in line, Baldwin with great dignity would command, "Attention—Bloodhounds!" And then after the orders to "uncase gourds" and to "case gourds" had been complied with, the company was put through the manual of arms—and legs—Baldwin giving with ringing voice the orders, "From the right shoulder—*strike!*" "From the left shoulder—*strike!*" "With the right foot—*kick!*" etc., greatly to the amusement of the throng of spectators always present on the Bloodhounds' muster days.

Baldwin did not always need the service of his rough constituency. On one occasion, when imprisoned in the jail for debt, or perhaps for some wild freak when in one of his whirlwinds of dissipation, he awoke to the consciousness that his fellow-prisoners were not of the kind with which he could enjoy companionship. Being locked up with a lot of thieves and low marauders was more than his dignity and pride, which chanced then to prevail, could stand; and so he kicked the door down, and the jail-birds out, saying, "I'm a gentleman, and I can not share my apartments with such as you."

With the organization of the State government there came into office several already prominent Chillicotheans, Edward Tiffin being elected Governor, Nathaniel Massie Speaker of the Senate, Michael Baldwin Speaker of the House, and William Creighton, Jun., Secretary of State. The first General Assembly met in the old stone State-house at Chillicothe in March, 1803, and not long after the first great seal of the State was devised, exhibiting a sheaf of wheat and a bundle of arrows in



THE GOVERNOR'S ROOM, FRUIT HILL.

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the foreground, with rugged hills beyond, supposed to represent in idealized or conventionalized forms Mount Logan and the other elevations which form a sort of mountain chain east of the old capital. Years afterward, when the great internal improvement was effected of which De Witt Clinton was the father, a canal-boat was added as emblematical of commerce.

Governor Tiffin made an excellent helmsman for the new ship of state, and in 1805 was unanimously re-elected. The most notable official act of his gubernatorial career was the arrest of the Burr-Blennerhasset expedition. There are a few old citizens who can remember Ohio's first Governor—the mild-mannered, pure, and scholarly man, who, after serving as the Chief Executive of the State, was United States Senator, and then refused other important offices because he could not wean himself from his Ohio home.

Michael Baldwin, the irrepressible and incorrigible, was no more dignified, abstemious, or moral in his position as Speaker of the first Ohio House of Representatives than he had been in former years or lesser stations. He presided over the Chamber in 1803, 1804, and 1805. It is a matter of tradition that for his own pecuniary benefit, and for the entertainment of those among the legislators who had a penchant for gaming, he established in his rooms the game of "vingt-et-un," himself acting as banker and dealer, and as a matter of course winning more frequently than any of the other players. On one occasion, after much drinking and a late sitting at the gambling table, Baldwin found himself in possession not only of all the money of his companions, but of many of their watches. In the morning the House of Representatives was found to be without a quorum; but Baldwin, accustomed to heavy drinking and late hours, was in his place back of the Speaker's desk. Rapping savagely with his gavel, he demanded the roll-call of the House, and then sent the sergeant-at-arms out with orders to bring in the delinquent members. After an hour or so that functionary returned, followed by about a dozen members of the Ohio Legislature, whose blood-shot eyes, suffused faces, unsteady, shambling steps, and general air of shamefacedness indicated the late hours they had kept and their heavy indulgences. With much austerity of manner, Baldwin reprimanded the tardy members, reminded them of the cost to which the infant State was subjected by payment of their *per diems*, and was proceeding to further elaborate his censure



WILLIAM ALLEN.

on their late arrival and the consequent delay of legislation, when one of the delinquents, exasperated beyond control, cried out: "Hold on there, Mr. Speaker, hold on! How could we tell what time it was when the Speaker of the House had all of our watches?"

Before and during the time when the State government was being organized, many local improvements were being made, which rendered the town more worthy of the honor which had been conferred upon it. Gradually the institutions of civilization were springing up in the new settlement. In 1800, Nathaniel Willis, grandfather of the poet, established in Chillicothe one of the earliest newspapers west of the Alleghanies, the *Scioto Gazette*, which has been published continuously ever since, and is now the oldest newspaper in Ohio. Churches were organized, and houses of worship built, schools provided, business projects entered upon, and an era of prosperity inaugurated which was unrivalled in any of the Western settlements. A little later than this period the Madeira House was built—a hostelry which in early times was known to all Western travellers, and famed for many years as the best tavern between Baltimore and Cincinnati. And here in this new town, then containing only a few hundred people, singular to state, in

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the year 1814, was issued the first number of the pioneer religious journal of America, the *Weekly Recorder*, founded and for several years successfully edited by John Andrews, a Presbyterian preacher.

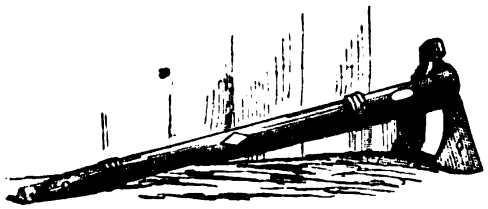
Thomas Worthington, as has been stated, came from Virginia in 1798. Before leaving, he and his brother-in-law, Edward Tiffin, liberated a large number of slaves, some of whom, however, chose to remain with their masters, and accompanied them to Chillicothe, where a few of their descendants remain to this day. Worthington at first located in the village which Massie had laid out two years before, but he soon removed to a log-cabin on the plateau two miles northwest of Chillicothe, where he afterward built the large stone house known as "Adena."

The visitor finds this historic and picturesque house in almost exactly its original condition, and is received hospitably by a son of the old Governor, himself almost fourscore years of age. The house, we are told, was fully completed in 1806, the work having been begun in 1798, and progressing very slowly on account of the hugeness of the undertaking in a pioneer settlement, and the difficulty of obtaining many of the materials.

Thomas Worthington, on coming to Ohio, was possessed of considerably more of this world's goods than most of the pioneers enjoyed, and coming from a home of old-style luxury, he naturally desired to form one in the West which should supply some of the elegancies as well as the necessities of life, and one in which he could comfortably entertain his friends. Accordingly he took great pains to select a picturesque location upon the great tract of land which he bought, and employed that famous architect, the elder Latrobe, of Washington, to design his dwelling-place. The work was done strictly in accordance with the plans he furnished, and mostly by workmen who were sent West by him. The edifice rose slowly, and the utmost care was taken to secure thoroughness and insure durability. The heavy stones, quarried in the vicinity, were carefully laid by experienced masons in walls two feet thick, and all of the wood-work was made massive and strong, but simple. The nails and the iron and brass work were brought from Philadelphia, and the glass from Pittsburgh, at great cost. The marble for mantels was packed on horses across the mountains from the Quaker City at an expense of seven dollars for every hundredweight. The cost of the house was, for the time, enormous, twice what it would have been a score of years later; but when completed, it was a marvel of beauty and luxury to the backwoodsmen—a palace in the wilderness. People flocked to Adena from all parts of the country round about, even from Kentucky, to gaze upon the massive walls of this many-chambered two-story stone mansion. The novelties of papered walls, the large panes of glass, curtains, and marble mantelpieces, we are told, seemed especially to attract attention, and excite amazement and admiration. The house was seldom without visitors. During the earlier years of their occupancy the Worthingtons entertained hosts of people, among them some of the most eminent men of the time, who came to consult with their host upon grave public questions, as well as to enjoy the hospitality of the finest house in the West. Aaron Burr was at Adena not long before the dark close of his brilliant, audacious schemes. John Polk, James Monroe, Henry Clay, Lewis Cass, William Henry Harrison, Daniel Webster, and Thomas Corwin were among those whose footsteps have echoed in the old-fashioned hall, or upon the stone-floored veranda. And to this list may be added Paul Cuffey, the celebrated preacher; Judge Bibb, of the Supreme Court; Poletica, the Russian diplomate; General Macomb, commander of the army under Monroe; De Witt Clinton and Thomas A. King, Governors of New York; Thomas Ewing, Samuel F. Vinton, James Brown, member of Congress, and afterward ambassador to Paris; and a host of lesser lights among the statesmen of a past generation. Early in the history of the State, when the line of Indian battle had scarcely swept westward beyond the Miamis and the White-water, and when the settlements along the Scioto were still occasionally startled by rumors of danger, there was a great gathering of the braves of different tribes at Greenville, under Tecumseh, and his brother the Prophet. The Governor dispatched Thomas Worthington and Duncan McArthur to ascertain the object of such an assemblage. The commissioners were entirely convinced of the sincerity of Tecumseh in his protestations of pacific intentions toward the United States; but as there was a deep-seated and wide-spread

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feeling among the whites that the Indians had gathered for the purpose of attacking the scattered settlements, and making a general massacre, Tecumseh, Blue Jacket, Tahre (the Crane), and a chief called the Panther, were induced by Worthington and McArthur to accompany them to Chillicothe, to more effectually allay the feverish excitement and apprehension of the people. Tecumseh made a speech which gave the settlers perfect assurance of safety, and won for him many warm friends and admirers. He was the guest



TECUMSEH'S TOMAHAWK, AT ADENA.

for a fortnight of Mr. Worthington, and on departing left his tomahawk as a souvenir. It is still treasured among the articles of historic bric-à-brac at Adena.

Governor Worthington was not destined to enjoy an old age of retirement and rest in the happy home which he created. Active in the service of the State and the nation from the time he settled in Ohio until his untimely death (in 1827, at the age of fifty-four years), he had but little time to pursue the pleasures of study or the amenities of social life, and was only at Adena during the rare and brief intervals of absence from public duty. The great influence he brought to bear in securing the organization of the State government won for him the respect and gratitude of its people, and they evinced their appreciation of his character and work by electing him Senator from the new State—a position in which he became the participant in most of the important measures of the administrations of Jefferson and Madison. At the close of his career in the Senate he was elected Governor of the State, in which capacity he was the promoter of all those wise and beneficent measures which were the foundation of Ohio's prosperity. He founded, in 1815, the State Library, selecting in Philadelphia, with the aid of his son, the present occupant of the old homestead, the first installment of books which were placed in the Capitol at Columbus, the nucleus of a vast library. He was elected Governor a second term, and on his retirement from the office was given important appointments which still kept him in the service of the State. For over thirty years in public life, no man in Ohio did more to form the character and advance the interests of the State.

Half a mile from Adena, and upon the same plateau, is Fruit Hill, the residence of two Governors—originally the homestead of Duncan McArthur, and latterly of William Allen.

Stern, rugged Duncan McArthur, whose name was a household word throughout the West—scout, surveyor, soldier, famous both as General and as civil leader—lived here in a log-cabin, and before the erection of the Worthington mansion built a large stone house on the site of the present structure. The original residence was, however, almost entirely destroyed by fire, and only a small portion remains, incorporated with the newer but still ancient pile of substantial masonry. McArthur's career was a curious one, and yet one which has had many parallels in the history of the Northwest. He was born in Dutchess County, New York, in 1772, and when eight years of age removed with his father to the Pennsylvania frontier. His parents were natives of the Highlands of Scotland, and his mother belonged to the Campbell clan, so celebrated in Scottish history. Young McArthur had a generous strain of the sturdy blood of the Highlands in his veins, and probably inherited something of the Scotch love of action and adventure, for at the age of only eighteen years we find him a soldier under General Harmer in his campaign against the Indians. In 1792 he acted with so much intrepidity at one of the most fiercely fought battles of the time that he immediately became a hero in the eyes of the hardy frontiersmen.

From that time on until after the settlement of Chillicothe he was constantly braving the dangers of the wilderness, either as a spy among the Indians or as a surveyor with Massie. He assisted Massie in laying out the "ancient metropolis," and in the course of his business became a rich landholder, and settled on one of his large tracts, now known as the Fruit Hill estate. He was a member of one of the early Legislatures, and being a high officer in the militia, on the breaking out of the war of 1812 went to De-

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troit, and was there, with the regiment he commanded, included in Hull's surrender. After his return as a prisoner of war on parole the Democratic party elected him by an immense majority to Congress, a position which he resigned to go into the field and to the front of action as Major-General. Under the "general call" he led to the Sandusky plains an army of nearly eight thousand men, mostly from the Scioto Valley, which, history says, "was almost wholly stripped of its male population." This general turn-out of the militia bore evidence that Massie, McArthur, and the few pioneers who followed them into the valley of the Scioto and made its first settlement had infused something of their own daring into the mass of the community. After the resignation of General Harrison, the command of the Northwestern army devolved upon McArthur, and from that time until the declaration of peace he conducted a most energetic and effectual campaign. Returning to his home, he again held many civil offices within the gift of a grateful State, and ten years after the close of the war in which he had won such high military honors was elected to Congress, in which body he became a strong supporter of what was then called the American system, and exerted a large influence in its favor, for although an uneducated man he had practical business habits, energy, perseverance, and the soundest of judgment. His enormous private business needing all his attention, he declined re-election for a third term, but a few years later he was brought forth from his retirement by the anti-Jackson party, which elected him to the Gubernatorial chair. Upon the expiration of his term of office he was a candidate for Congress, being put into the field to heal dissensions in the party. Upon McArthur's nomination the other candidates withdrew, and his friends everywhere were very confident that the ex-Governor, an old politician, and popular man of affairs, could sweep the district against a young and comparatively unknown man, a mere stripling — William Allen. Between McArthur and Allen there was a hot fight, or rather between Allen and the ex-Governor's friends, for McArthur himself made but little effort in the canvass, probably thinking it unnecessary. Some of his enemies used as a campaign document against him a small handbill headed with rude wood-cuts of coffins, and detailing in horrible colors the shooting of four deserters at the Chillicothe camp during the war of 1812 by McArthur's orders. This act, which was probably nothing more than one of the stern necessities of war, and perfectly justifiable under the circumstances, was denounced as the act of a blood-thirsty monster, and perhaps with some effect. It was the old campaign cry against McArthur, and had been used every time he was a candidate for office. Allen entered the contest with vigor, made speeches in almost every school-house through the country, and was elected by a majority of one in a total of ten thousand votes. This was the close of McArthur's political career and the opening of Allen's. By an accident McArthur met with in Columbus, while Governor, he was terribly maimed, and remained until his death a prisoner at his home.

The young man who won the victory over the ex-Governor of Ohio, and who was destined to hold the highest position within the gift of the State, came to Chillicothe as a poor boy one winter early in the twenties. He was a native of North Carolina, and born in 1806. His life, however, from early childhood until his eighteenth year, when he came to Ohio, was passed in Virginia. Making the entire journey from Lynchburg to Chillicothe on foot, and a large portion of it alone, he was warmly welcomed on his arrival by his half-sister and her husband, the mother and father of Allen G. Thurman, with whom he made his home. He attended for a time the "old academy," and then began the study of law. Young Allen was tall and large of his age, and he exhibited a mental precociousness which was in keeping with his physical advancement. He was soon admitted to practice at the bar, and almost immediately thereafter developed very unusual oratorical ability. After his first political success he rose rapidly in the favor of the public, and in 1836 was elected United States Senator. When he took his seat the year following he was the youngest man who ever had a place in that body, being in his thirty-first year. It is a fact not generally known that William Allen was offered the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in the Washington Convention of 1848. The friends of Cass and Van Buren being unable to agree, and the dissension having developed to

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such a degree that it was feared neither in the event of nomination could conciliate the partisans of his opponent, Allen was strongly urged to allow his name to go before the Convention as a compromise candidate. He declined on the ground that such action would be treachery to Cass, whose friend and adviser he was. After a second term in the Senate, Mr. Allen went into the retirement of private life. Marrying a daughter of Governor McArthur, and taking up his residence at Fruit Hill, he made no effort to emerge from his seclusion until 1873, when he accepted the Democratic nomination for the Governorship. Thus came before the people, in a personal canvass, a man who almost forty years before had entered the United States Senate, but who, from his long retirement, was almost unknown to the younger generation of politicians. On the expiration of his term of office, Governor Allen sought no further political preferment. He remained at Fruit Hill enjoying his books, and almost to the very last superintending the great farm which surrounded his home. His tall, erect form was a familiar sight upon the streets of Chillicothe, and as he was easily accessible, hosts of visitors from the town and from abroad, the distinguished and the obscure, sought "the sage of Fruit Hill," to converse with him and to receive his counsel. Even in the last few weeks of his life his physical and mental vigor seemed scarcely impaired. His voice was strong and clear, and as he warmed with the growing interest of conversation upon some broad topic, his manner became strangely impressive, and his words as eloquent as when he was a score of years younger. There was no indication of the near approaching close of life's earth chapter in the early summer of 1879, and yet, after a few days' illness, Death laid his hand upon the silvered, venerable head, and the clear blue eyes were closed forever.

The Governor's room in the old stone house, from which we have wandered to recount the lives of its two famous occupants, is still undisturbed. The vine which shades the window looking out upon the lawn and hill-slope, and upon Chillicothe beyond, has been bared by winter winds, and grown green again, but the fragrance of its blossoms floats through the open casement into a lonely chamber. By the reading table, with its homely device for holding books, there is a vacant, well-worn easy-chair, and all of the simple articles of furniture throughout the room remain in the position in which they were arranged by its departed occupant. Over thirty years of the Governor's life were passed at this historic house, and his powerful personality seems still to pervade the place.

A great concourse of people attended the funeral of the widely known and well-loved old man, and a long procession wound down the half-mile hill, and through the hushed streets of the town, and up to the summit of another high hill, following the remains of the last of Chillicothe's Governors to their final resting-place. No more beautiful cemetery can be found in the West than Chillicothe's city of the dead, overlooking the peaceful, sunny valley of the Scioto and its rambling, village-like city of the living. Poor mortality could have no resting-place hallowed by more harmonious beauty of nature, and glorious immortality no more suggestive earthly symbol or assuring mystic promise, than is here afforded.

Here sleep a goodly company of the distinguished dead—Massie, Tiffin, Worthington, McArthur, Allen, and many more, younger men—who by civil means fostered and with arms defended the State which their predecessors founded.

THE SUMAC-GATHERERS.

I.

I WAS on a visit to my friend Mr. Burney, living at his place called Glenburney, in the Shenandoah Valley, in Virginia. It was in the month of September, 187–, and the weather was the most beautiful imaginable. Certainly nothing is more exquisite than the fall in Virginia, and the airs were so mild even toward night that the family would go out to the porch after tea and sit there, watching the faint flush die across the mountains in the west, or the moon rise over the shaggy battlement of the Blue Ridge, which was not more than two or three miles, as the crow flies, from the Glenburney house.

I looked at the exquisite landscape from the porch on the evening of my arrival. Night was near. The air was perfectly still. Along the west, seen across rolling fields and a belt of woods, from which peeped up the roofs of the little village of Milldale, lay the long range of the North

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Mountain, of a deep rich purple, crowned with a bright orange, shading off into delicate green. Far off to the southwest rose the Massanutten like a purple wave, with Strasburg under the crest, and to the east the Blue Ridge shut in the prospect—a prostrate giant, touched on its summits by the fading light, and slowly merging its bald outline in the gloom. A moment came at last when you could not tell where the mountain ended and the sky began. Was it a cloud, or a range of heights? The question remained unanswered. There was no moon, but the whole universe seemed to be pervaded by stars. The dusky twilight charmed and soothed, and looking toward the Blue Ridge, where the little twinkling lights of night seemed to spring up from the very horizon, I said to my friend Burney,

"I really seem to have wandered away into star-land."

"I see you are looking at the mountain," he replied, with a smile. "But you are mistaken if you suppose that those lights are stars: they are the fires of the sumac-gatherers."

"The sumac-gatherers?"

"Yes; the work of collecting sumac is in full progress. Those brilliant stars of your fancy are fires in front of tents d'abri —small shelter affairs."

I looked again, and more attentively. Even then it was difficult to believe that the twinkling lights were not stars. They covered the side of the mountain far and near. The wooded declivity rising almost directly from the banks of the Shenandoah was brilliant with them, soft glow-worms glimmering in the autumn night.

"Tell me who the sumac-gatherers are?" I said.

"Have you never heard of them before?" said my friend, with a smile. "Well, that proves, my dear Willing, that you are a stranger to 'Old Virginny'—since the war at least. Sumac-gathering has become an industry, with army head-quarters, so to say, at Richmond, but corps head-quarters at Winchester and elsewhere. The Virginia mountain sumac is said to be the best in the world after the Sicilian, and here you see how it is procured."

I began to be much interested by this time, and said: "I always make it a point to confess my ignorance where I am ignorant. What is sumac, and what is it good for?"

"It is a small shrub," my friend replied, "with lanceolated leaves, which turn of a bright crimson at this time of the year, and are used for tanning fair leather and dyeing. With the various mordants the sumac makes a variety of very rich and beautiful dyes of great excellence, which are chiefly used in calico-printing. Virginia seems to be the favored region for this valuable shrub. It thrives here without cultivation, covering the whole mountain with its blaze of scarlet. It is, besides, in shape a very beautiful plant. Do you see that ailantus-tree there with its Oriental leaves? The sumac closely resembles it."

"And they are gathering it—I mean the people in the tents d'abri yonder?"

"Yes. They have now been engaged for some days. They make it a sort of frolic. They are poor 'mountain people,' as we call them, and the sumac crop is a very important source of revenue to them. The leaves and twigs on which they grow bring a cent a pound at Winchester, where there is a large sumac factory, and many a poor family depends for its brown sugar and Rio coffee throughout the winter on this industry. They pitch their tents, wives, children, and all, with provisions and cooking utensils, and by daylight and all day long everybody is engaged pulling the leaves and making up bundles. At night they talk and laugh and sing around the fires in front of the little tents—you see them yonder—and then lie down on their 'pine-tag' beds, and go to sleep under the stars."

Having given me this explanation, my hospitable host changed the subject to politics and the question of the Virginia State debt, but this topic failed to interest me. It has been said that everybody has a "wild side" in him—something which makes him revolt from convention and commonplace, and thrill with vague pleasure at the unconventional, nomadic, and new. Here was something of this sort. These people, taking their wives and children and pitching their tents on the mountain-side, interested me. Looking toward the glimmering glow-worm lights, I could fancy the groups around the fires, and hear their songs in imagination, and live their wild careless life with them. No doubt this attraction rose from contrast. I had come from a Northern city, where I resided, to spend a few weeks in the valley, and the scenes around me were

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all fresh and new. Only a city man knows the charm of woods and fields and mountains after dusty streets. They had a delicious charm for me at least, and when I retired that night I had made up my mind to go and see the sumac-gatherers at work. It was a chance turn into a chance path. But the path led me a long way.

II.

The morning after my arrival was clear, crisp, and inspiring. My friend had informed me that the Blue Ridge was full of game, and at the pleasant family breakfast, all smiling faces and cheerfulness, I said,

"I really believe I will go over to the mountain to-day, and try for a pheasant or wild turkey."

"You will find a plenty," he replied, "and might come on a deer. Have you hunted turkeys?"

"A little in the Adirondacks. They require a good eye and hand, as well as a good dog."

"We shoot them from a blind in Virginia," my friend said. "You select a fallen tree, and weave the branches into a screen to conceal you. Then you scatter several handfuls of corn or other grain in front for bait, and get into the blind before daylight, after which you sound the 'call.'"

"What is that?"

"It is the name given by the mountain hunters to a small bone of the wild turkey, from which the marrow is extracted, leaving it hollow. On this is sounded the peculiar 'croak' of the wild turkey. The old hunters say they can sound it on nothing else."

"It *calls* them, then?—I mean the game."

"Precisely. In answer to the call comes a low 'croak, croak,' and in a few minutes a flock of hens, led by a big Turk of a gobbler with red hanging dewlaps, come out of the brush, and after they have reconnoitred carefully, tip slowly toward the bait. As soon as they see it, however, their fear yields to greediness. The bright heads dart down and back and down again as they gobble, and if you have taken pains to scatter the bait in a line, you may have twenty heads in a row. Then you bang away, and enfilade the whole lot; and if you have a steady hand and good eye, you bag more wild turkeys than you can bring home."

This was exciting. I was and am a great lover of hunting, and resolved to try the blind system without loss of time. My friend regretted that business at Milldale would prevent him from going with me that morning; so when I set out toward the mountain an hour or two afterward, on horseback, with my double-barrel, I was by myself. I shall always remember that ride, and the magical splendor of the woods through which I rode. Gold, crimson, the scarlet of the dogwood, the dazzling yellow of the hickory, blue, purple—every color of the rainbow was unrolled around me. My friend had directed me where to cross the Shenandoah, and I went on steadily, feeling assured that I should not lose my way.

I reached the banks of the Shenandoah at a point where an island of considerable size—Burney's Island—lay in my path, and pushed through the river and over the island to the opposite shore, from which the mountain rose. Everything around me was wild and picturesque. To the right, the left, and on the slope in front was a dense growth of pines, but a grassy strip of open ground stretched along the river's bank, from which rose some gigantic sycamores, with huge mottled boughs reaching far out over the current, and trunks almost completely hollowed out by age. The gnarled roots, twisted into the most fantastic shapes, and with caverns beneath them washed out by the water, would have filled an artist with delight. From the boughs hung festoons of the wild grape, which in spring make the air faint with perfume. Around the tangled roots nodded water-flags with broad green blades, and stalks crowned with bunches of brown seed. A light wind rustled the leaves, and passed like an almost imperceptible sigh through the pines. The current of the river washed, washed, washed in a low monotonous lullaby against the bank. It was a scene to make a man with country proclivities rejoice, and look upon himself as the favorite of fortune.

There was only a narrow bridle-path up the mountain, which followed the windings of a little ravine, at the bottom of which a thread of water quietly gurgled. To the right and left the ground came down abruptly, clothed with pine thicket. Beneath lay a heavy carpet of "pine tags," as they are called in Virginia, a soft, rich covering, on which here and there lay the brown cones fallen from

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the trees. A profound stillness reigned in the secluded spot. I was in the solitude of the mountains.

The steep path forced me to dismount, and I toiled up, leading my horse by the bridle. In half an hour I reached a sort of plateau covered with enormous white oaks. Then a vista opened before me; there was a cleared space, and I came suddenly on the sumac-gatherers.

It was a picturesque spectacle. A crowd of men, women, and children in nondescript costume were scattered everywhere along the slope of the mountain, busily engaged in collecting the sumac leaves of an intense and blazing scarlet, and carrying them by the armful to the piles. Dotting the rocky slope were the little tents d'abri, with forked sticks in front, from which were suspended pots; and here and there, half lost in the foliage, stood rickety-looking wagons, with their old raw-boned horses cropping the scanty mountain pasture near. The crowd were evidently in the highest spirits. They were laughing, singing, shouting to each other, as they went and came, and the unkempt figures against the rich background of the woods made a striking picture.

Among these unconventional figures, I took especial notice of a group of three. I had stopped behind a screen of foliage, and looked at them at my leisure. One of them was a girl of about eighteen, with a willowy figure, clad in an old faded calico, with a black leather belt around a very slender waist. Her feet were small and delicate, in spite of her heavy shoes laced in front. On her head was an old hood, and from beneath the hood a heavy twist of yellow-auburn hair, tied with a broad black ribbon, fell between her shoulders. Every movement of this girl was graceful, and had a nameless charm; the expression seems extravagant, but that was the very first thing you observed about her. She was so different from the buxom "mountain maids" around her that she seemed to belong to another race. A little black dog frisked around her, barking now and then in an idle way, and not far from her as she worked were a man and a child. The man, who wore a knit woollen jacket reaching to his hips, and edged at top and bottom with red, seemed to be an Italian, for he had a swarthy face and rings in his ears. He exactly resembled one of those merchants of plaster casts met with in the cities. The child was a little girl of about seven, and I heard the man address her once or twice as "Carita."

I was a good deal surprised at seeing this group. I had only expected to meet with plain country people, and here before me were young ladies, Italians, and "Caritas." The very simple explanation which I had of their presence afterward did not, very naturally, occur to me. For the moment they exerted all the attraction of novelty and the unexpected.

Soon after my appearance in the neighborhood of the ground the sumac-gatherers "struck work" and went to dinner, which had been prepared by the women at the fires in front of the tents. The girl and the Italian also ceased their occupation, and sitting down on the pine tags at the edge of the woods, with the child beside them, and the little dog frisking around, opened a basket, and began to eat what seemed to be cold fowl and bread.

The little group interested me and excited my curiosity. At twenty-five, an age which I had then just reached, anything in the shape of romance or incident —what is out of the beaten track, in a word—has manifold attractions. Yielding to a sudden impulse, I came out from my place of concealment, and leading my horse by the bridle, approached the group.

"You are gathering sumac, I see," I said, addressing the man. "I hope you find plenty."

He was bending over the basket, with his back turned to me, but looked round quickly. He was a man of about fifty, with black eyes and a very pleasant smile. It is probable that he made out my meaning, for he said, in a friendly tone, "Si, signore."

"You could not have finer weather for the work," I said.

But he shook his head at this, and the young lady said, shyly, "He does not speak English, sir."

A flitting glance accompanied the words, and she colored. It was a very exquisite face under the old hood, with large blue eyes and a peculiar expression of modesty in the lips.

"I see you are collecting sumac, miss," I said. "You must find it very fatiguing."

"Yes, sir—from the stooping."

Her shyness was almost painful, and she blushed again. Under these circumstances I felt that I ought not to obtrude myself further, and making the young

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lady a bow, turned round to go. The Italian at once offered me the contents of the basket, but I declined; and with the curious black eyes of little Carita following me, as I could see, I mounted my horse and went on my way in pursuit of turkeys.

I had no success whatever. I had repeated shots at pheasants, which would rise almost from beneath my very feet, and whir away into the thickets; but I missed every shot. This was mortifying, as I was not a novice; and I began to think that the face of the girl with the yellow-auburn hair blurred my aim. I had been thinking of her constantly. Who was she? Why was she gathering sumac? She was plainly a young lady—was she so very poor a lady? After all, it was only worth a cent a pound, my friend Burney had told me. And then I began a mental calculation of the probable proceeds of the young lady's day's work. It might possibly be as much as my cigars cost me—which was an enormity!

At last I ceased the unprofitable pursuit of the turkeys, and set about constructing my blind. It was in a deep gorge, a considerable distance from the camp of the sumac-gatherers, and I selected for the purpose the tufted head of a fallen pine. Nothing can be imagined more solitary than the spot. A little stream chattered over some beautifully variegated rocks nearly covered with moss, and opposite rose an ascent so steep that it was almost a precipice. From its sides, nevertheless, some very large mountain ash trees grew, leaning over as if they were just about to fall, though a glance at the huge roots striking into the rock crevices showed that they were moored by strong cables to the very heart of the mountain, and that no storm could dislodge them. The bright foliage almost interlaced above the little gorge. All was so still that the sudden bark of a squirrel rang out in the silence.

After constructing my blind, which did not take me long, I scattered the bait in front of it, and lay down behind the pine to ascertain if it would conceal me. Then my blood suddenly stood still for just half a second. Within less than one hundred yards of me, further up the gorge, I saw a buck, fully antlered, come to the little stream, and bend down to drink.

Those who have seen this magnificent game for the first time from a stand—when he suspects nothing—will appreciate my feelings. It is one of the moments of a life. The buck was perfectly unsuspicious. A slight wind had risen, and he was to windward of me, and my horse had been left at the entrance of the gorge, a considerable distance below. The buck therefore drank at his leisure, raised his head, looked toward me as if some hidden instinct warned him, and then, with a single bound, disappeared.

I drew a long breath. If I had had a rifle instead of a shot-gun, I doubt whether the result would not have been the same. I had the "buck ague." I trembled from head to foot. At last I got up, turned my back on the blind, and hastened and mounted my horse. What I meant to do was to go back to Glenburney, and be in the blind again before daylight, with my friend's rifle.

There was another very good reason for returning. From the tops of the mountain trees the golden crowns were slowly rising; the sun was setting. I therefore made haste to descend the gorge and follow a bridle-path along the slope of the mountain. This took me back again to the "island ford," as it was called, and a little after dusk I reached Glenburney.

III.

It may seem a little absurd, but I did not say a single word to my friend Burney of my meeting with the yellow-haired maiden. I have often laughed at myself for this proceeding, but my youth explained it. I had stumbled on a little romance which delighted me. I did not wish to be told who the girl was—I wished to discover. If I had been forty, I should have asked the question at once. As I was only twenty-five, I took care to say nothing about her; only I "took it out" in thinking of her.

I duly informed my friend, however, of my buck, and my intention to take my stand at the blind at daylight and wait for him. Had he a good rifle? He had an excellent one, which was entirely at my service. And then my jocose friend added: "I'll expect you back to dinner, and give you a ham and a roast turkey. You'll be hungry, as you're not likely to lunch on venison."

This was a challenge. My friend and old college mate was incredulous. I might not secure any venison, but then I might—there was the chapter of accidents, I said; and then I went to my room and

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fell asleep, to dream that I rescued the yellow-haired maiden from a gigantic elk that had just lowered his head to gore her.

I set out from Glenburney an hour or two past midnight. The starlight was sufficient to guide me, and I crossed the island ford through a dense mist, followed the same path along the mountain, and, before the first streak of day, reached the mouth of the gorge, where I tied my horse. I then went forward cautiously on foot and gained my blind, in which I concealed myself, lying at full length on the thick carpet of pine tags, which were very soft and comfortable. My rifle was lying by my side, ready loaded and capped. I had only to reach out my right hand and take it, rise on my left elbow, then on my left knee, and fire.

Fifteen minutes afterward the least imaginable glimmer on the summit of the mountain showed that day was coming. I was glad of it, for the chill September morning made me shiver a little in my blind in spite of the fever in my blood. I was lying with my eyes fixed upon the spot to which the buck had come to drink on the evening before, and I listened with the closest attention to any sound, even the most minute, which would indicate his approach. There was scarcely a breath of wind; fortunately the little that there was blew from the right direction. A low rustle in the yellow leaves of the enormous ash-trees growing from the opposite acclivity was all that disturbed the silence.

Half an hour passed; the light increased on the top of the mountain, and grew a little yellow. Then there came a "croak, croak," from the brush-wood, and a flock of nearly or quite a dozen wild turkeys came cautiously out, looking from side to side with their bright eyes, and moving their lithe necks suspiciously. Nothing seemed to alarm them. They were plainly unaware of my presence, and went straight to the bait. I had completely forgotten it. They gobbled it up in an instant, and there were the heads all in a row. If I had had my gun, I could have killed, I am sure, at least half a dozen of them. There was nothing to do but to look on and do nothing. The greater excitement absorbed the less, and I coolly watched the turkeys finish their meal, clap their burnished wings in sign of satisfaction, and wander tranquilly away, with their low "croak, croak," into the undergrowth again. Ten minutes afterward I heard the buck coming.

I say I heard *the buck*, for there was no mistaking his step. He was approaching perfectly at his leisure, treading now and then upon a dry twig fallen from the pines, and probably cropping the leaves as he tranquilly made his way toward the little stream to drink. A few moments afterward his head appeared from behind a bush of mountain laurel, and after pausing an instant and looking round him—I could see the very glimmer of his eyes—he came down to the water.

Once more, as on the evening before, I felt a sort of tremor pass through me. My breath came and went. My eyes were glued to the "gracious creature" bending his neck, with one fore-leg slightly curved, in the act of drinking. This lasted for a moment only. He raised his head quickly, turning toward me, and I could see that something—perhaps a change in the wind carrying the scent to him—had warned him. There was not a moment to lose, as I knew perfectly well that in another instant he would disappear. I raised myself on my left elbow, cocked my rifle silently, rose on my left knee, took aim at him behind the fore-shoulder, and fired.

He must have heard the almost imperceptible sound I had made in rising, for he had wheeled suddenly to bound away. As he did so I fired, and I saw that he was struck. His haunches sank, and he ran dragging his hind-legs on the ground. This greatly astonished me, as I had aimed at his fore-shoulder; but he was apparently disabled, and drawing a large hunting-knife with which my friend had supplied me, I ran toward him, without reloading, to cut his throat.

When I was within ten yards of him—he had continued to drag his body by his fore-feet, tossing his head, and half rising at intervals—I saw that my bullet had broken one of his antlers, leaving a sharp jagged point. But where was he wounded? I saw no blood anywhere. I would soon know, however, and rushing to him, I threw myself upon him to cut his throat. As I did so he rose to his feet, turned upon me, and attacked me with hoofs and antlers. As I afterward ascertained, my ball had struck him on the spine as he turned round, temporarily paralyzed his hind-legs, and glancing, had broken one of his antlers as I have mentioned. Recover-

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ing now from this momentary paralysis, he sprang upon me, lowered his head, and an instant afterward the jagged point of the horn pierced my leg just above the knee, inflicting a deep and very painful wound. I fell beneath him, either from pain, or, what is more probable, from my foot having slipped on the smooth pine tags. Then he lowered his horns to finish me.

It is an ugly moment in a man's life when he is at the mercy of an enraged animal. Pity is unknown to them; if fear is absent, they are merciless. I should probably have been gored to death in another moment but for my knife. I still held it open in my hand, and as the buck darted at me, lowering his head, and intent apparently on pawing and goring me at the same time, I plunged the blade into his throat about six inches behind and beneath his head. The blood gushed, and I planted a second blow in the same spot, staggering as I did so to my feet. That ended him. He tottered, turned round, made a leap of ten feet, and fell dead. As I saw him fall, a film seemed to pass before my eyes, and I fainted and fell heavily. The acute pain had got the better of me.

I was entirely unconscious, after this, until I heard the barking of a dog. At this I opened my eyes, and found that I was lying at full length on the pine tags. There was a pool of blood by me, but I became dimly aware that in falling I had done so on my left side, and in this position the wound in my thigh had been pressed tightly, which, by stopping the flow of blood, had no doubt saved my life. In a few moments the barking drew nearer, and looking in that direction, I saw and recognized the small black dog which I had noticed frisking around the yellow-haired girl at the sumac-gathering. Soon afterward the girl herself, accompanied by the Italian, made her appearance, no doubt to ascertain what the prolonged barking meant.

They came quickly to the spot where I was lying, and expressed the greatest astonishment at seeing me—the young lady in English, and the Italian in his own language, accompanying himself with abundant gesticulation. I explained in a few words that I was wounded, pointing to the dead deer, and requested the Italian by signs to rip up the sleeve of my coat, cut off the arm of my shirt at the shoulder, and bind up the wound. He did so with the utmost rapidity and efficiency. The bandage checked the flow of blood; and then the question arose, what was to be done next?

"You must come to our house at once, sir," the young lady said, forgetting all her shyness. "We have no carriage, but it is not far, and Francesco can carry you. You will die if you do not."

"Well," I said, laughing, "I hope it isn't that bad—and I have my horse yonder. If I could only get into the saddle, that would be better than to have your friend Francesco carry me on his back."

Francesco the Italian seemed to catch the substance of the young lady's proposal, for he at once stooped down, put one arm around me, and placed his other hand on and patted his shoulder. I knew, however, that if I could mount, I could ride, and informed them where my horse was. Francesco hastened to bring him, and I said to the girl, with whom I was left alone,

"I think your coming very probably saved my life, as this is such a solitary spot, and I might have lain here and bled to death."

"I am thankful I came," she said, earnestly. "Francesco and I came to look after some traps."

"Well, I shall have to present you with my buck," I said, "by way of thanks. You see I killed him, but he very nearly killed me first."

Francesco came up leading my horse, and with great difficulty I was lifted to the saddle. Once there, I felt all right, and with the Italian and the girl leading the way, I went on at a slow walk, feeling some pain, but no longer so faint.

At the mouth of the little gorge we followed a path obliquely to the left, and winding under large chestnut and ash trees. A quarter of a mile further the path, which had descended at first, began to ascend. Then it came out on a spur of the mountain immediately overlooking the Shenandoah, and I saw on the top of this spur a stone house of moderate size, with contracted grounds inclosed by white palings. There was a small porch in front, and some bee-hives stood by the fence. The yellow autumn leaves had fallen, nearly covering the beautiful green turf. Everything about the small establishment was perfectly neat and home-like, even very pretty. I remember to this hour how the place seemed to smile, and what a sweet memorial sigh—or was it laugh-

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ter?—came from a mountain laurel in the yard. The sun was shining, and the far headlands swam in a delicate mist. The girl at my side seemed to be a part of the picture.

"What a beautiful home!" I said. She raised her head and looked at me with the largest and brightest blue eyes I ever saw. That is another of my memories.

IV.

The young lady hastened on in advance, and went into the house. The Italian opened a small gate, and led my horse to the door, where he assisted me to dismount. I had just done so, and limped up to the white porch, when the young lady came out again in company with an old gentleman. He was a tall man, of about seventy from his appearance, simply dressed, and with long gray hair falling quite down to his shoulders. His thin lips smiled—it was a smile of the utmost suavity and kindness. As he came forward with this smile on his face, limping a little, I saw at once that I had stumbled here in the wilds of the mountain upon a character by no means expected there—an old-school gentleman.

"Come in, sir, come in," he said, earnestly. "You have had a dangerous accident; your leg is bleeding. I am very glad it was so near us. My name is Holmes. You must come in and lie down at once."

The cordial warmth and kindness were like balm, and I took the hand held out, and said: "I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Holmes. My name is Willing. I have been staying with my friend Mr. Burney, and came out to-day to hunt. I have got the worst of it for the moment, but I hope to get over my hurt enough to go back by this evening."

"This evening! That will be quite impossible—entirely out of the question, my dear Mr. Willing. You are much too faint to think of that. Impossible."

And Mr. Holmes was quite right. By the evening I had a hot fever, and was tossing to and fro in bed. A physician and my friend Burney had both been sent for, and had promptly arrived. Francesco was the messenger, as I afterward heard; and that faithful servitor had subsequently returned on my horse to the gorge, and brought off the deer and the rifle.

"Well, I haven't lunched on venison," I said to Burney; "but I did for him, though he tried his best to do for me."

Here the doctor interposed, and told me I had better go to sleep; and as he re-enforced this suggestion by giving me an opiate, I closed my eyes, fell asleep, and did not wake until sunrise on the next morning.

As there is nothing particularly interesting in a sick-room, I will pass over about three weeks, at the end of which time I came down stairs. My friend Burney had been anxious to send over his carriage and move me to his house, but the doctor said that probably it would be better to put this off a short time. The jolting over the mountain roads might make my wound, which was "rather an ugly affair," re-open. On the whole, it would be better to remain with Mr. Holmes a week or two longer, he said; and as this suggestion for certain reasons was not at all disagreeable to me, it was arranged that I should stay a short time longer.

It was a beautiful October morning when I came down stairs. I remember it perfectly, and how the very spirit of the fall seemed to infuse itself into my pulses. The interval since my adventure with the buck—which, by-the-bye, both my host and my friend Burney as well as myself enjoyed in the shape of roasts and broils—had only made the mountain world more beautiful. From the little porch of the house, which was my favorite resort, the view was exquisitely wild and picturesque. At the foot of the wooded spur wound the Shenandoah, appearing and disappearing behind crimson foliage, and resembling a broad silver ribbon. Beyond were rolling fields and clumps of forest, from which emerged the roofs of country houses; and far away across the valley, along the west, lay the blue or intensely purple range of the Great North Mountain, fringed with orange clouds, which evening after evening I watched fading away into a delicate green, and assuming outlines such as I fancied the Italian lakes Maggiore and Como must assume when the sunset lights their shores. And then in the southwest I could see, as I saw from the porch at Glenburney, the purple billow of the Massanutten rise abruptly above the village of Strasburg; and to the right and left the heights of the Blue Ridge, clothed in all the colors of the rainbow, rolled away, wave after wave, until they disappeared in the distance, sky and mountain melting imperceptibly

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into one. Over the far headlands swam a dreamy smoke, tinted with gold by the autumn sunshine. At dawn the course of the Shenandoah beneath could be traced out by a mass of vapor as white as milk. As the sun came above the mountain this dense vapor undulated, drifted upward with ragged edges, grew translucent, and at last vanished. It was fairy-land.

The little mountain house had grown prettier and prettier in my eyes. There must be a peculiar impress given to places by the people who live in them. It was a very small house, and the family were evidently very poor, but there was not a single feature of the establishment which offended the eye. On the contrary, everything attracted and pleased. It was evidently quite an old house. The material was the ordinary limestone of the region, but this had been very skillfully used, and the mortaring was extremely neat. The yard—it was scarcely more—had flower beds and shrubs in it, trimmed and disposed with the nicest taste, and a pair of Lombardy poplars, one at each corner, raised their plume-like heads like landmarks. The leaves of a beautiful hickory without the inclosure had been blown by the mountain wind down to the grass, where they lay like a yellow carpet; but this did not detract from the neatness of things. They even looked cheerful and attractive in the tranquil autumn sunshine, and seemed home-like, as the bee-hives did by the little fence in front, beyond which the ground fell away, heavily wooded, to the Shenandoah.

I find myself lingering over my sketch of the small house, and attempting to show how and why it pleased me so much. Some spots have this subtle charm. After many years, I can shut my eyes and see the little stone house and the bee-hives, and smell the yellow leaves on the grass, just stirring in the dreamy airs of autumn.

When I came down for the first time, I was shown into a cheerful room to the right of the front door, where a bright blaze was shining in a broad fire-place, the wood supported by old-fashioned brass andirons. This room had a great many books in it, on plain shelves of stained pine, and on the floor was a neat brown "rag carpet," which made the place very comfortable. The table was set for breakfast, and I noticed that it was of very old mahogany, nearly black, against which the table mats shone like patches of snow. There was an old silver coffee-pot of antique pattern, on which the carving had nearly been worn away by rubbing, and the knives were worn down nearly to the ivory handles.

Mr. Holmes always sat in a large arm-chair, well wadded, at one corner of the fire—he was the victim of chronic rheumatism—and when I hobbled in, he rose and hobbled to meet me.

"We are two invalids, Mr. Willing," he said, with the simple and cordial smile which his features always wore. "I am truly glad you are out again. Cary"—he raised his voice—"here is Mr. Willing down at last."

"Yes, papa."

Miss Cary Holmes made her appearance a moment afterward from the direction of the kitchen, and came in smiling and holding out her hand. She wore exactly the same dress in which I had first seen her—a faded calico—but her hair was braided and coiled behind her really beautiful head. It was yellow-auburn, as I have said, bright in a full light, dusky gold in half-light. Her great blue eyes, the faint blush, the exquisite modesty in the curve of the lips—there was no change in anything. Mr. Holmes had family prayers, kneeling with great difficulty, and then a superannuated old negro woman—the girl's "mammy"—put breakfast on the table. Then appeared Francesco and Carita.

All I knew about the Italian was that he was a sort of *attaché* of the establishment, with his little daughter, and that he had waited on me with the utmost assiduity during my sickness. I could ask him no questions, as he was unable to speak English; I could only understand that he was not exactly a servant. And of this I now had further proof in the fact that he was invited to seat himself with the family at the breakfast table. Carita sat beside him—a little dark-eyed gentle child, who rarely smiled, but looked quite placid, and not in the least sad. She sat at the young lady's left hand, and I could see from time to time an expression in the small face which was very attractive. It was a confiding look, that of children who nestle to older persons who love them.

The Italian, I observed, addressed Mr. Holmes uniformly as "padrone," and Cary as "signorina," always with an air

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of the greatest deference and respect; and as soon as he had finished his breakfast he rose, made a bow, and left the room.

After breakfast Cary washed up the tea things, and put them away in an old sideboard, with a carved back piece and eagle claws for feet, which stood in one corner of the room, and during this household employment I found myself looking at her from my easy-chair opposite my host more than once. Every movement was simple, natural, and graceful. She was a little shy—this was pride, as I afterward knew—but there was something exquisite about her which the worn calico could not hide. When she went out of the room after finishing her work, I followed her unconsciously with my eyes.

The chance path was taking me a long way.

V.

"Well, my dear Mr. Willing, here you are down at last," said the old gentleman, when we were left to ourselves, and I had lit a cigar, for which I had been longing ever since my accident. "I am truly glad you are out of your room once more, and I believe Francesco is as much pleased as I am. I need not say that my little Cary is gratified, as she takes an additional personal interest in your recovery from having had her part in 'rescuing you,' as the writers of romances say."

The kind, cordial voice of my old host was soothing, but his latter words, I must say, were not. They made my heart beat; and this arose probably from the fact that during my long hours of reverie in my sick-room my mind had been generally occupied by the image of a girl with yellow-auburn hair in an old calico.

"I am sure the pleasure ought to be on my side at making the acquaintance of your family, Mr. Holmes," I said. "But who is Francesco?"

"He is a wandering Italian who stopped with his little girl to ask a night's lodging last spring. He has remained with us since that time, and I am very glad that he has. He is really a very faithful and excellent man, and little Carita is a great favorite with Cary."

"I think I understand now. This poor wanderer, having stopped for one night, found you so kind that he has remained for half a year."

"Oh! I assure you the obligation is by no means on his side. He makes himself useful in a hundred ways, and I really do not know what we would do without him. He is an excellent wood-cutter, sets traps, even ploughs with my one poor horse to make a little corn, goes to Milldale for me, and turns his hand to anything. Of course he is treated as one of the family, and spends his evenings with us. Why not? I should think very meanly indeed of myself if I treated Francesco as a servant. And then I really should miss him and his painfully broken English, which he is shy of venturing on, and Carita and Beppo are a part of the family."

"Beppo?"

"That is Francesco's little dog. You ought to make friends with him, as you were found by his barking."

"Indeed I will. I will begin this very day."

"Francesco has taught him innumerable tricks and accomplishments, and Carita is really a very accomplished little creature. We have an old piano in the other room, and young as she is, I assure you she is an excellent performer."

I was very much interested indeed in this little sketch of the family in the small mountain house. Everything had a great charm. I have mentioned my "wild side," that is, my fondness for what was unconventional, and contrasted with the commonplaces of city life, where everything is rubbed down to one dull uniformity. Out of the crowd of well-dressed men with "stove-pipe hats," and young ladies painfully "pulled back" and wearing six-button kids, I had passed in fifteen hours of railway travel into the heart of the Virginia mountains, where no trace of city life was to be found. In place of smug citizens I saw before me an old man with long gray hair and an old-time suavity about him, and the young ladies with their kid gloves and laces were replaced by a girl in a faded calico. Then there were Francesco and Carita and Beppo—charming trio! They might not be very presentable, but they interested me more than more important people.

Mr. Holmes had spoken of his protégés; he had not spoken of himself. I had no intention whatever of asking him any questions upon that subject, and certainly should never have done so. He saved me the embarrassment, however, and in the most natural manner referred, as if he were speaking to a friend, to his private affairs.

"I have told you about Francesco and

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Carita, my dear Mr. Willing," the old gentleman said, with his suave smile, "and now perhaps you may be a little curious to know how you find myself and my little girl living in this solitary place. It is very simple. It reduces itself to one word—poverty."

If anything, the smile was more sweet and tranquil than before, as the old gentleman spoke.

"I was formerly at the bar in the city of R——, and was fortunate enough to enjoy a large income. I was unfortunate enough, however, after the bad Virginia fashion, not to lay up anything. You see the result. In my old age I am poor. Failing strength and a very distressing chronic rheumatism induced me to retire from the bar to this little mountain house, which I had luckily purchased, and here we live very poorly, but I believe very happily. I have a policy on my life for my dear Cary, who will not want after my death, as she has very devoted relations, who have often begged me for her; but to this she would never listen for an instant; she will never leave me, she says. And so, my dear Mr. Willing, we go on living tranquilly here, very poor and very happy, as I have said, she with her household affairs, and I with my books, and both of us with each other—May, or April rather, and December."

Mr. Holmes smiled in the most cheerful manner.

"I have said we were poor," he added. "Would you like to know what I mean? It may interest a resident in cities, if only from the contrast. We have one servant, one cow, and one horse. If you will add a few pigs, and the bread made from a little tract of ground, you will have nearly all our resources. I have not, however, mentioned the main resource, which is really very important. My land, which is only about a hundred acres, has some superb timber upon it, and this is purchased, and taken down the mountain on slides, for lumber. Many of the trees are very valuable—the ash for cradle-fingers, from its toughness and elasticity, the hickory for axe helves, and others for other purposes. In this way we manage to live. It is a very poor picture, is it not? I thought it might amuse you, perhaps."

"It interests instead of amusing me, Mr. Holmes."

I understood now why Cary had gone to gather sumac, with her henchman Francesco, Carita, and Beppo as a body-guard. This good girl's object was to add to the revenues of the poor family. Perhaps she had sold that sumac which I had seen her gather, and purchased with it the very delicacies supplied me without stint during my sickness! That idea brought the blood to my face. If I had been in doubt before as to my sentiments toward Cary Holmes, I was very certain about them now.

At night a pleasant family group assembled around the bright blaze. The October nights were growing chill, and the wind sighed around the gables, but nothing could be imagined more bright and cheerful than the scene in the small sitting-room. On one side of the fireplace sat Francesco and Carita, with Beppo at their feet. Cary was near her father; and leaning back in an easy "sleepy-hollow" chair, I looked on and listened with the languid zest of a convalescent.

Francesco's demeanor toward Mr. Holmes was profoundly deferential and affectionate. I observed that he attended to the fire, pulled off the old gentleman's shoes, and brought him his list slippers, and seemed to be anxious to assist in everything. In speaking to his host he used the form of address, "padrone," as I have said, and really seemed to regard Mr. Holmes as his patron as well as friend. The evening passed in pleasant talk and in witnessing the antics of Beppo. That intelligent animal was really a canine genius. He walked on his hind-legs, fell dead at the order, revived as quickly, wiped his eyes with a pocket-handkerchief, and then having gone and licked one of Miss Cary's hands, which was hanging at her side, wagged his tail in sign of satisfaction, and lay down at her feet with an air of the most luxurious enjoyment.

I have dwelt on this evening as a specimen of all. Day after day passed, and I had now been down stairs more than two weeks. I was quite well enough to go, but I had not the "strength of mind" to do so. To make very short a story which might be made very long, I may as well speak frankly: I had fallen very deeply in love with Cary Holmes. I never saw a more beautiful character. That exquisite modesty in the curve of her lips which I have mentioned exactly expressed her nature. She was sincerity itself, and to say that is to say that she had none of that repulsive tendency to indirectness

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which characterizes so many women, making them the scoff of those who understand them. She was very good, very simple, but very proud. It was her pride, I soon came to know, which had made her blush so when I first met her gathering the sumac. The poor girl in her worn calico, engaged in hard work, shrunk with a sort of shame from the well-dressed stranger who spoke to her; and it was a long time now before I won her confidence, and she was at her ease with me.

At last this barrier of pride and shyness seemed to disappear in a measure, and I spent many hours of the day with her, seated on the little porch in the sunshine, or walking slowly along the slope of the mountain. My wound still pained me, and I was quite weak; and one day I stumbled, and would probably have fallen had not Cary assisted me. She literally caught me in her arms, and unconsciously my own were thrown around *her*. My face touched her hair, and for a single instant my head was leaning on her shoulder. As I gained a secure footing again, and laughed and apologized, I looked at her, and saw her face covered with blushes. I am not at all certain that I did not blush myself. I offered new apologies and regrets, but I was very far indeed from being really sorry that the accident had happened.

VI.

I went back to Glenburney at the end of October, and my hospitable friends there gave me a warm welcome.

"You have had a hard time of it, old fellow," said my comrade Burney, "and have been cheated out of your holiday by your accident. You ought to stay and get well, and have a few good hunts at least before you go back. Can't you?"

"Well," I said, with a careless air, "perhaps I can stay a little longer at least."

At this a wicked smile appeared on my friend's face, and he said, "I'll make you a bet, Willing."

"What is that?"

"That you go back yonder to try and shoot another buck—or in that direction."

And this was a specimen of what I had to endure for the next few days. Even the little maidens of the family laughed and nodded mysteriously, and ran away to laugh more at their leisure. I was an object of delightful interest; and when one morning I announced that I thought I would "try for a pheasant in the mountain," a rippling smile went round the breakfast table which there was no misunderstanding.

I did not mind this much, however, and set out on horseback for the Shenandoah, which I crossed, and then obliquely ascended the mountain. I had nearly come in sight of the house, and was passing through a little glen, above which rose long ledges of rock, with cone-shaped cedars growing in the clefts, when I heard the snap of pine twigs. Some one was coming down the mountain. And a moment afterward Cary made her appearance, preceded by Beppo. As her side was turned to me, and she had on a large sunbonnet, she did not see me, and when I spoke to her she started, and a sudden blush covered her face. I dismounted, threw my bridle over my arm, and joined her, with a beating of the heart which I found it impossible to control.

One look into her eyes had caused that boyish confusion of feeling. The blue eyes and rosy cheeks, above all, the lips—I felt that these were more to me now than all the world. I had never before realized how completely she filled my life. This was no doubt due to absence, short as mine had been. It is said that if husband and wife wish to preserve the romance of their honey-moon, they should not see too much of each other. Incessant nearness reveals angles—and we all have angles; distance rounds them, and they disappear in a golden mist. And then there is the charm of reverie and longing. The philosophers say that absence from one's wife even for a part of every day is better, and the philosophers, of course, know.

I only know that my absence from Cary Holmes for more than a week had made her far dearer to me than she had been before. I had longed like a sick man for a sight of her eyes and hair, and the tones of her voice kept ringing in my ears. As I walked on at her side now, a foolish beating of the heart ensued, and yielding to a sudden impulse, I took both her hands in my own, and said: "Cary, I may as well tell you everything at once. I don't see how I am ever to live without you."

Then followed what is apt to be said on such occasions when a youth is very much in love. Afterward we do these things more philosophically, and with the head. When we are young, we do them with the

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heart, which may make people laugh, but is perhaps better.

I may as well pass over the rest of the interview, as it was a strictly personal and private one. With a face full of blushes, but an earnestness which showed me that deep womanly feeling lay under her shy exterior, Cary told me that she could not leave her father, who would be quite alone in the world without her.

"And then we are so very poor!" she added, with a little tremor of the voice, which showed how much her pride was wounded by the allusion. "I ought not to marry any one. A marriage should be equal. I never could—"

She turned away her head, and a slight sob followed. A moment afterward she turned her face to me, and looked at me with her great blue eyes swimming in tears. That glance, flitting and evanescent as it was, made my heart beat a thousand times more than before, for I read in it what I wished to read. But then the result was the same. Cary was quite immovable. Love for her father and pride were both against me, and when we reached the house I had utterly failed in shaking her resolution.

I spent the whole day with the family, and returned to Glenburney at night, to undergo the torment of my friend Burney's jests. I did not mind them in the least, however, and two days afterward returned to the mountain.

As I rode along a path skirting the Shenandoah, and gradually ascending toward the little house in the mountain, I thought over all this, and how singularly controlling that sentiment of shame at her poverty was in Cary. It was not a very common sentiment, I reflected, or at least did not always prevent young ladies from marrying. It was not absolutely crushing in a suitor to be richer than themselves; and these "sensible girls" smiled and said "yes," instead of saying "no." Here, however, was a girl in whom pride was the master sentiment. That flitting glance had told me that her heart would have given me "yes" if she had consulted it only; but there was that fatal, inexorable pride. She, the poor girl in her faded calico, *would not* wed with the prosperous stranger. It was absurd, unheard of, I said to myself; but then it was noble too.

I went straight to the house, and found Mr. Holmes alone. Cary, he said, had gone out with Francesco and Carita into the mountain.

"I am glad to hear it, Mr. Holmes," I said, "as I came to have a private interview with you, and ask your permission to pay my addresses to Miss Cary."

These words written down appear rather cold and matter of fact, but they were not uttered coldly.

"I don't know whether Miss Cary will have me or not, Mr. Holmes," I said; "but I love her with all my heart, and she may or may not consent; under any circumstances, I ought to ask your consent first to my addresses. I was surprised recently into saying what perhaps I ought not to have said without first having an interview with you, but—"

"Yes," Mr. Holmes said, with his serene smile, "Cary told me; she tells me everything."

"She was perfectly right in doing so, and I am very glad that she did, as I can speak of her reasons for not listening to me. They are very noble, but I do not think they are reasonable. Will you permit me to say just what I think, and speak as I feel?"

"Certainly, Mr. Willing."

"Her objection to marriage is that she ought not to leave you—in which she is perfectly right—and that she is very poor. I can appreciate her feeling, and if I could respect her more than I do now, this would make me do so. But I think it is very unreasonable. I have plenty of means for both of us, and am doing well at law, and nothing could possibly be more pleasant to me than to have you leave this solitary spot and come and live with us. You see, Mr. Holmes, I come to business; it is necessary to do so. My attachment is so strong that I will say to you what I said to her, that I do not see how I can live without her."

"Are you really so very much attached to Cary?" he said.

"I think of no one else in the world," I exclaimed. "I know I am not worthy of her, but I love her dearly."

"I really do not see why you should not be worthy of Cary, my dear Mr. Willing," said Mr. Holmes, with the same smile. "I know you quite well, I think, and your friend Mr. Burney has told me all about you."

"Am I to understand, then, Mr. Holmes, that you do not object to my addresses?" I exclaimed.

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"I do not see that I have any right to," he said, mildly. "The time will soon be here when Cary will be alone. She is all to me on earth, but I should not hesitate to give her up—I love her far too much not to do so willingly."

"But you need not give her up," I exclaimed. "Come and make your home with us. I need not tell you that you will be a thousand times welcome."

"Well, well," said the old gentleman, with his kindly smile, "if Cary wishes to be married, we might arrange that. Perhaps, however, you might live with me—in a little villa in the suburbs of the city, say, which I think I should prefer to the mountains."

"I am very glad indeed, Mr. Holmes, to find that the trivial consideration of money, or the want of it, has no effect upon you," I said.

"There will be no want of money," he replied, with the same simple and cordial smile. "I am going to be rich, I believe."

He rose, hobbled to the sideboard, and took from it two slabs of stone, which he brought back and held out to me.

"I said I had some very fine timber on my little estate," he went on. "I did not know until the day before yesterday that I had one of the most valuable mines of brecciated marble in the United States."

I took the slabs with very great surprise into my hands and examined them. One was of the purest white, the other a deep red, traversed with veins of white, the red tint shading off into a rich flesh-color edged with rose. The slabs were about six inches in breadth and two inches thick. They had been ground down and subjected to a brilliant polish, which made them resemble mirrors. Even to my own unpracticed eyes it was evident that the specimens were white and brecciated marble of the richest quality.

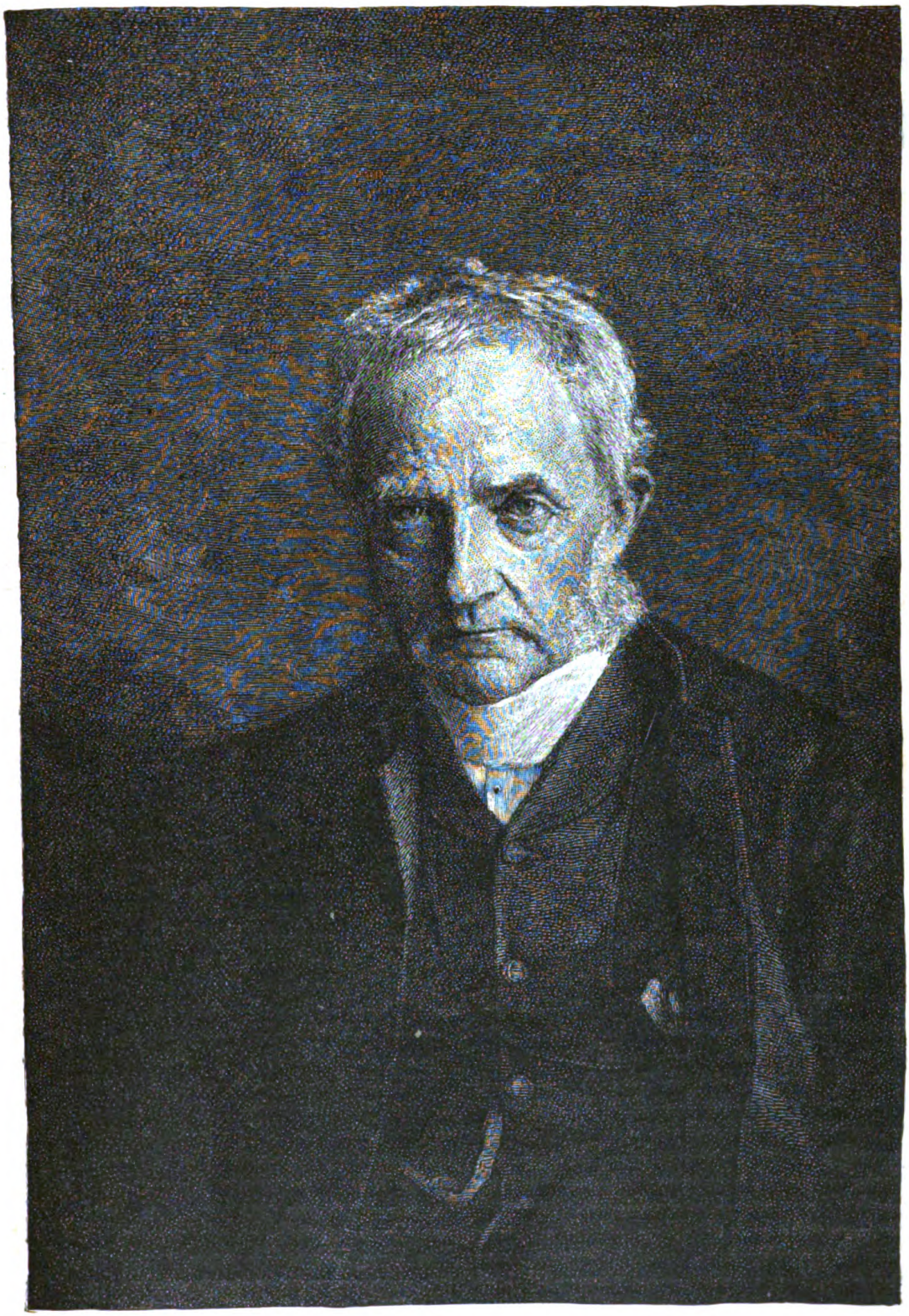
"I ought now to explain how this good fortune came about," Mr. Holmes said, with his unalterable simplicity and suavity. "It is due to Francesco, who in Italy, it seems, followed the trade of a marble-cutter. He came running in, soon after you left us last, exclaiming, 'Broccolata! broccolata! breccia! breccia!' and showed me some rough lumps of stone, which he made me understand he had discovered at the precise spot where you had the fight with your buck. A small stream runs near, it seems, and had washed the marble to view. Francesco seemed quite wild. He had gone backward and forward, and found that the marble cropped out everywhere, both white and brecciated. He then hurried back, and with the assistance of an old grindstone in an out-house, ground down the slabs, and afterward polished them. I am a very good geologist—it has been my hobby all my life—and I can assure you that this breccia is of the very finest quality; altogether harder and of closer grain, and consequently easier and safer to work, than that used in the pillars in the old Chamber of Representatives at Washington. Nothing could be more desirable for mantel-pieces, centre tables, and every use to which the finest breccia is put; and there is the white marble besides. I think I may say with some degree of certainty that I have a fortune in this mine, and that I shall purchase a comfortable villa, and spend my last days in a less solitary spot than this."

I looked at the tranquil and smiling face, and understood for the first time how much noble simplicity lay perdu under this quiet exterior—how truly elevated in character this man must be, who bore good and bad fortune with the same serenity. Before he could reply I heard a step behind me, and Cary came in, flushed and with radiant eyes. Behind her Francesco and Carita came running, followed by Beppo, who uttered a joyous bark.

"Padrone! mio padrone!" cried Francesco, holding up a specimen of jet-black marble veined with white and red. "Altrettanto dell' uno quanto dell' altro!" And pouring forth a flood of speech, Francesco seemed about to go out of his wits, while Beppo barked joyfully in unison.

After all, Mr. Holmes was the true prophet. We are living with him in his suburban villa, not he with us; but then it is just the same, since we are all together. There is a very pretty grass-plot in front of the house, where my two boys roll and enjoy themselves in the summer evenings. In this wholesome employment they are generally aided and abetted by a grizzled foreigner, with rings in his ears, who answers to the name of Francesco, and sometimes by a quiet black-haired maiden named Carita, who are our friends; and on the porch sits, in these summer evenings, waiting for me, a young lady in a pretty evening dress, with yellow-auburn hair in a crown upon her forehead, and the largest and bluest eyes that I ever saw.

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ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.

See Page 911.

[Taken by Samuel A. Walker, 230 Regent Street, London, at the Deanery, Westminster, in his "At Home" Series of Photographs.]

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THERE is no accounting for the tastes of travellers. Mr. Paul Du Chaillu was born in Africa, where he made wonderful journeys and discoveries that earned him world-wide honor; but although he proved himself superior to all the torments of equatorial travel, it was quite natural to suppose that yearly, after his return, he would, on the approach of winter, hurry shiveringly from New York to at least the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. What he really did, however, when seized anew by the fever of travel, was to cross the Atlantic and go as near to the north pole as the route by land would allow. For five years he remained within or near the arctic circle; and although thousands of his admirers declared that his imprudence would cost him his life, he returned in enviable health, having entirely escaped even the rheumatism that is supposed to claim for its own all travellers from milder climes. One important result of his trip is a large and extremely interesting book,* just published simultaneously in America, England, Germany, France, Sweden, and Denmark—an incident unparalleled in the history of book publication.



AN OLD NORSE CHIEF.

Like the author's other works, *The Land of the Midnight Sun* derives much of its charm from the novelty of the scenes and people described. Portions of Scandinavia have at times exerted mighty influences on the remainder of Europe, so it would seem that at least the southern parts of Sweden and Norway would have attracted the attention of many writers. To Mr. Du Chaillu, however, belongs the honor of having written the first comprehensive sketch of the country and its inhabitants. The Scandinavian peninsula now devotes its attention strictly to its own affairs. It is not on the road between the remainder of Europe and anywhere in particular; so, excepting a few English sportsmen and an occasional party whose first desire is to see the sun at midnight, their second longing being to get back to their comfortable homes as soon as possible, the foreigner is seldom seen in the land, so the natives are simply what their own surroundings have made them, and their dress, customs, and homes are in great part unlike those of any other country. Where else in the world is the buyer trusted to make out his own bills? Where else do parents go to bed at night before their daughters' lovers arrive? In what other part of Europe are there provinces where all the peasants bathe weekly, where there are jails that never are occupied, where the annual death rate is not one per cent., and where jurymen

* *The Land of the Midnight Sun.* Summer and Winter Journeys through Sweden, Norway, Lapland, and Northern Finland. By PAUL B. DU CHAILLU, author of *Explorations in Equatorial Africa*, *A Journey to Ashango-Land*, *Stories of the Gorilla Country*, etc. With Map and 233 Illustrations. In Two Volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers. London: John Murray.

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are elected by the people, instead of being drawn hap-hazard from among such citizens as are not smart enough to shirk jury duty? Nearly every one of Mr. Du Chaillu's descriptions of the people compels the reader to believe that if the descendants of the Vikings are so honest, industrious, peaceable, and hearty, the dreaded incursions of alleged marauders did not do England any great harm after all.

The most striking quality of Scandinavian character seems to be hospitality. Throughout Norway, Sweden, and the far North the author was heartily received by every one, from the king in his palace to the Laplander in his tent. During five years of almost incessant travel, in the course of which every part of the peninsula was visited, Mr. Du Chaillu was coolly treated only once. The Swedes and Norwegians have the reputation of being reserved and cold, but this is true of them only when they meet strangers of the class best suggested by the word "tourist." To any one whose interest in them can not be measured by a stare or two and a few impertinent questions they are unsuspicious and communicative, as well as cordial to the verge of affection. Mr. Du Chaillu went among them freely, conversed with them in their language, wore garments like their own, and took part in their labors, sports, and ceremonies. The treatment he received in return causes him to speak most enthusiastically in praise of their sociability and kindness.

As in all other countries that retain primitive habits, hospitality in Scandinavia always implies eating and drinking. The poorest farmer or fisherman always has something to offer the visitor, and lack of appetite is generally construed as a slight. The author mentions one occasion on which, to avoid hurting any one's feelings, he ate thirty times in two days, and drank thirty-four cups of coffee. Often strong cheese is offered just before a meal to provoke appetite, and in the cities a formal dinner is preceded by a *smörgås*, or lunch, at a table crowded with alleged appetizers. On a single *smörgås* table the author noted smoked reindeer meat, smoked salmon with poached eggs, raw salmon freshly salted, hard-boiled eggs, caviare, fried sausage, anchovy, smoked goose breast, cucumbers, raw salt herring, several kinds of cheese and as many of bread, and a salad made of pickled herring, boiled meat, potatoes, eggs, beets, and onions. There were also three kinds of spirits on the table, and



RUNIC STONE AT TJÄNGVIDE.

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from these and the various dishes the guests helped themselves bountifully, and then did justice to an excellent dinner. An American who would attempt by such means to gain an appetite would be helpless before reaching the dinner table, and his dyspepsia would be one of the most wonderful cases on record; but the Swedes seldom complain of indigestion, and they certainly live longer than their Western neighbors.

There is delicious satire in the fact that the Norseman of the present day, the descendant of the most famous robbers that overran Europe, is distinguished above all other Europeans for his honesty and sim-



NORTH CAPE.

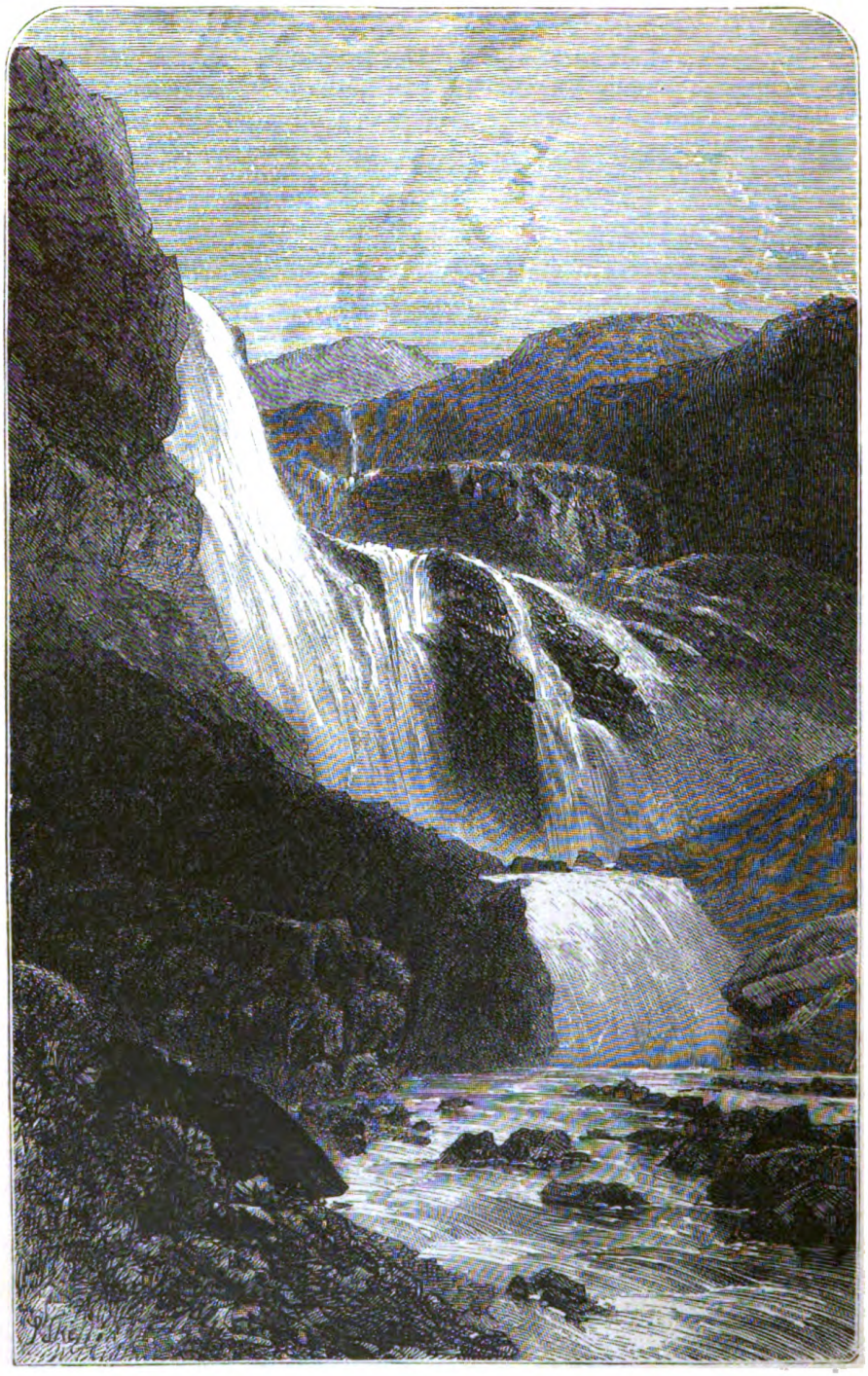
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plicity. Not once during his long residence in Scandinavia did the author lose any of his property by theft, although he often left his bag of money exposed in sleigh or wagon. On two or three occasions he lost his watch or his money, but invariably they were found, and brought back to him without any assistance from the authorities; and the bringer would appear not only surprised but hurt if offered payment for what seemed a mere neighborly service. Occasionally the fisherman who finds other nets or lines entangled with his own in the water will remove all fish that he sees without being careful to set aside those really caught by his neighbor; once in a while, too, the honest Lapp in the far North may not make haste to report that a reindeer or two have strayed into his herd; but these offenses are winked at very much after the manner of Americans toward the saintly deacon who overreaches his neighbor in a horse trade. Of common thieves, however, there seem to be absolutely none outside of the cities. Simple trust in the honor of every one seems to be universal, and this feeling extends even to the social relations. Conventional restraints are often set aside to an extent



DRESSING THE BRIDE.

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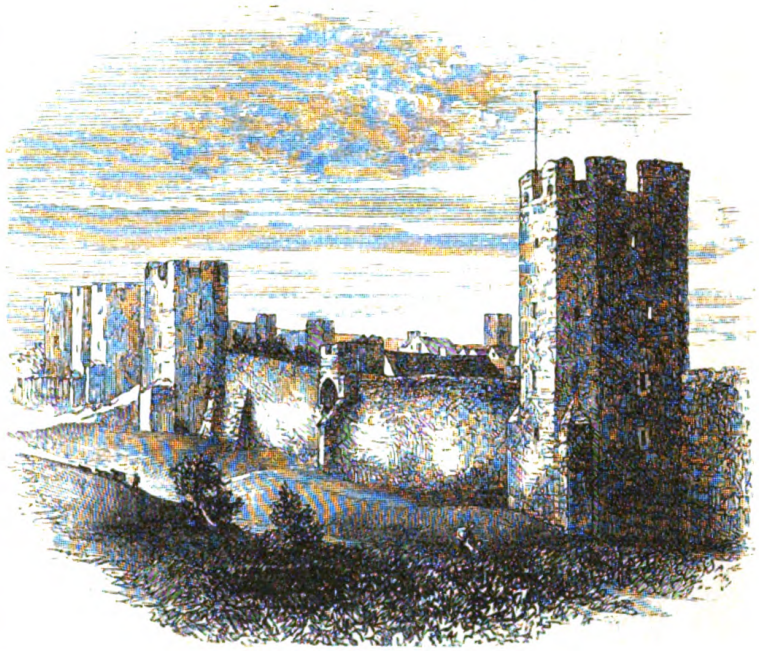
THE SKJAEGGDAL, A WATER-FALL IN NORWAY.

that startles and horrifies the traveller, until he discovers that they are not maintained because they are not necessary.

The Scandinavian is earnest, industrious, and methodical in everything he does. He works, during the daylight season of the year, longer hours than any American would think of doing, and his industrial habits are as regular as those of the clock. He is equally thorough about his devotions; the church may be far from his farm, and the Sunday very stormy, but he attends service if he is not sick. Congregations of from three to five

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thousand persons are not unusual in the rural districts. He is just as much in earnest when at his diversions. An old farmer will fiddle all evening while his family—children and servants included—dance. He is very fond of visiting; and a wedding is sufficient excuse for a three days' jollification. Preparations for a wedding feast begin weeks beforehand, and are so extensive that M. Du Chaillu was utterly amazed at the quantity of solids and liquids that he saw stored against an approaching marriage feast. Invitations to weddings are sent out well in advance of the happy day, so that the guests may prepare for two or three days' absence from home; and the poorest person invited is never without a wedding garment. The happy couple eat, drink, and dance with everybody; and it seems never to have occurred to the people to inquire how they do it. There is a limit to the endurance of the native head and stomach, and this generally is found on the third day; then the guests, on bidding good-by to the bride, tender their wedding presents, which always consist of money, and are deposited, without being examined, in a box which the bride wears at her side. How many American girls will wish—only to themselves—that a similar custom might prevail here can not easily be estimated, but all of them will understand why there are but few bachelors in the land of the midnight sun. Long as are the wedding festivities, those of Christmas far exceed them, for feasting and fun are industriously kept up from Christmas-eve to Twelfth-night, and quaint and charming are some of the attendant ceremonies.



THE WALLS OF WISBY.



OLD DRINKING HORN.

The patriarchal mode of life seems to have been better preserved in Scandinavia than in any other part of Europe. Even in the cities, where the habits of good society are in no way inferior to those of similar circles in England and France, servants and other social inferiors are treated with thoughtfulness and consideration to a degree that is seldom approached even in our own land of boasted equality, and many large employers look to the general well-being of their workmen, caring for the sick, and pensioning the families

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of those who die in their employ. In the farming districts, where the people are fully as well educated as those of any rural district in the United States, the servants form part of the family circle at the table, around the hearth-stone, or in the pew at church; they share the best sleeping apartments of the family, wear just as good clothing as the master and mistress, and the maids, if they are as pretty, get as much attention from masculine visitors as the daughters of the house, too. One fine old farmer, Thord by name, who entertained the late king during that ruler's trip to Norway for coronation, sent the king word to bring no silver service with him, as there was enough on the estate for the whole royal party. While domestics can eat at the board at the head of which sits such a man, it is useless for American ladies to sigh for the "perfect Swedish servant" that they have heard so much about.

The author admires the scenery of Norway and Sweden as heartily as he does the people. There is a general impression that all Scandinavian landscapes are rugged and gloomy; some of them certainly appear to be sombre, though many of these are unspeakably grand; both countries, however, have regions as smiling and beautiful as any in England, and offer the traveller a variety that he can not find within similar area anywhere else in the world. The western coast of the Scandinavian peninsula is indented by numerous narrow, long bays called fiords, with water sometimes nearly a mile deep, while their sides are abrupt and mountainous. Farther inland there are wonderful water-falls in profusion: the author's volumes contain sketches of many of these, and the American trembles for the fame of some of the noted cataracts and cascades of his own country as he reads of rivers that tumble about a quarter of a mile at a single leap, and then repeat this gentle exercise once or twice. Enormous snowy mountains may be enjoyed in variety throughout the winter season, and reached without journeying half-way across a continent, as the American must generally do if he desires a first-class mountain view. The mountains of Northern Scandinavia make themselves particularly attractive by night, and so does everything else picturesque, for, as if to compensate the native for almost total



BORGUND CHURCH.

insisted on entertaining the author at a special table, but first he ate with his family and servants. Feeling sure that six meals per day instead of three would cause his host discomfort, Mr. Du Chaillu remonstrated with Thord, who replied that if he were to absent himself from his family table, the servants would think him proud. And yet this considerate old fellow was a descendant of King Harold the Fair-haired, and inhabited an estate that had been in his family a thousand years—an estate so rich that his father,

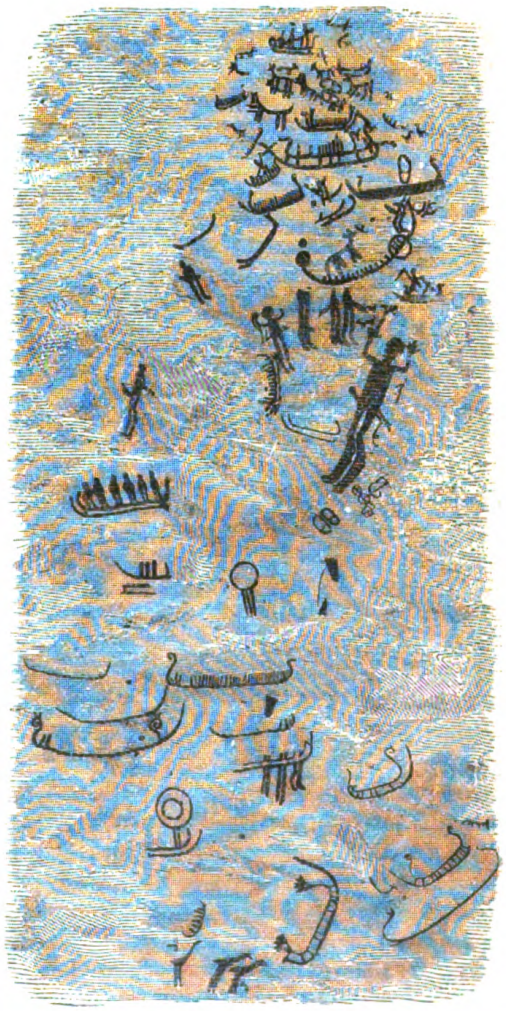
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GOLDEN BOWL, BLEKINGE.—[ONE-HALF ITS SIZE.]

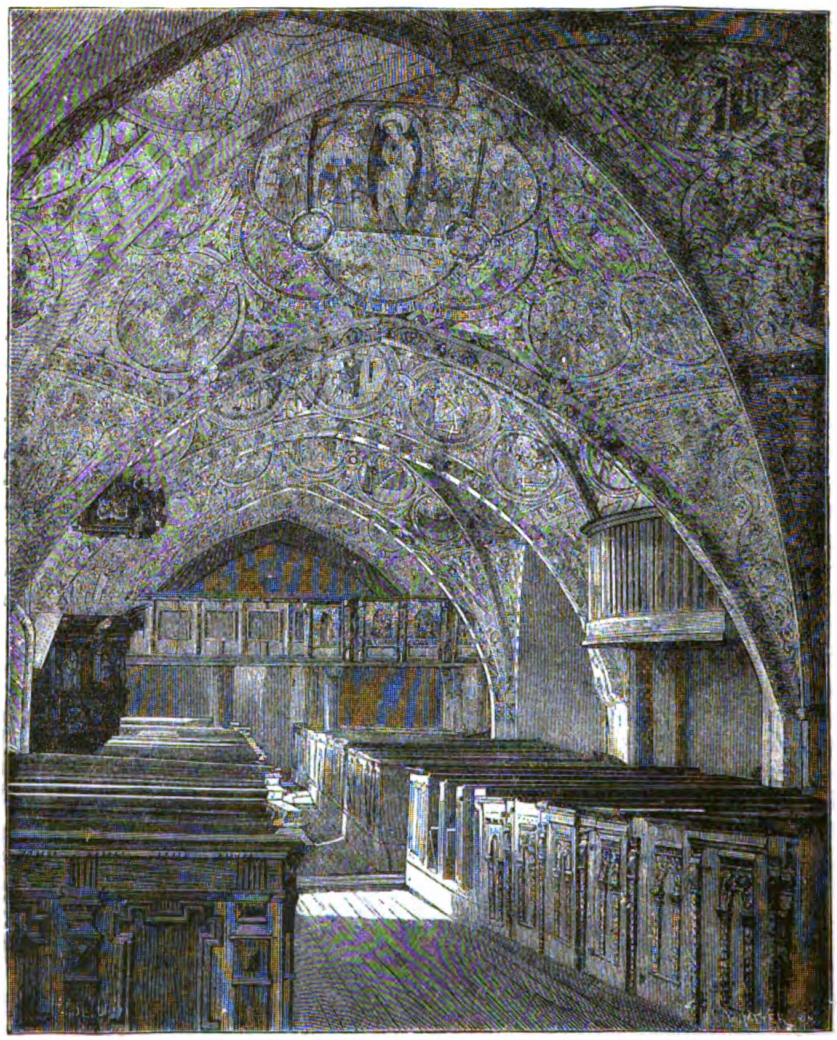
withdrawal of daylight during the winter season, nature gives him moonlight and starlight such as are seldom seen in lower latitudes. Where the scenery does not startle the beholder by its grandeur, it is quite likely to charm by its beauty, for the less hilly portions of the peninsula are fully covered by farms, the buildings of which are quaint and quite unlike anything to be seen elsewhere. The age attributed to some of these buildings seems impossible, for it is not assuring to national pride to know that some Swedish farmers lived in solid, comfortable, roomy houses when our English ancestors occupied mere hovels, but the evidence that some of these farm-houses date back five, seven, and even ten centuries seems conclusive. Equally old and interesting are many of the churches, and they are not, like most of those of a similar period in other lands, merely picturesque ruins, as will be seen by a picture or two which we borrow from the score or more that the author displays in his book. The interiors of some of these old churches indicate that Sweden had money enough to secure the best architects of the day, and to fully carry out their designs.

Indeed, for interesting antiquities Sweden may safely challenge comparison with any other nation in the north of Europe. Even had she only the remains of the old city of Wisby, she could outdo any of her neighbors in a competitive display of antiquities and of honorable historical record. In the days when London was merely the principal city of England, and centuries before Liverpool existed as a shipping port, Wisby was the centre of trade in Northern Europe, her business relations extending to Greece, Rome, India, and Persia. The present walls of the city, with towers sixty or seventy feet high, were built six centuries ago, for even at that time the community was so rich as to require special protection. The merchants had their code of commercial laws, which still is held in high respect in business circles everywhere. The city was as full as London of rich guilds, and contained many large and beautiful churches, some of which remain to testify to the wealth and taste of their builders. Like all of the rich European cities, Wisby was one day captured, sacked, and almost destroyed. Perhaps it was at this time that the citizens buried the immense quantity of valuable portable property since discovered; or perhaps the Wisby savings-banks, like many of the present day, taught the people that the surest way of keeping their money was to take care of it themselves. But whatever the reason, the soil of Wisby has in late years proved particularly



ROCK CUTTING NEAR BACKA.—[ONE SIXTY-SEVENTH ITS SIZE.]

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INTERIOR OF RISINGE CHURCH, ÖSTERGÖTLAND.

auriferous: great quantities of European coins have been dug from the ground, many of those of Rome dating back to the first century of the Christian era, while of Asiatic coins more than ten thousand are known to have been found; and as men seldom tell about the finding of money, it is reasonable to suppose that the entire find has been enormous. Large quantities of valuable jewels, gold and silver vessels, etc., have been discovered, as well as the seals of some of the great guilds. Hundreds of buildings still remain as mute evidences of the substantial prosperity of the old merchants, and numerous ancient family tombs make interesting additions to the city's record.

But Wisby (which is on an island) is only one of the old Scandinavian cities; on the mainland were many others older and much larger, although perhaps not so rich, and their remains are equally interesting. How many of the valuables found in these cities really originated there is a somewhat delicate question to discuss, for the old Scandinavians, like all other powerful nations of the same period, had a habit of going in immense surprise parties to other countries, and bringing back whatever suited their fancy, dispensing entirely with the formality of asking the original owner's consent. Exquisite vases in gold, silver, and bronze have been found, and so have valuable ornaments in great profusion, while household utensils, armor, weapons, and even fairly preserved Viking ships are numerous enough to throw much light on Scandinavian life in the Middle Ages. As usual in old countries, the tombs yield

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valuable contributions to the general store of antiquities, besides being quite curious in themselves.

Most interesting, however, of all Norse remains are the rock tracings, which at one stage of the country's development were the only substitutes for national and local records. Every one knows what they are when he sees them, but there knowledge ends. Many students have labored over them as faithfully as others have done over our own darling obelisk, but the translations disagree as hopelessly as politicians. More legible in appearance, though sometimes just as puzzling in reality, are the rune stones,



TRAVELLING IN LAPLAND.

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REINDEER DIGGING IN THE SNOW.

bearing inscriptions in characters that were designed to be mystical, and certainly succeeded in being mysterious. Among those that are decipherable are some inscriptions on memorial stones, which state that the late lamented departed this life in Greece, Rome, or the Saracen land—places to which the Norsemen have not generally been suspected of wandering.

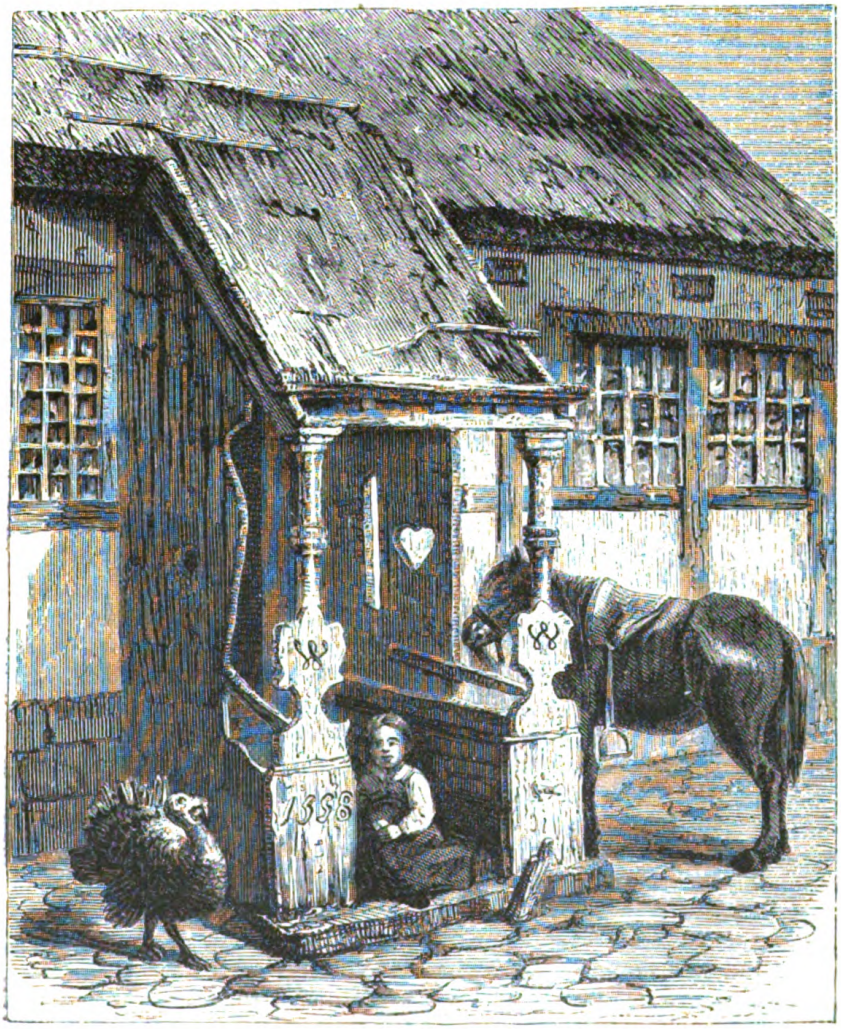
Of course the author's first duty was to pay his respects to the midnight sun, which he saw from North Cape, the northernmost extremity of Scandinavia. As he approached the arctic circle he naturally expected to be delivered from the swarms of buzzing insects that sometimes make life miserable in lower latitudes; to his great surprise and disgust, however, the pests increased as he moved farther north. Mosquitoes were sometimes so numerous that it seemed a mystery how they could find enough air to breathe, and the author insists on being believed when he tells of a swarm so dense that it hid three men who were standing near by. In the middle of August these pests give way to a hard-biting gnat, which is nevertheless not wholly pitiless, for it remains out-of-doors, and does not bite at night. After these comes a sand-fly that lunches on poor humanity until cold weather suppresses him. As all of these tormentors attend to business throughout the whole summer day, which is not broken by anything worth the name of night, a trip to the midnight sun costs much more than money, although the traveller will not admit that the cost is too great.

A sketch of the far North without some description of Lapland, its people and its reindeer, would be as disappointing as a performance of *Hamlet* without the melancholy Dane. Mr. Du Chaillu spent much time in Lapland, and declares the Lapps to be a much-misrepresented people. Instead of being dark of complexion, black-haired, stupid, heathenish, and murderous, as even some Swedes and Norwegians believe them to be, the author found them light of hair and color, agile, industrious, bright, hospitable, and as good Christians as any other people. They are not always as cleanly as some other races, for building material is scarce in Lapland, houses or tents are small, and washing-day preparations are sometimes impossible. Their morals are of a high order. Many of them are fairly educated, and nearly all of them are religious in both form and spirit. The author's religious beliefs were carefully investigated at length by men and women alike. Some of the Lapps go abroad and become rich; Mr. Du Chaillu refers to several of these who are in the United States, where one of them owns a brown-stone front; but most of them prefer to remain in their own land. In the words of the author: "Happy and contented with his lot in the world, endowed with a religious nature which a barren and lonely land contributes to intensify, the Lapp believes in God, in his Bible, in the Lord Jesus Christ as the Son of God, and in a future life. From that dreary waste his songs of praise and his prayers are uttered with a faith which ceases only with his breath, and he departs rejoicing that he is going to the 'better land.'"

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The reindeer, which in one way or another manages to be almost the entire support of the Lapps who have herds, is a large, heavy animal with remarkable independence of character. He will not accept shelter under cover, no matter how inclement the weather may be. Neither will he eat any food that is offered him; he prefers to seek his own sustenance, which consists principally of a peculiar moss, and as this grows very slowly, requiring about seven years in which to reach maturity, the Lapp must shift his home from time to time to meet the necessities of his herd. In midwinter the moss may be covered by several feet of snow, but the deer digs a hole with his feet, and disappears from the surface, burrowing his way through the snow as he follows his nose from one tuft of moss to another. The flesh of the reindeer is quite palatable and nutritious, his skin makes very warm garments as well as durable harness, and cheese made of reindeer milk is very rich, although the quantity of milk yielded per day seems scarcely worth the taking, as it amounts to a mere teacupful.

Unlike the general traveller who writes books, Mr. Du Chaillu has interested himself in every intellectual, social, and industrial phase of the national life. To those who read his frequent allusions to the music and song heard everywhere it will no longer seem strange that Jenny Lind, Christine Nilsson, and Ole Bull should have come from Sweden instead of Italy, the supposed mother of singers. The dying art of vocal serenading seems to flourish vigorously in Sweden and Norway, and instrumental music is so common that the author reports pianos



AN OLD HOUSE IN SKANE—1558.

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within the arctic circle, and towns farther south where these instruments are found in the ratio of one to every twenty-five people. Great attention is bestowed upon dress and the beautifying of homes, although taste is superior to the rage for display. Facilities for communication are good, cheap, and fully equal to the demand; the postal service is fully as good as our own, and a perfect telegraph system covers the peninsula, the operators being compelled to understand at least three languages. The common schools are as thorough in their methods as those of America, and considerably higher in grade, for the poorest child can obtain instruction in higher mathematics, the natural sciences, Latin, Greek, and modern languages. Excellent technical schools exist, and good universities crown the educational system.

Although in Norway and Sweden there are many mines and mills, most of the people gain their living either out of the soil or the sea. The farmer in either country is a marvel of industry and thrift; he would live upon what an American farmer wastes, and live more comfortably than our farming population do, as a rule. The amount of labor performed at the special dairy-farms, to which cattle are driven in summer, generally by girls, would horrify a Western maiden; but the Swedish and Norwegian girls thrive on it, enjoying rare good health, and consequent happiness. Still more exacting is the home care of cattle in winter, when much of the food must be specially prepared. On some soil that here would be condemned as good for nothing, fair crops are grown and harvested in the short summer, while in the southern provinces the yield is equal to that of model farms in America.

The maritime statistics of the two countries, and of Norway in particular, are simply staggering. Last year more than a thousand Norwegian vessels entered the port of New York, and seven times as many were busy elsewhere. More than sixty thousand sailors man these vessels, and yet Norwegian sailors are numerous in the merchant navy of almost every other country. About a hundred and twenty thousand Norwegians are engaged in the fisheries. The author minutely describes the great fishing stations of Norway, and here, as elsewhere, is struck by the attention paid by the government to all its resources. Every fishing station has a superintendent, appointed by the government, and the date of beginning the season's work, the time of starting out for the day, and even the places in which the fish are prepared for market, are determined by him; but the officer's duties seem to consist principally in preventing confusion or bad feeling. No liquor is sold at fishing stations, and yet the men, who are directly in the path of all the "American weather" that crosses the Atlantic, are a remarkably healthy and vigorous set of fellows; they wear good clothes, too, which is not done by fishermen in general. To their abstemiousness must be attributed the lack of strife; during a long visit to the fishing stations the author saw no fighting, and did not hear a single oath. No fishing is permitted on Sunday. Drunkenness and profanity are rare everywhere in Scandinavia; there seems to be absolutely no idle, non-producing, dangerous class, such as is the main-stay of vice in every other European country. At fairs and feasts there is a great deal of drinking, but the period is brief, and the fun never culminates in fighting.

So thoroughly has the author interested himself in Scandinavia that the reader can ask scarcely a question about the country that the book does not answer. The geology of the country, and the effect of the glaciers, many of which are still at work, are minutely set forth. The development of the people is traced from the stone age down to modern times, and even the dwellings, from the first departure from cave life, are described at length, the text being illustrated by many engravings of houses at different periods. Much valuable information is given about the fauna and flora, the climate, temperature, and rain-fall—the result being a general disabusing of popular impression. Unlike many books of travel, these volumes are illustrated solely from photographs and sketches made from the people and scenes described, so the pictures contribute directly to the reader's information. Mr. Du Chaillu can not claim to be the original discoverer of Scandinavia, but he certainly has the honor of being the first to make known to the world the country as it exists to-day.

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CHAPTER XXII.

"A slave had long worn a chain upon his ankle. By the order of his master it was removed. 'Why dost thou spring aloft and sing, O slave? Surely the sun is as fierce and thy burden as heavy as before.' The slave replied: 'Ten times the sun and the burden would seem light, now that the chain is removed.'"—*From the Arabic.*

MISS LOIS'S letter was a wail:

"MY POOR DEAR OUTRAGED CHILD,—What *can* I say to you? There is no use in trying to *prepare* you for it, since you would never *conceive* such *double-dyed* blackness of heart! Tita has *run away*. She slipped off clandestinely, and they think she has followed *Rast*, who left yesterday on his way back to St. Louis and the West. Père Michaux has followed *her*, saying that if he found them together he should, acting as Tita's guardian, insist upon a *marriage* before he returned! He feels himself responsible for *Tita*, he says, and paid no attention when I asked him if no one was to be responsible for *you!* My poor child, it seems that I have been blind all along; I never *dreamed* of what was going on. The little minx deceived me completely. I thought her so much improved, so studious, while all the time she was meeting Erastus, or planning to meet him, with a skill far beyond *my* comprehension. All last summer, they tell me, she was with him constantly; those daily journeys to Père Michaux's island were for that purpose, while *I* supposed they were for prayers. What *Erastus* thought or meant, no one seems to know; but they all combined in declaring that the child (child no longer!) was deeply in love with him, and that everybody saw it save *me*. My New England blood could not, I am proud to say, grasp it! You know, my poor darling, the opinion I have *always* had concerning Tita's mother, who slyly and artfully inveigled your honored father into a *trap*. Tita has therefore but followed in her mother's footsteps.

"That Erastus has ever *cared*, or cares now in the least, for her, save as a plaything, I will *never* believe. But Père Michaux is like a *mule* for stubbornness, as you know, and I fear he will marry them in *any* case. He did not seem to think of *you* at all, and when I said, 'Anne will *die* of grief!' he only smiled—yes, *smiled*—and Frenchly shrugged his shoulders! My poor child, I have but little hope, because if he appeals to Erastus's *honor*, what can the boy do? He is the soul of honor.

"I can hardly write, my brain has been so overturned. To think that *Tita* should have outwitted us all at her age, and gained her point over everything, over you and over Rast—poor, poor Rast, who will be so *miserably* sacrificed! I will write again to-morrow; but if Père Michaux carries out his strange *Jesuitical* design, you will hear from him probably before you can hear again from me. Bear up, my dearest Anne. I acknowledge that, so far, I have found it difficult to see the Divine purpose in this, unless indeed it be to inform us that we are all but cinders and ashes; which, however, I for one have long hopelessly known."

Mrs. Bryden's letter:

"DEAR ANNE,—I feel drawn toward you more closely since the illness and death of our dear Dr. Gaston, who loved you so tenderly, and talked so much of you during his last days with us. It is but a short time since I wrote to you, giving some of the messages he left, and telling of his peaceful departure; but now I feel that I must write again upon a subject which is painful, yet one upon which you should have, I think, all the correct details immediately. Miss Hinsdale is no doubt writing to you also; but she does not know all. She has not perceived, as we have, the gradual approaches to this catastrophe—I can call it by no other name.

"When you went away, your half-sister was a child. With what has seemed lightning rapidity she has grown to womanhood, and for months it has been plainly evident that she was striving in every way to gain and hold the attention of Erastus Pronando. He lingered here almost all summer, as you will remember; Tita followed him everywhere. Miss Hinsdale, absorbed in the cares of housekeeping, knew nothing of it; but daily, on one pretext or another, they were together. Whether Erastus was interested I have no means of knowing; but that Tita is now extremely pretty in a certain style, and that she was absorbed in him, we could all see. It was not our affair; yet we might have felt called upon to make it ours if it had not been for Père Michaux. He was her constant guardian.

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"Erastus went away yesterday in advance of the mail-train. He bade us all good-by, and I am positive that he had no plan, not even a suspicion of what was to follow. We have a new mail-carrier this winter, Denis being confined to his cabin with rheumatism. Tita must have slipped away unperceived, and joined this man at dusk on the ice a mile or two below the island; her track was found this morning. Erastus expected to join the mail-train to-day, and she knew it, of course; the probability is, therefore, that they are now together. It seems hardly credible that so young a head could have arranged its plans so deftly; yet it is certainly true that, even if Rast wished to bring her back, he could not do so immediately, not until the up-train passed them. Père Michaux started after them this morning, travelling in his own sledge. He thinks (it is better that you should know it, Anne) that Erastus *is* fond of Tita, and that only his engagement to you has held him back. Now that the step has been taken, he has no real doubt but that Rast himself will wish to marry her, and without delay.



MISS LOIS SIGHED DEEPLY.—[SEE PAGE 899.]

"All this will seem very strange to you, my dear child; but I trust it will not be so hard a blow as Miss Hinsdale apprehends. Père Michaux told me this morning in so many words: 'Anne has never loved the boy with anything more than the affection of childhood. It will be for her a release.' He was convinced of this, and went off on his journey with what looked very much like gladness. I hope,

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with all my heart, that he is right." Then, with a few more words of kindly friendship, the letter ended.

The other envelope bore the rude pen-and-ink postmark of a Northwestern lumber settlement, where travellers coming down from the North in the winter over the ice and snow met the pioneer railroad, which had pushed its track to that point before the blockade of the cold began.

Tita's letter:

"DEEREST SISTER,—You will not I am sure blaime your little Tita for following the impulse of her *hart*. Since you were hear I have grown up and it is the truth that Rast has loved me for *yeers* of his own accord and because he could not help it—deerest sister who can. But he never ment to break his word to you and he tryed not to but was devowered by his love for me and you will forgive him deerest sister will you not since there is no more hope for you as we were married by Père Michaux an hour ago who approved of all and has hartily given us his bennydiction. Since my spiritual directeur has no reproche you will not have enny I am sure and remain your loving sister, ANGÉLIQUE PRONANDO."

"P. S. We go to Chicago to-day. Enny money for *close* for me could be sent to the Illinois Hotel, where my deerest husband says we are to stay. A. P."

Père Michaux's letter:

"DEAR ANNE,—It is not often that I speak so bluntly as I shall speak now. In marrying, this morning, your half-sister Angélique to Erastus Pronando I feel that I have done you a great service. You did not love him with the real love of a nature like yours—the love that will certainly come to you some day; perhaps has already come. I have always known this, and, in accordance with it, did all I could to prevent the engagement originally. I failed; but this day's work has made up for the failure.

"Angélique has grown into a woman. She is also very beautiful, after a peculiar fashion of her own. All the strength of her nature, such as it is, is concentrated upon the young man who is now her husband. From childhood she has loved him; she was bitterly jealous of you even before you went away. I have been aware of this, but until lately I was not sure of Rast. Her increasing beauty, however, added to her intense absorbed interest in him, has conquered. Seeing this, I have watched with satisfaction the events of the past summer, and have even assisted somewhat (and with a clear conscience) in their development.

"Erastus, even if you had loved him, Anne, could not have made you happy. And neither would you have made him happy; for he is quick-witted, and he would have inevitably, and in spite of all your tender humility, my child, discovered your intellectual superiority, and in time would have angrily resented it. For he is vain; his nature is light; he needs adulation in order to feel contented. On the other hand, he is kind-hearted and affectionate, and to Tita will be a demi-god always. The faults that would have been death to you, she will never see. She is therefore the fit wife for him.

"You will ask, Does he love her? I answer, Yes. When he came back to the island, and found her so different, the same elfish little creature, but now strangely pretty, openly fond of him, following him everywhere, with the words of a child but the eyes of a woman, he was at first surprised, then annoyed, then amused, interested, and finally fascinated. He struggled against it. I give him the due of justice—he did struggle. But Tita was always *there*. He went away hurriedly at the last, and if it had not been for Dr. Gaston's illness and his own recall to the island, it might not have gone farther. Tita understood this as well as I did; she made the most of her time. Still, I am quite sure that he had no suspicion she intended to follow him; the plan was all her own. She did follow him. And I followed her. I caught up with them that very day at sunset, and an hour ago I married them. If you have not already forgiven me, Anne, you will do so some day. I have no fear. I can wait. I shall go on with them as far as Chicago, and then, after a day or two, I shall return to the island. Do not be disturbed by anything Miss Lois may write. She has been blindly mistaken from the beginning. In truth, there is a vein of obstinate weakness on some subjects in that otherwise estimable woman, for which I have always been at a loss to account."

Ah, wise old priest, there are some things too deep for even you to know!

Rast's letter was short. It touched Anne more than any of the others:

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"What must you think of me, Annet? Forgive me, and forget me. I *did* try. But would you have cared for a man who had to try? When I think of you I scorn myself. But she is the sweetest, dearest, most winning little creature the world ever saw; and my only excuse is that—I love her. E. P."

These few lines, in which the young husband made out no case for himself, sought no shield in the little bride's own rashness, but simply avowed his love, and took all the responsibility upon himself, pleased the elder sister. It was manly. She was glad that Tita had a defender.

She had read these last letters standing in the centre of her room, Jeanne-Armande anxiously watching her from the open door. The Frenchwoman had poured out a glass of water, and had it in readiness; she thought that perhaps Anne was going to faint. With no distinct idea of what had happened, she had lived in a riot of conjecture for two days.

But instead of fainting, Anne, holding the letters in her hand, turned and looked at her.

"Well, dear, will you go to bed?" she said, solicitously.

"Why should I go to bed?"

"I thought perhaps you had heard—had heard bad news."

"On the contrary," replied Anne, slowly and gravely, "I am afraid, mademoiselle, that the news is good—even very good."

For her heart had flown out of its cage and upward as a freed bird darts up in the sky. The bond, on her side at least, was gone; she was free. *Now* she would live a life of self-abnegation and labor, but without inward thralldom. Women had lived such lives before she was born, women would live such lives after she was dead. She would be one of the sisterhood, and coveting nothing of the actual joy of love, she would cherish only the ideal, an altar-light within, burning forever. The cares of each day were as nothing now: she was free, free!

In her exaltation she did not recognize as wrong the opposite course she had intended to follow before the lightning fell, namely, uniting herself to one man while so deeply loving another. She was of so humble and unconscious a spirit regarding herself that it had not seemed to her that the inner feelings of her heart would be of consequence to Rast, so long as she was the obedient, devoted, faithful wife she was determined with all her soul to be. For she had not that imaginative egotism which so many women possess, which makes them spend their lives in illusion, weaving around their every thought and word an importance which no one else can discern. According to these women, there are a thousand innocent acts which "he" (lover or husband) "would not for an instant allow," although to the world at large "he" appears indifferent enough. They go through long turmoil, from which they emerge triumphantly, founded upon some hidden jealousy which "he" is supposed to feel, so well hidden generally, and so entirely supposed, that persons with less imagination never observe it. But after all, smile as we may, it is only those who are in most respects happy and fortunate wives who can so entertain themselves. For cold unkindness, or a harsh and brutal word, will rend this filmy fabric of imagination immediately, never to be rewoven again.

Anne wrote to Rast, repeating the contents of the old letter, which had been doomed never to reach him. She asked him to return the wanderer unopened when it was forwarded to him from the island; there was a depth of feeling in it which it was not necessary now that he should see. She told him that her own avowal should lift from him all the weight of wrong-doing; she had first gone astray. "We were always like brother and sister, Rast; I see it now. It is far better as it is."

A few days later Père Michaux wrote again, and inclosed a picture of Tita. The elder sister gazed at it curiously. This was not Tita; and yet those were her eyes, and that the old well-remembered mutinous expression still lurking about the little mouth. Puzzled, she took it to mademoiselle. "It is my little sister," she said. "Do you think it pretty?"

Jeanne-Armande put on her spectacles, and held it frowningly at different distances from her eyes.

"It is odd," she said at last. "Ye—es, it is pretty too. But, for a child's face, remarkable."

"She is not a child."

"Not a child?"

"No; she is married," replied Anne, smiling.

Mademoiselle pursed up her lips, and examined the picture with one eye closed.

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"After all," she said, "I can believe it. The *eyes* are mature."

The little bride was represented standing; she leaned against a pillar nonchalantly, and outlined on a light background, the extreme smallness of her figure was clearly shown. Her eyes were half veiled by their large drooping lids and long lashes; her little oval face looked small, like that of a child. Her dress was long, and swept over the floor with the richness of silk: evidently Père Michaux had not stinted the lavish little hands when they made their first purchase of a full-grown woman's attire. For the priest had taken upon himself this outlay; the "money for close," of which Tita had written, was provided from his purse. He wrote to Anne that as he was partly responsible for the wedding, he was also responsible for the trousseau; and he returned the money which with great difficulty the elder sister had sent.

"She must be very small," said mademoiselle, musingly, as they still studied the picture.

"She is; she has the most slender little face I ever saw."

Tita's head was thrown back as she leaned against the pillar; there was a half-smile on her delicate lips; her thick hair was still braided childishly in two long braids which hung over her shoulders and down on the silken skirt behind; in her small ears were odd long hoops of gold, which Père Michaux had given her, selecting them himself on account of their adaptation to her half-Oriental, half-elfin beauty. Her cheeks showed no color; there were brown shadows under her eyes. On her slender brown hand shone the heavy wedding ring. The picture was well executed, and had been carefully tinted under Père Michaux's eye: the old priest knew that it was Rast's best excuse.

Now that Anne was freed, he felt no animosity toward the young husband; on the contrary, he wished to advance his interests in every way that he could. Tita was a selfish little creature, yet she adored her husband. She would have killed herself for him at any moment. But first she would have killed him.

He saw them start for the far West, and then he returned northward to his island home. Miss Lois, disheartened by all that had happened, busied herself in taking care of the boys dumbly, and often shook her head at the fire when sitting alone with her knitting. She never opened the old piano now, and she was less stringent with her Indian servants; she would even have given up quietly her perennial alphabet teaching if Père Michaux had not discovered the intention, and quizzically approved it, whereat, of course, she was obliged to go on. In truth, the old man did this purposely, having noticed the change in his old antagonist. He fell into the habit of coming to the church-house more frequently—to teach the boys, he said. He did teach the little rascals, and taught them well, but he also talked to Miss Lois. The original founders of the church-house would have been well astonished could they have risen from their graves and beheld the old priest and the New England woman sitting on opposite sides of the fire in the neat shining room, which still retained its Puritan air in spite of years, the boys, and Episcopal apostasy.

Regarding Rast's conduct, Miss Lois maintained a grim silence. The foundations of her faith in life had been shaken; but how could she, supposed to be a sternly practical person, confess it to the world—confess that she had dreamed like a girl over this broken betrothal?

"Do you not see how much happier, freer, she is?" the priest would say, after reading one of Anne's letters. "The very tone betrays it."

Miss Lois sighed deeply, and poked the fire.

"Pooh! pooh! Do you want her to be *un*happy?" said the old man. "Suppose that it had been the other way? Why not rejoice as I do over her cheerfulness?"

"Why not indeed?" thought Miss Lois. But that stubborn old heart of hers would not let her.

The priest had sent to her also one of the pictures of Tita. One day, after his return, he asked for it. She answered that it was gone.

"Where?"

"Into the fire."

"She can not forgive," he thought, glancing cautiously at the set face opposite.

But it was not Tita whom she could not forgive; it was the young mother, dead long years before.

The winter moved on. Anne had tak-

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en off her engagement ring, and now wore in its place a ring given by her school-girl adorers, who had requested permission in a formal note to present one to their goddess. As she had refused gems, they had selected the most costly plain gold circlet they could find in Weston, spending a long and happy Saturday in the quest. "But it is a wedding ring," said the jeweller.

But why should brides have all the heavy gold? the school-girls wished to know. Other persons could wear plain gold rings also if they pleased.

So they bought the circlet and presented it to Anne with beating hearts and cheeks flushed with pleasure, humbly requesting in return for each a lock of her hair. Then ensued a second purchase of lockets for this hair: it was well that their extravagant little purses were well filled.

To the school-girls the ring meant one thing, to Anne another; she mentally made it a token of the life she intended to lead. Free herself, he was not free; Helen loved him. Probably, also, he had already forgotten his fancy for the lonely girl whom he had seen during those few weeks at Caryl's. She would live her life out as faithfully as she could, thankful above all things for her freedom. Surely strength would be given her to do this. The ring was like the marriage ring of a nun, the token of a vow of patience and humility. During all these long months she had known no more, heard no more, of her companions of that summer than as though they had never existed. The newspapers of Weston and the country at large were not concerned about the opinions and movements of the little circle left behind at Caryl's. Their columns had contained burning words; but they were words relating to the great questions which were agitating the land from the Penobscot to the Rio Grande. Once, in a stray number of the *Home Journal*, she found the following paragraph: "Miss Katharine Vanhorn is in Italy at present. It is understood that Miss Vanhorn contemplates an extended tour, and will not return to this country for two years. Her Hudson River residence and her house in the city are both closed." Anne no longer hoped for any softening of that hard nature; yet the chance lines hurt her, and gave her a forsaken feeling all day.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"War! war! war!
A thunder-cloud in the south in the early spring—
The launch of a thunder-bolt; and then,
With one red flare, the lightning stretched its wing,
And a rolling echo roused a million men."
—EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

APRIL. The sound of military music; the sound of feet keeping step exactly, and overcoming by its regularity the noise of thousands of other feet hurrying on irregularly in front of them, abreast of them, and behind them. A crowd in the square so dense that no one could pass through; the tree branches above black with boys; the windows all around the four sides filled with heads. And everywhere women pressing forward, waving handkerchiefs, some pallid, some flushed, but all deeply excited, forgetful of self, with eyes fixed on the small compact lines of military caps close together, moving steadily onward in the midst of the accompanying throng. And happy the one who had a place in the front rank: how she gazed! If a girl, no matter how light of heart and frivolous, a silence and soberness came over her for a moment, and her eyes grew wistful. If a woman, one who had loved, no matter how hard and cold she had grown, a warmer heart came back to her then, and tears rose. What was it? Only a few men, hardly a hundred, dressed in the holiday uniform these towns-people had often seen; men many of whom they knew well, together with their short-comings and weaknesses, whose military airs they had laughed at; men who, taken singly, had neither importance nor interest. What was it, then, that made the women's eyes tearful, and sent the great crowd thronging around and after them as though each one had been crowned king? What made the groups on the steps and piazzas of each house keep silence after they had passed, and watch them as long as they could distinguish the moving lines? It was that these men had made the first reply of this town to the President's call. It was because these holiday soldiers were on their way to real battle-fields, where balls would plough through human flesh, and leave agony and death behind. The poorest, dullest soldier who joined these ranks from a sense of loyalty, however dim and inarticulate it might be, gave all he had: martyr or saint never gave more. Not many of the gazing people thought of this; but

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they did think of death by bayonet and ball as the holiday ranks marched by.

Down through the main street went the little troop, and the crowd made a solid wall on the sidewalk, and a moving guard before and behind. From the high windows above, the handkerchiefs of the work-girls fluttered, while underneath from the law offices, and below from the doorways of the stores, men looked out soberly, realizing that this meant War indeed—real and near War.

By another way, down the hill toward the railroad station, rattled the wheels of an artillery company; also a little holiday troop, with holiday guns shining brightly. The men sat in their places with folded arms; the crowd, seeing them, knew them all. They were only Miller, and Sieberling, and Wagner, and others as familiar; six months ago—a month ago—they would have laughed inexhaustibly at the idea of calling Tom Miller a hero, or elevating Fritz Wagner to any other pedestal than the top of a beer barrel. But now, as they saw them, they gave a mighty cheer, which rang through the air splendidly, and raised a hue of pride upon the faces of the artillerymen, and perhaps the first feeling in their hearts higher than the determination not to "back out," which had been until then their actuating motive. The two shining little guns rattled down the hill; the infantry company marched down behind them. The line of cars, with locomotive attached, was in waiting, and, breaking ranks, helter-skelter, in any way and every way, hindered by hand-shaking, by all sorts of incongruous parting gifts thrust upon them at the last moment by people they never saw before, blessed by excited, tearful women, made heart-sick themselves, some of them, by the sight of the grief of their mothers and wives, the soldiers took their places in the cars, and the train moved out from the station, followed by a long cheer, taken up and repeated again and again, until nothing but a dark speck on the straight track remained for the shouters to look at, when they stopped suddenly, hoarse and tired, and went silently homeward, pondering upon this new thing which had come into their lives. The petty cares of the day were forgotten. "War is hideous; but it banishes littleness from daily life."

Anne, brought up as she had been in a remote little community, isolated and half foreign, was in a measure ignorant of the causes and questions of the great struggle which began in America in April, 1861. Not hers the prayerful ardor of the New England girl who that day willingly gave her lover, saw him brought home later dead, buried him, and lived on, because she believed that he had died to free his brother man, as Christ had died for her. Not hers the proud loyalty of the Southern girl to her blood and to her State, when that day she bade her lover go forth and sweep their fanatical assailants back, as the old Cavaliers, from whom they were descended, swept back the crop-eared Puritans into the sea.

Jeanne-Armande was not especially stirred; save by impatience—impatience over this interference with the prosperity of the country. It might injure property (the half-house), and break up music classes and schools! What sympathy she felt, too, was with the South; but she was wise enough to conceal this from all save Anne, since the school was burning with zeal, and the principal already engaged in teaching the pupils to make lint. But if Jeanne-Armande was lukewarm, Miss Lois was at fever heat; the old New England spirit rose within her like a giant when she read the tidings. Far away as she was from all the influences of the time, she yet wrote long letters to Anne which sounded like the clash of spears, the call of the trumpet, and the roll of drums, so fervid were the sentences which fell of themselves into the warlike phraseology of the Old Testament, learned by heart in her youth. But duty, as well as charity, begins at home, and even the most burning zeal must give way before the daily needs of children. Little André was not strong; his spine was becoming curved, they feared. In his languor he had fallen into the habit of asking Miss Lois to hold him in her arms, rock with him in the old rocking-chair, and sing. Miss Lois had not thought that she could ever love "those children"; but there was a soft spot in her heart now for little André.

In June two unexpected changes came. Little André grew suddenly worse; and Jeanne-Armande went to Europe. A rich merchant of Weston, wishing to take his family abroad, engaged mademoiselle as governess for his two daughters, and French speaker for the party, at what she

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herself termed "the salary of a princess." The two announcements came on the same day. Jeanne-Armande, excited and tremulous, covered a sheet of paper with figures to show to herself and Anne the amount of the expected gain. As she could not retain her place in the school without the magic power of being in two places at once, the next best course was to obtain it for Anne, with the understanding that the successor was to relinquish it immediately whenever called upon to do so. As they were in the middle of a term, the principal accepted Miss Douglas, who, although young, had proved herself competent and faithful. And thus Anne found herself unexpectedly possessed of a higher salary, heavier duties, and alone. For Jeanne-Armande, in the helmet bonnet, sailed on the twentieth of the month for England, in company with her charges, who, with all their beauty and bird-like activity, would find it impossible to elude mademoiselle, who would guard them with unflinching vigilance, and, it is but fair to add, would earn every cent of even that "salary of a princess" (whatever that may be) which had attracted her.

Before mademoiselle departed it had been decided that in consequence of little André's illness Miss Lois should close the church-house, and take the child to a hot spring not far distant, in Michigan, and that Louis and Gabriel should come to their elder sister for a time. The boys were to travel to Weston alone, Père Michaux putting them in charge of the captain of the steamer, while Anne was to meet them upon their arrival. Miss Lois wrote that they were wild with excitement, and had begged all sorts of farewell presents from everybody, and packed them in the two chests which Père Michaux had given them—knives, cord, hammers, nails, the last being "a small box-stove, old and rusty, which they had actually taken to pieces and hidden among their clothes." Jeanne-Armande went away on Monday; the boys were to arrive on Saturday. Anne spent all her leisure time in preparing for them. Two of the little black-eyed fellows were coming at last, the children who had clung to her skirts, called her "Annet," and now and then, when they felt like it, swarmed up all together to kiss her, like so many affectionate young bears. They were very dear to her—part of her childhood and of the island. The day arrived; full of expectation, she went down to meet the steamer. Slowly the long narrow craft threaded its way up the crooked river; the great ropes were made fast, the plank laid in place; out poured the passengers, men, women, and children, but no Louis, no Gabriel. Anne watched until the last man had passed, and the deck hands were beginning to roll out the freight; then a voice spoke above, "Is that Miss Douglas?"

She looked up, and saw the captain, who asked her to come on board for a moment. "I am very much troubled, Miss Douglas," he began, wiping his red but friendly face. "The two boys—your half-brothers, I believe—placed in my care by Père Michaux, have run away."

Anne gazed at him in silence.

"They must have slipped off the boat at Hennepin, which is the first point where we strike a railroad. It seems to have been a plan, too, for they managed to have their chests put off also."

"You have no idea where they have gone?"

"No; I sent letters back to Hennepin and to Père Michaux immediately, making inquiries. The only clew I have is that they asked a number of questions about the plains of one of our hands, who has been out that way."

"The plains!"

"Yes; they said they had a sister living out there."

A pain darted through Anne's heart. Could they have deserted her for Tita? She went home desolate and disheartened; the empty rooms, where all her loving preparations were useless now, seemed to watch her satirically. Even the boys did not care enough for her to think of her pain and disappointment.

Père Michaux had had no suspicion of the plan: but he knew of one dark fact which might have, he wrote to Anne, a bearing upon it. Miss Lois had mysteriously lost, in spite of all her care, a sum of money, upon which she had depended for a part of the summer's expenses, and concerning which she had made great lamentation; it had been made up by the renting of the church-house; but the mystery remained. If the boys had taken it, bad as the action was, it insured for a time at least their safety. The priest thought they had started westward to join Rast and Tita, having been fascinated by what they had overheard of Rast's letters.

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The surmise was correct. After what seemed to Anne very long delay, a letter came; it was from Rast. The night before, two dirty little tramps, tired and hungry, with clothes soiled and torn, had opened the door and walked in, announcing that they were Louis and Gabriel, and that they meant to stay. They had asked for food, but had fallen asleep almost before they could eat it. With their first breath that morning they had again declared that nothing should induce them to return eastward, either to the island or to Anne. And Rast added that he thought they might as well remain; he and Tita would take charge of them. After a few days came a letter from the boys themselves, printed by Louis. In this document, brief but explicit, they sent their love, but declined to return. If Père Michaux came after them, they would run away again, and *this* time no one should ever know where they were, "exsep, purhaps, the *Mormons*." With this dark threat the letter ended.

Père Michaux, as in the case of Tita, took the matter into his own hands. He wrote to Rast to keep the boys, and find some regular occupation for them as soon as possible. Anne's ideas about them had always been rather Quixotic; he doubted whether they could ever have been induced to attend school regularly. But now they would grow to manhood in a region where such natural gifts as they possessed would be an advantage to them, and where, also, their deficiencies would not be especially apparent. The old priest rather enjoyed this escapade. He considered that three of the Douglas children were now, on the whole, well placed, and that Anne was freed from the hampering responsibility which her father's ill-advised course had imposed upon her. He sailed around his water parish with brisker zeal than ever, although in truth he was very lonely. The little white fort was empty; even Miss Lois was gone; but he kept himself busy, and read his old classics on stormy evenings when the rain poured down on his low roof.

But Anne grieved.

As several of her pupils wished to continue their music lessons during the vacation, it was decided by Miss Lois and herself that she should remain where she was for the present; the only cheer she had was in the hope that in autumn Miss Lois and the little boy would come to her. But in spite of all her efforts, the long weeks of summer stretched before her like a desert; in her lonely rooms without the boys, without mademoiselle, she was pursued by a silent depression unlike anything she had felt before. She fell into the habit of allowing herself to sit alone in the darkness through the evening brooding upon the past. The kind-hearted woman who kept the house, in whose charge she had been left by mademoiselle, said that she was "homesick."

"How can one be homesick who has no home?" answered the girl, smiling sadly.

One day the principal of the school asked her if she would go on Saturdays for a while, and assist those who were at work in the Aid Rooms for the soldiers' hospitals. Anne consented languidly; but once within the dingy walls, languor vanished. There personal sorrow seemed small in the presence of ghastly lists of articles required for the wounded and dying. At least those she loved were not confronting cannon. Those in charge of the rooms soon learned to expect her, this young teacher, a stranger in Weston, who with a settled look of sadness on her fair face had become the most diligent worker there. She came more regularly after a time, for the school had closed, the long vacation begun.

On Sunday, the 21st of July, Anne was in church; it was a warm day; fans waved, soft air came in and played around the heads of the people, who, indolent with summer ease, leaned back comfortably, and listened with drowsy peacefulness to the peaceful sermon. At that very moment, on a little mill-stream near Washington, men were desperately fighting the first great battle of the war, the Sunday battle of Bull Run. The remnant of the Northern army poured over Long Bridge into the capital during all that night, a routed, panic-stricken mob.

The North had suffered a great defeat; the South had gained a great victory. And both sides paused.

The news flashed over the wires and into Weston, and the town was appalled. Never in the four long years that followed was there again a day so filled with stern astonishment to the entire North as that Monday after Bull Run. The Aid Rooms, where Anne worked during her leisure hours, were filled with helpers now; all hearts were excited and in earnest. West

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Virginia was the field to which their aid was sent, a mountain region whose streams were raised in an hour into torrents, and whose roads were often long sloughs of despond, through which the soldiers of each side gloomily pursued each other by turns, the slowness of the advancing force only equalled by that of the pursued, which was encountering in front the same disheartening difficulties. The men in hospital on the edges of this region, worn out with wearying marches, wounded in skirmishes, stricken down by the insidious fever which haunts the river valleys, suffered as much as those who had the names of great battles wherewith to identify themselves; but they lacked the glory.

One sultry evening, when the day's various labor was ended, Anne, having made a pretense of eating in her lonely room, went across to the bank of the lake to watch the sun set in the hazy blue water, and look northward toward the island. She was weary and sad: where were now the resolution and the patience with which she had meant to crown her life? You did not know, poor Anne, when you framed those lofty purposes, that suffering is just as hard to bear whether one is noble or ignoble, good or bad. In the face of danger the heart is roused, and in the exaltation of determination forgets its pain; it is the long monotony of dangerless days that tries the spirit hardest.

A letter had come to her that morning, bearing a Boston postmark; the address was in the neat, small handwriting of Jeanne-Armande's friend. Anne, remembering that it was this Boston address which she had sent to her grandaunt, opened the envelope eagerly. But it was only the formal letter of a lawyer. Miss Vanhorn had died, on the nineteenth of June, in Switzerland, and the lawyer wrote to inform "Miss Anne Douglas" that a certain portrait, said in the will to be that of "Alida Claussen," had been bequeathed to her by his late client, and would be forwarded to her address whenever she requested it. Anne had expected nothing, not even this. But an increased solitariness came upon her as she thought of that cold rigid face lying under the turf far away in Switzerland—the face of the only relative left to her.

The sun had disappeared; it was twilight. The few loiterers on the bank were departing. The sound of carriage wheels roused her, and turning she saw that a carriage had approached, and that three persons had alighted and were coming toward her. They proved to be the principal of the school and the president of the Aid Society, accompanied by one of her associates. They had been to Anne's home, and learning where she was, had followed her. It seemed that one of the city physicians had gone southward a few days before to assist in the regimental hospitals on the border; a telegraphic dispatch had just been received from him, urging the Aid Society to send without delay three or four nurses to that fever-cursed district, where men were dying in delirium for want of proper care. It was the first personal appeal which had come to Weston; the young Aid Society felt that it must be answered. But who could go? Among the many workers at the Aid Rooms, few were free; wives, mothers, and daughters, they could give an hour or two daily to the work of love, but they could not leave their homes. One useful woman, a nurse by profession, was already engaged; another, a lady educated and refined, whose hair had been silvered as much by affliction as by age, had offered to go. There were two, then; but they ought to send four. Many had been asked during that afternoon, but without success. The society was at its wits' end. Then some one thought of Miss Douglas.

She was young, but she was also self-controlled and physically strong. Her inexperience would not be awkwardness; she would obey with intelligence and firmness the directions given her. Under the charge of the two older women, she could go—if she would!

It would be but for a short time—two weeks only; at the end of that period the society expected to relieve these first volunteers with regularly engaged and paid nurses. The long vacation had begun; as teacher, she would lose nothing; her expenses would be paid by the society. She had seemed so interested; it would not be much more to go for a few days in person; perhaps she would even be glad to go. All this they told her eagerly, while she stood before them in silence. Then, when at last their voices ceased, and they waited for answer, she said, slowly, looking from one to the other: "I could go, if it were not for one obstacle. I have music scholars, and I can not afford to lose them. I am very poor."

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"They will gladly wait until you return, Miss Douglas," said the principal. "When it is known where you have gone, you will not only retain all your old scholars, but gain many new ones. They will be proud of their teacher."

"Yes, proud!" echoed the associate. Again Anne remained silent; she was thinking. In her loneliness she was almost glad to go. Perhaps, by the side of the suffering and the dying, she could learn to be ashamed of being so downhearted and miserable. It was but a short absence. "Yes, I will go," she said, quietly. And then the three ladies kissed her, and the associate, who was of a tearful habit, took out her handkerchief. "It is *so* sweet, and so—so martial!" she sobbed.

The next morning they started. Early as it was, a little company had gathered to see them off. The school-girls were there, half in grief, half in pride, over what they were pleased to call the "heroism" of their dear Miss Douglas. Mrs. Green, Anne's landlady, was there in her Sunday bonnet, which was, however, but a poor one. These, with the principal of the school and the other teachers, and the ladies belonging to the Aid Society, made quite a snowy shower of white handkerchiefs as the train moved out from the station, Anne's young face contrasting with the strong features and coarse complexion of Mary Crane, the professional nurse, on one side, and with the thin cheeks and silver hair of Mrs. Barstow on the other, as they stood together at the rear door of the last car. "Good-by! good-by!" called the school-girls in tears, and the ladies of the Aid Society gave a shrill little feminine cheer. They were away.

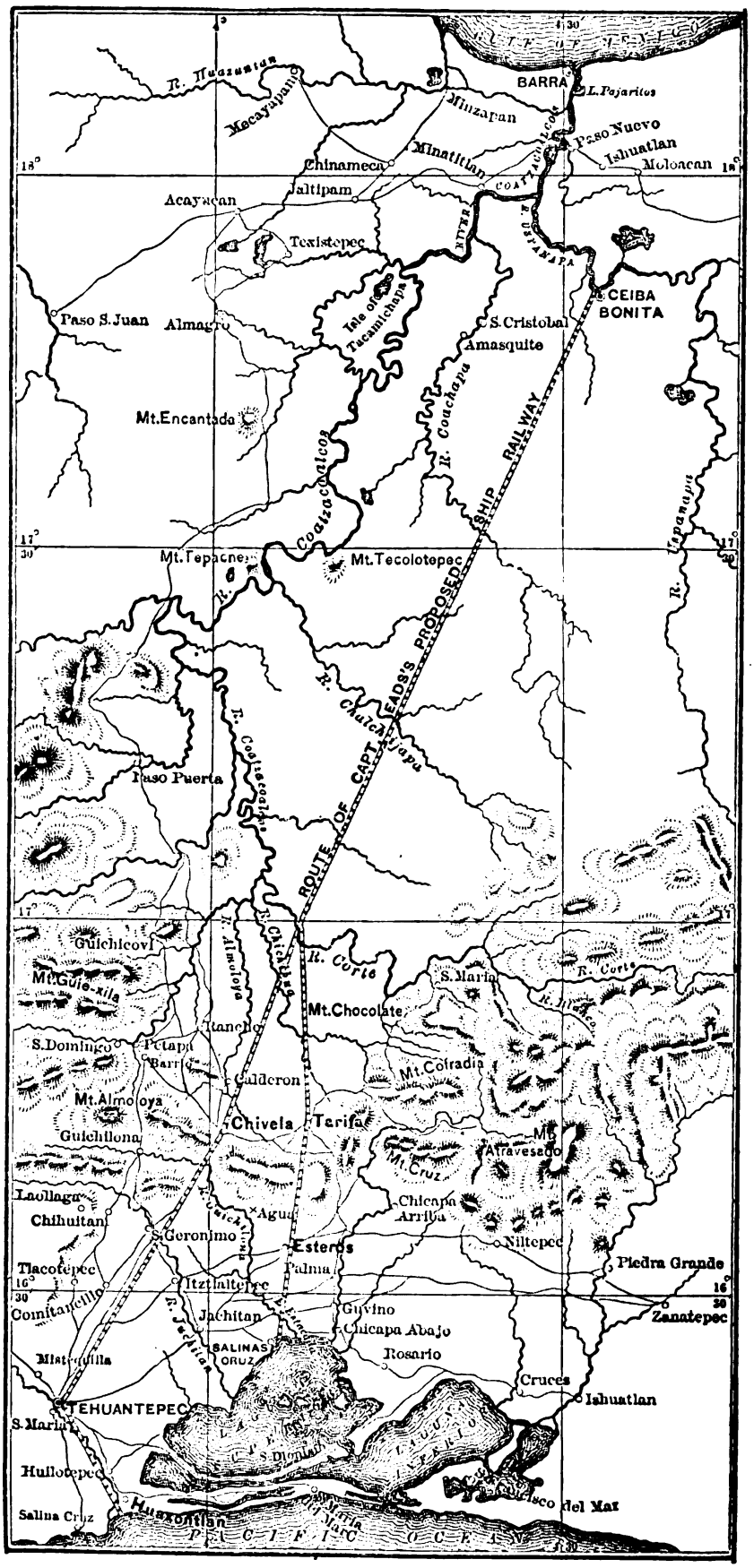
TEHUANTEPEC AND THE EADS SHIP RAILWAY.

THE latest railroad maps of Mexico could hardly fail to excite the fears of Mexican patriotism if our neighbor republic had any fear of that Yankee invasion which is now going on. From the northern frontier no less than four lines of invasion, more or less advanced, pierce the interior. The Mexican Central company has its main or international line extending down from El Paso, while its interoceanic branches meet the Gulf at Tampico, and the Pacific at San Blas; the Palmer and Sullivan narrow gauge, or the Mexican National, invades the country from Laredo on the frontier, and Manzanillo on the sea. The omnipresent Jay Gould is said to own a third concession, from the frontier to the capital. Eagle Pass, on the Rio Grande, is the starting-point of an American road to Topolorampo, on the Gulf of California. South of the city of Mexico the Grant concession occupies the territory from sea to sea, and guards the western coast from Anton Lizardo across to Acapulco, and thence to the southern limit of the republic.

Instead of dreading this invasion, however, the Mexicans welcome it as the harbinger of the new age of gold which is to succeed their brazen age of pronunciamento and of civil war, and they have given the full measure of their enthusiastic approval to the daring scheme of the American engineer James Buchanan Eads, who proposes to make Mexico the highway of the world's east and west ocean commerce by taking up the ships, crews, cargoes, and all, and carrying them on railroad cars across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Of the many American projects in Mexico, none is so popular as this one, which appeals alike to their imagination, their pride, their patriotism, and their incidental desire of prosperity.

The suggestion of a ship railroad dates back from the adventurous epoch and from the busy brain of Cortez. The "wild surmise" which held Balboa "silent upon a peak in Darien" very soon gave way to a depressing conviction that there was an obstacle in the way of Columbus's idea of reaching the East by way of the West, and Cortez was not content with merely conquering Mexico as long as anything remained beyond. He made a personal exploration of the Coatzacoalcos, the river of the isthmus, with a view of establishing a portage across the short path to the South Sea, for the rich commerce of Zipangu and far Cathay. Spain thought well of the project, and after three hundred years of thinking, issued a decree in 1814 authorizing the attempt. But the revolution had already started, and prevented all further proceedings until 1842, when the republic granted a concession to Don José de Garay to build a railroad there. The Garay concession lapsed, although the government of the United States was prepared to pay fifteen millions of dollars

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for a right of way across the isthmus, and authorized the commissioners of the boundary treaty to offer that sum to Mexico. This too fell through; but after the gold discoveries of California our government kept its eye on the isthmus, and has since made two surveys for the purpose of determining the practicability of a canal. These surveys were made by General Barnard in 1851, and by Commodore Shufeldt in 1870; but it looks as if the isthmus was waiting for the ship railroad, for in the interval three successive concessions were made to Mexicans, and one to an American company, yet the Panama Canal, twelve hundred miles further away from us, was begun before the Mexican government turned a willing ear to the idea of Eads.

The idea of Eads is that wherever a canal can be dug to float a ship, a railroad can be built to carry a ship; and strange and novel as the idea sounds upon its first mention, the most sober-minded and competent engineers of this country and of England

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declare that it is scientifically sound and quite practicable. The illustrations which we give explain themselves so easily that they hardly need detailed elucidation. Fig. 1 represents the ship on its platform car, or cradle, or dry-dock, or whatever one chooses to call it, resting on even keel and bilge blocks, and braced as if it had gone on the ways for repairs. The car is designed to move on twelve rails spaced the standard width, and its wheels are placed as near together as their diameter will allow, or three feet from axle to axle. The tractile power is furnished by four locomotives, each with fivefold the capacity of an ordinary freight locomotive. The non-scientific mind begins to ask at once, How can the ship get there, how is she secured from bending or twisting strains while there, and how does the railroad meet the demands of the pressure on its road-bed, and of the grades and curves involved in a hundred miles of mountain location?

The ship gets on the railway very much as it gets on any other ways. The railway begins thirty feet below the surface of the harbor, in a land-locked basin, as shown in Fig. 2 in elevation, and Fig. 3 in plane. A slope of one in a hundred brings the railway down to thirty feet in depth at a distance of three thousand feet from the land terminus. The cradle is run down this incline to the depth at which the ship's keel rests on its bearing; the vessel is secured to the cradle and braced, and stationary engines at the land end of the basin draw it to its level on *terra firma*.

The sectional view in Fig. 4 and the enlarged section of Fig. 5 show the way in which it is designed to support the weight and to brace the ship. The car is made of cross girders of plate iron, with each wheel bearing on an independent axle, and with its separate set of springs. A car three hundred feet in length, such as would carry a ship of four thousand tons, would have one hundred wheels on each rail, or twelve hundred wheels under each car. This would give a pressure of five tons on each wheel, which is not as great as is borne by the road-bed of an ordinary railroad. Any one who has travelled at the rate of forty miles an hour on the two rails of such a road as the Hudson River road, where the motion is hardly felt, will have no difficulty in believing that a vessel securely braced can be moved on an elastic cushion of twelve hundred springs, distributed across twelve rails, without any disturbance or strain, as long as the road is straight and level. In the ship railway, curves are out of the question, and a change of direction is made by

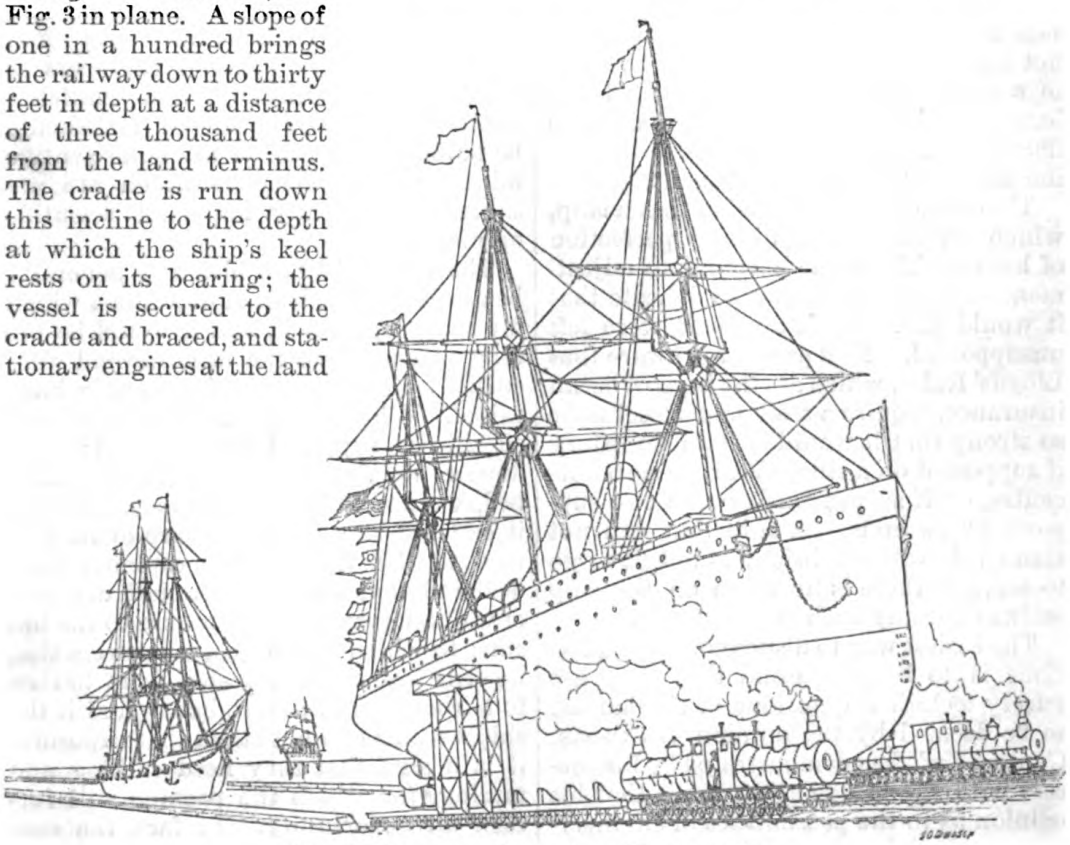


FIG. 1.—MERCHANT SHIP ON ITS PLATFORM CAR.

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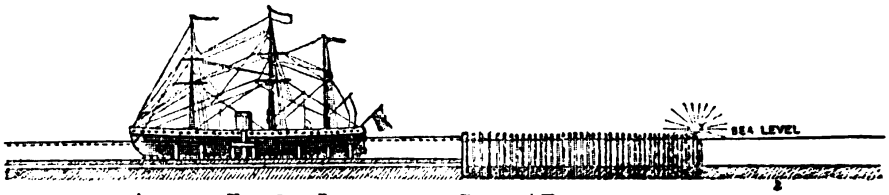


FIG. 2.—LAND-LOCKED BASIN—ELEVATION.

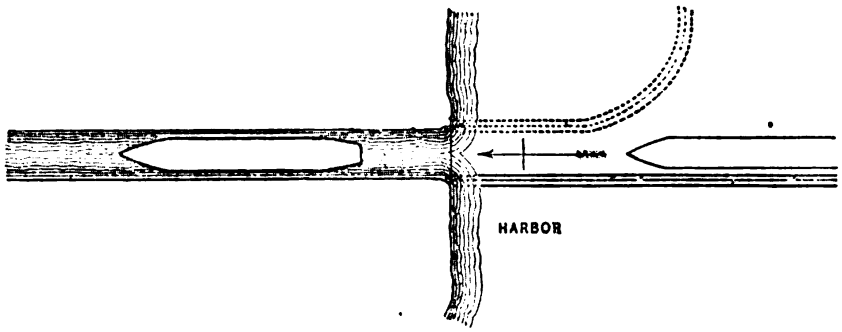


FIG. 3.—LAND-LOCKED BASIN—PLANE.

a turning-table. The surveys of the road have shown that a maximum grade of fifty feet in the mile is easily obtainable. Mr. Fuertes, who is now the dean of the engineering department of Cornell College, and who assisted in Shufeldt's survey of the isthmus in 1870, is authority for the statement that the maximum grades need not exceed twenty-five to thirty-five feet in a mile. A cradle three hundred feet long would be exposed to a maximum flexure of six inches in its centre in passing directly from a level to such a grade.

There is a popular delusion that a ship, which represents the highest perfection of human skill in the harmonious adjustment of its proportions, is so delicate that it would give way if any part were left unsupported. Few people are aware that Lloyds' Rules, which are the basis of ocean insurance, require a sea-going vessel to be so strong that it would sustain no injury if supported on a single bearing across its centre, or if suspended between two supports at its ends. A ship that can not stand this without injury is not fit to go to sea, yet there is no room on the ship railway for any such strain as this.

The easiest way to dispose of these questions is to bear in mind that they are purely technical questions of mechanics, to be decided by the opinion of experts. Captain Eads has demonstrated by his success with the bridge at St. Louis that his opinion as to the possibilities of engineering construction, especially in resisting strains, is very valuable, and he has on his side the support of such men as E. I. Reed, for many years the chief constructor of the British navy, and who holds the first rank in all the world as an expert in naval construction; of Edward Hartt and H. L. Fernald, the experienced naval constructors of the United States navy; and of such military and civil engineers as Barnard, and Gillmore, and Shufeldt, Beauregard, Flad, and others. This should be sufficient to relieve all non-scientific minds of apprehensions which are not shared in by any impartial scientific opinion.

The value of a new idea may generally be gauged by the host of objections which are made against it, and it would be too long to catalogue the unnumbered difficulties which non-professional critics have raised. While, on the one hand, the loaded ship is supposed to have so tremendous a weight as to crush in the road-bed, we are told that it is so light that it can not stand the exposure of its surface to the wind. Ship captains have declared that the seams would dry and crack and open under exposure to the hot sun; to which the projector answers that he will transfer every ship from harbor to harbor within twelve hours, and if the ship's seams can not stand that exposure, it is a sign that they need calking and tarring, for which the passage will furnish an opportunity. In fact, the conservative old salts look upon the auda-

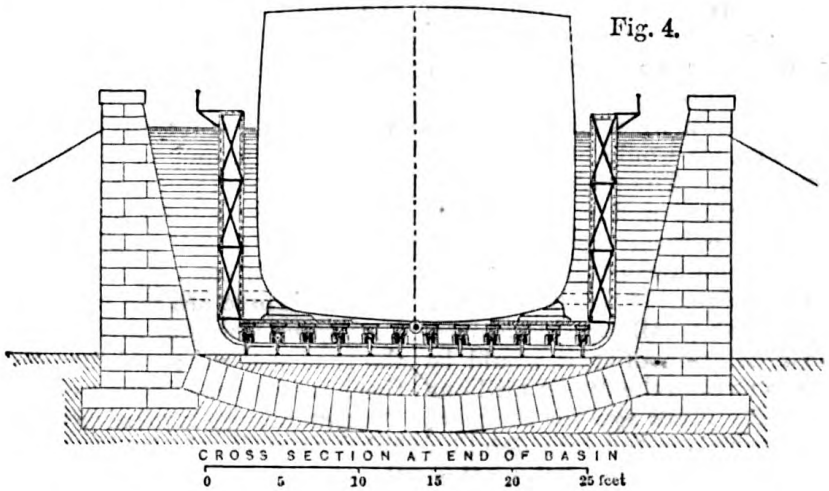
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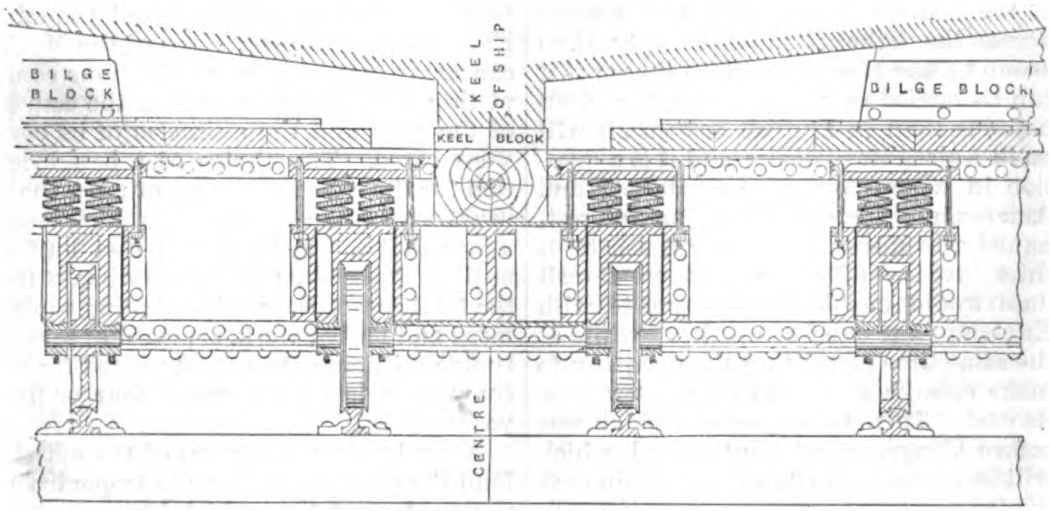
cious attempt to lift their craft out of the water and haul it across dry land very much as the old Shiver-my-timbers and Benbows of sailing three-deckers looked upon the introduction of steam and of Monitors. But science has no sentiment, especially when pressed into the service of trade, and the testimony of science is to the effect that, spite of old salts and salt-water sentiments, ships will yet sail on dry land across the isthmuses of Tehuantepec and of Corinth, across Florida, and over the Landes of Southern France, between Biscay and the Mediterranean.

The Tehuantepec project is already well advanced, and under circumstances that promise speedy success. The concession which the Mexican government gave to our fellow-countryman is the most liberal that any government ever granted to a private individual. It exempts his company from taxes and duties of all kinds, gives him right of way and full control of tolls and regulations. As one of the few opponents of the bill in the Mexican Congress put it, the grant made Eads sovereign of the isthmus in place of Mexico, which had abdicated. Its importance to us consists in the fact that the charter permits the company to discriminate in favor of the commerce of any nation which aids in building the work. If this provision is made use of, it may open to us a way of building up that ocean commerce of which we mourn the loss.

Our country, which possesses the largest coast-line and the finest harbors in the world, and which, in its lusty and adven-

Fig. 4.





Scale 1 inch to the foot

FIG. 5.—ENLARGED SECTION, SHOWING CARRIAGE.

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turous youth, ranked second only to the mother country in the strength of its merchant marine and navy, has fallen so far to the rear that it hardly carries one twenty-fifth part of its own foreign commerce. We have lost our vessels, our seamanship, our prestige, our naval strength, and those substantial profits which flow from ocean transportation and from the industries connected with it. The most liberal of all people toward foreigners in all other respects, we have sunk to the level of the old Spanish exclusiveness in Mexico with regard to our coastwise trade, and we do not allow an Italian, or a Norwegian, or an Englishman, to trade along our coast, well knowing that if we allowed them to compete with us, we would be driven out of the competition. The problem of remedying this disgrace and restoring our commerce to its natural position is one which statesmanship and self-interest have both failed to solve. If the building of the Tehuantepec ship railway should open the way to a solution of it, it would be worth more to us than the fifteen millions we offered thirty years ago for the mere right of way. This is the consideration which leads the projectors of the enterprise to count on the aid of this nation. If the world's commerce can be carried across the isthmus more cheaply than around Cape Horn, it will go there; if it can be carried more cheaply in American bottoms than in English bottoms, it will go in American bottoms; and it is a question in which American capitalists and American citizens all have an interest, namely, to discover whether a rebate of thirty-five or fifty per cent. on transit dues would enable us to compete with England—our chief competitor—while at the same time permitting the company to make enough money to earn interest on its cost. This is the question which was before Congress last winter, and which will be submitted to its wisdom again next winter.

The Isthmus of Tehuantepec becomes, in the light of its possibilities, one of the points of interest on the map. At its narrowest part it is 143 miles wide, from the bar of Coatzacoalcos on the north to the chain of natural harbors at the south end. The Coatzacoalcos River is a broad and deep stream, with twenty-five feet of water from the mouth to the town of Minatitlan—a sleepy, ragged, and tumble-down settlement thirty miles up. This is a port of some importance for the trade in mahogany and other precious woods. The whole Atlantic side of the isthmus is a low, marshy, unhealthy forest for fifty or sixty miles back from the coast. Below Minatitlan the tributary stream of the Uspanapa comes in from the south, and carries the deep channel twenty miles further inland to a bend where a conspicuous cottonwood-tree has given the name of "Ceiba Bonita" to the point where the work of the ship railway will begin. Here the land is so marshy that a canal of ten miles in length will probably need to be dredged out to the beginning of track-laying. The railway itself will run through a country of exuberant fertility, of beautiful scenery, and of healthful climate. The mountains present no especial obstacle, for at three different points the Sierra Madre lowers itself to an elevation of only 650 feet, as if bending to the yoke of commerce. These are the passes of Chivela, Tarifa, and Masagua, through one of which the road will run; and thence southward there is a choice of routes either to Salina Cruz, on a large lagoon, or by the town of Tehuantepec to the harbor of Ventosa, on the sea.

A corps of engineers, under the direction of Mr. J. J. Williams, and Captain Flores of the engineer corps of the Mexican army, are now on the isthmus completing the surveys on which the course of the road and the estimates of its cost were based. The choice of a best location for the road is a matter of more than usual importance, as Captain Eads estimates that his railway will cost half a million dollars a mile; the estimate for the total cost of the road, including equipment and harbor work, is placed at seventy-five millions; the period needed for its completion is not to exceed four or five years.

After leaving the fevers of the marshland the chief obstacle is the tropic luxuriance of vegetation, which here grows so rankly as to obstruct all passage. The first step in running a surveyor's line is to send forward a corp of *macheteros*, or choppers, who with their heavy *machetes* cut a *picadura*, or passage, in the direction indicated; a gang of four men will cut a *picadura* four feet wide through three-quarters of a mile of forest in a day. A farm abandoned for a year shows no sign of cultivation through the thicket that springs up, and in two years the very

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farm-house itself disappears. It is a land of tropic storms, of six months of rain and six months of dry weather; its inhabitants are a few half-civilized tribes of Indians; its woods abound in every species of game; its soil has a capacity for every tropical cultivation. On the Pacific coast there is a wholly different climate, haciendas and villages diversify a landscape which opens out upon glorious views of the far-off Pacific, and peace and primitive prosperity mark it as a fit habitation for man. When the dream of Cortez is realized, and the portage is made, not for such light craft as he built on the lake of Tezcoco, but for the monster ships which now interchange the grain of California and the silks and teas of Cathay and Zipangu with the productions of civilized Europe, two statues should crown the summit of the pass—one of the great conquistador of the sixteenth century, and one of the modern American citizen whose genius has shown itself not less daring in the paths of peace.

A REMINISCENCE OF ARTHUR STANLEY.

Πορεύου καὶ σὺ ποίει ὁμοίως.

WHEN the tomb in Westminster Abbey closed in July over all that was mortal of its great Dean, the shock was felt wherever our language is spoken. A unique life, one of which all the English race could be proud, had ended. The longing to know more, to know all that could be known of it, has come out more strongly than in any instance probably within living memory, and justly so, for he had touched so many sides of our life, and each side with such effect, had been so near the throne and the workshop, so faithful and so simple in his relations with every class, so clear and brave in upholding his own beliefs, so tolerant of those of all other men, if only they were real and in earnest. In such a case the well-founded objection to lifting the veil which should shroud all but the public life of public men ceases to hold. When there is such a figure behind the veil, nothing but good can result. And so the tribute of sorrow and of love is coming in from so many quarters, and the monument to his memory grows, and will grow while anything remains to be told. In the void that his death has left in their own lives, it is relief to those who knew and loved him to dwell on these memories, though all attempts to express or impart their knowledge or their love in words seem more and more vain and inadequate. If any excuse be needed, this must be the present writer's. My first meeting with Arthur Stanley—the name by which the Dean always wished to be known—was in the month of January, 1834, in which I went to Rugby, a somewhat scared boy eleven years old. I carried in my pocket a note of introduction to him from a boy who had been a friend of his at school, but who had left, and whose home was near ours in the country. When giving it he took care to impress upon me the great position in the new world to which I was bound of the person to whom it was addressed—by far the most distinguished boy in the sixth, the favorite pupil of the Doctor—and that I should gain credit in the eyes of all the fags, amongst whom my lot would be cast, if he should deign to throw me a word or two on delivery of the letter, and a nod or two afterward when I chanced to meet him in Close or Quadrangle.

Impressed with this discourse, I duly left the document at his boarding-house on the day the sixth form returned, and having been led to expect so little from it, was amazed as well as delighted when an almost immediate answer, asking me—a new boy he had never seen or heard of, who had only been placed in the third form, the lowest but one of the lower school—to breakfast in his study.

I appeared at the named hour, not without slight trepidation, as of the modest man who is going for the first time to eat his meat in the presence of the Lord's anointed. This feeling, however, gave way almost instantly in the presence of our host, who made the smallest and shyest of us all feel at home by the sympathetic kindness of his greeting to each of us. If I remember rightly, we were six in number, all small new boys, and one big boy besides our host himself—either Arthur Clough, I think, or his friend and brother poet Burbage. The study, being that of "head of the house," held us all, and it need not be added that we were plentifully regaled. Even then Arthur Stanley was himself almost without taste or smell, so that all viands were much the same to him if only they were tender, but he was already given to bountiful hospitality to his friends.

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He was at that time (and indeed always remained) very slight of his age, of rather florid complexion, and with a singularly bright, quick, and yet often dreamy expression. He wore his hat rather on the back of his head, and walked with queer little short scuffling paces, rather on his heels, so that you could tell him by his gait at any distance—a singular contrast to the Doctor's long shambling stride as they walked along by the side of Mrs. Arnold's gray pony on half-holiday afternoons.

From the day of the breakfast, from which he dismissed us with the rare injunction to come to him if we got into trouble or wanted advice—a privilege, however, that I for one never ventured to avail myself of—up to Easter, when he left school, his occasional smile and nod were always ready when I chanced to meet him, anywhere but out of bounds, for under those circumstances he was a disciplinarian, and enforced strictly, and in extreme cases even with the cane, the ancient but somewhat unmeaning practice of "shirking."

With Easter came the principal scholastic event of the school year—the examination of the sixth form for the yearly exhibitions. Two examiners, in cap, gown, and hood, one from either university, appeared as guests at the school-house, and arbiters of the fate of our heroes, and though probably neither of them thirty years old, were invested in our eyes with something of mystery as well as dignity in that small isolated world as it existed in those pre-railroad times.

On this occasion it happened that the Oxford examiner was Dr. Wordsworth, afterward for a short time head master of Harrow, and now Bishop of Lincoln, who at this Easter, 1834, came across for the first time, and weighed as a scholar of nineteen him who was to be so often his antagonist in later years, and against whose final promotion to the Deanery of Westminster, nearly thirty years later, he, as himself a canon of that cathedral, was to enter his vehement protest. In this, as in so many other cases in the Dean's career, the opponent was in the end won over by contact with the bright and holy life, the sweet reasonableness and unfailing sympathy, of the latitudinarian and (to the bishop) heretic theologian. Bishop Wordsworth was the first to rise in the Upper House of Convocation, after the Archbishop of Canterbury, to bear his testimony to the complete success of the Dean's greatest work for the Church, the restoration of the Abbey to its true position as the central place of worship of the English race.

In due course the list of exhibitioners was proclaimed, the names of Stanley and Vaughan, his future brother-in-law, and now Master of the Temple, heading the list in brackets, but, as Bishop Wordsworth himself remarked of them, *pares majus quam similes*. Prize-day followed, and of all the triumphs—and they were not few or insignificant, of his life—I don't suppose there was any so complete, probably none so gratifying to himself, as that Easter speech-day of 1834. He and Dr. Vaughan took nearly all the prizes between them, Stanley, however, having in their school career maintained on the whole the lead. When he went up to receive his books from the Doctor's hands, they were such a load that he could not take them at once, and, I rather think, a fag was summoned to carry the remainder, while the Doctor was specially emphatic in the words with which he presented them, congratulating him on having taken everything in the school that there was to take, and having already done that school high honor "outside these walls," at the university, where, at his first attempt, he had gained the red ribbon of Oxford, the Balliol scholarship.

When I reached Oxford, he was fellow and tutor of University College, to which he had migrated from Balliol, after having taken a first-class at his degree examination, and won the Ireland scholarship, the English prize poem, the Latin and English essays, and other high distinctions. In short, Arnold's parting words at Rugby were almost as applicable to his university as to his school career—he had won almost everything he could win. Colleges were even more separate in those days than they are now, each as a rule living its own separate life, and an occasional meeting at breakfast was about all the intercourse I ever had with him at the university.

But with the under-graduates of his own college, and above all with such of them as came from his old school, he maintained a kind of intercourse which, rare as it is even now, was then almost unknown. I may take one instance, for reasons which will presently appear, which, though no

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doubt exceptional, is not an unfair specimen of what Stanley was to men a little younger than himself when they were thrown together. Mr. Hansard, the present rector of Bethnal Green, and the man who has done so much for Christian civilization in East London, went up to University College from Rugby in the year after Arnold's death. He had been one of those whom the Doctor specially respected; a boy who, without brilliant ability or scholarship, by sheer uprightness and force of character exercised a valuable influence in the school. He had not been many hours in his Freshman's rooms on the ground-floor of what were then the new buildings, and was just thinking of sitting down to a solitary tea, when one of the college servants brought him a little note. It was from Stanley, asking him up to tea in his rooms, on the tutors' floor. The invitation was of course at once accepted with gratitude. He went up, and was met with outstretched hand, and the words, "You knew and loved Arnold." From that moment, not only during his Oxford residence, but until death parted them, they remained fast friends; and how Stanley understood the duties of friendship between young men of their respective ages may be gathered from his pupil's own words: "He would never let me do a wrong, or behave badly, or be idle, without plainly telling me of it, in a kind but earnest manner. This privilege of friendship he continued to claim to the last. But for him I should never have taken orders, never gone to the East End of London." The two men were a striking contrast in all ways, which gave a peculiar and touching character to their life-long relation of tutor and pupil, as well as of friend and friend. Stanley "coached" his pupil through the whole of his college life, refusing all payment; and when Hansard was preparing for orders, at his suggestion, read nearly the whole Bible through with him, and when they were separated in vacation time sending long sheets of questions to be answered in detail. I shall have to refer to some of their joint work presently, but may mention here a characteristic little anecdote of one of their last appearances together. It was at a great meeting for the support of the homes for children founded by the Wesleyan, Mr. Stephenson. In his speech the Dean, gathering, as was his wont, any historical flower by the wayside, told the great audience that the pulpit in Bethnal Green Church was the last Church of England pulpit in which John Wesley had preached; and then, laying his hand on Hansard's shoulder, claimed him as his own old pupil, and as one whom it would have rejoiced John Wesley to see in that pulpit at the present time.

Even in those early university days his influence was beginning to extend beyond his own college walls. That part of young Oxford which troubled its head about religious matters at all was being fast swept into the Tractarian camp. J. H. Newman, in residence at Oriel, and holding the vicarage of St. Mary's (an appanage of that college), was preaching every Sunday afternoon in the pulpit which was so often occupied in the morning by such university preachers as the then "silver-tongued archdeacon," now Cardinal Manning. Amongst the heads of colleges and professors there was no one able to hold his own for influence as a preacher against such men as these two, and a voice was especially needed on the liberal side.

In 1844 Stanley came, as it were by a bound, to the front as the looked-for champion. His *Life of Arnold* gave him at once a position and influence which spread far beyond the university precincts; and within them, whenever he filled the university pulpit, his name gathered a crowd in the under-graduate galleries, which proved that the spirit of Arnold, perpetuated in his favorite pupil, was becoming a power that could hold its own even in the strongholds of the Oxford revival. By the time he left Oxford on his appointment to a stall in Canterbury, he had become the representative and leader of that section of liberal Churchmen who, standing for toleration in its widest sense, and caring little for metaphysics or dogma, yet look on the national Church, strengthened and reformed as it might and should be, as the truest embodiment of the spiritual life of the nation. For a quarter of a century he strove with tongue and pen to maintain the vital importance to the national character of retaining the connection of Church and State. The Church Reformers, of whom he was the main-stay, remain to keep alive his testimony as best they can, but have for the moment lost their living voice.

His residence at Canterbury, where his position was one of comparative leisure, was a happy part of a singularly happy

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career. He remained there long enough to do for the mother cathedral of the English Church what he did subsequently, even in fuller measure, for his Abbey of Westminster, bringing out into new life and fresh light its stores of legend, dusty from neglect, until multitudes of nineteenth-century pilgrims found themselves able to realize the last great acts of Thomas à Becket's career as vividly as their ancestors who followed the host of the Tabard from Southwark to Canterbury on pilgrimage to the shrine of the great prelate five hundred years ago. I remember one slight but characteristic trait of his Canterbury life—his pride that the ordinary services were continued just as usual while the roof was on fire.

His appointment to the professorship of ecclesiastical history took him back to Oxford as canon of Christ-church at a time when theological differences were still dividing the university as keenly as ever, though "the revival of the old contest between Laud and the Puritans"—the phase which, as he said, the Tractarian movement had now taken—was being fought out not so much in Oxford as in hundreds of parish churches all over the country. The bitterness of this *odium theologicum* at Oxford was indicated by the refusal of so good-natured a divine as Dean Goulburn to be associated with the new professor as university preacher. But none of these things moved him, and soon his lectures became a new feature in the Oxford curriculum, and his house in Christ-church the centre of a new kind of life in the university. He anticipated the custom, now becoming established amongst the heads of houses, of keeping up a weekly stream of visitors of note to their colleges. To spend a Sunday in Christ-church with Stanley became almost as common and highly prized a relaxation with politicians, artists, and men of science as it is at the present time with the master of Balliol or the warden of Merton, and no one who ever shared that simple and exquisite hospitality is ever likely to forget it.

It was at this time that there happened the most characteristic episode in the Dean's career with which I was associated—his dealing with the notorious ritualistic riots in St. George's in the East in 1860. The story is shortly as follows: St. George's in the East is a parish in the roughest part of the rough end of London, lying between the Docks and Ratcliffe Highway. The resident population consists mainly of the smaller sort of trades-folk and lodging-house keepers, who supply the wants of 'longshore-men, dock laborers, and sailors on shore. These constantly changing classes swarm in the densely crowded lanes and streets. The church is a fine early Georgian edifice, vast, square, and heavily but handsomely fitted up, with large and deep galleries, capable of holding a great number of people. The building lent itself naturally to a plain Protestant service, and the congregation was accustomed to that form of worship; moreover, the traditional leanings to Puritanism of East London had been in their case confirmed and strengthened by an evangelical clergyman, Allan by name, who enjoyed the privilege, under some old City endowment, of delivering a Sunday lecture in the parish church. On such a state of ecclesiastical questions the wave of ritualism, which was then rising in several suburban districts, broke at St. George's with notable results. The rector, a good and zealous gentleman, but somewhat narrow, and superbly obstinate, without consultation with vestry or congregation, introduced an advanced ritual, with priestly vestments and surpliced choir, and so arranged his services as to trench on the hour till then occupied by Mr. Allan, the lecturer. In vain the congregation protested and Mr. Allan fulminated. The obnoxious practices continued, and the lecturer was curtailed, until in April, 1859, the smoke of discontent kindled into flame, and open rioting broke out Sunday after Sunday.

The regular congregation had by this time in great measure left their church, but their places were filled by bands of furious zealots, who shouted the responses in voices of thunder to drown the chanting of the choir, slammed the pew doors, coughed, applauded all passages in lesson or liturgy condemnatory of idolatry, and hustled clergy and choir on their way to and from the chancel. An attempt of the bishop to mediate failed, although Mr. Bryan King consented to abandon some of his favorite vestments. The concession came too late, and was too small, and by November the evening services had to be given up, and the church closed before dusk. The 'longshore element from the neighborhood now began to appear, yelling and shouting at short intervals, and

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turning their dogs in amongst the clergy and choir, and the neighboring Thames Police Court was filled week after week with charges against rioters in church. A band of young High-Church zealots now presented themselves Sunday after Sunday as a body-guard to the rector; but this only made matters worse, till the climax was reached when the mob, having fairly driven out priest and body-guard and choir, rushed into the chancel, tore the coverings from the altar, hurled the hassocks at the chandelier, and were only driven out by a strong body of police, who from this time were employed in the church Sunday after Sunday to protect the clergy and choir carrying on the services, "like mice in a cage surrounded by an army of starved cats."

Readers will now appreciate the state of things in this "remarkable chapter of ecclesiastical history," as the Dean called it, when he appeared on the scene as a peace-maker in July, 1860, at the request —or at any rate with the sanction—of the bishop, who had found the knot too tight a one to be untied by episcopal authority. The position was a difficult and delicate one for Stanley to approach. The garments which Mr. Bryan King and his friends regarded with deep reverence, and were inclined to speak of with almost bated breath, were to him merely the ordinary dresses of Syrian peasant or Roman gentleman of the early Christian times—the alb the peasant's white shirt, the cope his smock-frock, the chasuble a mere fashionable overcoat, and so on; the crossings, changes of position, and other imitations of the mass were, as he often owned, the severest test to which his principles of toleration could be put. He opened negotiations at once with Mr. Bryan King personally, won his confidence and good-will by his frankness and sympathetic sincerity, and got him, with some trouble, to agree to retire temporarily from the parish on a year's leave of absence, leaving his place to be filled by some clergyman of Stanley's selection.

It was no easy matter to obtain this concession from the good rector. The fear of deserting the post of danger for personal motives weighed on him heavily; and pressure came not only from the band of young zealots of the High-Church party, who had of late attended in considerable numbers to support him, but from the "no-surrender" party all over the country, not to abandon the cause. He would go for peace' sake—was himself anxious to go, and to get out of a position so terrible to a minister of the gospel of peace—but principles must be maintained, and he must be sure that his successor would maintain them against the fury of such a mob as was now filling the church at every service.

Stanley, after doing his best to reassure the distracted rector, went to the bishop to inform him of the contemplated arrangement, and to decide with him who should be the man. He had no doubt whatever in his own mind from the first. Dr. Tait (then Bishop of London) had known Hansard from the time he succeeded Arnold as master of Rugby. He knew what work Hansard had already done in the diocese—where, amongst other things, he had founded a large night school in the midst of a very low Irish population, which had begun by mobbing and pelting him, and had ended by thronging his schools and amending their lives —and had just appointed him to the important living of St. Botolph's, Aldgate, to which, however, Hansard, who was away in the country, had not been instituted. Summoned by telegraph, he came up at once, prepared to act as curate in charge for a year, without pay. The bishop was at first inclined to object, and did not at all like the abandonment of St. Botolph's; but when it was bluntly put to him by Stanley, "Well, do you know of anybody in the Church who could stop these riots but Hansard?" he had to admit that he did not, and so gave a somewhat unwilling consent to the experiment.

This achieved, the two (accompanied by me as a sort of lay assessor) had a final interview with Mr. Bryan King, at which a paper of terms was drawn up, and signed by all parties, the chief of which were that Hansard was not to be paid, and that the services were to be maintained. And now church, church-yard, and rectory were handed over to Stanley and Hansard, who took possession late in the last week of July, to prepare for the test of the first service under the new régime. The first thing the friends did was to do away with all signs of a state of siege, unlocking gates, taking down the shutters of the rectory windows, which had been up night and day for weeks, and throwing windows and doors open. The next was to give notice to the police and the body-

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guard of young zealots that their services would not be required in future. It was probably this bold and wise resolution which stopped in great measure the noisy and riotous demonstrations outside the church which had been common for so many Sundays. All was quiet and decent enough when the little party of some six friends, headed by Stanley and Hansard, stepped across the court between the house and the church for the morning service. It looked as though there was an intention to give the new man a trial at any rate.

The scene inside the church was one not easily to be forgotten. It was not merely that the vast building was thronged from floor to ceiling with a crowd not at all of a church-going character, but the feeling of suppressed electricity—of a fierce storm with difficulty restrained, and ready to break out at any moment—which affected all senses and nerves as we made our way to the rector's pew, while the new parson proceeded to the chancel. The appearance of the chorister boys roused fitful gusts of disapprobation here and there, and the early prayers and responses were more or less interrupted. Still the service went on steadily, until, at the reading of the lessons, which was done with great power and pathos by Hansard, the minister seemed at last to have got something like a hold of the vast congregation. This lasted until the sermon, when the white surplice—which, according to agreement, was to be worn in the morning, when the communion service had still to be finished—brought out a gust of angry coughing and some slamming of doors. Hansard's fine voice, and thorough command of it and of his temper, again prevailed, and he again obtained silence and a hearing for a time. The sermon was on First Peter, iv. 10—"As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God"—and all angry symptoms were hushed by the fine tones of the preacher, penetrating to the furthest corner of the building, until he came on the subject of toleration. But when he declared that there must be differences of opinion in religion as on every subject of vital interest to men, and that each of us should strive to put himself in the position of his adversary, and to look at things as much as possible from his point of view, there arose a fierce storm of door-slamming, coughing, and murmuring, and we fully looked for dust to be thrown in the air, and a cry raised of "Away with such a fellow from the earth!" But he held his own still, while he told them how the spirit of God was amongst them—yes, even amongst them, who were trying to dishonor His house and silence His minister; and bore, before the conclusion, a spirited protest against "the tyranny of infallible ignorance."

On the whole, the triumph was a great one, as Stanley testified by grasping our hands with emotion, as Hansard descended the pulpit steps for the last ordeal of the communion service. Stanley had been following every turn in the service and every demonstration amongst the congregation with an almost painful intensity of interest, and, as was often his wont, had kicked off his shoes during the excitement. He had now to find and put them on to walk up to the altar, and the confusion of the search under the green baize a little delayed the service, and might have caused damage yet. One of those present still declares that he only found one, and went up to the altar in that condition. Not a soul had left the church, but we were the only communicants, and walked through a dense crowd, who pressed down from the galleries and up to the very altar rails. This was the climax, and passed off without accident, as the circle of intently eager and suspicious eyes which surrounded us apparently could find nothing to cavil at. We returned to the pew, the blessing was pronounced, the mob melted away slowly and sullenly (feeling, I think, that moral force was winning, and that they were somehow going to lose the game after all), and we got back to the rectory. There Stanley's joy and thankfulness broke out and bubbled over, and carried us all with him. His voice was like that with which he used to read his favorite chapter of Deborah's song, and his delight more than he could express that his pupil should have solved such a problem, and laid the whole Church under such a debt.

The evening service was almost reverent, and without interruption of any kind, and when Hansard appeared in the pulpit in his cassock there was a murmur of approval and relief, one old woman, in Stanley's hearing, bursting into tears, with the exclamation he delighted to repeat, "Thank God, it is black!" His com-

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ment, in telling the story in later years, was characteristic: "Now the dear old soul would exclaim as eagerly, 'Thank God, it is white!'" The sermon was on the great words of St. Paul on Mars Hill, and took up the strain of the morning, that every man is a child of God, whether he will own it or not. The story of the negress who, when all her children had been kidnapped, went out into the woods and found comfort, and years afterward, herself a slave in America, hearing the words, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden," jumped up and cried, "That is He" (told first, I believe, in the key to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*), was introduced with signal effect, so that in the end the whole congregation rose and joined in the evening hymn. Stanley was even more moved than in the morning, and again lost his shoes, or rather his pupil's slippers, which had been lent him for church, his own shoes having got wet in an afternoon's walk we had taken him to Bethnal Green. He went home that night an exulting man and historian, declaring that the battle was already won (as, indeed, it proved to be, though there were still many small outbreaks of perverse rowdyism), and that a chapter full of instruction in ecclesiastical history had been acted that day under our eyes.

It was not till after he came to Westminster as Dean in 1863 that the connection commenced between him and the various metropolitan organizations of working-men, which produced such good fruit in his later years. One of his first experiments was quite out of the path which he ultimately settled on. On the application of the promoters of a large artisans' dwellings company he became their chairman, and when he found out the bearings of what he had done was not a little embarrassed. By his desire I accompanied him to the first meeting at which he was to preside, and which he managed should be also his last. But his relations to the working-men's clubs and institutes continued to the last. He was their host and cicerone, always ready to welcome them, and to make them feel at home by his simple and generous kindliness. Once a year there was the general gathering of the union, when the Deanery was thrown open, drawing-room and library tables being covered with photographs and engravings, and tea served in the College Hall, where Henry IV. died. But apart from this festival, to which all his friends who took an interest in such matters were bidden, there was scarcely a week in which he did not carry the members of some one of the clubs round the Abbey, pouring out to them the wealth of his historical knowledge, which played round, and invested with ever new interest, monument, and statue, and aisle, and buttress.

There was some quality in him which produced an effect on men of the artisan class which is as rare as it is precious, making each one of them rise to his best, or "feel good," as the expressive Western phrase puts it. What it was I can not say with any certainty. He was utterly unlike their usual favorites, so unconscious, and yet so full of tact of the highest kind; some peculiar combination of dignity, gentleness, simplicity, which brought him at once very near to other men on the ground of their common manhood. Condescend he could not, for he had no pedestal from which to come down, but he had a deep feeling of sensitive sympathy for the cares and strain of lowly life. Whatever it was, it has gone from us—alas! for no one has inherited his mantle. And with it has gone that chivalry which always drew him to the weaker side, and made him again and again the champion of men of whom he was neither friend nor admirer, but against whom the popular current was running. He never, that I can remember, cared to speak when he was on the side of the majority. No man saw more distinctly that danger of democracy, the tyranny which a roused multitude is so ready to exercise, or stood against it more firmly and consistently. It mattered not to him how much or how little he agreed or sympathized with a man who was not getting fair play; his first business was to see that he had that at any rate. And it was this which was the main cause of that angry and suspicious feeling about his beliefs and his influence, which was undoubtedly widespread for many years, and by no means lived down even at his death.

His life as a Churchman was one consistent illustration of his own pregnant saying that in our country and time the great lesson of the parable of the Pharisee and Publican was the one of which we stood most in need, and that for the common cry of the religious press and world, "God, I thank Thee that I am not as this

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heretic," every Christian should substitute, "God be merciful to us sinners, Presbyterian, Anglican, Roman, Greek, or Lutheran."

The most persistent of the cries against him rested on the thinnest foundation; for instance, that he rejected the doctrine of the atonement, because he had pointed out that the word occurs once only in the New Testament (Romans, v. 11), and once in the liturgy, in the prayer for rain. I have even heard it stated confidently that he did not believe in the resurrection, by persons who knew him well, and were constantly meeting him in society. Little as he recked of these cries generally, this accusation touched him keenly. His hymn on the Ascension-day should have been a perfect answer to all such gainsayers, as it was, to my knowledge, to several of them, when their attention had been called to it. The last part especially is so characteristic of his own life and teaching, and embodies his faith so tersely, that a part of it may well find a place here, as those who have never read should read, and those who have will be glad to read again:

"He is gone! Toward their goal
World and Church must onward roll.
Far behind we leave the past,
Forward are our glances cast.
Still His words before us range
Through the ages as they change;
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

"He is gone!—but not in vain:
Wait until He comes again.
He is risen, He is not here;
Far above this earthly sphere,
Evermore in heart and mind,
There our peace in Him we find;
To our own eternal friend
Thitherward let us ascend."

It was this personal faith which made him what he was in his personal relations with men. Every one who had the privilege of consulting him in trouble and difficulties came away refreshed and cheered by his patience, his sympathy, and the strength which seemed to come out of him. Even in the last years, after his wife's death, this continued to be so in spite of the constant sense which he bore about him that the sunshine had passed from his life, and that his work was done.

Not seldom, however, even in those years, his old bright, buoyant self came back again; indeed, at one time it seemed as though the sunshine had altogether returned, as in a Martinmas summer. This was after his visit to America, where "the singular buoyancy and elasticity of the national and individual character," "the brilliant, exhilarating climate," "the vast horizon opened out by their boundless territory," and the warmth and sympathetic tenderness of his own reception, had not only recruited his health, but fired his imagination and touched his heart. It delighted his friends to hear the vivid dramatic power come out as freshly as ever in his accounts of his visits to the sacred places of New England—to Salem on its two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary; to Plymouth Rock, from whence he saw the little crew of the *Mayflower* with yearning as toward the cradle of a sacred state; to Ticonderoga, the only ruin he met with, brooded over by the mysterious legend of the death of Duncan Campbell, of Inverawe; to Niagara, where the silver column of spray, glistening in the moonlight, and rising high, silent, and majestic above the falls from out the turbulent whirlpool below, was to him an image of the future America which should emerge from the distractions of the present. Nevertheless the change was there, seen in the far-off and sad look which so often came across his face in repose, significant in one who had felt so keenly all his days life's myriad grasp, and had thrown himself so keenly into all its phases.

I well remember, years ago, walking away with him from the funeral of a friend, when he expressed very strongly his sense of the unreality and insincerity of the words, "We give Thee hearty thanks for that it hath pleased Thee to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world," which occur toward the end of our burial service. They were not a true utterance or presentation, he said, of the hearts of mourners at such a time—a blot on one of the grandest portions of the liturgy. A few years later, the service had justified itself to him. Death, which he had never feared, but had hated almost passionately, had for him put on a new aspect, so touchingly expressed in those latest lines, published the week after his funeral, which must have come with healing to the hearts of many who stood by his grave:

"Death with his healing hand
Shall once more knit the band
Which needs but that one link, which none may sever,
Till through the only Good,
Heard, felt, and understood,
Our life in God shall make us one forever."

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And yet to the last, though his own task was done, and his heart already far away, the old power of inspiring others never failed him. The last time I saw him was on the Tuesday before he died. Calling to inquire, his old servant said he was sure he would like to see me, and I went up to the large, plainly furnished room at the top of the Deanery in which he was lying. Without intending it, as I sat by his bedside, I betrayed some of that despondency which the present aspect of affairs both in Church and State has produced in so many English minds; and once again, little thinking it was for the last time, heard him speak of the assured victory of good in the end, and came away with renewed hope from his presence. He was far better than I had expected to find him, and spoke with pleasure of getting up to tea, the doctors having given him leave. The next day erysipelas set in, and within the week he was gone, leaving a void which can never be filled in many hearts, but with it the priceless legacy and example of how a life may be lived in the world, yet kept from the evil—how a catholicism may be held fast consistently which, under all forms of thought and worship, is ever seeking and finding the good, the pure, and the true.

THE MAN WHO CAME HOME.

I.

ONE March day Mr. Mark Hunter arrived in the city of Boston. His personal appearance was commonplace, and his reputation did not warrant the anticipation of his advent by Mayor and Common Council. Nobody met him at the dépôt, and nobody watched for him with eager anticipations of joy or sorrow. He expected no greeting other than a glimpse of the familiar streets, church steeples, and Common of the town where he was born, and yet a certain music had chimed in his ears during the journey hither. This refrain, monotonous and unceasing, had been, The man who came home. Yes, he was the man returning home after an absence of thirty years. What should he find? All faces were strange to him. Stay! an old friend swooped around the corner, and embraced him with rough cordiality—the March wind.

"Why, so it is!" exclaimed Mr. Hunter, catching his hat, and laughing good-humoredly. "The same old friend, I declare! An east wind!"

"Eh, sir?" said a sharp voice in his ear. The tone of the voice was interrogative, while the aspect of the speaker was condemnatory. Mr. Hunter turned and confronted a thin and dry little man, with a beaked nose, his throat swathed in a white silk handkerchief, a gold-headed cane, and a hat betokening great respectability, if the wearer's manner evinced eccentricity. "An east wind!" repeated the little man, irritably. "What of that, sir? It may be a trifle fresh. Pray are you familiar with the *bise* of Dresden or Paris? Possibly you prefer the sharp, dry east wind of England in May?"

"I have had no experience with the caprices of either zephyr mentioned," replied Mr. Hunter, mildly.

"You are an Englishman? Humph! You arrive from Canada, likely. Have you seen our—monuments?"

"I am a Bostonian," said the man, whose home-coming was destined to be curious, if not dreary. The eccentric stranger darted a keen glance at him, and trotted away. Mr. Hunter smoothed his beard and smiled. "I never expected to be mistaken for an Englishman," he mused. "Had I been one, the eccentric old gentleman would have shown me the lions, I dare say. As it is—" He did not complete the sentence, even mentally, but was driven to a hotel with his portmanteau.

The day was changeable, and the wind blustering. Pedestrians were warmly clad, and walked at a brisk pace. The sky was blue, and the waters of the bay of a deep ultramarine tint, refreshing to the eye of this exile. Foliage of tender hue appeared in sheltered nooks breathing a promise of spring. Life beat in the arteries of the city. Mr. Hunter had kept the memory of it enshrined in his heart during all the years of absence, and set the goal of return before his eyes as an object in his existence. This hope had upheld him amidst manifold disappointments and baffling trials, and had kept his courage unwavering while the tardy gold pieces of fortune dropped into his purse, during thirty years of steady application to business at Hong-Kong. Yes, he would return home, and end his days in peace, as the Swiss merchant comes back to his native canton, and builds a mansion resembling a New England farm-house or a

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South American villa, in recognition of the market where his industry met with a just reward. A Chinese pagoda on Beacon Street! Was such the castle in Spain of Mr. Mark Hunter, stored with fragrant lacquer, tea, bamboo, and matting? Jean Paul Richter, in selecting Bayreuth as a residence, proclaimed it, "city of my dwelling-place this side of the grave." If such had been the dream of Mr. Hunter, the first impression produced by the eccentric person at the dépôt had been painful. Not only was umbrage taken at his friendly greeting of the east wind, but he had been mistaken for an Englishman.

"Tut! tut! there are crotchety old boys everywhere," he said.

Then he looked at himself in a mirror with a novel interest, and saw reflected a stout, middle-aged man, with bronzed complexion, long beard tinged with gray, and shrewd, kind, hazel eyes. Clearly he presented no distinctive American type, and had become a citizen of the world.

An hour later he rambled forth. He was Rip Van Winkle awakened after a long sleep; he was a pilgrim who had reached his Mecca by traversing sea and land; he was a man returned home where none remained to welcome him. Surely the east wind was keener than it had been in the morning. He strolled along a crowded thoroughfare in search of boyish souvenirs. The glance of the street scrutinized him swiftly, and he read in it that he was foreign, perhaps quaint, in attire and bearing. A Chinese boy stood before a stoop, with demure, yellow countenance, and glossy black hair braided in the conventional pigtail down his back. The oblique Oriental eye recognized him. Was he also a waif of the Celestial Empire? Already two voices warred in his soul—that of protest, fierce, cynical, bitter, and that of resignation which veiled hope. The nature of the man was sound, sweet, uncorrupted.

Once he played foot-ball yonder, when he was a pupil of the Latin School. How one ran to join eager mates, after the weekly catechism by the minister, in the back parlor at home! He could find the church with his eyes bandaged—the church on the corner, built of gray stone, with the old colonial tombstones in the shadow of the wall. How often he had stared through the railings at the epitaphs, and swung on the iron chains, thereby incurring the wrath of an irascible sexton, while awaiting the hour of supper! Oh, the good times of hot biscuit and gingerbread, broiled salmon and brown-bread toast, with a keen young nose turned in the direction of the family kitchen, as a famished urchin swung on the church chains awaiting the happy moment to dart across the street into the house door! The house was opposite the church: a comfortable brown mansion, with yard and gate, an apple-tree overhanging the wall, and cellar door on the street, favorite resort on which to execute jigs of a winter night in defiance of bed-time.

"The old place must be shabby enough now," thought Mr. Hunter. "Perhaps it has been converted into a tenement-house."

He paused in dismay. The house was gone, and a row of shops met his astonished gaze. The windows of plate-glass sparkled, the great gilt signs seemed to mock at him with an offensive prosperity. But the church? Surely that remained as a landmark? A cloud of dust, a heap of bricks and mortar, and a tower which seemed to totter beneath the dull, resounding blows of workmen's tools replied in the negative.

"Abominable desecration!" muttered Mr. Hunter, and a passing vehicle struck his hat over his eyes as a timely warning that the middle of a street is no place for reverie. He lifted the hat, and read the largest of the gilt signs—Peter Wigmore and Sons. The sign of Peter Wigmore actually hung on the site of the old homestead. School-mate of the same class, son of a poor widow who kept a little thread-and-needle shop, Peter Wigmore had often shared his portion of hot gingerbread on the cellar door.

"In a time of golden prosperity does Peter Wigmore ever recall those days?" pondered Mr. Hunter, and entered the store, which proved to be an important exporting house.

Mr. Wigmore appeared—a young man, with keen gray eyes, brown mustache, incisive manner of speech, in the act of drawing on faultless driving gloves, a movement inseparably associated in the mind of an observer with a dog-cart waiting outside, and a groom in top-boots. Peter Wigmore of hot gingerbread memory had been dead ten years, and his sons carried on the business. That was all.

Mr. Hunter visited the Mount Auburn Cemetery, and plucked a rose from the

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unobtrusive grave of his parents. On this dutiful pilgrimage a Grecian temple adorned with mourning statues and terrace confronted him—the last resting-place of prosperous Peter Wigmore.

"Peter remained at home, reaping wealth and honor, and gathering all the moss of domestic association about him. He is dead. What would one do with life if given it all back again?" exclaimed the visitor, striking his cane on the ground. He quitted the cemetery without glancing behind him.

Twilight gathered in the hotel chamber where the occupant gazed out on the street. The Rip Van Winkle sentiment was very strong in him just then. "How well the world goes on without one!" he said, aloud.

He saw the street, with its twinkling lights, bright, busy, cruel; but he also saw something beyond. In the twilight, memory clothes old cities with tender hues; the gas jets grow dim; the Mansard roofs fade; the wide thoroughfares contract to the modest dimensions of earlier years. Mr. Mark Hunter beheld again the gray church, with square tower outlined against the winter sky, and the family mansion opposite; the ruddy glow of fire-light on window-panes here and there; the notes of a jingling piano touched by sister Hetty's fingers; the patter of childish feet from cellar to garret.

"Dinner, sir," said a brisk waiter at the door.

"I should like some clams," rejoined Mr. Hunter, meditatively.

"Clams!" echoed the startled waiter.

"If not clams, then apple-pie," added this exile, incoherently.

II.

Mrs. Erskine was giving a luncheon party to some lady friends in her home in the city of New York. The lunch was quite an informal affair, as she assured each guest in a cream-tinted note of invitation bearing her family crest—a cock gazing at a light-house, on a silver ground. This form of invitation signified to everybody a repast combining all the delicacies of the season, in the shape of game, salads, and jellies, stimulated by chocolate and coffee, and concluding with Champagne. The lunch was the result of a sleepless night, when Mrs. Erskine had gazed with wide-open eyes at a bar of light thrown on the ceiling of her bedchamber by the gas of the street lamp. An energetic woman and fond mother, Mrs. Erskine had calculated the expenses of this feminine feast, and sought among her acquaintance for those guests from whom returns would be the most immediate. Such is the currency of society.

"The girls must be advanced this winter, as they have ordered new ball dresses, and perhaps Charley may find an heiress."

Mrs. Erskine had thus meditated, staring at the gas-light on the ceiling, and it was only when the milkman uttered his familiar call at dawn that she tied her night-cap strings and fell asleep. The luncheon party was the happy result of midnight calculations.

A spring day, a pretty dining-room, and an animated group of ladies gathered about a well-served table at two o'clock. The hostess surveyed this field with satisfaction. "Feed your neighbor luxuriously if you would open his heart and his door to you," she thought, as she urged tenderly the acceptance of more broiled oysters on the wife of a millionaire shipbuilder, in black satin and diamonds. Each dish may have been said to represent a future ball or German for "the girls," while no intoxication lurked in the golden depths of the Champagne glasses equal to the sparkling elation of Mrs. Erskine in contemplating the mothers of several heiresses thus drawn within her net. The ladies gossiped about Paris fashions, the summer at Newport, a spicy item of slander imported from London society.

"That woman has actually been invited to Sandringham by the Prince of Wales," said Mrs. Goldover, a pretty blonde in a Watteau costume.

"She would not be received at home by any one," echoed Mrs. Silverton, a brunette in mauve and yellow.

"Money commands any position in all countries now," sighed Mrs. Erskine, slicing a Neapolitan cream.

The party unanimously agreed that such a condition of the civilized world was truly shocking, and something in the way of social reform should be done; then they ate their cream in most harmonious mood.

At this juncture a servant opened the door with a flurried manner, and a stout gentleman, with bronzed complexion and gray beard, appeared on the threshold behind her.

"Hetty!" he cried, joyously, and advanced with outstretched hands.

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A wave of color mounted to his forehead, moisture dimmed his eyes, his lips trembled with powerful emotion.

"Mark! Have you come home at last?" exclaimed Mrs. Erskine, rising from her seat at the head of the table.

"Yes, yes. I feared to wait longer."

Mr. Hunter paused in embarrassment, aware of the group of ladies in silk, satin, and flashing jewels, the table freighted with crystal, silver, and fruit, the fine room with jardinières in the windows.

"Dear friends, this is my brother, from China," explained Mrs. Erskine, smoothly. "You will pardon me if I leave you for a moment."

"Is this your—home?" inquired the new arrival, bewildered.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Erskine, and swept him away.

The ladies, left alone, looked at each other in silence, and nibbled bonbons.

The day proved one of excitement to Mr. Mark Hunter. Mrs. Erskine gave him no leisure to think, in the whirl of her usual routine. He had travelled from Boston to New York to greet his only surviving sister, the Hetty of the old home thirty years ago. His visit was a long-cherished surprise. Hetty received him cordially, even with a tremor of agitation; but after the luncheon guests had departed, like a flock of startled birds, she put on her bonnet, and drove with him in her coupé to the charity bazar, where the girls were serving as zealous shop-women.

"You keep a carriage?" he inquired, *en route*.

"Oh dear no; I am too poor," she replied, plaintively. "I hire this little coupé by the month during the season. It is far cheaper in the end, you know."

Mr. Hunter slightly compressed his lips. The burden of sister Hetty's poverty had weighed on him for the past twenty years.

A vast building, hung with flags, was gained, and strains of music reached the ear as they entered the lofty hall.

"It is like a fête," said Mr. Hunter.

The bazar sales were at their height; a murmur of voices rose above the orchestra; the crowd surged from the entrance to the most remote corner, along avenues adorned with ribbons, embroideries, and a rainbow of worsted-work. A tall young lady with black hair, sallow complexion, and slim waist was urging crystal flagons of essence on a short and stout young gentleman, in a temple devoted to perfumery.

Mrs. Erskine touched her brother's arm, and said: "That is my Helena. She is such an exquisite figure! Young Scroggs has just proposed. All the girls in our set would give their eyes to be in her place. His father is Mr. Scroggs the banker. It is a great chance, to be sure, but she will require a very expensive trousseau to hold up her head with his family."

In the temple of Flora an arch maiden in blue faille, with a Louis Quatorze of white satin, was selling bouquets to a group of admirers, kissing the flowers coquettishly before delivering them to the fortunate recipient.

"That is Mabel, our beauty," pursued Mrs. Erskine. "Mabel always draws a crowd at a fair. The belles of the London season vend bouquets in that way, you know. It does seem a little fast, but they say the Princess of Wales kisses rose-buds, and they sell for ever so many guineas afterward."

A young girl in white, her hair tied with a red ribbon, darted up to them.

"Mamma, I have sold all the shares of a grand piano. It is such splendid fun to beg of every gentleman you meet!" she cried.

"Yes. This is Theo, our baby," said Mrs. Erskine.

"Where is Charley?" demanded Mr. Hunter.

"Charley is to be found at the club at five o'clock."

"Ah, he is a club man, then?"

"Of course. He is reading law, and very anxious to get on, dear fellow," said the affectionate mother.

Later, when dinner was over, and the young people had been presented, including Charley—a very correct and somewhat neutral-tinted young man—Mark Hunter found himself seated beside his sister, holding her hand. Ah, at last! The moment had come for precious mutual confidence, and he could pour forth the history of his life to such a tender and sympathetic listener as an only sister. A close intercourse had been maintained between them all these years by means of letters.

"So I have returned home," he said, gayly. "Not at all rich, my dear, yet with enough to keep me from becoming a burden to my friends. Providence did not destine me for a nabob, I suppose. Your girls are the Three Graces, no doubt, but they can not hold a candle to their mother at eighteen. What a foot and

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ankle in the French slipper laced across the instep!—eh? I recall you in a pink calico gown on spring days, or a satin pelisse and fur boa, singing in the choir on Sunday."

Mrs. Erskine wept and laughed at these reminiscences. The hour of mutual confidences was congenial to her as well. Left a widow, with the town house and an assured income, she had done her best for the children.

Mr. Hunter listened, puzzled by her ideas of beggary, and equally by that mysterious code of the awful dictates of society, as eloquently preached by her.

"Think of poor Peter Wigmore!" exclaimed Mrs. Erskine, with sudden animation.

"Did you care for Peter?" inquired her brother.

The lady shook her head slowly.

"I despised him, but he worshipped the ground I trod upon; and only consider the fortune he made! If girls could ever tell how a young man would turn out!"

Mr. Hunter frowned, then asked, abruptly, "Any news of Henry's family?"

"Oh, never," replied Mrs. Erskine, glibly. "Henry was always unlucky, and he married a very common person—the daughter of the baker or something—in that Western village where he lived and died. She came here once, years ago. She is dead also, I believe."

"He had a son," said Mr. Hunter, after a pause.

"Yes, a dull lad, I have heard, who has found his own level out West, I suppose."

Mrs. Erskine was not interested in the dead brother Henry, and did not wish Mark to be, either. She exacted this partisanship of him.

"I sent Henry a silver lamp the first winter after I left home. If he was unfortunate, I wish I had tried to do more for him. Why did he never answer my letters? All my later ones were sent through you, until you announced his death."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Erskine, and her restless black eyes roved furtively about the walls.

At eleven o'clock Mr. Hunter retired to the guest-chamber assigned him. The room was large and well furnished. He dropped on the first chair, and held his head in his hands, striving to analyze his own sentiments, to understand himself. Lo! a reedy echo reached his ear through the open register of the furnace—the voices of Miss Helena and young Scroggs in the parlor below-stairs.

"It must be awfully jolly to have an uncle come home from China. Wish I had one," piped the voice of Mr. Scroggs.

"I fancy ours lacks polish," piped Miss Helena. "No, not a tea-tray polish, you naughty creature. Poor mamma is very glad to see him, of course."

Mark Hunter closed the register.

Lo! a second duet ensued, and startlingly near—the blended trebles of Mabel and Theo in an adjoining chamber, of which the closet partition was thin.

"Ma says he has not made a fortune in Chinese tea-pots and things, Mabel. She is *so* disappointed, but we are not to show it."

"I might have married an English lord if he would have given me a *dot*," said the pensive Mabel.

Mr. Hunter closed the closet door.

That night Mrs. Erskine again stared at the light on the ceiling. She felt very tender and doleful concerning the returned brother. The lack of fortune was a grievance she magnanimously determined to overlook. She deemed herself a model woman, while her nature was actually a husk shrivelled by worldliness. Mark was to be proclaimed a returned nabob, her guests of the luncheon party should never learn the contrary, and the children must glean what they could from his fictitious reputation of wealth. Then Mrs. Erskine slept, and dreamed that she once more went to meeting in satin pelisse and fur boa, a graceful damsel of sixteen, and Peter Wigmore, a shock-headed, freckled youth of the same age, ogled her admiringly from the church door.

III.

"Martha."

"Yes, mother.

"I should like to go into that church instead of taking a walk. Surely there must be a gallery where the poor may find a seat."

"What use? *God has forgotten us.*"

An old woman and a girl stood beneath a dripping umbrella. The words of the girl, uttered with concentrated bitterness, reached the ear of another pedestrian, a stout gentleman with bronzed complexion and pleasant eyes, who had paused to cross the street. He watched the pair enter the church, and it occurred to him

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that the sacred edifice resembled another built of gray stone, with a square tower, once familiar to him in his native city of Boston, while the remark of the girl had been unusual, even startling—*God has forgotten us!* What did she mean? He followed her into the church and the gallery, inspired by the benevolence of a philanthropist and the curiosity of a student of human nature. Time hung very heavily on his hands. The two women had already seated themselves; Mr. Mark Hunter chose a place behind them. He wished to ascertain why a young girl had proclaimed on a street corner that God had forgotten her. The words aroused him from a sombre mood. Had she been alone, he would have suspected a tragic love affair, with a desperate rush for ferry-boat or railway track in the mad impulse of suicide. The old woman, meek, patient, tremulous, clad in the dusty black of decent poverty, sat with folded hands. The girl remained, with head slightly thrown back, and a pale, pure profile turned toward the observer. The face was interesting rather than handsome, massive, firm, courageous, only a trifle worn and bitter just now. Mr. Hunter took a card from his pocket and wrote on it: "Tell me why you believe God has forgotten you." He read this, hesitated, tore up the card. The service went on. Outside, the soft spring rain was falling; within the church all was dark and strangely peaceful.

"My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus," preached the clergyman, in sonorous tones.

The meek old woman in the gallery looked at her companion; the girl's face became more obstinate; Mr. Hunter only half listened. Suddenly the girl moved, bent forward, and gazed at the opposite wall. What did she see? Mr. Hunter also scanned the wall. An illuminated text was designed like a scroll on the white surface, "Thy word shall be a lamp unto my feet." The girl's eyes dilated, a smile irradiated her features, and she nodded her head slightly. Evidently she had discovered some clew, vainly sought before. The organ breathed a subdued minor chord; the girl rose to her feet, and sang the hymn in a full rich voice, vibrating with passion:

"O Thou wast crowned with thorns, that I might wear
A crown of glory fair;
Exceeding sorrowful, that I might be
Exceeding glad in Thee;
Rejected and despised, that I might stand
Accepted and complete at Thy right hand."

After the service Mr. Hunter feigned interest in recovering his hat, thus allowing his neighbors to pass out. When he gained the street, the old woman and the girl, sheltered by the cotton umbrella, had disappeared. He went home disappointed.

Mr. Hunter no longer occupied the guest-chamber of his sister. Instead, he had selected modest bachelor quarters in an unfashionable locality, and he did not daily enter the charmed circle of the young Erskines. Sister Hetty was very kind, even anxiously civil, about the change; but the move was effected, and the man who came home spent many solitary hours, in which the Rip Van Winkle sentiment gained irresistible sway.

He sat that evening with a pipe in his mouth, and a lamp on the table at his elbow. The room betrayed a crisis of transition in the occupant. Guide-books were scattered about; a German grammar, a French dictionary, a volume of Italian phrases, indicated a half-formed project of travel. An open writing-desk revealed piles of Mrs. Erskine's letters, and the photographs of her children, tied together and placed face downward. For what end had he returned to a land which had forgotten him? Whither was he drifting? He had asked bread of his kindred, and been given a stone. Was it their fault if they had no bread to give? Odd fancies thronged his brain, bred of solitude. A grain of opium might have lurked in the bowl of his pipe. Should he join a club of fast men, and spend his substance in riotous living? Should he found a museum, a library, to bear his name? Should he depart as he had come? Stay: that girl whose words still rung in his ears—perhaps grim Want had already clutched her. A lost opportunity! Optimism was the buoyant principle in his breast. He took up a weekly journal to banish the thought of the girl whom he had not assisted. His eye fell on the obituary of a Frenchman, recently departed this life in the Faubourg St. Germain. Once a man of fashion, this Parisian had later followed the path indicated by Eugène Sue in fiction, and haunted the Mont de Piété, where he studied humanity in its manifold phases, and frequently relieved distress. He disappear-

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ed from the salons of a marquise, but he was never bored.

Mr. Mark Hunter threw aside the paper, and smoked his pipe. It seemed to him that he already heard the murmur of a vast sea, not remote from his own door, and yet unfathomed by him. This sea was the existence of the mass of his fellow-creatures who have no leisure to analyze their own thoughts in the desperate struggle of each day to gain bread.

The following morning he strolled forth as usual, and wholly without purpose. A whim led him to the east side of the town as remote from sister Hetty's sphere. A month had not elapsed since his return, and yet he avoided the young Erskines. On the east side, wide streets, noisy and dirty, were succeeded by narrow streets, also noisy and dirty. He saved a child from being run over by a butcher's cart, and got entangled in a net-work of passing cars. Clearly his choice of a promenade was a bad one. He paused for the next car to extricate him from the Babel of traffic, when he noticed the sign of a pawnbroker. He smiled, and approached. The paragraph about the eccentric Frenchman, read the previous evening, recurred to his mind.

"You can not invest a New York pawnbroker's with sentiment such as may belong to the Boulevard du Temple of Paris, or the Roman Monte," he reasoned. "No family heirlooms in the shape of antique fans, jewel boxes, and watches are traceable here. Every man likes to play Haroun-al-Raschid once in a way, though."

He peered into the place, which was dark, mouldy, and with a sinister quiet about it in contrast with the bustle of the adjacent thoroughfare. The pawnbroker's shop lurked around the corner, a patient monster, sure of its prey—the haggard mechanic out of work, and the careless youth spending his wages in the tawdry billiard saloon of the avenue. No object of value met the eye; faded carpets, lounges, rickety chairs, a dilapidated clock, were visible on one side—the wrecks of needy families; for the rest, not as much as a gambler's watch. It was a memorable morning at this particular pawnbroker's, however. The French emigrant's wife came, her eyes blinded with weeping, the last shreds of household bedding in a bundle ready to pawn. At the door she was stopped by a stout gentleman, who bade her return home, guarding the precious blankets, and thrust double the expected sum into her hand. An Arab of the town, in shirt sleeves, his last coat rolled under his arm, the need of bread being so bitter in his cellar habitation, ripe for any crime, in revolt against society, was stupefied by a kind word from the same stranger, and a question or two, which resulted in his slouching back to the cellar with the coat on his back, and his arms full of provisions. A girl approached, hurried and nervous in manner, and drew from beneath her shawl a silver lamp. The lamp was small, of unique design, and richly embossed.

"Allow me to look at that lamp," said a voice.

A stout gentleman snatched it up, and scrutinized the bottom, where some initials were inscribed.

"Ah! I never saw another like it," he exclaimed. "I sent it to my brother Henry years ago."

The girl turned, and pushed aside her veil with a fierce gesture. Mr. Hunter recognized the Martha of the church gallery.

"The lamp is mine, and I may sell it if I choose," she said, hoarsely.

"Trust me as a friend, and come away where we can have a little conversation," he said, quietly, and restored the lamp.

The pawnbroker blinked behind his counter. He opined that Mr. Hunter was a private detective in search of stolen goods, and rather an awkward novice in his profession. The two persons thus strangely brought together by chance paused in a little square where flourished a few discouraged trees adorned with sparrow boxes, and hemmed in by tall discolored houses with ragged garments floating from the windows.

"Now explain to me all about the silver lamp."

Martha Davenport looked at him with clear, penetrating eyes.

"Mark gave it to me on my last birthday," she said. "He had promised never to part with it, only he had nothing else to give."

"Mark!" repeated Mr. Hunter, incredulously.

"Mark Hunter. You know him? We have been engaged for three years."

"Yes, I should know him," muttered the other. "Can he be my brother Henry's son?"

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Martha advanced a step nearer, and inquired, imperiously, "Do you believe in him?"

"Why should I believe in him?"

"Cruel! cruel!" she cried. "You speak as his rich relations would speak. I would go and beg of them, but he will not let me. They could only show me the door. Mark is an inventor, a great inventor; perhaps in advance of his time. Do you hear? We have reached the end. Why should we not be allowed to live? Yes, we are one household; we came from the West to find work in the great city. I have been employed at the ribbon counter of Hope's fancy store until last week. The forewoman was my enemy since I found a mistake in her accounts a year ago. You know the proverb, when the master wishes to drown a dog, he pronounces the animal mad, in excuse. Well, a package of lace was found in the pocket of my water-proof cloak. I did not put it there. I was dismissed, and without a character. Mark has not finished his model. Yesterday mother wished to go to church, and I saw on the wall, 'Thy word shall be a lamp unto my feet.' I laughed; I feared I was going mad; but I remembered the silver lamp at home. I decided to sell it in order that Mark might finish his model in peace. I did not dare to look beyond."

Martha spoke rapidly; her color came and went; she extended the lamp with a proud gesture, and a ray of sunshine fell on it. Mr. Hunter had seated himself on the stone bench, and traced lines on the gravel with his cane as he listened.

"Why was the lamp preserved?" he finally inquired.

Martha smiled and sighed. She was not afraid of him. "Mark's uncle sent it from China. He was never heard of again. Did you say— Is it possible that you can be—"

Her companion sprang up and cried, "Take me to this namesake, Mark Hunter."

In a small room of one of the neighboring tall houses a young man was seated before a work-table, on which was placed a model of complicated mechanism. His face was pale and wasted; he brushed back the black hair which fell over his forehead. With trembling touch he pressed a steel knob. There was a moment of stillness; the young man held his breath, and became deadly white in an agony of suspense; then whir! minute wheels began to move, gliding in grooves, harmonious, rapid, perfect, in the well-nigh miraculous completion of an inventor's thought.

"It moves!" exclaimed Mark Hunter the younger.

Martha stood on the threshold, smiling, flushed, tearful, her hand clasped in that of a bronzed stranger whose aspect was benevolent.

IV.

It was an unusually bright and lovely Sunday. Trinity Church was thronged at an early hour with an eager crowd. Charley Erskine was of the number—a slender young man irreproachably attired. As he made his way slowly up the aisle, he was surprised to see his uncle Mark, far in advance, with a party. The party comprised a shabby old woman, a pale youth, and a handsome girl with a bouquet of violets in her corsage. Mr. Hunter whispered in the girl's ear, and soon her voice, full and rich, joined in the opening anthem.

Charley Erskine remarked, "By Jove!" put on his eyeglass to inspect this group, and forget them, until dinner-time.

"Ah, by-the-bye, mamma, I saw our uncle at church. He was with some people; friends from China, perhaps."

"I do not mind, if he is happy," replied Mrs. Erskine, plaintively.

The service had been poisoned, so to speak, by a Paris bonnet worn by a friend in the adjoining pew. Affairs were going badly in the household, in addition. The arch Mabel persisted in flirting with her sister's *fiancé*, Mr. Scroggs.

At that hour a joyous banquet was transpiring in the small work-room of the young inventor—a true feast, presided over by the joyous donor, whose spirits and appetite stimulated those of his companions. A pot of roses bloomed in the open window, and on the wall hung an illuminated text: "Thy word shall be a lamp unto my feet." From time to time Mrs. Davenport turned her placid face toward this text, and directed Martha's gaze in the same direction. Martha was regaining her usual courage in the kindly sympathy of this unexpected guest. One could see that she was destined by nature to be the practical helpmate of the inventor, the rock of strength in the wilderness, the Aspasia of this Pericles. Mr. Hunter was unrecognizable; he laughed

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boisterously at his own jokes; he told long stories to enraptured listeners; he drank toasts in the bottle of wine brought under his arm to the fête. When the meal was over, and darkness subdued the radiance of the Sabbath, his tone became graver.

"I have a plan to submit to you," he said. "When Mark's invention is patented, I will become his business partner. Tut! I know more about business than you do, and I need occupation. We will find a cottage in the suburbs, after the wedding, and build a modest factory near as a commencement. Martha must take care of me when I have gout and rheumatism."

"You do it all for my advantage," said the inventor, with emotion.

"You have already done more for me," replied the man who had come home, with a certain solemnity.

Martha had slipped away. She returned with the silver lamp lighted, and it glowed, a pure star of flame.

Mrs. Erskine received a letter from her brother in the morning.

"The idea!" she cried. "Mark has found Henry's son at a pawnbroker's, and thinks he will yet build up our family name. He blames us dreadfully. I am sure I did not know Henry's boy was in New York, and engaged to a shop-girl. Listen to this, children: 'I wish my nieces might have displayed the same zeal in giving bread to their cousin that they evinced at the charity bazar.'"

"But that was begging money of other people," interposed Theo, naïvely.

"Do not interrupt, Theo. 'If the philanthropists of every city would form a league, and agree to each haunt the door of a pawnbroker's for one day in the year, how many lives might be saved!' Mark always lacked practical sense," added Mrs. Erskine.

Mabel eloped with Mr. Scroggs that day. She was better fitted for the position than Helena, the bride later affirmed. The soul of Mrs. Erskine was tossed like a shuttlecock on the storm-clouds of Helena's grief and old Mr. Scroggs's indignation. At midnight she burned a package of letters never forwarded by her to the Western village. She had acted wisely at the time, she believed. Now she shivered, and wept a little. She felt herself judged by the dead brother Henry, and the man whose home-coming had developed such unforeseen results.

To-day the half-jesting boast of the uncle that Mark was destined to build up fame for his family has been amply fulfilled. The manufactory of the suburb has become a giant structure, the cottage home a spacious country residence, and wherever great centres of industry are created in the civilized world, the name of Hunter is associated with them. Mrs. Erskine is very gracious to young Mrs. Hunter, and talks of proposing Charley as a third partner in the firm. The Hunters remain unmoved by these suggestions, but have left to the Erskines, without dispute, that crest of their mother's, so highly prized by her—the cock gazing at a lighthouse, on a silver ground.

MY SWORDS.

WHERE the sunset glory falls
On my else so naked walls,
Crossed with a blade of later day,
Hangs a sword that, far away,
When the world was in its youth,
Fought for country, love, and truth.
Graven in strange characters on the gleaming supple steel,
Sworn by son to sire for centuries to keep through woe and weal,
Is the legend,
"Without reason, draw me not; without honor, sheathe me not."

Forth it sprang in righteous wrath,
If a coward crossed its path;
Out it leaped like a tongue of flame,
If a light word with the name
Of a woman soiled the air;
On it flashed through dull despair,

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As through sanguine dream of victory, at the bugle-call,
Whoso held it sworn forever to give love and life and all
For the legend,
"Without reason, draw me not; without honor, sheathe me not."

Now it hangeth quietly,
Jewels shining steadily
In its wonderful war-worn head—
In its quaint and war-worn head;
And their beauty, fine and true,
Like eternal drops of dew,
Casts the glamour of the past over all the haunting dreams
Of the deadliness that sleepeth there, while ever brightly gleams
The old legend,
"Without reason, draw me not; without honor, sheathe me not."

And the blade of later time—
Straight and plain, unmarked by rhyme,
Bearing no motto old and quaint,
Wearing only, in letters faint,
Date and name, and with no gem
Fit for kingly diadem
Glittering in its slender hilt—deserves as well the poet's rhyme
And the clinging crown of laurel as the sword of ancient time,
With the legend,
"Without reason, draw me not; without honor, sheathe me not."

Synonym for grace of mien,
And for virtues rarely seen,
Is the old untarnished name
Graven on this blade; and Fame
Dropped a wreath of immortelles—
White and golden immortelles—
On the head that Death laid low, face and hand against the foe,
In the hand this sword, informèd with the spirit and the glow
Of the legend,
"Without reason, draw me not; without honor, sheathe me not."

Heroes many live and die
Whom Fame's trumpet passes by;
Rough of speech, uncouth, unkempt,
Of world's grace they never dreamt;
But within a homely shell
Perfect pearls perchance may dwell;
Thus these homely hearts heroic in the hour of need are found
Wanting naught; their swords are guided, though they never heard its sound,
By the legend,
"Without reason, draw me not; without honor, sheathe me not."

Swords so wielded worthily
May be crossed with these you see
Hanging now so quietly,
Hanging now so peacefully,
Where the golden glory falls
On my else so barren walls.
Jewelled hilt and bending blade, or the straight and naked steel,
Each is precious, if the soul that impelleth it doth feel
The old legend,
"Without reason, draw me not; without honor, sheathe me not."

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A LAODICEAN.

BOOK THE FIFTH.—DE STANCY AND PAULA.

CHAPTER VI.

ON leaving the hotel, Somerset's first impulse was to get out of sight of its windows, and his glance upward had perhaps not the tender significance that Paula imagined, the last look impelled by any such whiff of emotion having been the lingering one he bestowed upon her in passing out of the room. Unluckily for the prospects of this attachment, Paula's conduct toward him now, as a result of misrepresentations, had enough in common with her previous silence at Nice to make it not unreasonable as a further development of that silence. Moreover, her social position as a woman of wealth, always felt by Somerset as a perceptible bar to that full and free eagerness with which he would fain have approached her, rendered it impossible for him to return to the charge, ascertain the reason of her coldness, and dispel it by an explanation, without being suspected of mercenary objects. Continually does it happen that a genial willingness to bottle up affronts is set down to interested motives by those who do not know what generous conduct means. Had she occupied the financial position of Miss De Stancy he would readily have persisted further, and cleared up the cloud.

Having no further interest in Carlsruhe, Somerset decided to leave by an evening train. The intervening hour he spent in wandering into the thick of the fair, where steam roundabouts, the proprietors of wax-work shows, and fancy-stall keepers maintained a deafening din. The animated environment was better than silence, for it fostered in him an artificial indifference to the events that had just happened—an indifference which, though he too well knew it was only destined to be temporary, afforded a passive period wherein to store up strength that should enable him to withstand the wear and tear of regrets which would surely set in soon. It was the case with Somerset as with others of his temperament, that he did not feel a blow of this sort immediately; and what often seemed like stoicism after misfortune was only the neutral numbness of transition from palpitating hope to assured wretchedness.

He walked round and round the fair till all the exhibitors knew him by sight, and when the sun got low he turned into the Erbprinzen Strasse, now raked from end to end by ensaffroned rays of level light. Seeking his hotel, he dined there, and left by the evening train for Heidelberg.

Heidelberg with its romantic surroundings was not precisely the place calculated to heal Somerset's wounded heart. He had known the town of yore, and his recollections of that period, when, unfettered in fancy, he had transferred to his sketch-book the fine Renaissance details of the Otto-Heinrichs-Bau, came back with unpleasant force. He knew of some carved cask heads and other curious wood-work in the castle cellars, copies of which, being unobtainable by photographs, he had intended to make if all went well between Paula and himself. The zest for this was now well-nigh over. But on awaking in the morning, and looking up the valley toward the castle, and at the dark green height of the Königsstuhl alongside, he felt that to become vanquished by a passion, driven to suffer, fast, and pray in the dull pains and vapors of despised love, was a contingency not to be tolerated. Thereupon he set himself to learn the sad science of renunciation, which everybody has to learn in his degree—either rebelling throughout the lesson, or, like Somerset, taking to it kindly by force of judgment. A more obstinate pupil might have altogether escaped the lesson in the present case by discovering its illegality.

Resolving to persevere in the heretofore satisfactory paths of art while life and faculties were left, though every instant must proclaim that there would be no longer any collateral attraction in that pursuit, he went along under the trees of the Anlage and reached the castle vaults, in whose cool shades he spent the afternoon, working out his intentions with fair result. When he had strolled back to his hotel in the evening, the time was approaching for the *table d'hôte*. Hav-

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ing seated himself rather early, he spent the few minutes of waiting in looking over his pocket-book and putting a few finishing touches to the afternoon performance whilst the objects were fresh in his memory. Thus occupied, he was but dimly conscious of the customary rustle of dresses and pulling up of chairs by the crowd of other diners as they gathered around him. Serving began, and he put away his book and prepared for the meal. He had hardly done this when he became conscious that the person on his left hand was not the typical cosmopolite with boundless hotel knowledge and irrelevant experiences that he was accustomed to find next him, but a face he recognized as that of a young man whom he had met and talked to at Stancy Castle garden party, whose name he had now forgotten. This young fellow was conversing with somebody on his left hand—no other personage than Paula herself. Next to Paula he beheld De Stancy, and De Stancy's sister beyond him. It was one of those gratuitous encounters which only happen to discarded lovers who have shown commendable stoicism under disappointment, as if on purpose to re-open and aggravate their wounds.

It seemed as if the intervening traveller had met the other party by accident there and then. In a minute he turned and recognized Somerset, and by degrees the young men's cursory remarks to each other developed into a pretty regular conversation, interrupted only when he turned to speak to Paula on his left hand.

"Your architectural adviser travels in your party: how very convenient!" said the young tourist to her. "Far pleasanter than having a medical attendant in one's train."

Somerset, who had no distractions on the other side of him, could hear every word of this. He glanced at Paula. She had not known of his presence in the room till now. Their eyes met for a second, and she bowed sedately. Somerset returned her bow, and her eyes were quickly withdrawn, with scarcely visible confusion.

"Mr. Somerset is not travelling with us," she said. "We have met by accident. Mr. Somerset came to me on business a little while ago."

"I must congratulate you on having put the castle in good hands," continued the enthusiastic young man.

"I believe Mr. Somerset is quite competent," said Paula, stiffly.

To include Somerset in the conversation, the young man turned to him, and added: "You carry on your work at the castle *con amore*, no doubt?"

"There is work I should like better," said Somerset.

"Indeed?"

The frigidity of his manner seemed to set her at ease by dispersing all fear of a scene; and alternate dialogues of this sort with the gentleman in their midst were more or less continued by both Paula and Somerset till they rose from table.

In the bustle of moving out the latter two for one moment stood side by side.

"Miss Power," said Somerset, in a low voice that was obscured by the rustle, "you have nothing more to say to me?"

"I think there is nothing more," said Paula, lifting her eyes with artificial urbanity.

"Then I take leave of you, and tender my best wishes that you may have a pleasant time before you. . . . I set out for England to-night."

"With a special photographer, no doubt?"

It was the first time that she had addressed Somerset with a meaning distinctly satirical; and her remark, which had reference to the forged photograph, fell of course without its intended effect.

"No, Miss Power," said Somerset, gravely. "But with a deeper sense of woman's thoughtless trifling than time will ever eradicate."

"Is not that a mistake?" she asked, in a voice that distinctly trembled.

"A mistake? How?"

"I mean, do you not forget many things?" (throwing on him a troubled glance). "A woman may feel herself justified in her conduct, although it admits of no explanation."

"I don't contest the point for a moment. . . . Good-by."

"Good-by."

They parted amid the flowering shrubs and caged birds in the hall, and he saw her no more. De Stancy came up, and spoke a few commonplace words, his sister having gone out, either without perceiving Somerset, or with intention to avoid him.

That night, as he had said, he was on his way to England.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE De Stancys and Powers remained in Heidelberg for some days. All remarked that after Somerset's departure Paula was frequently irritable, though at other times as serene as ever. Yet even when in a blithe and saucy mood there was at bottom a tinge of melancholy. Something did not lie easy in her undemonstrative heart, and all her friends excused the inequalities of a humor whose source, though not positively known, could be fairly well guessed.

De Stancy had long since discovered that his chance lay chiefly in her recently acquired and fanciful *prédilection d'artiste* for hoary mediæval families with ancestors in alabaster and primogenitive renown. Seeing this, he dwelt on those topics which brought out that aspect of himself more clearly, talking feudalism and chivalry with a zest that he had never hitherto shown. Yet it was not altogether factitious. For, discovering how much this quondam Puritan was interested in the attributes of long-chronicled houses, a reflected interest in himself arose in his own soul, and he began to wonder why he had not prized these things before. Till now disgusted by the failure of his family to hold its own in the turmoils between ancient and modern, he had grown to undervalue its past prestige, and it was with corrective ardor that he adopted while he ministered to her views.

Henceforward the wooing of De Stancy took the form of an intermittent address, the incidents of their travel furnishing pages whereon to hang his subject; sometimes hindering it, but seldom failing to produce in her a greater tolerance of his presence. His next opportunity was the day after Somerset's departure from Heidelberg. They stood on the great terrace of the Schloss-Garten, looking across the intervening ravine to the northeast front of the castle, which rose before them in all its customary warm tints and battered magnificence.

"This is a spot, if any, which should bring matters to a crisis between you and me," he asserted, good-humoredly. "But you have been so silent to-day that I lose the spirit to take advantage of my privilege."

She inquired what privilege he spoke of, as if quite another subject had been in her mind than De Stancy.

"The privilege of winning your heart, if I can, which you gave me at Carlsruhe."

"Oh!" she said. "Well, I've been thinking of that. But I do not feel myself absolutely bound by the statement I made in that room; and I shall expect, if I withdraw it, not to be called to account by you."

De Stancy looked rather blank.

"If you recede from your promise, you will doubtless have good reason. But I must solemnly beg you, after raising my hopes, to keep as near as you can to your word, so as not to throw me into utter despair."

Paula dropped her glance into the Thier-Garten below them, where gay promenaders were clambering up between the bushes and flowers. At length she said, with evident embarrassment, but with much distinctness: "I deserve much more blame for what I have done than you can express to me. I will confess to you the whole truth. All that I told you in the hotel at Carlsruhe was said in a moment of pique at what had happened just before you came in. It was supposed I was much involved with another man, and circumstances made the supposition particularly objectionable. To escape it I jumped at the alternative of yourself."

"That's bad for me," he murmured.

"If after this avowal you bind me to my words, I shall say no more: I do not wish to recede from them without your full permission."

"What a caprice! But I release you unconditionally," he said. "And I beg your pardon if I seemed to show too much assurance. Please put it down to my gratified excitement. I entirely acquiesce in your wish. I will go away to whatever place you please, and not come near you but by your own permission, and till you are quite satisfied that my presence and what it may lead to are not undesirable. I entirely give way before you, and will endeavor to make my future devotedness, if ever we meet again, a new ground for expecting your favor."

Paula seemed struck by the generous and cheerful fairness of his remarks, and said, gently, "Perhaps your departure is not absolutely necessary for my happiness; and I do not wish, from what you call caprice—"

"I retract that word."

"Well, whatever it is—I don't wish

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you to do anything which should cause you real pain, or trouble, or humiliation."

"That's very good of you."

"But I reserve to myself the right to accept or refuse your addresses, just as if those rash words of mine had never been spoken."

"I must bear it all as best I can, I suppose," said De Stancy, with melancholy humorousness.

"And I shall treat you as your behavior shall seem to deserve," she said, playfully.

"Then I may stay?"

"Yes; I am willing to give you that pleasure, if it is one, in return for the attentions you have shown, and the trouble you have taken to make my journey pleasant."

She walked on, and discovered Mrs. Goodman near, and presently the whole party met together. De Stancy did not find himself again at her side till later in the afternoon, when they had left the immediate precincts of the castle, and decided on a drive to the Königsstuhl.

The carriage, containing only Mrs. Goodman, was driven a short way up the winding incline, Paula, her uncle, De Stancy, and Miss De Stancy walking behind under the shadow of the trees. Then Mrs. Goodman called to them and asked when they were going to join her.

"We are going to walk up," said Mr. Power.

Paula seemed seized with a spirit of boisterousness quite unlike her usual behavior. "My aunt may drive up, and you may walk up; but I shall run up," she said. "See, here's a way." She moved toward a path through the bushes which, instead of winding like the regular track, made straight for the summit.

Paula had not the remotest conception of the actual distance to the top, imagining it to be but a couple of hundred yards at the outside, whereas it was really nearer a mile, the ascent being uniformly steep all the way. When her uncle and De Stancy had seen her vanish, they stood still, the former evidently reluctant to forsake the easy ascent for a difficult one, though he said, "We can't let her go alone that way, I suppose."

"No, of course not," said De Stancy.

They then followed in the direction taken by Paula, Charlotte entering the carriage. When Power and De Stancy had ascended about fifty yards, the former looked back, and dropped off from the pursuit, to return to the easy route, giving his companion a parting hint concerning Paula. Thereupon De Stancy went on alone. He soon saw Paula above him in the path, which ascended skyward straight as Jacob's ladder, but was so overhung by the brush-wood as to be quite shut out from the sun. When he reached her side she was moving easily upward, apparently enjoying the seclusion which the place afforded.

"Is not my uncle with you?" she said, on turning and seeing him.

"He went back," said De Stancy.

She replied that it was of no consequence, that she should meet him at the top, she supposed.

Paula looked up amid the green light which filtered through the leafage as far as her eyes could stretch. But the top did not appear, and she allowed De Stancy to get in front. "It did not seem such a long way as this to look at," she presently said.

He explained that the trees had deceived her as to the real height, by reason of her seeing the slope foreshortened when she looked up from the castle. "Allow me to help you," he added.

"No, thank you," said Paula, lightly; "we must be near the top."

They went on again; but no Königsstuhl. When next De Stancy turned he found that she was sitting down; immediately going back, he offered his arm. She took it in silence, declaring that it was no wonder her uncle did not come that wearisome way, if he had ever been there before.

De Stancy did not explain that Mr. Power had said to him at parting, "There's a chance for you, if you want one," but at once went on with the subject begun on the terrace. "If my behavior is good, you will re-affirm the statement made at Carlsruhe?"

"It is not fair to begin that now," expostulated Paula. "I can only think of getting to the top."

Her color deepening by the exertion, he suggested that she should sit down again on one of the mossy bowlders by the way-side. Nothing loath, she did, De Stancy standing by, and with his cane scratching the moss from the stone.

"This is rather awkward," said Paula, in her usual circumspect way. "My relatives and your sister will be sure to sus-

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pect me of having arranged this scramble with you."

"But I know better," sighed De Stancy. "I wish to Heaven you had arranged it!"

She was not at the top, but she took advantage of the halt to answer his previous question. "There are many points on which I must be satisfied before I can reaffirm anything. Do you not see that you are mistaken in clinging to this idea?—that you are laying up mortification and disappointment for yourself?"

"A negative reply from you would be disappointment, early or late."

"And you prefer having it late to accepting it now? If I were a man, I should like to abandon a false scent as soon as possible."

"I suppose all that has but one meaning: that I am to go."

"Oh no," she magnanimously assured him, bounding up from her seat: "I adhere to my statement that you may stay, though it is true something may possibly happen to make me alter my mind."

He again offered his arm, and from sheer necessity she leaned upon it as before.

"Grant me but a moment's patience," he began.

"Captain De Stancy! Is this fair? I am physically obliged to hold your arm, so that I *must* listen to what you say."

"No, it is not fair; 'pon my soul it is not!" said De Stancy. "I won't say another word."

He did not; and they clambered on through the boughs, nothing disturbing the solitude but the rustle of their own footsteps and the singing of birds overhead. They occasionally got a peep at the sky; and whenever a twig hung out in a position to strike Paula's face, the gallant captain bent it aside with his stick. But she did not thank him. Perhaps he was just as well satisfied as if she had done so.

Paula, panting, broke the silence: "Will you go on, and discover if the top is near?"

He went on. This time the top was near. When he returned she was sitting where he had left her among the leaves. "It is quite near now," he told her, tenderly, and she took his arm again without a word. Soon the path changed its nature from a steep and rugged water-course to a level green promenade.

"Thank you, Captain De Stancy," she said, letting go his arm, as if relieved.

Before them rose the tower, and at the base they beheld two of their friends, Mr. Power being seen above, looking over the parapet through his glass.

"You will go to the top now?" said De Stancy.

"No; I take no interest in it. My interest has turned to fatigue. I only want to go home."

He took her on to where the carriage stood at the foot of the tower, and leaving her with his sister, ascended the turret to the top. The landscape had quite changed from its afternoon appearance, and had become rather marvellous than beautiful. The air was charged with a lurid exhalation that blotted the extensive view. He could see the distant Rhine at its junction with the Neckar, shining like a thread of blood through the mist, which was gradually wrapping up the declining sun. The scene had in it something that was more than melancholy, and not much less than tragic; but for De Stancy such evening effects possessed little meaning. He was engaged in an enterprise that taxed all his resources, and had no sentiments to spare for air, earth, or skies.

"Remarkable scene," said Power, mildly, at his elbow.

"Yes, I dare say it is," said De Stancy. "Time has been when I should have held forth upon such a prospect, and wondered if its livid colors shadowed out my own life, et cætera, et cætera. But, begad, I have almost forgotten there's such a thing as Nature, and I care for nothing but a comfortable life, and a certain woman who does not care for me. . . . Now shall we go down?"

CHAPTER VIII.

It was quite true that De Stancy at the present period of his existence wished only to escape from the hurly-burly of active life, and to win the affection of Paula Power. There were, however, occasions when a recollection of his old renunciatory vows would obtrude itself upon him, and tinge his present with wayward bitterness. So much was this the case that a day or two after they had arrived at Mainz he could not refrain from making remarks almost prejudicial to his cause, saying to her: "I am unfortunate in my situation. There are unhappily worldly reasons why I should pretend to love you, even if I do not: they are so strong that,

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though really loving you, perhaps they enter into my thoughts of you."

"I don't want to know what such reasons are," said Paula, with promptness, for it required but little astuteness to discover that he alluded to her possession of his ancestral home and estates. "You lack tone," she gently added: "that's why the situation of affairs seems distasteful to you."

"Yes, I suppose I am ill. And yet I am well enough."

These remarks passed under a tree in the public gardens during an odd minute of waiting for Charlotte and Mrs. Goodman, and he said no more to her in private that day. Few as her words had been, he liked them better than any he had lately received. The conversation was not resumed till they were gliding "between the banks that bear the vine," on board one of the Rhine steamboats, which, like the hotels in this early summer-time, were comparatively free from other English travellers, so that everywhere Paula and her party were received with open arms and cheerful countenances, as among the first swallows of the season.

The saloon of the steamboat was quite empty, the few passengers being outside; and this paucity of voyagers afforded De Stancy a roomy opportunity.

Paula saw him approach her, and there appearing in his face signs that he would begin again on the eternal subject, she seemed to be struck with a sense of the ludicrous.

De Stancy reddened. "Something seems to amuse you," he said.

"It is over," she replied, becoming serious.

"Was it about me, and this unhappy fever in me?"

"If I speak the truth, I must say it was."

"You thought, 'Here's that absurd man again, going to begin his daily supplication.'"

"Not 'absurd,'" she said, with emphasis; "because I don't think it is absurd."

She continued looking through the windows at the Lurlei Heights, under which they were now sailing, and he remained with his eyes on her.

"May I stay here with you?" he said at last. "I have not had a word with you alone for four-and-twenty hours."

"You must be cheerful, then."

"You have said such as that before. I wish you would say 'loving' instead of 'cheerful.'"

"Yes, I know, I know," she responded, with impatient sadness. "But why must you think of me—me only? Is there no other woman in the world who has the power to make you happy? I am sure there must be."

"Perhaps there is; but I have never seen her."

"Then look for her, and believe me when I say that you will certainly find her."

He shook his head.

"Captain De Stancy, I have long felt for you," she continued, with an earnest glance into his face. "You have deprived yourself too long of other women's company. Why not go away for a little time? and when you have found somebody else likely to make you happy, you can meet me again. I will see you at your father's house, and we will enjoy all the pleasure of easy friendship."

"Very correct; and very cold, O best of women."

"You are too full of exclamations and transports, I think."

They stood in silence, Paula apparently much interested in the manœuvring of a raft which was passing by. "Dear Miss Power," he resumed, "before I go and join your uncle above, let me just ask, Do I stand any chance at all yet? Is it possible you can ever be more pliant than you have been?"

"You put me out of all patience!"

"But why did you raise my hopes? You should at least pity me after doing that."

"Yes; it's that again! I unfortunately raised your hopes because I was a fool—was not myself that moment. Now question me no more. As it is, I think you presume too much upon my becoming yours as the consequence of my having dismissed another."

"Not on becoming mine, but on listening to me."

"Your argument would be reasonable enough had I led you to believe I would listen to you—and ultimately accept you; but that I have not done. I see now that a woman who gives a man an answer one shade less peremptory than a harsh negative may be carried beyond her intentions and out of her own power before she knows it."

"Chide me if you will; I don't care."

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She looked steadfastly at him with a little mischief in her eyes. "You *do* care," she said.

"Then why don't you listen to me? I would not persevere for a moment longer if it were against the wishes of your family. Your uncle says it would give him pleasure to see you accept me."

"Does he say why?" she asked, thoughtfully.

"Yes; he takes, of course, a practical view of the matter. He thinks it commends itself so to reason and commonsense that the owner of Stancy Castle should become a member of the De Stancy family."

"Yes, that's the horrid plague of it," she said, with a nonchalance which seemed to contradict her words. "It is so dreadfully reasonable that we should marry. I wish it wasn't."

"Well, you are younger than I, and perhaps that's a natural wish. But to me it seems a felicitous combination not often met with. I confess that your interest in our family before you knew me lent a stability to my hopes that otherwise they would not have had."

"My interest in the De Stancys has not been a personal interest except in the case of your sister," she returned. "It has been a historical interest only, and is not at all increased by your existence."

"And perhaps it is not diminished?"

"No, I am not aware that it is diminished," she murmured, as she observed the gliding shore.

"Well, you will allow me to say this, since I say it without reference to your personality or to mine—that the Power and De Stancy families are the complements to each other; and that, abstractedly, they call earnestly to one another: 'How neat and fit a thing for us to join hands!'"

Paula, who was not prudish when a direct appeal was made to her commonsense, answered, with ready candor: "Yes, from the point of view of domestic politics, that undoubtedly is the case. But I hope I am not so calculating as to risk happiness in order to round off a social idea."

"I hope not, or that I am either. Still, the social idea exists, and my increased years make its excellence more obvious to me than to you."

The ice once broken on this aspect of the question, the subject seemed rather to engross her, and she spoke on as if daringly inclined to venture where she had never anticipated going, deriving pleasure from the very strangeness of her temerity: "You mean that in the fitness of things I ought to become a De Stancy to strengthen my social position?"

"And that I ought to strengthen mine by alliance with the heiress of a name so dear to engineering science as Power."

"Well, we are talking with unexpected frankness."

"But you are not seriously displeased with me for saying what, after all, one can't help feeling and thinking?"

"No. Only be so good as to leave off going further for the present. Indeed, of the two, I would rather have the other sort of address. I mean," she hastily added, "that what you urge as the result of a real affection, however unsuitable, I have some remote satisfaction in listening to—not the least from any reciprocal love on my side, but from a woman's gratification at being the object of anybody's devotion; for that feeling toward her is always regarded as a merit in a woman's eye, and taken as a kindness by her, even when it is at the expense of her convenience."

She had said, voluntarily or involuntarily, better things than he expected, and perhaps too much in her own opinion, for she hardly gave him an opportunity of replying.

They passed St. Goar and Boppard, and when steering round the sharp bend of the river just beyond the latter place, De Stancy met her again, exclaiming, "You left me very suddenly."

"You must make allowances, please," she said; "I have always stood in need of them."

"Then you shall always have them."

"I don't doubt it," she said, quickly; but Paula was not to be caught again, and kept close to the side of her aunt while they glided past Brauback and Oberlahnstein. Approaching Coblenz, her aunt said, "Paula, let me suggest that you be not so much alone with Captain De Stancy."

"And why?" said Paula, quietly.

"You'll have plenty of offers if you want them. without taking trouble," said the direct Mrs. Goodman. "Your existence is hardly known to the world yet, and Captain De Stancy is too near mid-

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dle age for a girl like you." Paula did not reply to either of these remarks, being seemingly so interested in Ehrenbreitstein heights as not to hear them.

CHAPTER IX.

It was midnight at Coblenz, and the travellers had retired to rest in their respective apartments overlooking the river. Finding that there was a moon shining, Paula leaned out of her windows. The tall rock of Ehrenbreitstein on the opposite shore was flooded with light, and a belated steamer was drawing up to the landing-stage, where it presently deposited its passengers.

"We should have come by the last boat, so as to have been touched into romance by the rays of this moon, like those happy people," said a voice.

She looked toward the spot whence the voice proceeded, which was a window quite near at hand. De Stancy was smoking outside it, and she became aware that the words were addressed to her.

"You left me very abruptly," he continued.

Paula's instinct of caution impelled her to speak. "The windows are all open," she murmured. "Please be careful."

"There are no English in this hotel except ourselves. I thank you for what you said to-day."

"Please be careful," she repeated.

"My dear Miss P——"

"Don't mention names, and don't continue the subject."

"Life and death perhaps depend upon my renewing it soon."

She shut the window decisively, possibly wondering if De Stancy had drunk one glass of Steinberger more than was good for him, and saw no more of moonlit Ehrenbreitstein that night, and heard no more of De Stancy. But it was some time before he closed his window, and previous to doing so saw a dark form at an adjoining one on the other side.

It was Mr. Power, also taking the air.

"Well, what luck to-day?" said Power.

"A decided advance," said De Stancy.

None of the speakers knew that a little person in the room above heard all this out-of-window talk. Charlotte, though not looking out, had left her casement open; and what reached her ears set her wondering as to the result.

It is not necessary to detail in full De Stancy's imperceptible advances with Paula during that northward journey—so slowly performed that it seemed as if she must perceive there was a special reason for delaying her return to England. At Cologne one day he conveniently overtook her when she was ascending the hotel staircase. Seeing him, she went to the window of the entresol landing, which commanded a view of the Rhine, meaning that he should pass by to his room.

"I have been very uneasy," began the captain, drawing up to her side, "and I am obliged to trouble you sooner than I meant to do."

Paula turned her eyes upon him with some curiosity as to what was coming of this respectful demeanor. "Indeed!" she said.

He then informed her that he had been overhauling himself since they last talked, and had some reason to blame himself for bluntness and general want of euphemism, which, although he had meant nothing by it, must have been very disagreeable to her. But he had always aimed at sincerity, particularly as he had to deal with a lady who despised hypocrisy and was above flattery. However, he feared he might have carried his disregard for conventionality too far. But from that time he would promise that she should find an alteration by which he hoped he might retain the friendship at least of a young lady he honored more than any other in the world.

This retrograde movement was evidently unexpected by the honored young lady herself. After being so long accustomed to rebuke him for his persistence, there was novelty in finding him do the work for her. The guess might even have been hazarded that there was also disappointment.

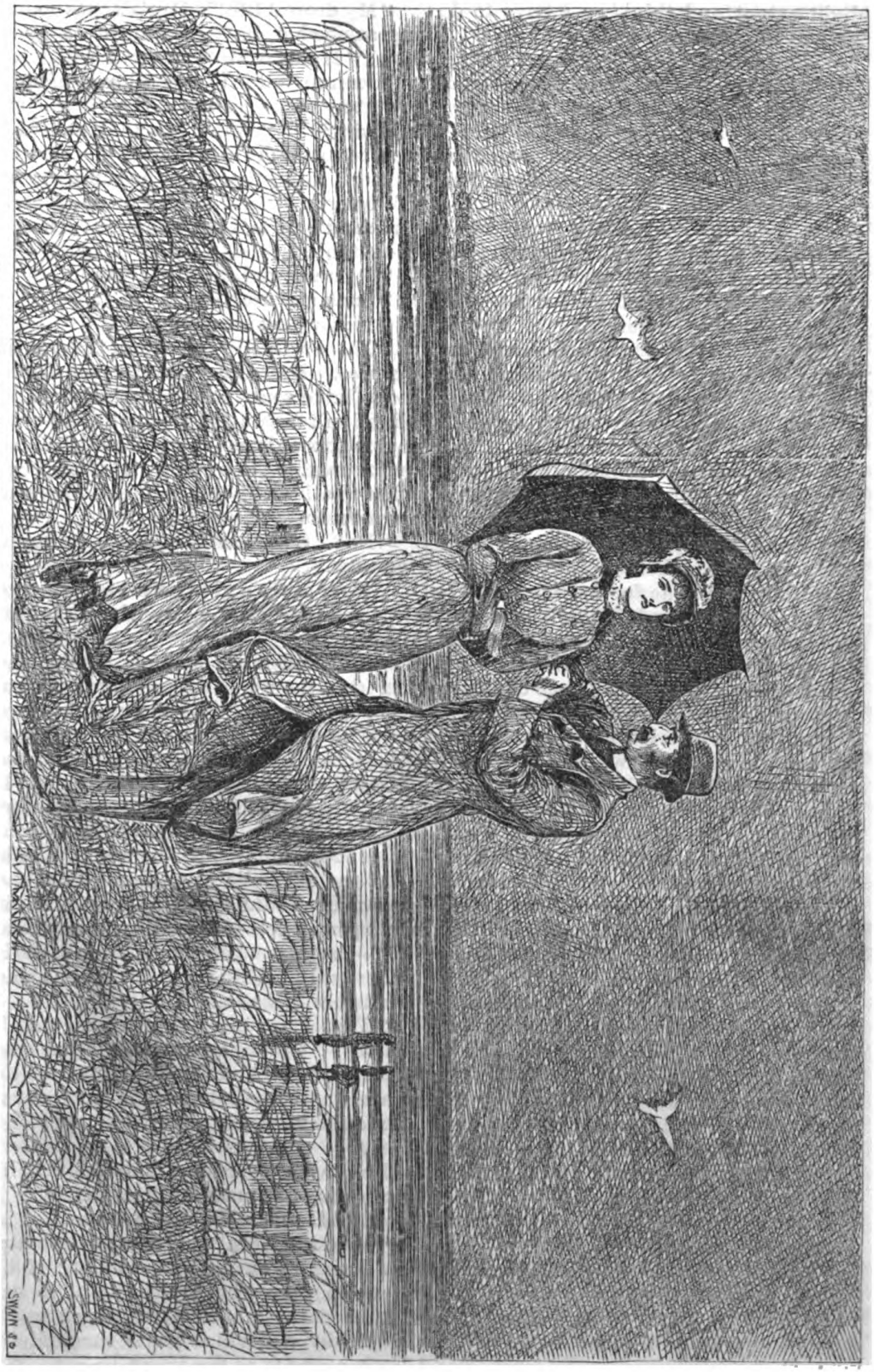
Still looking across the river upon the bridge of boats which stretched to the opposite suburb of Deutz: "You need not blame yourself," she said, with the mildest conceivable manner; "I can make allowances. All I wish is that you should remain under no misapprehension."

"I comprehend," he said, thoughtfully. "But since by a perverse fate I have been thrown into your company, you could hardly expect me to feel and act otherwise."

"Perhaps not."

"Since I have so much reason to be dis-

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"DE STANCY SCREENED PAULA WITH HIS UMBRELLA AS THEY STOOD WITH THEIR BACKS TO THE WIND."

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satisfied with myself," he added, "I can not refrain from criticising elsewhere to a slight extent, and thinking I have to do with an ungenerous person."

"Why ungenerous?" she asked.

"In this way: that since you can not love me, you see no reason at all for trying to do so in the fact that I so deeply love you; hence I say that you are rather to be distinguished by your wisdom than by your humanity."

"It comes to this, that if your words are at all seriously meant, it is much to be regretted we ever met," she murmured. "Now will you go on to where you were going, and leave me here?"

Without a remonstrance he went on, saying, with dejected whimsicality as he smiled back upon her, "You show a wisdom which for so young a lady is perfectly surprising."

It was resolved to prolong the journey by a circuit through Holland and Belgium; but nothing changed in the attitudes of Paula and Captain De Stancy till one afternoon during their stay at the Hague, when they had gone for a drive down to Scheveningen by the long straight avenue of chestnuts and limes, tufts of wild parsley waving its flowers under their boughs, except where the *buitenplaatsen* of retired merchants blazed forth with new paint of every hue and inscriptions to correspond. On mounting the dune which kept out the sea behind the village, a brisk breeze greeted their faces, and a fine sand blew up into their eyes. De Stancy screened Paula with his umbrella as they stood with their backs to the wind, looking down on the red roofs of the village within the sea-wall, and pulling at the long grass which by some means found nourishment in the powdery soil of the dune.

When they had discussed the scene he continued: "It always seems to me that this place reflects the average mood of human life. I mean, if we strike the balance between our best moods and our worst, we shall find our average condition to stand at about the same pitch in emotional color as these sandy dunes and this gray scene do in landscape."

Paula contended that he ought not to measure everybody by himself.

"I have no other standard," said De Stancy; "and if my own is wrong, it is you who have made it so. Have you thought any more of what I said at Cologne?"

"I don't quite remember what you did say at Cologne."

"My dearest life!" Paula's eyes rounding somewhat, he corrected the exclamation: "My dear Miss Power, I will, without reserve, tell it to you all over again."

"Pray spare yourself the effort," she said, dryly. "What has that one fatal step betrayed me into!... Do you seriously mean to say that I am the cause of your life being colored like this scene of grass and sand? If so, I have committed a very great fault."

"It can be nullified by a word."

"Such a word!"

"It is a very short one."

"There's a still shorter one more to the purpose. Frankly, I believe you suspect me to have some latent and unowned inclination for you—that you think speaking is the only point upon which I am backward.... There, now, it is raining; what shall we do? I thought this wind meant rain."

"Do? Stand on here, as we are standing now."

"Your sister and my aunt are gone under the wall. I think we will walk toward them."

"You had made me hope," he continued (his thoughts apparently far away from the rain and the wind and the possibility of shelter) "that you might change your mind, and give to your original promise a liberal meaning in renewing it. In brief, I mean this, that you would allow it to merge into an engagement. Don't think it presumptuous," he went on, as he held the umbrella over her; "I am sure any man would speak as I do. A distinct permission to be with you on probation—that was what you gave me at Carlsruhe; and flinging casuistry on one side, what does that mean?"

"That I am interested in your family history. Certainly not that I have accepted you." And she went out from the umbrella to the shelter of the hotel, where she found her aunt and friend.

De Stancy could not but feel that his persistence had made some impression. It was hardly possible that a woman of independent nature would have tolerated his dangling at her side so long if his presence were wholly distasteful to her. That evening when driving back to the Hague by a devious route through the dense avenues of the Bosch he conversed

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with her again; also the next day when standing by the Vijver looking at the swans; and in each case she seemed to have at least got over her objection to being seen talking to him apart from the remainder of the travelling party.

Scenes very similar to those at Scheveningen and on the Rhine were enacted at later stages of their desultory journey. Mr. Power had proposed to cross from Rotterdam; but a stiff northwesterly breeze prevailing, Paula herself became reluctant to hasten back to Stancy Castle. Turning abruptly, they made for Brussels.

It was here, while walking homeward from the park one morning, that her uncle for the first time alluded to the situation of affairs between herself and her admirer. The captain had gone up the Rue Royale with his sister and Mrs. Goodman, to show them either the house in which the ball took place on the eve of Quatre Bras or some other site of interest, and the two Powers were thus left to themselves. To reach their hotel they passed into a little street sloping steeply down from the Rue Royale to the Place Ste. Gudule, where at the moment of nearing the cathedral a wedding party emerged from the porch, and crossed in front of uncle and niece.

"I hope," said the former, in his passionless way, "we shall see a performance of this sort between you and Captain De Stancy not so very long after our return to England."

"Why?" asked Paula, following the bride with her eyes.

"It is artistically, as I may say, such a highly correct thing—such an expedient thing—such an obvious thing to all eyes."

"Not altogether to mine, uncle," she returned, dryly.

"'Twould be a thousand pities to let slip such a neat offer of adjusting difficulties as accident makes you in this. You could marry more tin, that's true, but you don't want it, Paula. You want a name, and historic what-do-they-call-it. Now by coming to terms with the captain you'll be Lady De Stancy in a few years: and a title which is useless to him, and a fortune and castle which are in some degree useless to you, will make a splendid whole useful to you both."

"I've thought it over—quite," she answered. "And I quite see what the advantages are. But how if I don't care one atom for artistic completeness and a splendid whole, and do care very much to do what my fancy inclines me to do?"

"Then I should say that, taking a comprehensive view of human nature of all colors, your fancy is about the silliest fancy existing on this earthly ball."

Paula laughed indifferently, and her uncle felt that, persistent as was his nature, he was the wrong man to influence her by argument. Paula's blindness to the advantages of the match, if she were blind, was that of a woman who wouldn't see, and the best argument was silence.

This was in some measure proved the next morning. When Paula made her appearance, Mrs. Goodman said, holding up the missive, "Here's a letter from Mr. Somerset."

"Dear me," said she, blandly, though a quick little flush ascended her cheek. "I had nearly forgotten him."

The letter on being read contained a request as brief as it was unexpected. Having prepared all the drawings necessary for the rebuilding, Somerset begged leave to resign the superintendence of the work into other hands.

"His letter caps your remarks very aptly," said Mrs. Goodman, with secret triumph. "You are nearly forgetting him, and he is quite forgetting you."

"Yes," said Paula, carelessly. "Well, I must get somebody else, I suppose."

CHAPTER X.

THEY next deviated to Amiens, intending to stay there only one night, but their schemes were deranged by the sudden illness of Charlotte. She had been looking unwell for a fortnight past, though, with her usual self-abnegation, she had made light of her ailment. Even now she declared she could go on; but this was said overnight, and in the morning it was abundantly evident that to move her was highly unadvisable. Still, she was not in serious danger, and having called in a physician, who pronounced rest indispensable, they prepared to remain in the old Picard capital two or three additional days. Mr. Power thought he would take advantage of the halt to run up to Paris, leaving De Stancy in charge of the ladies.

In more ways than in the illness of Charlotte this day was the beginning of a crisis.

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It was a summer evening without a cloud. Charlotte had fallen asleep in her bed, and Paula, who had been sitting up by her, looked out into the Place St. Denis, which the hotel commanded. The lawn of the square was all ablaze with red and yellow clumps of flowers, the acacia-trees were brightly green, the sun was soft and low. Tempted by the prospect, Paula went and put on her hat, and arousing her aunt, who was nodding in the next room, to request her to keep an ear on Charlotte's bedroom, Paula descended into the Rue de Noyon alone, and entered the green inclosure.

While she walked round, two or three little children in charge of a nurse trundled a large variegated ball along the grass, and it rolled to Paula's feet. She smiled at them, and endeavored to return it by a slight kick. The ball rose in the air, and passing over the back of a seat which stood under one of the trees, alighted in the lap of a gentleman hitherto screened by its boughs. The back and shoulders proved to be those of De Stancy. He turned his head, jumped up, and was at her side in an instant, a nettled flush having meanwhile crossed Paula's face.

"I thought you had gone to the Hotoie Promenade," she said, hastily. "I am going to the cathedral" (obviously uttered lest it should seem that she had seen him from the hotel windows, and entered the square for his company).

"Of course: there is nothing else to go to here—even for Roundheads."

"If you mean *me* by that, you are very much mistaken," said she, testily.

"The Roundheads were your ancestors, and they knocked down my ancestors' castle, and broke the stained glass and statuary of the cathedrals," said De Stancy, slyly; "and now you go not only to a cathedral, but to a service of the unreformed Church in it."

"In a foreign country it is different from home," said Paula, in extenuation; "and you of all men should not reproach me for tergiversation, when it has been brought about by—by my sympathies with—"

"With the troubles of the De Stancys."

"Well, you know what I mean," she answered, with considerable anxiety not to be misunderstood—"my likings for the old castle, and what it contains, and what it suggests. I declare I will not explain to you further—why should I? I am not answerable to you."

Paula's show of petulance was perhaps not wholly because she had appeared to seek him, but also from being reminded by his criticism that Mr. Woodwell's prophecy on her weakly succumbing to surroundings was slowly working out its fulfillment.

She moved forward toward the gate at the further end of the square, beyond which the cathedral lay at a very short distance. Paula did not turn her head, and De Stancy strolled slowly after her down the Rue du Collége. The day happened to be one of the church festivals, and people were a second time flocking into the lofty monument of Catholicism at its meridian. Paula vanished into the porch with the rest, and, almost catching the wicket as it flew back from her hand, he too entered the high-shouldered edifice—an edifice doomed to labor under the melancholy misfortune of seeming only half as vast as it really is, and not unaptly described by Heine as a monument built with the strength of Titans, and decorated with the patience of dwarfs.

De Stancy walked up the nave, so close beside her as to touch her dress; but she would not recognize his presence, the darkness that evening had thrown over the interior, which was scarcely broken by the few candles dotted about, being a sufficient excuse, if she required one.

"Miss Power," De Stancy said at last, "I am coming to the service with you."

She received the intelligence without surprise, and he knew she had been conscious of him all the way.

Paula went no further than the middle of the nave, where there was hardly a soul, and took a chair beside a solitary rush-light, which looked amid the vague gloom of the inaccessible architecture like a light-house at the foot of tall cliffs.

He put his hand on the next chair, saying, "Do you object?"

"Not at all," she replied, and he sat down.

"Suppose we go into the choir," said De Stancy, presently. "Nobody sits out here in the shadows."

"This is sufficiently near, and we have a candle," Paula murmured.

Before another minute had passed, the candle flame began to drown in its own grease; it slowly dwindled and went out.

"I suppose that means I am to go into

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the choir in spite of myself. Heaven is on your side," said Paula. And rising they left their now totally dark corner, and joined the noiseless shadowy figures who in twos and threes kept passing up the nave.

Within the choir there was a blaze of light, partly from the altar, and more particularly from the image of the saint whom they had assembled to honor, which stood, surrounded by candles and a thicket of flowering plants, some way in advance of the foot-pace. A secondary rádiance from the same source was reflected upward into their faces by the polished marble pavement, except when interrupted by the shady forms of the officiating priests.

When it was over, and the people were moving off, De Stancy and his companion went toward the saint, now besieged by numbers of women anxious to claim the respective flower-pots they had lent for the decoration. As each wrangled for her own, seized and marched off with it, Paula remarked, "This rather spoils the solemn effect of what has gone before."

"I perceive you are a harsh Puritan."

"No, Captain De Stancy! Why will you speak so? I am far too much otherwise. I have grown to be so much of your way of thinking, that I accuse myself and am accused by others of being worldly, and half-and-half, and other dreadful things—though it isn't that at all."

They were now walking down the nave, preceded by the sombre figures with the pot-flowers who were just visible in the rays that reached them through the distant choir screen at their back; while above, the gray night sky and stars looked in upon them through the high clear-story windows.

"Do be a little *more* of my way of thinking!" rejoined De Stancy, passionately.

"Don't, don't speak," she said, rapidly. "There are Milly and Champreau!"

Milly was one of the maids, and Champreau the courier and valet who had been engaged by Abner Power. They had been sitting behind the other pair throughout the service, and indeed knew rather more of the relations between Paula and De Stancy than Paula knew herself. Hastening on, they went out, and walked together silently up the short street.

The Place St. Denis was now lit up, lights shone from the hotel windows, and the world without the cathedral had so far advanced in nocturnal changes that it seemed as if they had been gone from it for hours. Within the hotel they found the change even greater than without. Mrs. Goodman met them half way on the stairs.

"Poor Charlotte is worse," she said. "Quite feverish, and almost delirious."

Paula reproached herself with "Why did I go away!"

The common interest of De Stancy and Paula in the sufferer at once reproduced an ease between them as nothing else could have done. The physician was again called in, who prescribed certain draughts, and recommended that some one should sit up with her that night. If Paula allowed demonstrations of love to escape her toward anybody, it was toward Charlotte, and her instinct was at once to watch by the invalid's couch herself, at least for some hours, it being deemed unnecessary to call in a regular nurse unless she should sicken further.

"But I will sit with her," said De Stancy. "Surely you had better go to bed?" Paula would not be persuaded; and thereupon De Stancy, saying he was going into the town for a short time before retiring, left the room.

The last omnibus returned from the last train, and the inmates of the hotel retired to rest. Meanwhile a telegram had arrived for Captain De Stancy; but as he had not yet returned, it was put in his bedroom, with directions to the night porter to remind him of its arrival.

Paula sat on with the sleeping Charlotte. Presently she retired into the adjacent sitting-room with a book, and flung herself on a couch, leaving the door open between her and her charge, in case the latter should awake. While she sat, a new breathing seemed to mingle with the regular sound of Charlotte's that reached her through the doorway; she turned quickly, and saw her uncle standing behind her.

"Oh! I thought you were in Paris," said Paula.

"I have just come from there; I could not stay. Something has occurred to my mind about this affair." His strangely marked visage, now more noticeable from being worn with fatigue, had a spectral effect by the night light.

"What affair?"

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"This marriage. Paula, De Stancy is a good fellow enough, but you must not accept him just yet."

Paula did not answer.

"Do you hear? You must not accept him," repeated her uncle, "till I have been to England and examined into matters. I start in an hour's time—by the ten-minutes-past-two train."

"This is something very new."

"Yes, 'tis new," he murmured, relapsing into his Dutch manner. "You must not accept him till something is made clear to me. I have come from Paris to say so."

"Uncle, I don't understand this. I am my own mistress in all matters; and though I don't mind telling you I have by no means resolved to accept him, the question of her marriage is especially a woman's own affair."

Her uncle stood irresolute for a moment, as if his convictions were more than his proofs. "I say no more at present," he murmured. "Can I do anything for you about a new architect?"

"Appoint Havill."

"Very well. Good-night." And then he left her. In a short time she heard him go down and out of the house, to cross to England by the morning steamboat.

With a little shrug, as if she resented his interference in so delicate a point, she settled herself down anew to her book.

One, two, three hours passed, when Charlotte awoke, but soon slumbered sweetly again. Milly had staid up for some time, lest her mistress should require anything, but the girl being sleepy, Paula sent her to bed.

It was a lovely night of early summer, and drawing aside the window-curtains, she looked out upon the flowers and trees of the Place, now quite visible, for it was nearly three o'clock, and the morning light was growing strong. She turned her face upward. Except in the case of one bedroom, all the windows on that side of the hotel were in darkness. The room being rather close, she left the casement ajar, and opening the door, walked out upon the staircase landing. A number of caged canaries were kept here, and she observed in the dim light of the landing lamp how snugly their heads were all tucked in. On returning to the sitting-room again she could hear that Charlotte was still slumbering, and this encouraging circumstance disposed her to go to bed herself. Before, however, she had made a move, a gentle tap came to the door.

Paula opened it. There in the faint light by the sleeping canaries stood Charlotte's brother.

"How is she now?" he whispered.

"Sleeping soundly," said Paula.

"That's a blessing. I have not been to bed. I came in late, and have now come down to know if I had not better take your place."

"Nobody is required, I think. But you can judge for yourself."

Up to this point they had conversed in the doorway of the sitting-room, which De Stancy now entered, crossing it to Charlotte's apartment. He came out from the latter at a pensive pace. "She is doing well," he said, gently. "You have been very good to her. Was the chair I saw by her bed the one you have been sitting in all night?"

"I sometimes sat there, sometimes here."

"I wish I could have sat beside you, and held your hand. I speak frankly."

"To excess," she said.

"And why not? I do not wish to hide from you any corner of my breast, futile as candor may be. Just Heaven! for what reason is it ordered that courtship, in which soldiers are usually so successful, should be a failure only with me?"

"Your lack of foresight chiefly in indulging feelings that were not encouraged. That, and my uncle's indiscreet permission to you to travel with us, have precipitated our relations in a way that I could neither foresee nor avoid, though of late I have had apprehensions that it might come to this. You vex and disturb me by such words of regret."

"Not more than you vex and disturb me. But you can not hate the man who loves you so devotedly?"

"I have said before I don't hate you. I repeat that I am interested in your family and its associations because of its complete contrast with my own." She might have added, "And I am additionally interested just now because my uncle has forbidden me to be."

"But you don't care enough for me personally to save my happiness."

Paula hesitated, and the cathedral clock struck three. "I have thought once or twice," she said, naïvely, "that if I could be sure of giving peace and joy to your mind by becoming your wife, I ought to

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endeavor to do so and make the best of it merely as a charity. But I believe that feeling is a mistake: your discontent is constitutional, and would go on just the same whether I accepted you or no. My refusal of you is purely an imaginary grievance."

"Not if I think otherwise."

"Oh no," she murmured, nervously, and with a sense that the place was very lonely and silent. "If you think it otherwise I suppose it is otherwise."

"My darling, my Paula," he said, seizing her hand. "Do promise me something. You must indeed!"

"Captain De Stancy!" she said, trembling and turning away. "Captain De Stancy!" She tried to withdraw her fingers, then faced him, exclaiming, in a firm voice, a third time, "Captain De Stancy! let go my hand; for I tell you I will not marry you!"

"Good God!" he cried, dropping her hand. "What have I driven you to say in your anger! Retract it—oh, retract it!"

"Don't urge me further, as you value my good opinion."

"To lose you now is to lose you forever. Come, please answer."

"I won't be compelled," she interrupted, with vehemence. "I am resolved not to be your—not to give you an answer to-night. Never, never will I be reasoned out of my intention; and I say I won't answer you to-night! I should never have let you be so much with me but for pity of you; and now it is come to this!"

She had sunk into a chair, and now leaned upon her hand, and buried her face in her handkerchief. He had never caused her any such agitation as this before.

"You stab me with your words," continued De Stancy. "The experience I have had with you is without parallel, Paula. It seems like a distracting dream."

"I won't be hurried by anybody."

"That may mean anything," he said, with a perplexed, passionate air. "Well, mine is a fallen family, and we must abide caprices. Would to Heaven it was extinguished!"

"What was extinguished?" she murmured.

"The De Stancys. Here am I, a homeless wanderer, living on my pay; in the next room lies she, my sister, a poor little fragile feverish invalid with no social position—and hardly a friend. We two represent the De Stancy line; and I wish we were behind the iron door of our old vault at Sleeping Green. It can be seen by looking at us and our circumstances that we cry for the earth and oblivion."

"Captain De Stancy, it is not like that, I assure you," sympathized Paula, with damp eyelashes. "I love Charlotte too dearly for you to talk like that, indeed. I don't want to marry you exactly, and yet I can not bring myself to say I permanently reject you, because I remember you are Charlotte's brother, and do not wish to be the cause of any morbid feelings in you which would ruin your future prospects."

"My dear life, what is it you doubt in me? Your earnestness not to do me harm makes it all the harder for me to think of never being more than a friend."

"Well, I have not positively refused," she exclaimed, in mixed tones of pity and distress. "Let me think it over a little while. It is not generous to urge so strongly before I can collect my thoughts."

"Darling, forgive it!—There, I'll say no more."

He then offered to sit up in her place for the remainder of the night; but Paula declined, assuring him that she meant to stay only another half-hour, after which nobody would be necessary.

He had already crossed the landing to ascend to his room, when she stepped after him and asked if he had received his telegram.

"No," said De Stancy. "Nor have I heard of one."

Paula explained that it was put in his room that he might see it the moment he came in.

"It matters very little," he replied, "since I shall see it now. Good-night, dearest; good-night," he added, tenderly.

She gravely shook her head. "It is not for you to express yourself like that," she answered. "Good-night, Captain De Stancy."

He went up the stairs to the second floor, and Paula returned to the sitting-room. Having left a light burning, De Stancy proceeded to look for the telegram, and found it on a chair, where it had been swept from the table. When he had opened the sheet, a sudden solemnity overspread his face. He sat down, rested his elbow on the table, and his forehead on his hands.

Captain De Stancy did not remain thus

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long. Rising, he went softly down stairs. The gray morning had by this time crept into the hotel, rendering a light no longer necessary. The old clock on the landing was within a few minutes of four, and the birds were hopping up and down their cages, and whetting their bills. He tapped at the sitting-room, and she came instantly.

"But I told you it was not necessary—" she began.

"Yes, but the telegram," he said, hurriedly. "I wanted to let you know first that—it is very serious. My father is dead! He died suddenly yesterday, and I must go at once. . . . About Charlotte—and how to let her know—"

"She must not be told yet," said Paula. . . . . Sir William dead!"

"You think we had better not tell her just yet?" said De Stancy, anxiously. "That's what I want to consult you about, if you don't mind my intruding."

"Certainly I don't," she said.

They continued the discussion for some time, and it was decided that Charlotte should not be informed of what had happened till the doctor had been consulted, Paula promising to account for her brother's departure.

De Stancy then prepared to leave for England by the first morning train, and roused the night porter, which functionary, having packed off Abner Power, was discovered asleep on the sofa of the landlord's parlor. At half past five, Paula, who in the interim had been pensively sitting with her hand to her chin, quite forgetting that she had meant to go to bed, heard wheels without, and looked from the window. A fly had been brought round, and one of the hotel servants was in the act of putting up a portmanteau with De Stancy's initials upon it. A minute afterward the captain came to her door.

"I thought you had not gone to bed, after all."

"I was anxious to see you off," said she, "since neither of the others is awake, and you wished me not to rouse them."

"Quite right; you are very good;" and lowering his voice: "Paula, it is a sad and solemn time with me. Will you grant me one word—not on our last sad subject, but on the previous one—before I part with you to go and bury my father?"

"Certainly," she said, in gentle accents.

"Then have you thought over my position? Will you at last have pity upon my loneliness by becoming my wife?"

"Yes."

"Your hand upon it."

She gave him her hand: he held it a few moments, then raised it to his lips, and was gone.

When Mrs. Goodman rose she was informed of Sir William's death, and of his son's departure.

"Then the captain is now Sir William De Stancy," she exclaimed. "Really, Paula, since you would be Lady De Stancy by marrying him, I almost think—"

"Hush, aunt!"

"Well, what are you writing there?"

"Only entering in my diary that I accepted him this morning, in spite of Uncle Abner."

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT is to be regretted that M. De Rochambeau and the other French gentlemen who come to take part in the centennial commemoration of the French alliance, and of the surrender at Yorktown to the allied armies, did not arrive in time to see Newport in its summer gayety and splendor. It is with Newport and the island and waters of Rhode Island that the French visit is most closely associated. At Long Wharf General Washington landed to meet the French ally. In the beautiful harbor of Newport lay the French fleet, and the French army was cantoned upon the island. Near the old fort upon the shore of the harbor still stands the spacious house in which the French admiral died, and the head-quarters of the general and his brilliant suite have still an air of conscious importance and of proud recollection. Our distinguished French visitors, familiar as they doubtless are with the charming memoirs of their countrymen who accompanied the elder Rochambeau, could see no spot in America with sincerer interest than the quaint old town along whose streets tripped the peerless Quaker Polly Lawton and the beautiful Champlin, with whom Washington himself stepped a minuet.

The new Newport also could not fail to amaze and delight the accomplished gentlemen of our sister republic. Nowhere upon the pleasure-haunted French coast—nowhere in the world, indeed—could they see so magnifi-

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cent a watering-place. Winding in from Bateman's around the harbor shore, they might fancy the yellow Ocean House, which dominates the town, to be a German *Residenz*, and infer a dowdy little community at its feet. But ascending the hill to the superb Bellevue Avenue and its tributaries, wide reaches of sea pastures enchanted into exquisite gardens, and clustering with costly and elaborate villas, the roads swarming with fine equipages of every kind, filled with a brilliant company, and over all the soft, gleaming atmosphere of the neighboring Gulf Stream, the French gentlemen could not but admit that there was a world beyond Paris, and gardens more beautiful than Versailles.

Nor can it be denied that to those luxurious villas, to the well-clad groups chatting and laughing upon airy seaward-sloping lawns and deep embowered piazzas, to the motley polo-riders and tennis-players and gay hunters of the fox across country, to the delicate dinners and musical breakfasts and dancing teas, the coming of the courtly gentlemen would have been most welcome. Perhaps, indeed, they will yet arrive, not in time for the midsummer festivity, but not too late for the softly brilliant autumnal days when the climate of the island is perfect, and the lustrous sea an opal. They would bring with them, perhaps, traditions and reminiscences of a royal court; there may be among them gentlemen still loyal to the Bourbon lily and the King kept from his crown. They will then have the opportunity of studying republican simplicity. They can note the sobriety and moderation to which the republic of their own country may yet attain. Or they may reflect upon the proverb of their own land, *Les extrêmes se touchent*, as they sit at tables almost upon the rocks, almost sprinkled with the ocean spray, at dinners which Le Petit Trianon could not surpass nor rival.

In the pretty white and gold theatre of the Casino, filled with a murmuring and debonair company, those gentlemen may perhaps recall the theatre at Versailles where the Guard sat at supper when the Queen appeared, and they rose with passionate loyalty and sang, "O Richard, O mon roi!" Outside, if the night be warm, there will be groups in the moon-lit gallery, through whose hushed talk pulse the throb and yearning strain of the waltz, hushed groups to whose young hearts the whole world in that one moment is but witchery and romance. Ah! well, messieurs, so thought De Lauzun and Viosmenil as they whispered to Polly Lawton under that same moon, in this very air, with that same muffled beat of the ocean yonder, a hundred years ago. Where be their whispers now, their sighs, their protestations! And Polly Lawton?—

> "Moon of the summer night,
> Far down yon western steeps,
> Sink, sink, in silver light:
> She sleeps, my lady sleeps."

The Casino is the crown of the gay Newport life, supplying the characteristic central point which the Newport of the last generation lacked. It is the pump-room of the last century at Bath and Tunbridge Wells. There are no springs, indeed, at Newport, and the baths are on the sea-shore. But the Casino is all that the pump-room and the assembly-room and the promenade and other places of meeting are in other countries and times and at other great pleasure resorts. It is, in fact, a thoroughly appointed and well-considered club, managed by a board of governors, and designed with a taste and skill which the French gentlemen can not but admire. Upon the street it is a long, rather quaint building, in perfect keeping with the general character of the neighborhood, and of a rich dark hue, as if it had been built in the elder Rochambeau's day. The lower story upon the street is a range of pretty shops, and the upper story is a club proper, with smoking and card-playing and writing and reading and bathing and billiard and lounging rooms, which are "low studded," furnished substantially and tastefully, and have the true club air of comfort.

The Casino is entered by a broad passage-way from the street leading to a first large open court almost surrounded by a gallery, upon which open eating-rooms and reading-rooms, and which is overlooked by the windows of the club above. At the side of the entrance in the court is a low quaint clock tower which might have strayed from a French château. All the building upon this court is of neat elegance and simplicity, and the colors are subdued and pleasing. Opposite the entrance the gallery is open toward the second court, and it has the effect of a pretty pavilion. Here between the courts gay groups sit listening to the music of one of the fine New York bands, talking and watching the games of lawn tennis in the second court. In the morning the groups are often from the cottages, and on some days the scene is that of an assembly. In the evening appear the strangers who have newly come to Newport, and who hasten hither to see the world. The pavilion separates the first from the second court, which is much larger and more open, and is devoted to lawn tennis. At the farther end, opposite the pavilion, is the theatre, and the proper old English tennis court. This court is entirely secluded, and is overlooked only from the pavilion and from the outer gallery of the theatre.

At Baden-Baden in the old day, and at the German spas, the French gentlemen have seen the fine gambling halls, and have watched the silent, intense game. The Casino offers no gambling resources. It is wholly a social exchange, pretty, tasteful, agreeable, and, to a resort like gay Newport, indispensable. At Saratoga, life is concentrated at the great hotels, each of which is its own Casino. But Newport life is diffused. It is a villa life. Its object, nevertheless, like that of all such resorts,

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is a select publicity. People who wish to be hermits do not go to Newport. M. De Rochambeau and his company will be doubtless astonished, for somehow Newport, which is an entirely unique aspect of American life, eludes the books of travel. Either the tourists are here out of season, or those who see Newport do not write books. It is not to be expected, but it would be very interesting if the French memoirs of life in Newport a hundred years ago should be followed by French memoirs of the life of to-day. Its present life is of a kind for which the French are thought to have a peculiar genius—the villa life, we mean, for there is still the quiet life of the old New England town upon the harbor, to which the hum of the saturnalia upon the hill is like the sound of the invisible battle of the Huns in the air.

THERE is one lesson in good manners or good morals which it seems to a correspondent is yet to be learned by many who would doubtless be surprised to know that they need to learn anything. Our correspondent says that it is a point of etiquette; but it is more than that; it is a question of morals. Since Noah's family came from the ark, insists Fatima, it has been understood that young women should accept no gifts save from their kinsfolk or their betrothed lovers. This is a little rigid, but it is a sound severity. She then proceeds to her indictment, which is that Americans—meaning, of course, some Americans—appear to think that an exception is to be made in the case of "female journalists." It is perhaps not generally known how large and important a part of the work of newspapers is done, and well done, by women. But it is so, and there is no more honorable class among the makers of newspapers. Yet Fatima asserts that the recognized rules of the craft are outraged in their case. She says truly that all honorable newspaper workers of the other sex agree that "not a penny, nor the value of a penny, nor the means of saving a penny, as a reward for anything published or to be published, is receivable from anybody but the chief of the paper," and theatre managers, corporations, and shopkeepers, she is sure, begin to understand it.

But whether it be supposed that women, as women, are peculiarly susceptible to the pleasure of gifts, or whatever the reason may be, Fatima declares that men, in the case of newspaper women, often disregard this feeling, while women out of the craft are positively blind to it, and assume that the women who are engaged upon newspapers live in luxury from what are really illicit gifts, however innocent they may be supposed to be. Curtains in her modest rooms, pretty bonnets, theatre tickets, fares upon railroads, and accommodations at summer hotels are all held to be gifts showered upon the newspaper woman. If that lady resents the imputation, she is heard with incredulity, or adjudged to be foolishly scornful of her opportunities. This assumption that bribery is a newspaper usage, so far as women are concerned, Fatima illustrates by an incident.

A lady long connected with a prominent journal received a courteous note from another lady, inclosing a free steamboat pass for a year, which the newspaper lady returned with a civil note, choosing to suppose that her correspondent might be taking this way of returning what she held to be a favor in some favorable allusion of the paper. To this reply the correspondent rejoined, in the hand of a man, that she was greatly disturbed to learn that the position held by the lady upon the journal was such as to force her to decline a common civility, but she hoped that the lady would soon be in the position to which her education and talents entitled her, and in which she would be able to accept an ordinary courtesy. This amusing impertinence was justly chastised in a reply by the lady of the newspaper, and the little attempt at bribery was foiled.

Fatima, however, is mistaken in supposing that the attempted bribery is confined to women. Editors and newspaper writers are always exposed to the most insidious bribery. If there be a somewhat different feeling in regard to offering a bribe to a newspaper woman, it is because of the traditional opinion of women which is held by men, especially in the case of a woman who is engaged in work which has been thought to be beyond her sphere. The most striking illustration of this is the distaste, so general as to be often called instinctive, and actually believed by many to be so, which men feel for a "female doctor." It is a mixture of indignation, incredulity, and contempt, and Mr. Howells in selecting it for the *motif* of his present story appeals to something which everybody understands. Yet nothing is more unreasonable than this feeling. Not only are women natural nurses and physicians, fitted by observation and experience, practicing in the minor maladies of their own families and in those of their friends, but there are most intelligent women who would always prefer, if it were possible, at the most critical exigencies to confide themselves wholly to the scientific knowledge and care of their own sex.

Now, although so much of the important and valuable service upon newspapers is performed by women, there is still a feeling which regards a woman reporter very much as it looks upon a "woman doctor," and it is this feeling which assumes a practical insolence of tone and treatment, as in the letter which Fatima mentions. The bribe itself would have been as freely offered to a man as to a woman, but the impudent response to its return would not have been written, because the writer would have known that reporters can use horsewhips. It was a cowardly insult, because it counted upon the weakness of the person insulted.

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The truth is, as Fatima doubtless sees, that the position of women in all self-supporting labor is more difficult than that of men, because of the old tradition, which civilization has not outgrown, that woman is subordinate to man. He is to shoot and hunt and dig to feed her, and she is to serve him. When she takes to feeding herself, she is, in his judgment, abandoning her sphere, and forfeiting his respect. Even now, when the area of women's activity is enlarged, men reserve to themselves the right of deciding what it is becoming for women to do. This opinion is often strongly reflected by other women, and the taunt of such women is peculiarly bitter, as in Fatima's illustration.

The remedy lies in persistence, time, and patience. The woman "on a newspaper" who asserts herself like Fatima's friend makes the similar position of all other women easier. The briber will hesitate next time. He has learned that the contempt which he—or she—affects to feel for another is sincerely felt for himself.

In the midst of the great musical progress of the country it is a curious fact that the oldest, ablest, and most independent of musical journals in the United States has just suspended publication, on the eve of the completion of its thirtieth year, for want of adequate support. We mean, of course, *Dwight's Journal of Music*, which ended with an admirably manly, candid, and sagacious, but inevitably pathetic, valedictory from its editor—veteran editor, we should say, if the atmosphere of good music in which he has lived had not been an enchanted air in which youth is perpetually renewed.

Mr. Dwight frankly agrees that there has perhaps never been an adequate demand for a musical journal of the highest character, and that even if such a journal showed signs of life and prosperity, a rival would be sure to appear to contest and divide the support which is hardly large enough for one. He confesses with the same candor that his journal was not adapted for the sharp competition of the modern newspaper. It would not hurry. It would not scramble. What is true to-day does not become untrue to-morrow. It would not "write down" to the people, but would assume that they were "up" to every high idea and noble taste. Above all, it detested the scrappiness, shallowness, and sloppiness which are called "newsy." Its motto has been to teach the teachers, confident that then the people would be taught. The editor, with charming veracity, concedes that he has preferred the ideal rather than the practicable, and that this mental tendency, combined with a certain indolence of temperament, has produced omissions and procrastinations which he does not wish to extenuate, but simply to own as explanatory of the result. A more delightful valedictory it would not be easy to find in the swan song of any journal.

The editor acknowledges that the great masters whose genius and works he has expounded for thirty years—Bach, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, and the rest—still seem to him greater than any of their successors. He is like a Shakespearean and Miltonian and Wordsworthian who turns an incredulous ear to Victor Hugo and Swinburne and Oscar Wilde. He declares that he has no inward call to preach the new gospel. If there were no greater gods upon the musical Olympus than those of the last thirty years, and no other and in his judgment higher contributions to music than those of the generation now ending, he would never have established the journal, for such music could never have allured him from other paths of activity.

Mr. Dwight does not say, what the history of music in this country will show, that to no one more than to him are we indebted for the intelligent taste which enjoys the best music. His lectures upon the works of the great Germans at the time of their performance by the Boston Academy of Music in the old Odeon forty years ago were a kind of manual for the intelligent audience. They showed that an elaborate orchestral musical composition might be as serious a work of art, as full of thought and passion and, in a word, of genius, as a great poem, and that no form of art was more spiritually elevating. They lifted the performance of such music from the category of mere amusement, and asserted for the authors a dignity like that of the master poets. If to some hearers the exposition seemed sometimes fanciful and remote, it was only as all criticism of works of the imagination often seems so. If the spectator sometimes sees in a picture more than the painter consciously intended, it is because the higher power may work with unconscious hands, and because beauty can not be hidden from the eye made to see it. Beethoven, for instance, had never a truer lover or a subtler interpreter than Dwight, and Dwight taught the teachers, and largely shaped the intelligent appreciation of the unapproached master.

Those were memorable evenings at the old Odeon. Francis Beaumont did not more pleasantly recall the things that he and Ben Jonson had seen done at the Mermaid than an old Brook-Farmer remembers the long walks, eight good miles in and eight miles out, to see the tall willowy Schmidt swaying with his violin at the head of the orchestra, to hear the airy ripple of Auber's *Zanetta*, the swift passionate storm of Beethoven's *Egmont*, the symphonic murmur of woods and waters and summer fields in the limpid *Pastorale*, or the solemn grandeur of sustained pathetic human feeling in the *Fifth Symphony*. The musical revival was all part of the new birth of the Transcendental epoch, although none would have more promptly disclaimed any taint of Transcendentalism than the excellent officers of the Boston Academy of Music. The building itself,

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the Odeon, was the old Federal Street Theatre, and had its interesting associations. There Edmund Kean had played, and the elder Dana had sat charmed and intent, his mind teeming with the shrewd observation which is preserved in *The Idle Man*. Close by was the old church, with its slim spire, in which Dr. Channing had preached, and Federal Street itself had given a name to one of the most familiar of hymn tunes. Indeed, no part of any American city was more historically interesting than the neighboring area, which included Faneuil Hall, the Old South, the tea wharf, the old State-house, and the site of the King Street massacre.

To all there was now added in the memory of the happy hearers the association of the symphony concerts. As the last sounds died away, the group of Brook-Farmers who had ventured from the Arcadia of co-operation into the Gehenna of competition, gathered up their unsoiled garments and departed. Out of the city, along the bare Tremont road, through green Roxbury and bowery Jamaica Plain, into the deeper and lonelier country, they trudged on, chatting and laughing and singing, sharing the enthusiasm of Dwight, and unconsciously taught by him that the evening had been greater than they knew. Brook Farm has long since vanished. The bare Tremont road is bare no longer. Green Roxbury and Jamaica Plain are almost city rather than suburbs. From the symphony concerts dates much of the musical taste and cultivation of Boston. The old Odeon is replaced by the stately Music Hall. The *Journal of Music*, which sprang from the impulse of those days, now, after a generation, is suspended; nor need we speculate why musical Boston, which demands the Passion music of Bach, permits a journal of such character to expire. Amid all these changes and disappearances two things have steadily increased—the higher musical taste of the country, and the good name of the critic whose work has most contributed to direct and elevate it. If, as he says, it is sad that "the little bark" which the sympathetic encouragement of a few has kept afloat so long goes down before reaching the end of its thirtieth annual voyage, it does not take down with it the name and fame of its editor, which have secured their place in the history of music in America.

THE "yellow day" of 1881 (September 6) will be remembered with the "dark day" of 1780. Like the earlier phenomenon, it was especially striking in parts of New England, beginning soon after sunrise with a golden suffusion of the atmosphere, which produced singular effects upon the grass and trees. The weather for a few days had been very hot and smoky, and on the hills in the western part of Massachusetts there had been a heavy northeasterly rain. There were reports of great fires in Northern New York and Canada and Michigan, and the days were dog-days. On the morning of the yellow day the sun rose clear, but within an hour the moist air, saturated with smoke and perfectly still, seemed to thicken into a heavy screen of mist, that hung low and was of a strange yellow hue. The nearer hills were not obscured, and below the screen the air was clearer of smoke than it had been for some time.

The singular light, which to many persons seemed to be brassy rather than golden, produced extraordinary effects. Although the air appeared to be unusually bright, the light was painful to the eyes, and it was difficult to read or write without artificial light. One person busily writing found himself gradually moving out upon the piazza into the open air. His neighbor, reading by the open door, found his eyes tried as if reading in the late twilight, and he abandoned his book. The village merchant near by could not see to attend to his business, and at eleven o'clock in the morning lighted his lamps, which burned with a white spectral glare like the electric lights. Clothes hanging upon the lines had an uncanny lurid look. One observer said that the grass was bluish bright, every blade tipped with light; yellow blossoms turned pale and gray; the sunflowers were ghastly, the orange nasturtiums strangely light; pink roses reddened; lilac-hued phlox grew pink, and blue flowers red; morning-glories were of a splendid magenta; rich blue clematis became rich maroon; fringed gentians were crimson—and a weird luminousness invested all. Birds and beasts seemed not to heed the singular light, and the hum of the autumn fields continued. Schools, however, were closed in some places, and factories which could not be easily lighted.

It was, of course, impossible not to recall the "dark day"—May 19, 1780—the day when Mather Byles said to the little daughter of his alarmed parishioner who had sent to know the cause of such a dire phenomenon, "My dear, tell your mother that I am as much in the dark as she is." On the same day the stout Mr. Davenport said, in the Connecticut Legislature: "Mr. Speaker, if this is nothing, we need not be troubled, and if it be the day of judgment, I wish to be found at the post of duty. I move that candles be brought in." On that day the darkness began at ten o'clock in the morning, and lasted until the following midnight. Birds went to roost, cocks crowed at mid-day as at midnight, and the animals were plainly terrified. The same phenomena of color were observed as on the yellow day, and the darkness of the night was remarkable. Although there was a full moon, nothing was distinguishable. There was a similar day in October, 1816, chiefly over New England, and one in Michigan in 1862. In 1825, after a great burning of woods, there was a similar obscurity in Maine and parts of Canada.

The fact observable in the history of every dark day is the smoke from huge forest fires

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which has filled the air for some time. A fog thousands of feet in depth, saturated with dense smoke, and hanging in the windless air, would effectually shut out the sun, and the air would darken as the screen was thicker. On the recent yellow day the light occasionally increased and diminished. So unusual a phenomenon is naturally very impressive. Even those who are accustomed to exhort others to rely implicitly upon the guidance of Providence were seriously disturbed. A rural deacon, pallid with terror, declared that he believed the end of the world to be at hand. But he was evidently overcome with fear. "Why, Brother Jahiel," said a neighbor, "I s'pose 'tis. But what then? You allus said you wanted to be in heaven, and I guess you'll be there before dinner. *You* ought to be happy, anyway." But it was evident that even Brother Jahiel did not wish such happiness to be thrust upon him too suddenly.

As this Magazine goes to press, the President lies dead. The long and marvellous contest is over, and amid a grief tenderer and more universal than ever attended the burial of any man, the brave, wise, and upright gentleman is borne to his rest. The spectacle of the summer has been unprecedented. Through the long daily reports in the papers, occupying sometimes the whole side of the sheet, the country has watched every movement and word and incident, every fluctuation of the sufferer's condition from hour to hour, and from moment to moment. How much of the report was guess and inference and invention could not be known, but it had an air of plausibility and probability, and it was scanned as carefully and sympathetically as if it had been true, and of its general accuracy there is probably little doubt. The one thing that it showed clearly throughout the wasting and weary watch of three months was the calm courage of the President himself. He was evidently in full possession of his mental powers, except for very brief periods; he comprehended fully the gravity and peril and significance of his illness; he was in the prime of vigorous manhood, and at the beginning of his service in the most illustrious of all official positions in the world; but the consciousness of mortal danger, the imminence of the sudden and disastrous end of all human ambition, the prolonged torture of physical pain, the wasting away of strength and the irreparable loss of important organs of the body, the deep wound, and the fractured bones, and the hidden bullet, the clear perception of every symptom, and the full comprehension of its significance—all these could not touch the serenity of that lofty courage, of that noble manhood, and while the country bowed in fervent prayer for the sufferer, it was his unquailing faith and cheerful courage that consoled and sustained the country.

The removal from Washington to Long Branch was one of the most touching events in our history. It had become necessary, but it was necessarily hazardous. The President was bent upon it so strongly that it was a moral necessity, even if the malarial atmosphere of the White House had not compelled it. The arrangements were made with a quickness and a thoroughness to the least detail which were singularly illustrative of the precision and completeness of the scheme of removal as designed by the physicians, and of the skill and facility of all who were concerned in carrying it out. It was the hottest and most uncomfortable day of the year, the distance was more than two hundred miles, the traveller was a man who had been hovering for weeks between life and death, but who kept command of the situation; the comfort and success and safety of the journey depended upon the happy forethought and adjustment of infinite details, and upon the wise concert of many men. But nothing was forgotten or omitted; nothing faltered or failed. All went forward as had been designed, from the moment the President was lifted in the White House until he was laid down in the Long Branch cottage. And all the long morning, as the train swept on, there arose a silent and universal prayer from millions of men and women all over the land; and as it darted by, thousands of hushed spectators, who could see nothing but the vanishing cars, stood silent, with bared heads and wistful hearts. No such spectacle was ever seen. All this tenderness of affection and sympathy was not felt, as elsewhere it might have been, for the representative of a house or a family traditionally associated, whatever the character of the individual person, with the renown and glory of a historic nation. It was not perfunctory, or official, or ceremonial. It was the tribute of personal affection and admiration.

Here and now we record only the fact of a national calamity and sorrow which can not at this moment be measured. Gradually, however, the loss will be felt rather in what is not done than in what is ill done. The "might have been" of the Garfield administration will be among the saddest words in our story. As we write, the great tearful crowds are pressing to see the mournfully wasted features of the man but yesterday so strong in limb and hope and heart. The funeral bells toll from sea to sea. Every American household is bereaved, for he lies dead for every one of them, slain because he was called to be first among his fellow-citizens. What other human being in high place, what other man living, would be so closely held to the heart, so lifted upon the prayers and hopes of a great nation? Had he lived, he would have been consecrated to his lofty duty by the confidence of united America—united as it has never been since the death of Washington. He is dead, and like the serene rising of a planet into the cloudless sky, one of the noblest and most characteristic of American figures passes into history.

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Editor's Literary Record.

THE publication by the Messrs. Harper of an American edition of *The New Testament in the Original Greek*,[1] as prepared and revised by Canon Westcott and Professor Hort, will be classed by Greek scholars as one of the most important literary events of the season, and will be specially welcome to such of them as are engaged in Biblical studies. In a concise and learned introduction, among much other matter of interest relative to the sources of the text of the New Testament, the variations in the text and textual criticism, and the bibliography of the printed editions of the Greek text, Dr. Schaff informs us that the editors are ranked in England among the best Greek and Biblical scholars of the age. Dr. Hort, who is the Hulsean Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge, is thought by Dr. Schaff to be probably more familiar than any other man living with the textual history of the Greek Testament, and on that account, and because of his rare patristic learning and critical acumen, he exerted great influence in the Revision Company of the English New Testament on all matters of reading. Dr. Westcott, who is canon of Peterborough, and Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, is specially learned in the history of the Bible and of the canon, and besides is an able critical expositor and commentator. These scholars began the work of this edition of the Greek Testament in 1853, and completed it on May 17, 1881, the same day that witnessed the completion of the new English revision. During this period they were in constant correspondence with each other, and kept a journal of their discussions of all the important textual questions. Being members of the English New Testament Company of Revisers, they gave the English and American revisers the confidential use of advanced proof-sheets of their edition of the Greek text as they proceeded, and Dr. Schaff remarks that the new translation is perhaps more nearly conformed to it than to any other printed edition. Dr. Schaff further states that this edition is based exclusively on documentary evidence (the editors themselves say that in forming it no account was taken of any printed edition), and on the most careful comparison of all the ancient sources of the text as they have been collected and made available by the indefatigable diligence of former editors, especially of Lachmann, Tischendorf, and Tregelles; and while he does not suppose it will supersede the large editions which contain the whole critical apparatus, he does not hesitate to pronounce it the "purest Greek text," and to say that it is "the last and best critical edition of the Greek Testament." The notation adopted by Drs. Westcott and Hort is used to draw attention (1) to passages where it has been found impossible to decide which of two or more various readings is certainly right; (2) to passages containing readings in regard to which some suspicion is entertained by the editors; and (3) to passages where interpolations of special interest occur in certain documents. In connection with all passages of the first class, alternative readings are given which have a reasonable probability of being genuine; and those which are the most probable or the better attested are printed in the text as primary readings. Secondary readings are distinguished by a notation which varies according as they differ from the primary readings, by omission, substitution, or addition. A number of marks are used in the text to inclose or accompany words which severally indicate the secondary readings; the place where secondary readings add the word or words in the margin; the place where "Western" documents contain interpolations having no sufficient claim to be incorporated in the text; portions of the text to which the opposite margin refers; words that are apparently right and largely attested, though not by the best documents; and early interpolations in the Gospels, omitted by "Western" documents alone, or by "Western" and "Syrian" documents alone, etc. There is also a system of marks in the margin to distinguish two or more marginal readings which differ from each other merely by the omission or addition of words; to indicate readings or punctuations that are examined in the appendix; to indicate where miscellaneous rejected readings occur; and to refer to portions of the text. As to the type and arrangement of the edition, *uncial* type is employed for quotations from the Old Testament, including phrases borrowed from some one place or a number of places; *metrical* arrangement is chosen for poetical and rhythmical passages; paragraphs are indicated by *short spaces;* and the *orthography* is taken from the best MSS. Following the text is an able and interesting paper by the editors, in which they set forth the principles that governed them in the preparation of this edition, and the true principles of textual evidence and criticism generally, with their results. This paper is a brief and exceedingly valuable explanatory summary of the contents of a forth-coming accompanying volume by the editors, in which these important topics are discussed on a more elaborate scale.

THE second volume of Mr. Taine's *French Revolution*[2] is confined, as was its predecessor,

[1] *The New Testament in the Original Greek.* The Text Revised by BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT, D.D., and FENTON JOHN ANTHONY HORT, D.D. American Edition. With an Introduction by PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D., LL.D. 12mo, pp. 580. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[2] *The French Revolution.* By HIPPOLYTE ADOLPHE TAINE, D.C.L., Oxon. Translated by JOHN DURAND. Volume II. 8vo. pp. 358. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

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to the history of Public Powers; and the author intimates that in the volumes to come, describing the career of the Revolution, this subject will continue to engross his attention, and he will leave it to others to write of diplomacy, war, the finances, and the Church. Covering the period, from July, 1789, to June, 1793, that witnessed the mad ascendency of the Jacobins, the volume pictures the state of public opinion and the social and political chaos that made this ascendency possible, and indeed inevitable, and gives an elaborate history of the elements that contributed to the rise of the new revolutionary propagandism, its formation and growth as a party, until, although it comprised an inconsiderable minority of the French people, by means of its compact and all-pervading organization, it tyrannized over every nerve and fibre of the nation, which it first plunged into anarchy, and then deluged with blood. The history embodies an unsparing and mocking analysis of the Jacobin interpretation of the dogmas of popular sovereignty, political supremacy, and universal equality, under which specious and high-sounding phrases all liberty was crucified, and the despotism of the clubs and the mob was consolidated; and it also comprises an arraignment, which is at once microscopic and indignant, of the character and acts of the Jacobins as a party and as individuals. Black as the Revolutionary history of France has been hitherto painted, there has been so much in all the pictures of it with which we are familiar that was enigmatical and enveloped with shadowy grandeur that they seem cheerful beside the pitchy and forbidding gloom of the picture drawn by Mr. Taine. How vast are the accumulations of rubbish in which the historian must delve for the facts that throw full light on the history of France at this epochal period, and how little is to be derived from that portion of them which are the remains of Jacobin thought and literature, are pointedly dwelt upon by Mr. Taine. After recapitulating all that they supply in illustration of the events of the Revolution, he bitterly exclaims: "Never has so much been said to so little purpose; all the truth that is uttered is drowned in the monotony of empty verbiage and vociferous bombast, so that the historian who resorts to this mass of rubbish for accurate information finds none of any account. He may read kilometres of it, but he rarely finds one fact, one detail of interest, one document which calls up in his mind a physiognomy, the actual sentiments of either villager or gentleman, a graphic picture of the interior of an hôtel de ville or barrack, or of a municipal council chamber, or the character of an insurrection." And he adds that to define the fifteen or twenty types and situations which sum up the history of the period he has been obliged in this as in the former volume to seek them in the correspondence of local administrators, in affidavits on criminal records, in the secret police reports, in the letters and memoirs of individuals, and in the narratives of foreigners who were eye-witnesses of the occurrences they related. From these heterogeneous sources and from the public archives Mr. Taine has prepared a history of the Jacobin conquest and supremacy unrivalled for its fullness and for its graphic delineations, and which at every step calls into play and stimulates the reader's powers of thought and faculty for deduction and reflection. Indulging in none of the fine portraitures which embellish the pages of Macaulay and Motley, and avoiding the consecutive narratives and balanced periods that make their works as attractive as a romance, his history is rather a history of principles and of conflicting motives to action than of men and events, a philosophical disquisition in which the mind is schooled and put on its mettle rather than a relation of brilliant episodes joined together by a thread of interest and association for its amusement. His groupings of principles and motives, and of the actors and events that illustrate them, are on a broad and comprehensive scale, as picturesque and as voluble as anything in Carlyle, but without Carlyle's grotesqueness and strained extravagance, and entirely free from the turgid and oracular ambiguity that obscures so many pages of Carlyle's *French Revolution*.

ALTHOUGH liberal space is given elsewhere in this number of the Magazine to the more salient points of Mr. Du Chaillu's new and interesting work, *The Land of the Midnight Sun*,[3] we are impelled to invite and emphasize attention upon a single feature of the Swedish educational system described by him, which may be imitated with advantage in the United States. In Sweden, as in this country, agricultural colleges form a part of this system, with the difference that in Sweden they are more fully and more exclusively devoted than here to practical farming and dairy matters. But, associated with these colleges, the Swedes have institutions of which, practical as we are wont to think ourselves, we know nothing. These are *agricultural schools*, bearing the same relation to their agricultural colleges that our grammar and high schools bear to our classical colleges and universities. Twenty-seven of these schools, one to each län, or province, are distributed over the country. They are preparatory to the agricultural colleges, and the students are sons of farmers, who are required to remain under instruction for two years. The course of study is eminently practical, and embraces the principles of agriculture and horticulture, the care of domestic animals and the improvement of breeds, drawing, surveying, drainage, carpenter and smith

[3] *The Land of the Midnight Sun.* Summer and Winter Journeys through Sweden, Norway, Lapland, and Northern Finland. By PAUL B. DU CHAILLU. With Maps and Illustrations. In Two Volumes, 8vo. Vol. I., pp. 441. Vol. II., pp. 478. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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work, carriage-making, forestry, mathematics, agricultural chemistry, meteorology, veterinary surgery, botany, a little zoology and geology, butter and cheese making, and the art of building, and of making fences and walls. Connected with the principal of these schools, we observe in parenthesis, are dairy schools for women, where they go through a year of butter and cheese making. The students in the agricultural schools, after passing their examinations, may, if they like, go to an agricultural college for two years more. The instruction in these schools is free, but the students give their labor, the expense being borne partly by the province and partly by the state. There is also a forest institute, with six lower schools, for the training of practical foresters. At Innertafle, near Umeå, Mr. Du Chaillu visited one of these schools. He found a little more than a hundred acres under cultivation, but there were eighteen hundred acres of unimproved land and forest which were to be reclaimed, and the rocky and swampy nature of the soil offered the students excellent opportunities for learning the art of drainage. Blacksmith and carpenter shops were in full operation; the barn was large, and all the out-buildings were very fine; the live stock of the farm consisted of about thirty head of cattle, besides horses, sheep, and swine of different breeds, the results of the intermixture of blood being observed with great care. The students' quarters were presided over by a woman, under whose matronship the house presented an air of perfect home comfort. The parlor sofas and chairs were covered with white linen; the windows were adorned with flower-pots; the floor was as clean as a new pin; there was a piano with a pile of music near it; an American sewing-machine stood near one of the windows; engravings hung on the walls; little porcelain figures were scattered here and there; on the table were French, English, German, Greek, and Latin books; and from the rear-window there was a view of a garden filled with flowers, strawberries, raspberries, currants, pease, carrots, and potatoes, and of a stretch of green fields beyond. The agricultural school at Nordvik, which is an older institution than that of Innertafle, was also visited by Mr. Du Chaillu. Here also the farm buildings were very commodious, among them being an immense barn two hundred feet long, and broad in proportion. On its ground-floor were stalls for cattle, with a gutter from which every particle of manure was conveyed to an adjacent shed, where it was kept from contact with the rain, and a large space was reserved for carriages, carts, ploughs, and other farming implements. On another side the grain was stacked. The quarters of the students, as at Innertafle, were presided over by a woman, of whom, and of whose charming simplicity and gracefulness as a hostess, especially at the table, Mr. Du Chaillu gives an exquisite picture. The students' quarters included a kitchen, a dining-room, a study-room, and bed-chambers, all remarkably clean. The students themselves were strong, healthy young fellows, with faces reddened by exposure, who by study, practice, and thrift were preparing themselves for their vocation as farmers, and were ambitious to raise agriculture to a higher standard, and to keep pace with the march of progress. As an instance of the honesty prevalent in Sweden, Mr. Du Chaillu states that though this house was on the highway, and not a person visible when he entered the place, all being at work in the fields, the doors had been left wide open, in the bedrooms watches and other valuables were hanging on the walls, and near the beds the students had hung with other keepsakes portraits of their fathers, mothers, sisters, sweethearts, and friends. With such accessories as these preparatory schools, would not our agricultural colleges be more steadily and liberally recruited than they have been hitherto with youth from the farmer class, who mean to be farmers, and not civil engineers, chemists, geologists, and the like? Would not their influence upon agriculture be more direct, more salutary, and more widely diffused? And would not their names cease to be, as they now too commonly are, suggestive of the difference between promise and performance?

The Comedy of Errors[4] and the *Tragedy of Cymbeline*,[5] forming the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth volumes of the plays of Shakspeare edited by Mr. Rolfe, now just published, are prepared on the same general plan as the other volumes in the series, and betray no slackening of industry by the editor, nor any lessening of the scholarly judgment and ability that have been so conspicuous in their predecessors. A special feature in the volumes now under notice is the publication, among the "Critical and Æsthetic Comments" which precede each play, of portions of a series of tasteful and suggestive unpublished papers on *Shakspeare Characters*, by the late Charles Cowden Clarke.

THE *Franklin Square Song Collection*[6] makes no large pretensions to novelty or originality, but modestly and justly rests its claims to popular favor on the variety and excellence of its selections, the innocent social enjoyment they will place within reach of the people at large, and the refining influence they will exert upon them. As the compiler frankly states, the collection "claims little of merit in its arrangement, songs and hymns being distributed

[4] *Shakspeare's The Comedy of Errors.* Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M. Square 16mo, pp. 153. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[5] *Shakspeare's Tragedy of Cymbeline.* Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M. Square 16mo, pp. 231. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[6] *Franklin Square Song Collection.* Songs and Hymns for Schools and Homes, Nursery and Fireside. Selected by J. P. MCCASKEY. 8vo, Paper, pp. 160. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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throughout its pages almost at random." Indeed, so literally true is this that occasionally there is something almost ludicrous in the manner in which sentimental love songs or ringing patriotic airs are made to usher in and follow the grave harmonies of compositions that are associated exclusively with sacred hymns and psalms. The collection contains many new and favorite tunes and melodies, but its chief attraction lies in its large infusion of the fine old glees, ballads, carols, songs, and hymns which have stood the test of time, and deserve to endure for many generations to come. Aside from this, the distinctive feature of the collection is the devotion of a considerable space at the top and bottom of nearly every page to miscellaneous reading matter from well-known writers and periodicals, embodying valuable suggestions on music and musical training, interesting brief anecdotes, and historical incidents connected with the origin or cause of certain of the songs and airs, and a large body of musical and æsthetic comment and criticism which will be entertaining and instructive to the preponderating classes for whom the volume is designed.

ONE of the sprightliest and best juveniles we have read in a long while is Mr. Otis's clever story, *Toby Tyler; or, Ten Weeks with a Circus.*[7] It is a chronicle of the adventures, enjoyments, sufferings, and mishaps of a quick-witted and honest little fellow, who, becoming dissatisfied with the humdrum events of his home life, and remorseful because of the magnitude of his appetite in comparison with his small powers for earning the means of satisfying it, is tempted by a crafty hanger-on of a circus to run away with one of those fascinating institutions. The story records with spirited verisimilitude Toby's gradual awakening, under some pleasant and many bitter experiences, from the illusions in which he indulged, as have thousands of other boys, as to the delights of circus life, until he was glad enough to run away a second time, and seek and find a refuge in his once despised home. The charm of the story consists in its variety of sweet and bitter experiences of the ups and downs in the life of a circus boy, and in its unobtrusive practical lessons in contentment. These lessons are conveyed so unobtrusively that, before the child-reader discovers he has been absorbing a moral, he is unconsciously brought under its influence by the logic of the events that are told, and is filled with the conviction that the life of a circus boy, however bright his fancy may have painted it, is not the life for him, any more than it was for honest Toby Tyler.

NO annals of our civil war are more unreserved and dispassionate, and few are more highly valued by historical collectors, than the records of particular regiments which have been prepared by their commanding or other officers. It is true their field is limited, but for this very reason they bring into light and prominence many interesting minor details which have an important bearing upon great historical events, that must necessarily be crowded out of any general history. One of the best examples of these regimental memorials is an unaffected volume by Colonel Adin B. Underwood, in which he records *The Three Years' Service of the Thirty-third Massachusetts Infantry Regiment*[8] during the years 1862–65, and minutely sketches the part borne by it in some of the most important campaigns and engagements of the war, especially in the battles of Chancellorsville, Beverly's Ford, Gettysburg, Wauhatchie, Chattanooga, and Atlanta, and in the March to the Sea and through the Carolinas. Written in a style of easy negligence, enlivened with occasional gleams of dry humor, and perfectly free from gasconade, it is also commendable for the geniality and temperateness of its judgments, and its carefulness in the statement of facts. While the volume will be specially acceptable to the survivors of the regiment, and to the friends and relatives of those who originally constituted its rank and file, its spirited relation of stirring incidents by flood and field, its engaging reminiscences of heroic deeds of personal daring, and its faithful delineation of the history and fortunes of the regiment from its organization until it was mustered out of the service, will afford quiet entertainment to numbers who have no special associations to be gratified. Appended to the author's narrative is a complete official roster of the regiment.

MR. HENRY P. JOHNSTON'S elegant volume, *The Yorktown Campaign, and the Surrender of Cornwallis,*[9] would invite and deserve attention at any time, because of the historical importance of the event it commemorates, and the reputation of its author for accuracy and luminous fullness in studies pertaining to the Revolutionary period. But it has peculiar claims upon attention, and a special timeliness, at this moment when we are fresh from the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the surrender, and its incidents are occupying our minds and appealing to our patriotic instincts. As has been the case with Mr. Johnston's previous historical studies, his investigation of the military movements, and of the accessory circumstances which converged upon a single point, and contributed to make the operations before Yorktown the crowning event of the war, are traced with equal mi-

[7] *Toby Tyler; or, Ten Weeks with a Circus.* By JAMES OTIS. Illustrated. 16mo, pp. 265. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[8] *The Three Years' Service of the Thirty-third Massachusetts Infantry Regiment, 1862–65.* And the Campaigns and Battles in which it took Part. By ADIN B. UNDERWOOD. 8vo, pp. 374. Boston: A. Williams and Co.

[9] *The Yorktown Campaign, and the Surrender of Cornwallis, 1781.* By HENRY P. JOHNSTON. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 206. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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nuteness and clearness, and the immediate operations themselves are exhaustively described. The accounts of the siege and capitulation are accompanied with authentic plans of the movements and operations, and with pleasing outline sketches of the chief actors on each side, and their share in the conflict, these last being made doubly interesting by fine illustrations, most of them reproduced from paintings by artists who were contemporaneous with the great men and events they commemorated. Mr. Johnston has gathered into a generous appendix a large amount of valuable material that will be prized by historical students, illuminating nearly every stage in the siege and surrender by original papers and letters from those who were eye-witnesses or prominent actors on the eventful scene. Naturally Lord Cornwallis is a conspicuous figure, dividing our attention with Washington and Lafayette and Rochambeau, and Mr. Johnston has followed his career with full particularity. The second and third chapters, which recount the operations on his part that led remotely or directly to his overthrow, are specially interesting, and will repay a careful study.

MR. GEORGE MACDONALD has appropriately styled his latest novel, *Warlock of Glenwarlock*,[10] "a homely romance," since it is in reality a delineation of certain rugged and homely, but withal romantic, aspects of Scottish glen and moorland life and scenery, in which the actors belong essentially to the comparatively unchanging middle and humble classes, and display the virtues and foibles, the graces and amenities, the strength and weakness, the shrewd simplicity, the invincible loyalty, and the unswerving attachments that belong to their order. It may be objected, and not entirely without reason, that Mr. Macdonald darkens many passages in his fine story, and not infrequently makes them unintelligible to many English readers, especially those belonging to the classes who will be most interested in its incidents and most susceptible to its teachings, by the long stretches of broad Scottish dialect in which he indulges; but in the main, we think, these are easily decipherable, and have the same pleasing effect that is produced by an unwonted accompaniment to a plain song or simple ballad. One great merit, far too rare in recent works of fiction, it undoubtedly possesses: instead of arbitrarily labelling its actors, once for all, as of this or that particular type of temper or character, it causes them to display their characters and dispositions as they grow and are unfolded by the vicissitudes for good or ill of their life, under the stress of their joys and sorrows, trials and temptations, and the manifold incidents that befall them. Interwoven with the story, which is told with blunt directness, and sparkles with quaint humor and picturesque contrasts, and largely contributing to its effectiveness, are a succession of weird folk-lore fancies, beliefs, legends, and traditions, whose mild supernaturalism tinges the lives of the inhabitants of the Scottish moors and glens with the mysteries of a perpetual romance.

THERE is no serious attempt to delineate character, to observe manners, to describe natural scenes, or to draw upon the fancy in Mrs. Randolph's *Reseda*.[11] It is simply a straightforward and unaffected love story, with the usual alternations of light and shade, of hope and disappointment, of rapture and pain, of endurance, suspense, and fruition, and with the customary infusion of villainy and heartlessness, of plotting, scheming, and cross-purposes, that make such performances attractive and popular reading. If it occasionally trends upon the sensational, it is never heated or morbid, and its tone is uniformly pure and wholesome. For ourselves, we have found it a more agreeable and restful companion for an hour of relaxation, when any strain upon the intellect would have been burdensome, than a more ambitious novel by a master in the art of fiction could possibly have been.

ALTHOUGH *Cape Cod Folks*[12] is called "a novel" on its title-page, it has no sufficient claim to the title, being rather the record of an episode in the life of its pseudo-narrator, during her short residence, in the capacity of a schoolteacher, in one of the most secluded and archaic settlements of Cape Cod, which is interesting less for the half-told love romances that brighten or sadden her story than for the cleverness with which she reproduces the life and manners of the primitive Cape Cod folk, and sketches their surroundings. The writer has the gift of humor in an unusual degree, and describes men and things with spirit and freshness. Her descriptions of the provincial traits of this most provincial of all the outlying New England settlements are admirable bits of genre workmanship, and betoken great possibilities.

TWO noteworthy novels by American authors, now just published, derive their inspiration from aspects and incidents of Southern life and society, more especially those associated with slavery and its results. One of these, *Homoselle*,[13] is a romance of great delicacy and spirit, in which the actors are disposed with artistic taste and skill, and perform their parts with vivacity and naturalness. Its scene is laid in Virginia, on one of its historic ante-Revolutionary plantations, and the time

[10] *Warlock of Glenwarlock.* A Homely Romance. By GEORGE MACDONALD. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 88. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[11] *Reseda.* A Novel. By Mrs. RANDOLPH. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 71. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[12] *Cape Cod Folks.* A Novel. 12mo, pp. 327. Boston: A. Williams and Co.

[13] *Homoselle.* "Round Robin Series." 16mo, pp. 367. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

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chosen for its action is a period prior to the late civil war, when coming events were just beginning to cast their shadows. The old plantation life and manners, the state of society, the relations of the races, the good and the evils of the institution of slavery, the loyalty of the negro disturbed by the secret efforts of abolition propagandists, the aspirations of the slaves, and the distrust which began to rear its snaky head in the fairest-seeming Edens, are some of the contrasted threads which are skillfully woven into the story. Besides its other merits, the tale is a love idyl of great sweetness and tenderness, and reaches its climax in one of those periodical unsuccessful negro insurrections that terrified the South before the war. It has no political moral, and the introduction of the conditions and relations that existed at the time, and of the portents of the coming struggle, was a dramatic necessity, of which the artist has availed with fine effect.—The scene of the other novel which we have associated with *Homoselle* is laid in Louisiana, and the time is synchronous with one of those seasons of political agitation since the war, when the country was lashed into passion by carpet-baggers on the one side and the unreconstructed rebels on the other. Its title is *Wild Work*;[14] and under the guise of a romance, in which pure love and guilty passion are each delineated with some force, the author vividly depicts the dramatic features of Southern society and politics, and the antagonisms and deadly feuds, the discontent, disaffection, murders, and organized violence on a large scale, that ensued from sullen disloyalty and disappointed hopes on the one hand, and political rapine and greed on the other. The story is a wild one; it is told with unquestionable vigor, and the author assures us its incidents are disposed "with an eye solely to their dramatic aspect, not distorted by sectional prejudice, and not disturbed by political side-lights." This was doubtless the author's intention, but nevertheless it is as easy to read her predilections between the lines of her book as it was to read Judge Tourgee's leanings between the lines of his *Fool's Errand*. As a work of art, *Wild Work* is far inferior to *Homoselle*, and although its story is in the main strong and impressive, it too often descends to a depth of sensationalism that is simply brutal.

In the last number of the Record we noted the publication of a "Franklin Square Library" edition of Mr. Black's new novel, *That Beautiful Wretch*.[15] Many of our readers will be glad to learn that the Messrs. Harper have also published it in handsome library form, uniform with his other novels.

It is no exaggeration to say that scarcely one of the three-quarters of a million readers of this Magazine has missed reading Mr. Samuel Adams Drake's genial and spirited descriptive sketches of the White Mountains, as they have appeared in successive numbers since June last, or has failed to enjoy the fine illustrations by Mr. Gibson which accompanied them. Delightful as these sketches seemed as they appeared, they were but an epitome of a volume which was in course of preparation by Mr. Drake; and while they presented the more important features of White Mountain scenery and life with great completeness, they necessarily excluded many interesting details that serve to give a more rounded picture of the Alps of America and a fuller introduction to the people who nestle at their feet or rest upon their craggy bosoms, and are the repositories of the legends and traditions indigenous to their lofty peaks and mighty chasms. This work is now completed in its expanded form, and has just been published by the Messrs. Harper in a luxurious royal quarto, entitled *The Heart of the White Mountains*,[16] whose stately proportions, rich paper, ample margin, faultless typography, and threescore superb illustrations are a perpetual feast to the eye. As the readers of the Magazine articles will bear witness, Mr. Drake's itinerary of this region of majesty and beauty does not in any degree partake of the formal character of a guide-book. It is not a mere catalogue of notable places, but a natural series of enthusiastic and genuine descriptive sketches, enlivened by fancy and the relation of engaging personal incidents and encounters, and enriched with the recital of the curious or thrilling legends and traditions that have fruited on and around these everlasting hills for two centuries. Mr. Drake has the faculty of conveying his vivid impressions of the scenery he sees and loves so that they are shared by his readers without any diminution of their brightness and beauty. Of Mr. Gibson's fine illustrations it is enough to say that they are worthy of his high reputation, and materially enhance the value of the text. His spirited and poetic drawings have been worthily treated by such competent engravers as Hoskin, Bernstrom, Smithwick and French, J. P. Davis, King, Held, Deis, W. H. Morse, Buechner, Johnson, Mayer, Wolf, J. Linton, and others. The intrinsic value of the beautiful volume is further contributed to by three excellent maps of the mountains, respectively of the east side, the central and northern section, and the west side.

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[14] *Wild Work.* The Story of the Red River Tragedy. By Mary E. Bryan. 12mo, pp. 410. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[15] *That Beautiful Wretch.* A Brighton Story. By William Black. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 240. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[16] *The Heart of the White Mountains:* their Legend and Scenery. By Samuel Adams Drake. With Illustrations by W. Hamilton Gibson. Royal 4to, pp. 318. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on September 23.—James A. Garfield, President of the United States, died at Elberon, New Jersey, on Monday, September 19, at 10.35 P.M., at the age of fifty years. Early on the following morning Vice-President Chester A. Arthur took the oath of office as President, at his residence in this city, before Justice John R. Brady, of the New York Supreme Court. On September 22 President Arthur again took the oath, at Washington, before Chief Justice Waite, of the United States Supreme Court, after which he read a short inaugural address, and issued a proclamation setting apart the funeral day, September 26, as one of national fasting and prayer.

The following are the leading nominations made by State Conventions during the month: New York State Greenback, Elmira, August 24—Secretary of State, Epenetus Howe. Massachusetts Greenback, Worcester, August 24—Governor, Israel W. Andrews; Lieutenant-Governor, George Dutton. Mississippi Greenbackers and Independents, Jackson, August 24—Governor, Colonel Benjamin King; Lieutenant-Governor, Hon. J. B. Yellowly. Pennsylvania Republican, Harrisburg, September 8—State Treasurer, General S. M. Bailey. New York Prohibition, Utica, September 15—Secretary of State, Stephen Merritt. Massachusetts Republican, Worcester, September 21—Governor, John D. Long; Lieutenant-Governor, Byron Weston. Wisconsin Republican, Milwaukee, September 22—Governor, General J. M. Rusk; Lieutenant-Governor, S. S. Fifield.

The treaty between Russia and China, ratified August 19, surrenders the Kooldja territory to China as far as the river Khorgos, Russia retaining a strip of land as a place of settlement for any persons becoming naturalized Russians within a year. Amnesty is granted. China will pay an indemnity of 9,000,000 metallic rubles ($7,200,000), payable in London in six installments, one every four months. The Kooldja frontier is to be defined in six months, and the Zaioan frontier later. Russian caravans have the right to trade as far as the Great Wall, but only to towns where there are Russian consuls. Russia has also the right to appoint consuls in nearly all the principal towns of China, as trade requires.

One hundred and twenty Egyptian soldiers were massacred at Soudan in an affray between the population and the soldiery, caused by the preaching of a false prophet.

The Irish National Convention met at Dublin September 15, and passed resolutions in favor of home government, amnesty, and the abolition of landlordism.

The French elections resulted in large Republican gains. The new Chamber, without counting the colonial Deputies, will comprise 457 Republicans, 47 Bonapartists, and 43 Monarchists. The Republicans comprise 39 of the Left Centre, 168 of the Left, 206 of the Republican Union, and 46 of the Extreme Left.

The French campaign in Northern Africa is not yet ended. Three battalions of troops and a battery of artillery occupied Susa September 10. The Arabs besieged the camp at Zaghonan for four days, but were repulsed. From April 6 to September 7 France had sent 36,000 men to Algeria. General Logerot has been placed in full command in Tunis.

The recent Spanish elections for members of the Cortes gave the Ministerialists 301 seats, the Conservatives 46, the Democrats 37, Independents 5, and Ultramontanes 6.

DISASTERS.

August 27.—Hurricane on the coast of Georgia and South Carolina. Many lives lost and much property destroyed.

August 31.—Union mail-steamer *Teuton* wrecked near Quoin Point, on the South African coast. Estimated loss of lives, 236.

September 4.—Forest fires began in Eastern Michigan, spreading over large portions of Huron, Sanilac, and Tuscola counties. Three hundred persons burned to death, and many villages and much property destroyed.

September 5.—Nineteen persons killed and twenty-five wounded by a railroad collision at Charenton, France.

September 6.—Eleven men killed by powder explosion at Marquette, Michigan.

September 11.—Steamer *Columbia* foundered off Frankfort, Michigan. Fifteen persons drowned.

September 11.—Land-slip near Elm, Switzerland. Two hundred and forty persons killed (including forty rescuers), and thirty houses destroyed.

OBITUARY.

August 22.—At Lexington, Kentucky, General Leslie Coombs, in his eighty-eighth year.

August 28.—At Fire Island, New York, Hon. Samuel Bulkley Ruggles, aged eighty-one years.

September 2.—At Plymouth, Pennsylvania, Hon. Hendrick Bradley Wright, ex-member of Congress, aged seventy-three years.

September 3.—In New York city, Lorenzo Delmonico, aged sixty-eight years.

September 8.—At Lynn, North Carolina, Sidney Lanier, aged thirty-nine years.

September 13.—At Providence, Rhode Island, General A. E. Burnside, United States Senator and ex-Governor, in his fifty-eighth year.—In Boston, Massachusetts, Captain K. R. Breese, U.S.N., in his fifty-first year.

September 15.—In Baltimore, Maryland, Madame Susan M. Bonaparte, widow of Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, aged sixty-nine years.

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Editor's Drawer.

THE following pleasant little history comes to the Drawer from a gentleman who was prominent in the surgical department of the army during the rebellion:

Miss Clara Barton, one of the many heroines of the late war, was seen on many a battle-field, and rendered succor and comfort to a large number of wounded and suffering soldiers. I met her during the second Bull Run battles in 1862, at Folly and Morris Island in 1863, and before Richmond in 1864. She was a school-teacher before the war.

One of the most touching incidents of my army experience occurred at Fairfax Station, where the wounded were brought from the Centreville battle-field, after two days' and nights' exposure to rain and sunshine, for transshipment to Alexandria. While I was on the steps of an ambulance to ascertain the condition of its occupants, Miss Barton climbed on the front wheel, and said to a young lad of about seventeen years of age, who was badly wounded, and moaning in partial delirium,

"My poor boy, take a little of this soup and wine, and you will feel better."

After eagerly swallowing what was offered, he looked up and said, "Is not this Miss Clara Barton?"

"Yes. And who are you, my dear boy?"

"I am ——, who was one of your scholars," he replied, stretching out his arms and clasping her neck, kissing her, and both weeping like children.

REV. E. P. TENNEY, the genial and witty president of Colorado College, was at one time the beloved pastor of the Congregational church in a sea-coast town in Massachusetts. To eke out his salary, his people gave him a donation party, among the presents being a fine new dress-coat for the pastor, and a tasty bonnet for his better half. On the following Sunday, as they walked up the aisle in their new habiliments, the choir inadvertently struck out with the voluntary, much to the discomfiture of the sensitive clergyman and his wife, "Who are these in bright array?"

At the same church, a few weeks ago, the funeral of a prominent and highly respected citizen of the town, by the name of Knight, occurred, on which occasion, by a singular contretemps, the choir sang as their first selection the usually fitting hymn, "There will be no night there." The effect, as soprano, alto, and tenor successively took up the refrain, was well calculated to excite the risibles of those who had gathered in any but a humorous spirit.

THE "Franklin Square Library," though successful in finding its way into every nook and corner of the land where persons of any education have found a home, and giving comfort and edification to thousands who would in no other way obtain speedy and cheap possession of the best literature of the day, nevertheless fails here and there to find an appreciative dealer in its literary wares. Thus, for instance, a prominent book-selling firm in Milwaukee recently received from one of its customers in an outlying village the following letter, showing that in his region something of a more "tricopherous or hair-raising" narrative was desired:

——, MINN, *July* 19, 1881.

GENT,—Enclosed find $10. I return you to day your Franklin square novels, they are not A salable book. they are not An interesting Book to look at and take all round they are not the kind of Book I wanted. the kind of Book I wished was something with pictures in them. Something to take the peoples Eye. love & murder with indians in them representing frontier life in all horrible features, no, I guess those Books are too dry and when I get some small Bills in A few days I will send you $3 more. Resp. —— ——

Sorry our friend doesn't like the "Franklin Square Library." It is something, however, to know that "the common people of the country," as President Lincoln called them, are its greatest purchasers, and that whereas formerly a hundred copies of a new book were found to satisfy the demands of many cities, one or two thousand in "Franklin Square" shape are now promptly ordered.

A FEW years since, a quiet glen in Northern Pennsylvania was visited by a severe hail-storm, and it nearly demolished the crop of Farmer Hinkley, which, of course, brought sorrow to him and his family; but not long after, his wife, whose repartee is always ready, entered a store in a little village not many miles distant, and the proprietor alluded to the storm, remarking that their village had escaped, and the probable cause was that they were not as sinful as the people of the glen. That was more than the witty Mrs. H. could quietly endure, so she quickly said, "Mr. D——, soon after the hail-storm, the inhabitants of the glen called a meeting, and when assembled, they all united in repeating the following passage of Scripture, 'For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.'"

IN Northern Pennsylvania a two-seated platform wagon is called a "democrat," while in the southwest of the State it is known only by the name "spring wagon." Rev. Mr. B——, who had recently settled in the southern part, was called upon by a Mr. F——, a warm Democrat, to officiate at the funeral of F——'s brother-in-law. At the appointed hour parson, mourners, and friends congregated at the house of the deceased, but no hearse came. After a half-hour's impatient waiting, F—— came to Rev. B——, saying:

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"That hearse hasn't come yet. What in the world can we do?"

Rev. B——. "Why, get a democrat to carry the body."

Mr. F—— (astonished). "A Democrat?"

Rev. B——. "Why, yes; up in the northern part of the State they always take a democrat to carry the corpse, if they can't get a hearse."

"Well, sir, I'll give you to understand that we don't do that down here," replied Mr. F——, and indignantly turned his back upon the bewildered parson.

Rev. B—— afterward found out his mistake, but has not seen F—— to this day, and for all he knows F—— is still under the impression that when a hearse is wanting, his northern brethren are turned into carters of the dead.

John J. Crittenden used to tell this anecdote to illustrate the fidelity of his people to the "wine of the country":

A leading politician of the State (Kentucky), stopping for the night at the house of a countryman in one of the southeastern counties, found the entertainment he got the more satisfactory because of a barrel of very respectable whiskey having been just brought in. Returning a month afterward from an electioneering tour, and disappointed in not being able to get even a drink, he reminded the host, with some impatience, that only a month ago he had a full barrel in his pantry. The look that preceded the answer to this reminder was composed of surprise and resentment.

"Lookee here, my friend, do you spect one bar'l o' whiskey to last *always*, and 'specially when a man's got a wife and six children, and the cow's gone dry, and they've got no milk?"

THE FIRST BABY.



7. Making the Most of a New Acquaintance.



8. "And did its papa scold it!"

"Never!" answered the candidate—"certainly not. I didn't understand the situation, or I'd never have asked so foolish a question. This molasses and water is—well, it's simply—splendid."

"Times change, and we change with them." The lottery is no longer legal nor reputable in New York. A hundred years ago it might have been regarded as an aid to devotion, as appears from the following entry in the day-book of the Rev. Samuel Seabury, father of the first Protestant Episcopal bishop in the United States. Its devout thankfulness of spirit is especially to be noted.

"*June*, 1768.—The ticket No. 5866, by the blessing of God, in the Light-house and Public Lottery of New York, appointed by law, Anno Domini 1768, drew in my favor £500, of which I received £425, which the deduction of fifteen per cent. makes £500, for which I now record to my posterity my thanks and praise to Almighty God, the Giver of all good gifts. Amen!"

Some years ago, when a small party of priests of the Greek Church were in this country, the Rev. Dr. ——, then of this city, but since elevated to the episcopate, entertained them at dinner. On coming to table the doctor, through an interpreter, requested one of them to say grace, which was promptly complied with, much in the way we say it ourselves. At the close of the entertainment the good doctor requested the interpreter to ask another of the Greek priests to "return thanks."

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9. Improving each Shining Hour.

This the interpreter also complied with, but it seemed to occasion a little embarrassment. The foreign gentlemen looked at each other somewhat puzzled, exchanged a few words in an under-tone, and seemed anxious as to what they should do. "Returning thanks" after a meal was something to which they had not been accustomed. Finally, one of the number arose, and instead of the few words commonly used on such occasions, proceeded to make a somewhat elaborate address. On sitting down the host asked the interpreter,

"What has he been saying?"

"Why, sir, he has been thanking *you* in very eloquent terms for the elegant entertainment you have given them."

Many years ago there lived in Portland an eminent member of the Society of Friends, known in all the country around for his wit as well as for his integrity. It was long before the temperance reform was heard of, but he abhorred "the drink," and had a contempt for those who "fuddled" themselves.

He was overseer of the poor. It was his "month" at the work-house. A poor drunkard with delirium tremens was brought to the sick ward. The custom of those days was to "taper off" such cases with measured doses of rum. "Don't give him any liquor," said Friend Hussey to the master.

"But he'll die if he doesn't have it."

"Then charge him to me," said Friend Hussey. But the patient didn't die.

There was another eminent Friend in the same town, a merchant, great for those days, who had a bank of his own, with large circulation. The embargo carried him down, with a great many others, and his "bills" were not good. Friend Hussey had a long running account with the banker, and he hailed him one day as he was passing his house: "Friend Taber, it is quite time our long-standing account should be settled. I think I am considerably in thy debt."

Friend Taber brought his account to Friend Hussey's house, and the considerable balance was ascertained, against Friend Hussey, who turned to a drawer in his secretary, from which he took the amount in Taber's bills.

"Why, Friend Hussey, these bills are not good; they're not money."

"All I have to say is that thou shouldst have made them good." And so the account was settled.

There was a famous insurance office in Exchange Street in the old town, where the busi-

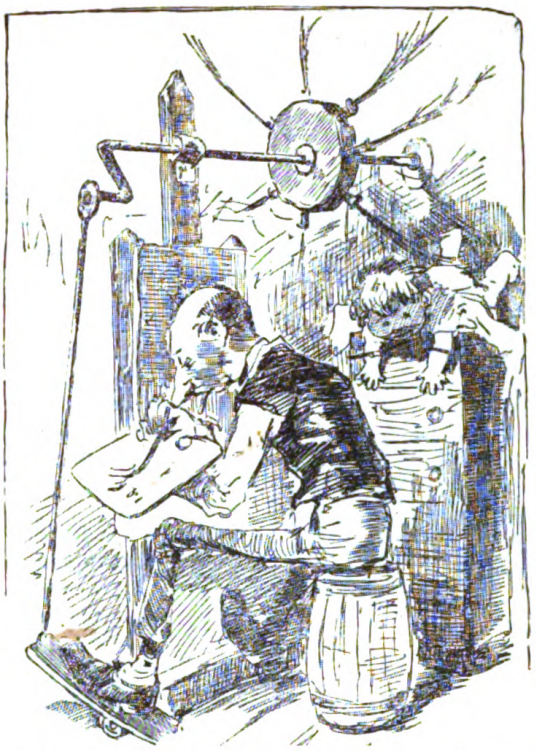


10. First Rebellion.
"I won't!"

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ness magnates of that day used to congregate to hear and tell the news. Friend Hussey was a constant visitor there, as was also a stout, stumpy, choleric Scotch ship-master of much money and muscle. Friend Hussey was a tall, strong, long-limbed Broadbrim whom everybody respected for his integrity and plain speech.

One day the Scotchman flew into a passion at some witticism of our Friend, and rushed at him viciously to strike. Friend Hussey caught him by the collar of his coat and held him out at arm's-length, while the choleric ship-master struggled frantically to hit him, which he could not do for shortness of arm. "Why, Arthur," said Friend Hussey, "why dost thou not strike?"



11. Patent Easel Attachment—Solomon's Precept adhered to by a New Process—System adopted by Tipp for the Chastisement of the First-Born.

One day, going down upon "the wharf," he saw a prominent merchant, one of "the world's people," in a towering passion, swearing fearfully. Friend Hussey stopped, and looked on quietly until the sinner paused for want of breath, when he said, "That's right, William — that's quite right; get that bad stuff out of thee as soon and as clean as thou canst, for thou canst never go to heaven with any of it in thee."

We do not know his name or address, but he is a newspaper man, who, in alluding to the great and varied powers of the press, said: "The press *is* a great power. See how it brings out the cider and bales of cotton!"



12. The Reckoning.

"There, young man, that's what you cost! Twice five—seventy-five's—eleven hun— Thunder! Rent raised, food dearer, income smaller, and another one coming! Murder!"



13. The Studio of the Future.

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